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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



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★

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

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THE MAIL BAG

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

Dear Mr. Fox:

I have just finished reading your November issue and I wish to congratulate you on getting out such a fine publication for the anglers of Pennsylvania.

Will you kindly change our address on your mailing list to read as follows:

Hunting & Fishing Magazine
275 Newbury Street
Boston, Mass.

instead of that shown on attached label.

If you are not now receiving Hunting & Fishing Magazine regularly, please let me know and I will he glad to have your name put on our exchange list.

We should be very glad to reprint items from your publication in Hunting & Fishing from time to time if you will give us permission to do so, with the understanding, of course, that we give proper credit notice whenever we do so.

Such reprints in our publication will give your state some worth-while publicity among our half million readers.

With hest regards, I remain

Sincerely yours,
Hunting & Fishing Magazine
H. L. TILTON, *Publisher*

My dear Sirs:

Do not remember when my suhscription to the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER expires hut I am enclosing a money order of one dollar for a two-year renewal. The one article by John L. Neiger—"A Visit to Our Neighbor in the North" was worth such a renewal. Let us hope the fishermen support and tell their representatives that they favor a fifty-cent increase in the fishing license fee so that Pennsylvania can do the same as New York State.

I am one of the older fishermen and can not expect to enjoy much of such a plan if put through, hut unless the younger fishermen support such a plan they will have very few places to fish in the coming years.

Respectfully yours
DAVID D. CRESSMAN
Sellersville, Pa.

CHARLIE MENSCH, A "SEABEE"

Commissioner Charles A. Mensch, Member of the Board of Fish Commissioners from Bellefonte, is located at the Admiral Rohert Edwin Peary C. B. Training Center in Norfolk, Virginia. Along with his duties for Uncle Sam in the U. S. Navy is his work on the Editorial Board of the excellent base publication, "Bee Lines."

Charlie's many friends and old fishing companions wish him all the luck and success in the world. We know our armed forces have in him another capable and energetic man from the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

(*Continued on Page 17*)

L312400

SPORTS AFIELD

Dear Mr. Fox:

I have noticed the bottom line on your title page, and the fact that you do not copyright your excellent puhlication, but, anyhow, I think that I should ask your formal, written permission to use material from your magazine, with the customary credit line to your puhlication, of course. The middle column of page 31 of your Novemher number is appropriate to our magazine or our Fishing Annual and, by your leave, I should like to reprint it.

If you see anything in Sports Afield that you ever want to use, just go ahead on the same hasis.

We have quite a number of good friends in common, including Pete Schwab and Phil Armstrong, who write almost exclusively for you and for us.

Yours very truly,
Sports Afield Puhlishing Co.,
P. K. WHIPPLE, *Editor*

Dear Mr. Fox:

I have just recently received notice that my subscription to the ANGLER is about to expire. Being a rahid ANGLER reader, having every issue, even the old mineographed issues from away back in 1932, I hasten to renew my subscription for another two years. If the issues of the future provide me with as much pleasure as have those of the past I will anticipate the arrival of each and every one. Enclosed herewith you will find my remittance to cover same.

Also enclosed herewith you will find some photographs of local catches and their captors, testifying that Erie County provides a great variety of finny species, both game and pan. You may use them in the ANGLER if in your estimation they merit puhlication. I do not wish to have them returned.

Mr. Clifford Welsh, local member of the Board of Fish Commissioners and a very good friend of mine, has seen these photographs and recommended that I submit them for your approval. While "Cliff" cannot get away to do all the fishing that he would like to do, he appreciates pictorial evidence that his efforts in behalf of the Waltons in this territory are hearing some fruit. As chairman of the Fish committee for the Erie County Sportsman's League I have always received the fullest cooperation in restocking and propagation matters from Mr. Welsh, who leaves no stone unturned in his efforts to secure better angling conditions in this section of the state.

Hoping to have the pleasure of your company, engaging in some Erie county angling at some future date when our pastime is not curtailed by the necessities of our war effort, I remain,

O-Fish-ally yours,
W. L. WEBER

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"IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING"



by PHILIP M. C. ARMSTRONG

BENEATH the protecting branches of those big hemlocks which shadow the well appointed "Rod and Bottle Club" the grass was still green, but beyond their spread the brown expanse down to the Brodhead confirmed the sad story told by the calender. The "Season" was inexorably drawing to a close.

In a few short days even the most fervent disciple of the late Izaak Walton must perforce abandon rod and reel, and return, if not to immediate sanity, at least to normal pursuits and to more conventional garb.

Driven to shelter by the fierce, stabbing rays of the July sun, a scant half dozen of these fanatics, hard-bitten anglers all, sprawled lazily in the relatively cool shade of the hemlocks, betimes exchanging mendacious reminiscences of the trout stream, to the comforting obbligato of clinking ice-cubes. To the casual observer their costumes would scarcely have suggested that these were men of substance in their home communities, but to the initiated they represented normality. It is a rare woman who ever quite understands why her ordinarily well groomed mate displays a yearning to don ancient and frequently unclean garments, but to his accomplices in crime any different attire would occasion wonder, and very likely ribald comment.



A Distinguished Judge.

One of these mahogany visaged scarecrows, a distinguished Judge, bestirred himself to accept from the colored boy a tendered glass, contemplated with approval Scotland's contribution to male comfort, and gravely tilted it down its appointed path. He then cleared his throat and, assured by turning heads that he had attention, boomed out a provocative question.

"See the article that plutocrat, Clint Mountain, had in last month's *Rod and Reel*, boys? I don't agree with him a hundred percent, but there may be something in what he says, at that."

No group of anglers could possibly permit such a statement to pass unchallenged. Hector MacGregor, as usual, got there first.

"What do you mean, Jim?" he demanded. "About where he says it don't make a heluva lot of difference what fly you use with a big fish, if you haven't got exactly the right presentation? And where he says any old fly is O. K. if you know how to kid the fish into thinking it really is a fly?" Hector's diction is sometimes unorthodox, but we understood what he meant. He sniffed. "It's the bunk, Jim. What's eating you? If you haven't got what they're taking at the time you might as well forget it. You know that as well as I do."

Hec's word is absolute law at the tournaments, and consequently, even at the club, commands at least outward respect. He slumped back on the turf, and awaited the expected confirmation.

"Well, maybe your viewpoint is correct, Hec. Always seemed that way to me too," pensively reflected kindly old Professor John Van Dusen from Easton. He combed his fingers through his thinning beard, and continued thinking aloud. "But he certainly is a fine fisherman, so Bob Marshall says. He has fished with him a good deal, you know. Bob says he never keeps a fish unless it's an exceedingly large one."

Doctor Wilhelm Eisenberg smiled skeptically, and displayed gleaming bridgework. "Good sport, if he doesn't, I'll say. Better'n me," he said. He chuckled. "Of course you real experts . . ." His remarks merged into a derisive

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WHAT MAKES A CONSERVATIONIST?

By ROBERT L. COPPESS

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EARLY in my career as a game warden, I was told by an older warden who had a number number of years' experience that it was impossible to look at a hunter and determine from his appearance whether he was a game law violator or a person who, for some various reasons, stayed within the hunting regulations. It was not long until I found that what he said was true.

I learned that people in all walks of life hunted, and for each occupation listed on a hunter's license, I would find a few of that group who were first-class game-law violators. It was hard for me to understand why, for example, a man of a given profession would devote practically all his spare time and money to advance the cause of good game-management practices, while another man of his profession, possibly his business partner, lay awake nights trying to figure out how he might chisel on the regulations to be able to kill more game. Both men are respected citizens in their community, and neither one would ever be questioned by the local police as to where he was last Thursday night when a certain grocery store was robbed. Everyone knows that neither man would rob a grocer. Yet, one of the two men takes pleasure in stealing all the wild game he can from the entire population of the State by violating the game laws.

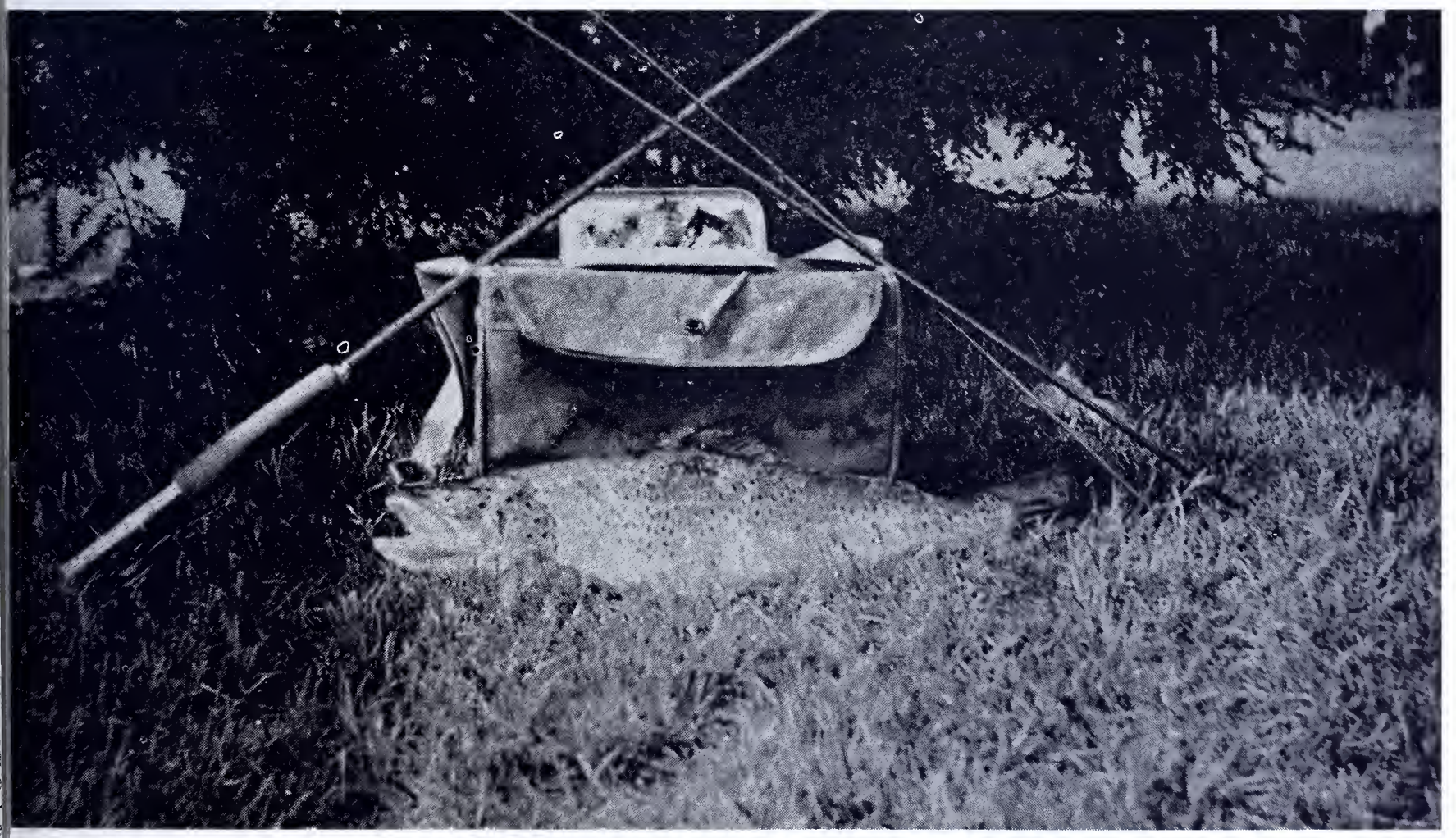
Finally, it dawned upon me what the difference is between the two men. The one man, the law-abiding hunter, at one time in his life became more interested in wildlife and decided to learn more about it. He lost interest in reading articles about how a certain hunter got his limit of Bluegills in one hour on lake so and so, or that consistently overworked yarn about the "granddaddy" that did not get away; but he did find enjoyment in reading articles on wildlife written by qualified game-management men. He learned that certain hunting regulations are imposed after a thorough study of conditions by game-management men, not to deprive a hunter of as much sport as possible, but to make certain that only a surplus amount of game would be taken during that open season, and to insure seed stock for seasons to come. He discovered that if too many hunters took game by illegal methods, they would unbalance any game-management program as well as jeopardize the chances of an adequate seed stock of that species being left to make possible a reasonable open season, or any season at all, the following year. After all, he decided, maybe hunting regulations are for the best interests of the hunter, and any hunter who kills game by illegal methods is only stealing from himself.

Previously, he could never understand the regulation that prevented the shooting of as many hen as cock pheasants. There were always many more hens than cock pheasants in the field every time he had been out hunting. But through his study he discovered that the cock pheasant is a polygamous bird, and he now understands that there should be more hens than cock pheasants to maintain a proper balance. The sense in the regulation limiting the take of hen pheasants begins to dawn on him, just as the sense in all the other regulations will dawn on him for reasons just as sound.

Immediately two mental pictures appear before him. The one picture is of the illegal dead hen on the ground at his feet just after shooting it. He wonders whether he should leave it there or take a chance of getting caught and just what he would tell the game warden if he were caught. In the other picture he sees the hen pheasant still alive. She has survived the winter and has about ten or twelve young birds feeding in a field in a group about her. The birds are so young that he can not tell how many are cocks, but he knows that it makes no difference now, since whatever they are, they will not be in the field this year for some other hunter, if not himself, to enjoy. As the picture fades away, he gets a very sick feeling in his stomach and is thankful that the hen pheasant was digested long ago.

The incident of the hen pheasant leads him to another thought. He has always had a great deal of trouble in identifying certain species of wildlife, especially birds. He does not know any of the ducks, and certainly, he must have shot a number of protected species in the past. He realizes that protected birds must be scarce or there would not be a regulation protecting them, and that their return to a normal population is retarded every time a hunter kills one. He decides that he would get much greater enjoyment out of hunting if he could identify his birds, and so buys an inexpensive book to study.

(*Continued on Page 23*)



4½ lb., 21½ in. brown trout caught in the Impounding Dam at Caledonia by Jay Fuller, Jr., of Chambersburg. There are few towns and cities in all Pennsylvania to which more big trout annually find their way than Chambersburg.

Pymatuning Sanctuary Is Little Known to Home Folks

Few Have Investigated "Wilderness" Beyond Causeway

By C. H. MANLEY

A TRIP to the Pymatuning Bird Sanctuary over the week-end by 14 members of the Audubon society, most of whom were from this city, reminds me that in spite of all that has been said about this place, there are still many in New Kensington who have never been there and might be interested to know something more about it.

To a lot of people Pymatuning is the place where the "ducks walk on the fish," and perhaps this one fact, for it is a fact, has done more to advertise the place to the general public than other ones of its outstanding features.

In past years, before auto tires had to be considered, on week-ends and holidays, hundreds, sometimes thousands of people stopped at the spillway to watch the fish crowd each other out of the water in their efforts to get the bread thrown in, then see the ever vigilant ducks clamber over their backs and steal the bread. Occasionally this has been varied by the herring gulls which swooped down and beat even the ducks to it.

Many people stopped here only a few minutes then drove on and that was practically all they ever saw of Pymatuning. Others stayed longer, took pictures of the mallards and their families, then made a visit to the museum to see the mounted specimens there and get a general view of the sanctuary.

Nimrods, Botanists

Pymatuning, however, besides being a place where you can see a few tons of carp all in a pile, is also a place where you can fish and if you are lucky, catch a few bass, wall-eyed pike or bluegills. For those who care for that sport, there is good hunting, during the open season, for migratory waterfowl and other small game. The botanist also is rewarded for a visit by the many wild flowers seen there not found elsewhere in this part of the state.

But the people, I believe, who get the most out of Pymatuning are those who enjoy wild life, particularly birds. While the place was yet a swamp, Dr. George M. Sutton recorded 245 species of birds in this region, and since the sanctuary was established in 1935 the number of breeding species have materially increased and many rare migrants have been seen.

On "Flyway"

The sanctuary is the only refuge of its kind in the Commonwealth and is one of the most outstanding developments of that nature in Eastern United States. Strategically located on that branch of the "Atlantic flyway" which extends from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes, it has become the resting place and breeding ground for thousands of migratory waterfowl each year. Ducks, geese, swans and other water birds in almost countless numbers have passed this way for years but only since the sanctuary was established has there been a place here where they could rest and feed unmolested.

It is practically impossible to describe it to one who has never been there. Even the visitor gets very little conception of the bigness of the project unless some of its outstanding features are pointed out.

Here are a few boiled down facts taken from a recent publication by the game commission. Total area 3,670 acres: water 2,500 acres; land 1,170; 22 islands to furnish nesting sites: Canada goose, some 13 species of ducks, grebes, coots, gallinules, rails, bitterns, herons, plover and sandpipers nesting.

As many as 70,000 waterfowl have been observed here in one day during migration. One day 20 bald eagles were seen and on another 57 American egrets were counted on their roosts.

Grain Planted

Over a million and a half aquatic plants and many thousands of fruit bearing trees and shrubs have been planted to furnish food for the visiting hosts. About 75 acres of grain are planted in the refuge each year. Of this some 1,000 bushels are harvested and the balance left in the field so that the birds can help themselves. The harvested grain furnishes a reserve supply to be fed when other food is not available. One spring 25 bushels of ear corn per day was fed to a flock of Canada geese, which came while the ice was still on the lake and so were prevented from finding other food.

Some of the ducks and geese raised in the sanctuary do not migrate with the others and must be fed through the winter. During the season 1940–1941, 165 ducks, 64 geese and five swans were thus cared for.

A museum housing 273 specimens, all but one of which, a golden eagle, were taken in the sanctuary, is conveniently located on Ford island. There is plenty of parking space, and an excellent view of the sanctuary can be obtained from this point.

"Birders Paradise"

Members of the Audubon Society of Western Pennsylvania have been "birding" in this region almost since the society was formed. My first visit was in May, 1930, in company with some of the "old timers" of this organization. The project was then underway but the dams were not yet completed. At that time we made our headquarters at Hartstown as that locality was then considered the best field for our purpose.

Since 1936 our society has scheduled two trips each year, usually about April 1, and October 15, as these are the dates when the waterfowl migrations are at their peak, spring and fall. To these trips, while the Western Pennsylvania Industrial Conferences were held at Conneaut Lake Park, there has been added an additional trip for several of us.

Every trip made was looked forward to with pleasing anticipation and every visit was enjoyed to the fullest extent. Always something of an unusual nature happened; always there was some outstanding event that labeled that particular trip as different from any other.

There was the time at Hartstown when, with our cars parked close beside the fence, we watched four whistling swans as long as we cared while they preened their feathers and occasionally swam around a bit, and another when we watched fully a thousand baldpates as they fed unconcernedly but a short distance away. Then there was that time during an Industrial Conference when two of us crept into a black-crowned night heron rookery and lay quietly under the low trees while the birds, which had flown away at our approach, came back and settled again on the nests, some but a few feet above our heads

Veritable Wilderness

There was also the trip when we were standing on the causeway and some 300 Canada geese, in various sized flocks, flew low over our heads, and, apparently at a signal from their leaders, sailed for a short distance then side-slipped to a landing a half mile out in the lake. And there was the trip last March when late in the afternoon six of us sat in the car by a small pond below the spillway and watched 24 Canada geese, two swans, a whistling and a mute, and fully 50 ducks while they fed and played together apparently obvious of our presence, although there was a distance of only some 50 feet between us. And again the April trip that the pair of pileated woodpeckers flew into a grove of large maples beside the road and gave four out of six occupants of the car their first view of these striking birds. By the way, that mute swan flew into the sanctuary some years ago, from no one knows where, and evidently is making it his permanent home.

On the way home I asked the members of our party what, to them, was the most outstanding event of the trip. One said it was the American egret, that beautiful pure white member of the heron family, which we watched for nearly a half hour as he waded slowly about in a shallow pool looking for a German carp to add to his bill of fare. Another mentioned the two birds that he saw for the first time and so had two more to add to his life list. And another the two bald eagles which we saw soaring majestically about and occasionally swooping and diving at each other like two airplanes in a dog fight.

One thought the rare glimpse we had of two little sora rails, as they ran across an open space in the grass where they were feeding should also take a place on the list. And another called attention to that first sight, for all of the party, of that saucy little sprite, the short-billed marsh wren, which popped up in a bush beside the road as we sat in our parked cars, and hopped from one branch to another giving us a fine view from every angle of the exquisite design and beautiful coloring of her grey-brown fall suit; meanwhile sputtering all the time as if she resented the intrusion in her territory. The ears were close to the fence on the one side and the bush the same on the other so there was but a few feet between; no glasses were needed.

No one mentioned the hundreds of red-wings which we saw in scattered flocks; nor the marsh hawk soaring high in the air, an unusual performance for that bird; nor the lone tree swallow catching insects over the water, a very late record for members of that family; all these and many more could have been mentioned, but are so common there as to cause no comment. In fact, the unusual becomes the usual, and the unexpected becomes the expected at Pymatuning.

One of the party, whose companionship I have enjoyed for many years on my bird trips, often remarks, when some unusual event occurs "that pays the price of admission." On every visit which I have made during the last 12 years that remark has been doubly true of Pymatuning.

—The Daily Dispatch, New Kensington, Pa.

PLUGGING HIGHLIGHTS

Concerning Certain Big Small-Mouth Bass

By CUMBERLAND FISHER

WHEN any sport has a firm hold on one, the participant is prone to reminisce; so e it with the ardent angler. In our bass fishing ur thoughts do not carry us back to hours of utile easting, nor to big catches of small fish; o sir, we think of the big ones, the big ones we aught and the big ones we could not catch.

The greatest appeal of bass fishing is the constant quest of large specimens in the waters ve fish. All of our methods and trips, all our spirations are built around this desire. The asciination of luring big ones makes for speciali-zation. Another season has come and gone but he melody lingers on. The 1942 highlights join hose of yesteryear.

The following is the account of some episodes vhich will forever be fresh in my memory, episodes which provide that additional spice o our great sport.

The Susquehanna was low and clear; the weather was hot; the fishing was poor. I was ooking down into the water from a high position on the railroad bank just above Hawk Rock. This was back in post-war depression days and the steel works across the river at Steelton looked still and bleak.

A number of small bass from 5 to 10 inches assumed positions just under the surface and now and then one of them would gently dimple the surface as it sucked in some floating morsel. They acted like fall fish but they were bass. What were they taking? This was sort of interesting and unusual so I watched. All of a sudden there was a lunging rise on the surface, and as I watched, a pair of damsel flies escaped pursuing jaws. Militantly and unexpectedly one of the biggest bass that ever crossed my vision had broken the surface then hung there momentarily in plain view as the rings widened.

From the bank at the edge of the river I could just manage to reach the spot with a plug. The lure lit over the location but nothing happened. Spasmodically all afternoon I tried the spot where the big bass had been seen but this artistry, the best I could offer, was eluded.

The exact location was carefully noted by land marks and submerged ledges. The next day I took a boat to that section of the river in anticipation of working on this fish.

The weeks rolled on and escapade after escapade were failures, failures because the big one could not be lured. However, other fish were taken. October arrived. Maybe the big fellow had changed his position, maybe he was cruising around the time I saw him and I had not even fished near him.

The location where this fish had been seen was indeed an interesting looking spot. A high ledge ran diagonally across the river. Above it was a nice looking pocket and below was a deep hole. A good volume of water made its course through a break in the ledge. However, the water was slow and deep enough so that the surface was not broken. Under most water stages this spot was a smooth interesting looking glide.

There had been some heavy frosts and the weather was snappy. The whole thing smacked of wall-eyes. I moved the boat above the deep ledge hole so that deep running plugs and spoons could be cast directly down stream. This is an ideal casting position for wall-eyes for if one of the deep running lures hooks up it can usually be dislodged without moving the boat. Simply peel off about 75 feet of line and after the current has carried the belly below the fouled lure, jerk the line. This will pull the lure down stream and away from the rocks.

The plug I tied on was a good one for "salmon." It was the popular River Runt Spook equipped with special double hooks, hook points up. The lure was cast as far as possible down stream then a ten second pause permitted it to settle in the deep water before the start of the retrieve.

Usually wall-eyes strike the slow moving plugs very gently. They seem to come up behind the lure and deliberately take it in their mouths. When this occurs it is important to strike sharply to set the hooks over the barbs. Now and then, however, they make a smashing strike from the side or from the front which is so vicious that the fish often sets the hooks.

Only a couple of casts were made when one of those gentle strikes occurred. When the hooks were set there was no give. "Ah," thinks I, "a nice heavy salmon." The fish had not been hooked more than five seconds when the line moved toward the surface. All of a sudden the water exploded and a fish that looked like a big Virginia ham flew out of the water. It was the big bass or at least that was the conjecture. Again and again the water flew as the big fish broke.

Don't let anyone tell you that big bass are always slow and loggy. I don't believe any fresh water fish of equal size ever gave a better account of itself than this fellow. His power and stamina were amazing and frequently he thrashed on the surface or jumped clear of it.

He slowly tired from his own activity aided by the slight rod tension. Eventually the net was slipped under him and that was that. It proved to be the best Pennsylvania small-mouth it has been my good fortune to land. It tipped the scales to 5 lbs. 4 ozs. and missed 22 inches by an eyelash. On a number of other occasions since that fall day deep slow running plugs fished in the deepest holes have proved their worth for big bass.

* * *

During the late summer of '41 the Conodoguinet Creek was the lowest and clearest I had ever seen it. The growth of algae in the clear water had been remarkable. In some sections acres of it covered the surface. Here and there where a ledge broke the surface a great ball of it collected. The pocket into which I was casting was normally a large open chuck but at this particular time there were nothing but channels through the moss.

Some sort of a disturbance attracted my attention to the shallows upstream. Here a big fish was working its way down through the riffles and coming straight toward me. It looked like a slow moving carp. When it passed undisturbed within 10 feet of me I got one of the angling surprises of my life. This was no carp; it was a bass and a mighty big one. Oblivious of my presence it swam under a ball of algae about as big as the top of a car. It did not come out either for I could see all around the moss. I cast the tiny surface bait, the baby popper, in front of the moss. It hit with a gentle spat, bobbed on the surface for a few seconds then started to float. When given a little twitch it answered with an enticing plop. That was enough for Mr. Bass. He shot out from under his protective canopy and snapped up the little lure.

The fish made a quick scoot around the moss before making his jump. After a nice aerial display he cut right back under the moss. In less than ten seconds the line was engulfed in a ball of floating bog which must have weighed 50 lbs. Its weight was so great that I could not tell if the fish was still hooked and wrapped up in moss or whether it had escaped. Gingerly I made my way into the mess and even as I approached, a

(*Continued on Page 23*)



Anglers take notice. John E. Gingrich, Jr. of Lebanon caught this wonderful 21-inch small-mouth bass from the Little Swatara on an artificial dragon fly.

ANY OLD HOOK WON'T DO

Joe Doakes Isn't Particular, but the Skilled Angler Has His Favorite Sizes and Styles of Fish Hooks for Definite Reasons

By DICK FORTNEY

WALK along behind Joe Doakes when he goes into his favoritc sporting goods store to buy somc fishing tackle.

"Gimme some hooks for trout fishing, and I might as well lay in a supply of hooks for the bass season too," he tells the clerk.

"Any particular kind?" the clerk asks.

"Nope," replies Joe. "Gimme some little ones for trout and some big ones for bass. I like 'em with double gut snells, too; they won't brcak so easy."

"Here is some pre-war stuff," the clcrk continues, placing a couple of boxes on the counter. "They're 30 cents a half dozen."

"Thirty cents a half dozen?" Joe comes back. "For fish hooks? Gimme something cheaper, buddy, and I don't care whether it's pre-war stuff or not. After all, I'm only going fishing in the strcams around herc, and I guess the cheap ones will do all right."

The clerk obliges, for even in fishing tackle the customcr always is right, and Joe walks out satisfied.

Now thc trouble is, Joe has laid up a lot of grief for himself. And if he fishes like hc buys—carelessly—he's going to have plcnty of headaches before thc end of the season.

Joe, you see, is ignorant of one of the fundamentals of angling—the fact that there are fish hooks and fish hooks, and that each one has a particular place in the angler's kit.

He hasn't awakened to the fact that in buying hooks—just as in the purchase of rods, rcels, and lines—the best is nevcr the cheapest.

I like to think that the hook is the most important part of the fishing tackle. You can fish without a rod, by cutting a pole or switch from a tree along the stream. You can fish without a line by substituting cord or twine. You can fish without a reel—lots of old-timers still do. But you won't catch a fish, legally, with the finest assembly of fishing tackle in the world unless you have a hook somcwhere in the set-up.

And if you accept that theory, you will agree that Joe Doakes was off on the wrong foot when he ordered little hooks for trout and big ones for bass and lct it go at that.

I have a good friend who sells fly-tying materials, and on the wall of his office is a picture frame about two feet square, displaying row upon row of dozens of varieties and sizes of fish hooks. Pick up a tackle catalog and count the varieties of hooks that are offered for salc for bait angling. Then realize that each one of thesc hooks has its particular purpose and advantage in actual use, and you begin to realize that the complete anglcr has a lot of information to absorb about fish hooks before he can use exactly the right one in the right way and in the right placc.

There really are two different angles to the fish hook problem. One concerns the bait anglers, and the other is of importanee to those who purchase and use artificial lures.

Lct's think over bait angling first.

The average angler, not even troubling to order bait hooks by number, sorts over packages on the store counter and buys small sizes for trout and the larger sizes for bass. He buys snelled hooks because he never learned the seeret of tying the hook directly on the end of the leader, thus making it easy to snip off a hook and save a small fish and at the same time avoiding the disappointment of breakage of a frayed snell some day when a heavy fish is hooked. He has not learned, either, that for the same price he pays for half a dozen snelled hooks he can get a hundred loose hooks, and thus save himself a lot of cash.

What is morc, he gets his trout hooks all in one size, and he does the same when he buys bass hooks.

Now what about the anglcr who knows his hooks?

First of all, he insists on good hooks, because he knows that only the good grade of hooks will hold their shape and keep their keen points as they are used during the season. He mistrusts snells, so he buys them loose in boxes of 50 or 100.

He knows there is a maximum and also a minimum in hook sizes—that it's possible to use a hook so small that it will be difficult for him to hook a fish with bait, and on the other hand that it is entirely possible to use too large hooks, that will interfere with the proper manipulation of his bait and that will be so obvious to the fish that wary trout and bass will shy away from it.

It's my personal opinion that most anglers use hooks that are too large. My own theory is that bait angling is more successful if the smallest possible sizes are employcd.

A personal experience will illustrate this point. Some ycars ago, in a justly famous bass creek in Northern Central Pennsylvania, I ran into one of those trying mornings when the bass werc striking freely, but hooking them solidly seemed all but impossible.

I was using a large bass hook, with helgramites as bait.

Purely on a hunch, I snipped off the big hook, attached in its place a Size 6 Model Perfect wet fly hook, and from then on almost every bass that took the bait was hooked without difficulty.

Perhaps the bigger hook turned flat in the mouth of the fish when the strike was made, while the smaller hook penetrated. I'm not sure, but I do know that changing from big hooks to small ones solved that particular bait fishing problem.

But to get back to the well informed angler.

If he is buying trout hooks, he gets most of them in Size 6 or 8, for either of these sizes will handlc worms niccly. For worms, it doesn't matter much whether the hooks are light or hcavy. Probably hc will insist, however, on hooks with long shanks so that he can do a better job of draping the worms on them.

Somewhere in his kit, besides, will be found hooks of light wire on which juicy grasshoppers will be impaled some day. He feels that the lighter the steel in a grasshopper hook the less it will interfere with the natural action of the bait. Size 8 is my own preference.

In conneetion with grasshopper fishing you will be interested in the theory of Walter Weaver, my companion on many a fishing excursion, who contends that the 'hopper is not native to many rocky, mountain streams, but in their depths may be found the large nymphs of the dragon flies and May flies, which greatly resemble the grasshopper.

In such streams Walter uses a heavy hook that will get the 'hopper well down into the water without the use of lead. In choosing the heavy type of hook, however, he insists on only the smaller sizes and those with a generous bend, so that the body of the 'hopper will not be broken when it is placed on the hook.

If our well informed angler fishes with minnows, to continue, he insists on hooks that will allow plenty of clearance after piercing the lips or the back of this type of bait. A hook in Size 6 will do the job nicely.

You see, it does not require a great variety of hooks for bait angling for trout. There is no universal hook that will serve for all types of trout bait fishing, but the angler who knows his hooks can hold down his supply to less than half a dozen varieties.

Suppose our wise angler intends to fish for bass.

He has graduated from the idea, first of all, that hooks must be extremely large in order to catch bass, and he insists on loose hooks that can be tied directly to the leader just as much for bass fishing as hc does whcn angling for trout.

For bass he needs about three sizes—one to handle grasshoppers, another type for helgramites, and a third for minnows and stone-catfish.

When hc uses grasshoppers for bait he uses the same style of hook—light wire in about Size 7—as he does in fishing for trout with this kind of bait. For helgramites he uses a heavier hook—because the "jack" will likely cling to some underwater obstruction and have to be forced loose, and an extremely light wire hook would bend out of shape in that operation. The ideal is about Size 4. He knows that a hook of that proportion will hold the helgramite firmly by the collar or tail and still leave plenty of space to hook into a bass of large size.

For minnows and stone-catfish he uses a slightly larger hook, probably in Size 2, because the lips of the bait or the ridge of flesh over its backbone is thicker than the collar of the helgramite and more clearance must be allowed to insure proper hooking of a fish.

Thus we see the polished anglcr equipped for whatever type of bait fishing may appeal to his fancy or may be dictated by stream conditions which he encounters. And, having the proper variety of hooks in his kit, he proceeds to use them as they are intendcd to be used.

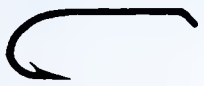
One angler may differ with another in the various sizes that have been suggested in the foregoing paragraphs. Those sizes are this writer's own preferences. They are used not with the idea of putting them down as perfect or ideal, but rather to illustrate the point that a variety of hook sizes and types is necessary for successful bait angling for trout and bass.

There's opportunity for originality in choosing fish hooks, as in every other phase of the sport of angling.

I'm indebted to my old friend, John L. Young a fisherman with many years of experience, for a tabulation of his own choices for trout and bass

(*Continued on Page 22*)

SIZE 8



TROUT GRASSHOPPER HOOK

SIZE 6

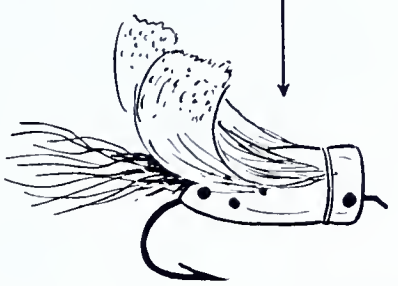


TROUT SIZE FOR MINNOWS

SIZE 4



SMALL BASSBUG (CORK BODY)



SIZE 4



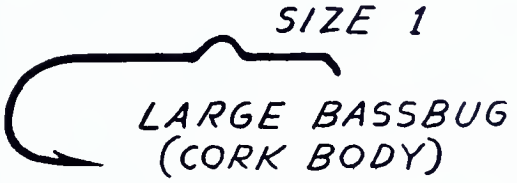
BASS HELGRAMITE HOOK

SIZE 2

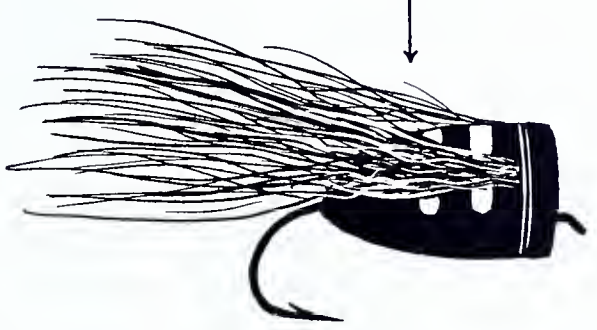


BASS MINNOW AND STONE-CATFISH HOOK

SIZE 1



LARGE BASSBUG (CORK BODY)



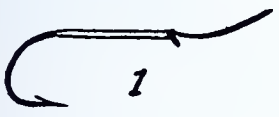
SIZE 4



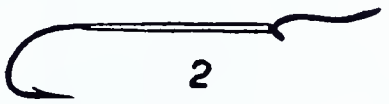
BASS SPINNER FLY HOOK



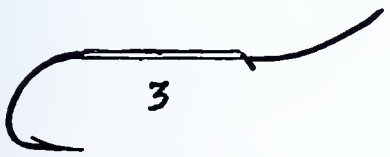
THE JOHN YOUNG HOOK SELECTION



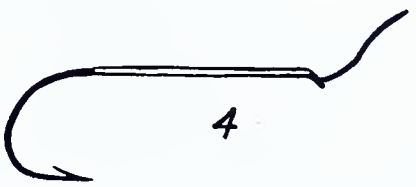
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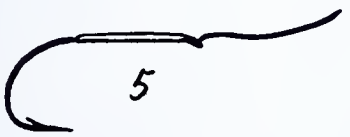
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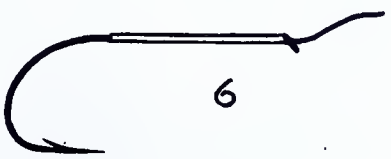
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4

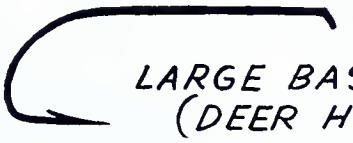


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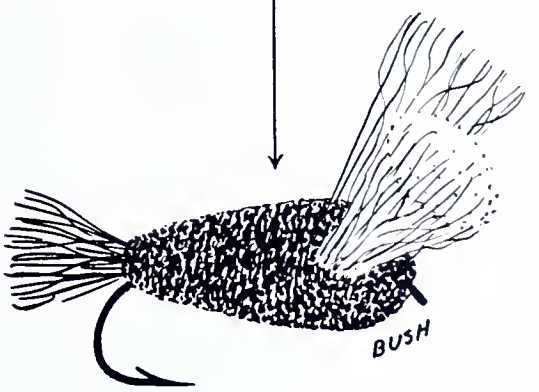


6

SIZE 1



LARGE BASSBUG (DEER HAIR)



ALL HOOKS AND LURES APPROXIMATELY ACTUAL SIZE

American Fly Types and Their Construction

Part 2

"Dressing the Wet Fly"

By EDSON LEONARD

THERE exists an erroneous idea among many fly anglers that the wet fly is an inexpensive fly type of no especial importance; in other words, in craft, skillful use and success, it is no rival with the dry fly. This theory has prevailed among many of my own associates to such a degree that it has become an obsession when it comes to Trouting. Far be it from them to even offer a wet fly to the choicest of all game fish, the trout!

Just why this idea endures is beyond me. Particularly since Rainbow Trout have been introduced in increasing numbers each season has the wet fly come into its rightful place. In fact, without proper sub-surface flies, the angler in Pennsylvania will go home "skunked" more than once throughout the season. It may be one thing to maintain the "purist" viewpoint, but it most certainly is another consideration if one strives to have a heavy creel occasionally, which by the way, is any angler's right.

Angling with the wet fly requires more specific knowledge of trout habits and insect production than does the dry fly tactic. The angler is fishing with a lure he cannot see, which, in turn, demands that he use each last bit of his abilities to handle the imitation properly. It is hardly comparable to the method of casting a surface fly time and time again awaiting the boil of a feeding or near surface trout.

However, this is not a treatise on methods. It is more or less given to the construction of wet flies, which, as a matter of conjecture, is equal in refinements and process to any surface fly.

At the outset, a wet fly simulates a nymphal form in most cases. Certain types tend to imitate the swamped spinner stage. In either event, the make-up is particular. At this point, it might be well to state that the wet fly and truly imitative nymph are synonymous, the only difference being in the "style" of construction. As from personal experience I can acknowledge that I have never found a time when one type could not supplant the other, provided of course, the size and coloration were relative.

In dressing the wet fly, it is well to keep in mind that the finished product must sink as readily as the dry fly will float. Nothing is more failure-provoking than a wet fly which persists in staying on or near the surface. At times this is conducive of more strikes, particularly when a hatch is working toward the surface. Generally, however, the purpose of the wet fly is to "go down after 'em."

If you will check with the boys who compile the statistics on fly fishing, you may learn much to your surprise, that the heaviest and best trout recorded were victims of the underwater fly. There is a reason.

The nymphal stage of an insect is more available—and for a far longer time—than either or both of its later flying forms. Trout become aware of this more easily obtained "bug" and spend much of their time in pursuit.

Therefore, they become remarkably conscious of imitative lures, and will be lured into striking only those flies which appear natural. In a sense, this discrimination is more keenly shown in consideration of underwater flies, since the true aspect of the imitation is constant, while in the case of the dry fly, certain factors tend to change the actual appearance. I refer to diffusion and refraction which cause distortion of color.

If anglers would choose wet flies wisely, they would investigate the higher brackets more thoroughly. As a general rule, most wets are production-made, which quality is undesired. Likewise, these flies are snelled to gut much larger than required, usually size fina. There is a reason for this size gut. The importer purchases large quantities of leader material of the undrawn grade (natural) and uses the odds and ends to snell flies. This is excellent from the efficiency viewpoint, but relative to successful angling, it is strictly taboo.

Eyed flies are what we will consider here. The hooks are usually of three shapes: Limerick, Sneck and Sproat, as illustrated. Some types of wet flies seem to appear better when dressed on one style hook or the other, but I prefer strongly the Limerick. Tapered eyes cost more, but are far superior and will reduce the size of the finished head. Likewise, this finer diameter permits the worker to take more turns to secure the wings and form a neat, tapered head. Add to this the quality of using finer tippets without "pinching" the gut, and you have the perfect combination of light leader and appropriate fly.

In fig. 1 is shown the method of setting up the work. As in the case of dry fly construction, the hackle is fastened in some distance behind the eye of the hook, then the working silk is brought back to the top of the bend, where the tail sprigs and body material are secured. The hackle should be soft or webbed, preferably hen hackle. However, since these "legs" will compress under water pressure, tie them so that they will extend at right angles to the body. Leg action in a wet fly is a really important consideration and bunching the soft hackle together will destroy the illusion of lifelike movement. Partridge hackle is a superior hackle. It simulates the banded legs of the natural, and the texture is excellent. While this hackle feather is very short, the whisks are a little thicker than ordinary hen hackle and possess about the proper flexibility. The tail of the wet fly should be active when drawn through the water. The longer strands of hackle from a hen neck, the soft whisks from a mallard or woodduck feather and the hair from some of the soft-haired animals are excellent. Do not use too many. Three are sufficient. Body fur from the mole, muskrat, and marten is of the finest. Spinning this material onto the working silk is quite a trick if you have never done it. However, it requires little practice to accomplish this act. With scissors, cut off short trimmings of the fur, until you have about a thimble full of the material. Then with a waxed thread rub this trimmed fur on the silk, buffing between the palms. The result will be a closely spun strand of fur ready for forming the body. Such flies as the Cahills, Hendricksons, Iron Blue Dun, Blue Dun, Little Marryat and others require bodies of materials of this nature. The auxiliary tinsels which are very effective will cut into this softer material and will tend to produce a segmented appearance in addition causing the glint required in so many patterns.

In fig. 2 the method of simulating an insect's legs is illustrated. After the hackle has been wound and the tip secured, flatten the upper portion by pressing the thumb on the upper side of the body. This will cause the hackle to fan outward, leaving the top clear. By taking two or three turns around the center of this portion, the entire hackle will become secured beneath and at the sides of the fly. It can be noticed at this point that a very short hackle can be made to perform well by virtue of this method of construction. Be certain, however, that the work is kept far enough from the eye, that the wings segments will have ample area with which to complete the fly. (An insect's legs are inclined somewhat behind the wings.)

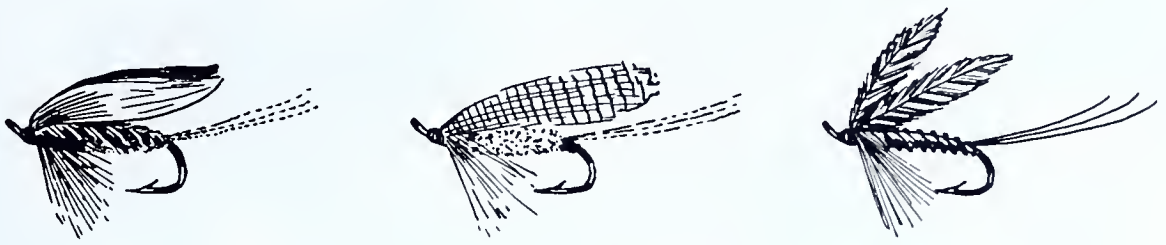
In fig. 3 the wing section is measured and fastened. As in dry fly construction, the wing quills must be pairs, that is, rights and lefts, so that the flare, natural to the wing quill can be matched. Goose quills, as well as duck are used but are not so mobile as the duck. Neither are the fibres so resilient. Regardless of which you prefer, be certain that in removing the section to be used for the wing you do not attempt to crowd too much on the hook. Slim wings are the required in any good wet fly, and overdoing this will merely spoil the fly. By holding the wing segments tightly in the left hand, and increasing the pressure on the working silk held in the right hand, the proper angle can be obtained, and at the same time the wing sections will not collapse.

Fig. 4 depicts the finishing of the fly. It is at this stage in the construction that the finished product can be classed as good or poor. A tapered head makes for durability and neat appearance and should be given every consideration. If you have used a medium size thread up to this point, break it off after the wing section has been tightly wrapped, and apply cement. As this is an important step, be as neat as possible. While the cement is tacky, strip off enough gossamer or very fine finishing silk thread, and fasten through the cement. Finish the head by tapering as ordinarily. After it is whipped, apply more cement, taking care that each turn of the silk is well coated.

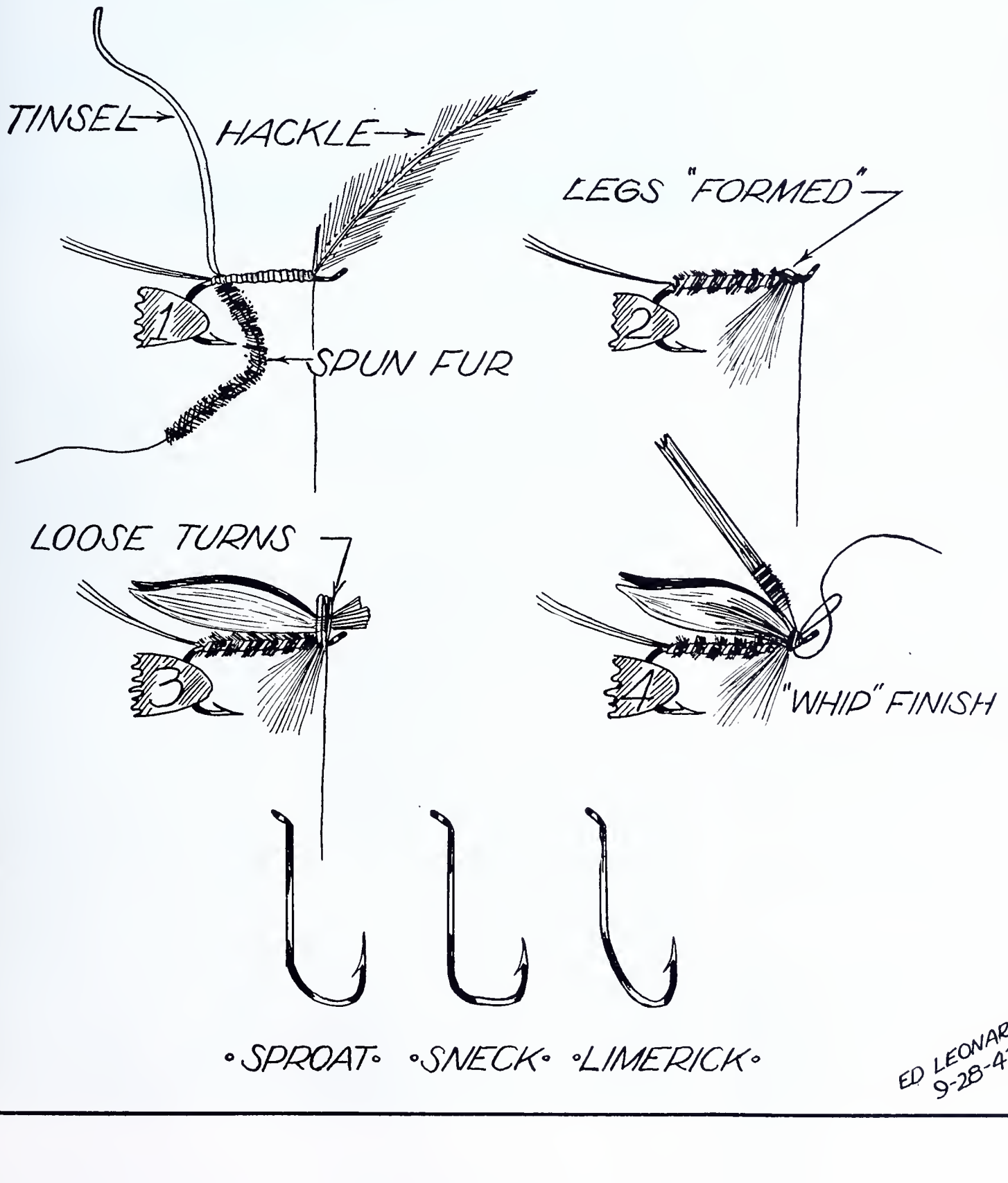
The tip wing as shown at the top of the illustration is a highly productive fly. Tied slim and sparse, this style will produce on hard fished waters. The wings are composed of the springy, resilient hackle taken from the barred rock. These should be dry fly quality—those stiff, narrow feathers found at the base of the neck. Fasten these so that they are widely spread, then between these wing parts, wind two or three turns of chestnut partridge hackle. This particular type is one of the finest sub-surface lures a trout angler can use. It fairly rivals a natural for action.

Patterns are ever the problem. Mine may not at all suit another; and vice-versa. However, the angler who catches his share of the good fish is he who knows the answers. The use of the wet fly is one of those answers. Proper pattern matching of the flies indigenous to the streams fished, as well as knowing where and when, are the two biggest factors which make for success in this angling business. And those of you who have never really spent a day wet-fly casting are missing a phase of this fly game for which no dry fly tactics can substitute. Might be worth a second thought.

TYPICAL WET-FLY DESIGN

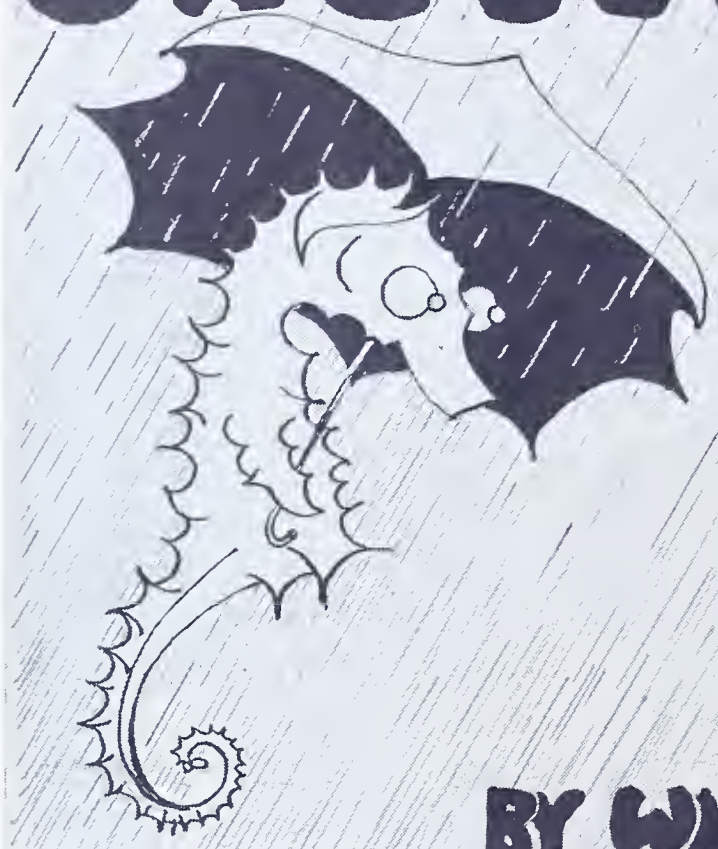


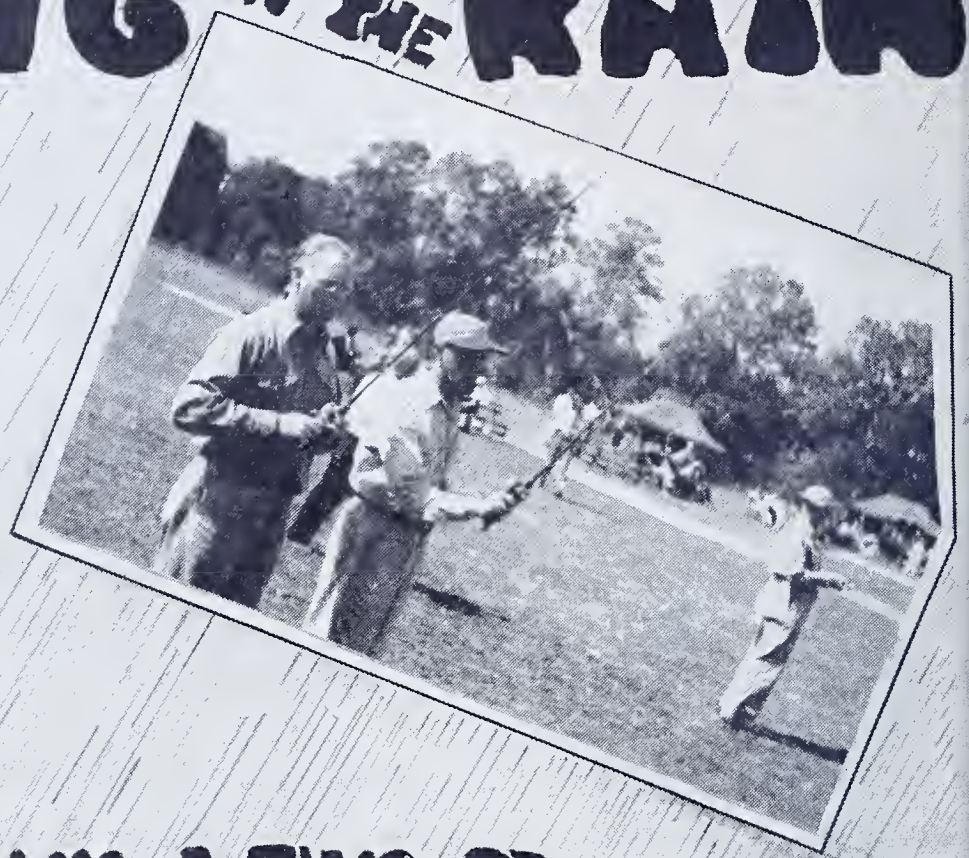
QUILL WING ROLL WING TIP WING



ED LEONARD 9-28-42

CASTING IN THE RAIN





BY WILLIAM J. ELLIS SR.

SOMEBODY once said that Salt Water Events predominated at the annual sanctioned tournament of the Dover Fishing Club of Philadelphia. At one time that certain somebody would have been absolutely correct, for the Dover Fishing Club, more than any other similar organization in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, have for over a score of years exploited the technique of surf casting, and their success in this objective has placed her among the leaders in this fascinating sport.

But not in 1942. No matter how enthusiastic the exponents of the double grip casting rod became, and no matter how hard they worked; this year, at least, they had to bow to fresh water. Al Freck and Lew Rebuck with their contingent of distance and accuracy pluggers put over a show that was a decided success, even in a war year. But, the real credit for the complete blitzkrieg of fresh water went to old Jupe Pluvius who poured down such quantities of Adam's Ale on the salties that they finally were forced to run for cover.

Yes Brother, it rained! And How! After twenty-two years of tournament casting without a single postponement, the Dover Fisbing Club at last experienced their first rainy tournament day. It was a rare opportunity to find out just how much these tournament champs can take. The answer is "plenty," and if any of these old salts ever crack a smile when they mention "dry line fishermen" I'm going to pour a bucket of old Jupe's product right down their neck and watch 'em squirm.

The day before the tournament, everything looked favorable. The sun was shining, and a slight touch of fall chilled the air just enough to make conditions ideal for casting. Toward evening, a little group of club members, who had dedicated their Saturday afternoon to preparing the casting field for the "big day," viewed their job with pride, little thinking that old Jupe would dare step into the picture. However, the next morning, a sorry sight met the eyes of the early arrivals.

Rain soaked tent ropes had contracted so much that they had pulled stakes right out of the ground. Equipment placed in the now collapsed tents was soaked and partly spoiled. This meant more work which was soon done, and then it rained some more. And so through the day. Casters came, did their job, and left. The gallery! Huh! A couple o'dozen ladies who just hated to be called sissies, stuck it out. Otherwise there was plenty of room on the benches.

The lunch tent was full all day. Some didn't even go out to cast. The prize tent was also popular as a shelter. Then between the showers there would be a grand rush for the courts where the wooden plugs and the casting leads would start flying with a vim.

As may be expected, the heavy atmosphere prevalent on a rainy day was not productive of new records. This was especially true in all distance casting and it seemed to have a bad effect on the accuracy boys as well. Among the local casters, Harold Lentz was outstanding on the 500-foot surf courts with a footage of 460-ft. 11 in. In the Average Surf Event he had the misfortune to break after accumulating 930 ft. 9 in. on his first two casts. This was indicative of a 465 ft. 4½ in. average, which is darn good casting with the sun shining. Harold actually made the longest cast of the day which was 473 ft. 6 in. but since it was made while in average competition, he received no credit.

Credit for this event went to Otto Lang of New York City with a footage of 472 feet. In the average event, however, Otto only made 422 feet while his fellow club member Bill Smith came through with an average of 454 feet.

With the points gained in this tournament, Mr. Lentz captured the coveted Eastern Championship for the year 1942. By coming through in every sanctioned tournament held under the auspices of the A. S. A. C. this year, and his record footage of 517 feet in Margate last August, Harold Lentz has staged one of the most remarkable comebacks in sporting history.

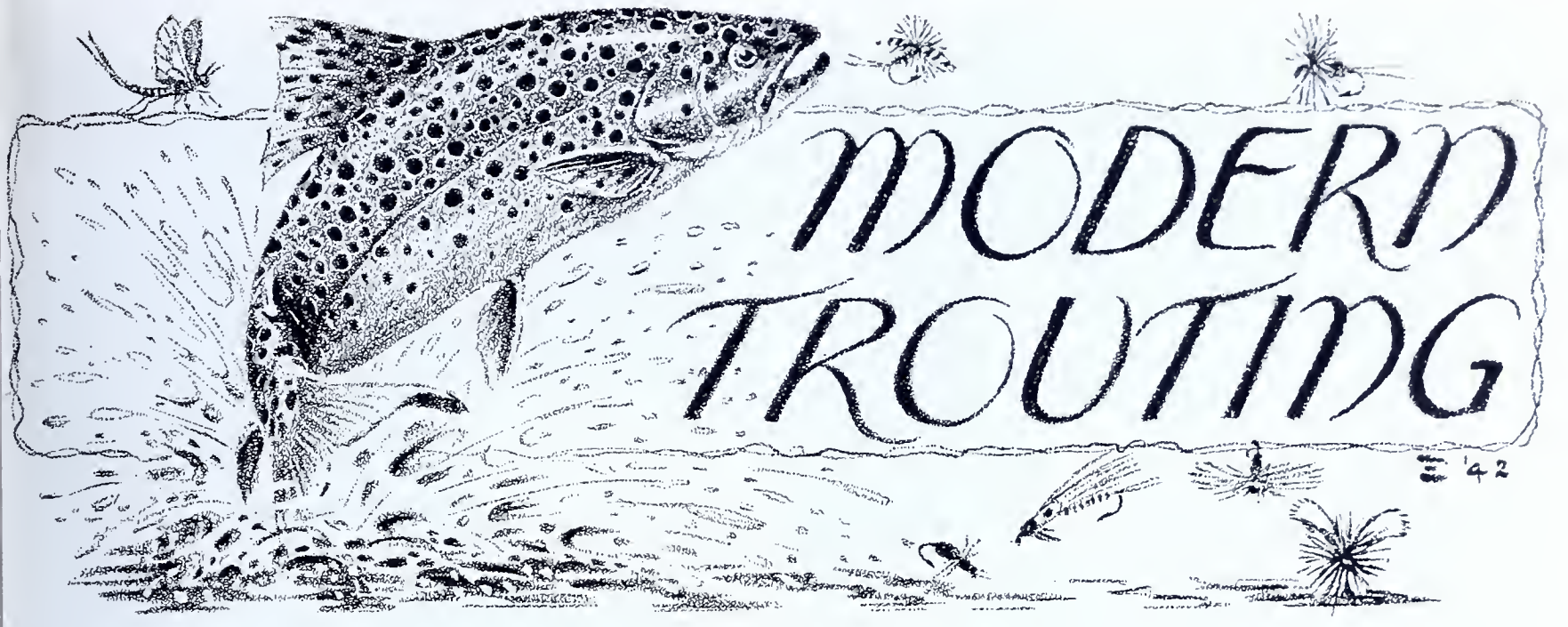
Who is this Harold Lentz? Followers of casting for the past quarter-century will recall a young caster making the then-unheard-of distance of 461 feet 10 inches. That was in 1920. He was acclaimed the world's champion caster since no such distance had ever before been made with any kind of rod and reel. The equipment he used was practical for fishing, a six foot split-bamboo tip with a double grip butt. The reel may have been smaller and the spool much lighter than most surfmen used, but in those days the surfman thought be had to have a regular windlass.

This record stood through the following year. Then in 1922 a new record was made by the same lad. This time he tossed that 4-oz. lead 463 feet 11 inches. That record stood for two more years.

After losing the title in 1924, everybody looked for him to regain it in 1925, but it wasn't in the book. The years passed and this boy continued casting; several times he beat his own distance made while he was the champion, but he never regained the title. There were others in the game now who had profited by his experience, younger men and better . . . so we thought.

Then came the eventful year of 1942. No longer a boy, but a seasoned veteran nearing the half-century mark, this same caster started out like a house-afire winning every competitive event he entered. Up in Narragansett they presented him with the famous Vanderbilt Cup, indicative of the New England States championship. For the first time in history that trophy was brought to Philadelphia. Then came that 517 foot cast at Margate and others. He was just a casting fool, *they couldn't beat him.*

(*Continued on Page 18*)



By CHARLES K. FOX

GENERALLY speaking the delivery and float of a dry fly is vastly more important than the fly pattern, but once in a while we run into a situation when trout are very selective and it takes more than good handling of the fly and the proper size to fool fish. The man who uses but a few patterns in different sizes does very well, but once in a while he is stumped. The fellow who has a wide assortment of patterns and sizes sometimes figures out the right combination and takes selective fish while others just can't do it.

This brings up the questions of how many dry flies should one carry and what patterns are best. My answer to the first is suit your own fancy. If your greatest pleasure is derived from experimenting widely you'll need a large assortment; if you like to pin your faith and success on good effective time-tested flies and rotate around those, a half dozen patterns in different sizes is ample.

It is my belief that the fisherman who uses a small assortment of proven flies will in the long run catch more fish than the man who frequently changes flies and experiments. But on the other hand many enjoy changing and experimenting and there is always that possibility of running into one of those selective rises when nothing but some odd pattern is effective.

There is still another line of attack which we might call the middle of the road theory and that is the most logical to my way of thinking. That is, use your small selection of time tested patterns for your waters, most of the time, and only experiment with odd patterns when there is a rise of very selective trout. Start out with one of the old faithfuls.

One late April day last year three of us were fishing a stretch of the Yellow Breeches Creek. A wonderful rise occurred in the late afternoon just as it had occurred the three preceding days. I would have bet my bottom dollar that an 18 Adams would attract and hook most of the fish over which it floated. But not so. Those trout just would not take that wonderful fly.

There were four good trout rising consistently near at hand. From my position on the meadow bank I could get what appeared to be a perfect float over each one of these without interfering with any of the others. Two trout were above me and they were about twelve feet apart. One was straight across the stream. The other was down stream, but a good slack line cast, quartering down stream covered it nicely. The leader was 12 feet in length, thereby the line could be kept away from all of these fish on all casts.

The natural they appeared to be taking was a little grey-brown caddies, one of our best early season hatches on this stream but there were a few Beaverkills and a few rather large slate drakes. The previous evening they had been taking the caddies but that was all that was on and over the water at that time.

I ran the gauntlet of flies. When the Adams would not work I figured that they were not taking the caddies. Next I tried to imitate the Beaverkills. The females of this fly carry yellow egg sacks. This has always been a tough fly to imitate for me. The R. B. Fox size 16 seems to work best but that is not highly satisfactory. These trout would not take the Fox. Neither would they take other patterns which to the human eye look fairly close to the natural.

The conclusion was that they were taking the slate drakes so with great confidence I tied on a 14 Dark Hendrickson. In this particular stream, trout rise well to this early season hatch and the Dark Hendrickson imitates it very well. Those four good trout which were repeatedly rising would have no part of the Dark Hendrickson. Then they passed up Quill Gordon, Grey Hackle, Grey Fox and Blue Quill which are not far in appearance from the slate drakes. Here was a wonderful opportunity to experiment on selective trout. I was not limited to the whims and fancies of just one fish but each time a fly was changed it could be floated over each of the four fish in turn.

The next move was to forget about imitating the naturals and try something which looked entirely different from the flies that were on and above the water. Football coaches instruct their quarterbacks to punt when in doubt. I am an adherent to the dry fly theory, when you don't know what to do try a spider. I tried it but, like the others, it would not interest these trout. The old unnatural looking, non-imitative, popular favorite, Fan Wing Royal Coachman also drew a blank. My favorite pattern of the Bivisible family, the Pink Lady Bi, suffered the same fate.

An hour of concentration and attention had slipped by without getting a hook into a single one of these feeding fish. Above and below me were other rising trout, but I decided to stay on the same spot and stick with these fish.

I ripped off what was left of the tipped and tied on a new 4X gut point. Frankly, faith and hope were at a low ebb, but the "don't give up the ship" spirit is ever persistent in fishermen. Mechanical flies were changed and floated over the hot spots.

All of a sudden a fly disappeared and when the rod tip was lifted the fish was hooked. What is more, when the trout was landed it was discovered that the fly had been taken deeply. The whole procedure had been very business-like.

Two of the other three trout followed suit and were hooked. The disturbance put down the fourth. The fly employed was a number 12 Ginger Quill. Its appearance and size was totally different from that of the naturals. Why these highly selective trout took it I'll never know but it seemed to be the only fly in the box they wanted. Before darkness settled down some other trout also fell for it. If the same circumstances crop up again—and the chances are pretty good that they will—it will be interesting to see if the same unexpected results re-occur with the No. 12 Ginger Quill.

With a little study and observation it is possible to make a good selection of flies to match the hatches. This assortment will probably be small for your waters. In addition to that a well rounded assortment of supplementary flies with an eye to size, shape, and color range can be developed by the man who wishes to carry many flies.

Next month we'll deal with dry fly assortments, and common hatches and their imitations.

It is possible to estimate the weight of trout fairly accurately by knowing their length. The following table is for average or normal fish; trim ones of course are slightly lighter and chunky ones are heavier than average.

Inches	Lbs.	Ozs.	Inches	Lbs.	Ozs.
9	0	5	17	2	2
10	0	7	18	2	8
11	0	9	19	2	15
12	0	12	20	3	7
13	0	15	21	4	0
14	1	3	22	4	9
15	1	7	23	5	3
16	1	12	24	5	15

If a census of sport were taken, those who like best to play with hook and line might find themselves in first place. They never crowd into huge stadiums; they like best to be alone, but wherever there is good water you will find them.

—*Review of Reviews*



THE LIEUTENANT RESOLVES

By FRED EVERETT

Illustrations by the Author

IT WAS New Year's Eve.

Doe and Lieut sat relaxed before the fireplace, their feet full-extended toward the hearth, with Doc's faithful old setter lying between them, her nose close to the crackling logs.

It was that quiet comradely hour known only to friends who have tasted the fullness of life together and have reached that understanding wherein silence is fraught with deeper meaning than words can express. The time when eyes gaze seeinglessly at dancing lights and spurting gas-smoke, down which blue flames shoot to the log, there to slowly brighten to yellow, waving, red-rimmed fire. Or, in the myriads of snapping, ever-changing glows, to visualize thoughts in picture form projected from one's mind onto the dream-filled screen that is the fire-place.

The quiet of contentment, the peace-reward of the end of a year well spent; of duties fulfilled; of pleasures well earned. All seemed right with these two cronies whose friendship had been tested on streams and in the fields. A friendship which had budded in the first world war, flowered in the days of reconstruction, fruited during the depression and was growing riper as the tentacles of the new world chaos reached out farther and farther to engulf nation after nation in its slimy, horrible embrace.

The quivering lights and shadows from the fire played over the faces of the silent friends. It should have been a rich moment in their lives, yet one could sense the presence of the prevailing seriousness which permeated even their unconscious dreamings.

Doc uttered a deep sigh. "Damn the murdering Nazis and the sneaking Japs!"

All was still again for some minutes.

Then Lieut turned his head slowly to look at Doc. "Do you know, I think he's cockeyed."

"Who—Hitler?"

"No—he is too—but I mean the guy who wanted to stop all fishing, saying it was unessential and entirely out of place at this time."

"Maybe he's right."

"What!" Lieut looked at his fishing pal unbelievingly.

Doc gazed at the fire and talked more to someone not there than to Lieut. "I'm just wondering how it will feel next spring, out there on the stream, knowing how Alex and Dick and all the others would love to be there. And thinking where they may be or what they're doing. In mosquito- and Jap-infested swamps or roasting on hell's deserts or fighting in God-knows what inferno. They won't be fishing."

"No, they won't—no more than we will be out there with them. And both for the same reason. The nation took them because that is where they can do their best job. It turned us down because we can do our best job on the home front. They need us here just as much as we need them out there. It's team work that's going to win this war.

"Out there they are doing everything possible to prepare themselves for their job and to keep fit. We must do the same here. We already know our trade—what we must do is to see to it that we are physically and mentally at our peak all the time. Morale is as important as ability—it takes both to do the job we've got to do. And it takes a darn sight more morale-building for those of us who have to stick around home and do the unexciting, tedious, everyday chores than for those who are on the team, fighting the game."

"That may all be, Lieut, but we still have our homes and all the comforts which they have had to forego. It hardly seems fair to be having the luxuries, too."

"Fishing is not a luxury, it's an essential. They can't fight all the time—they must have rest periods and relaxation. Every known means of furnishing them with entertainment is being provided for them. We have to provide our own. To some of us, fishing is that needed exhaust to let down our taut nerves and clean out the poison of fatigue from our bodily machinery.

"Look at us right now—no hunting or fishing or anything to take our minds off the continual depressing thoughts of this war and what it

means to all of us. So we sit here and stew in our own mental juice. If, instead, we were tying flies or any of a hundred sueh things, our minds would be rested and alert when we get back to our part of the work tbat is so vital to the upkeep of those fellows out there. We'd do a better job and you know it. Therefore, anything whieh can accomplish that is just as essential as the doing of the work itself.

"If that's not so—then elose all shows and movies, do away with everything but work — work — work. How long would we last on tbat basis? You know darn well that our nervous systems would blow up in short order. If you don't, you're some doctor!"

"Of course you're right, Lieut, but I'm tbinking of more than just the fishing. It takes gas and rubber and equipment to get to the streams and fish, more than we're supposed to have."

"Not if you use your head, it doesn't. Trouble with all of us is the fact that prosperity has pretty well spoiled us. Each year we have grown diseontented with what we have and reached out for something new. We travel farther and seek new waters, hoping to find bigger thrills. We buy every fandangled new pieee of junk we don't need. When you get right down to brass tacks, we don't get any more thrills or better ones tbat way, except in the planning and expectancy of the trips. When it eomes to the actual fishing, it's pretty mueh the same.

"Ob—the waters may be different—one stream is slow and quiet, another is fast and tumbling. The surroundings are different and fisb reaet to other methods of presenting the flies. But they are the same fish and strike and fight about the same in all waters and it's fun catcbing them, no matter where you go.

"The reason we get sucb a kiek out of new waters is beeause we are mentally keyed up to tbat kind of fishing. If we'd set to work on our way of thinking, we could get the same kiek out of our own waters. We would be doing a double duty in fishing them—saving on gas and rubber, and keeping ourselves fit for our work."

Doe nodded his agreement. "What we need, tben, is some red bot propaganda to convince fishermen that it's their patriotic duty, first, to fisb and second, to be Simple Simons and fish in their own mothers' pails."

Tbe Lieutenant chuekled, then grew serious again. "More than that—make them expect as mueb or more fun out of their backyard streams. Once they make up their minds to it, tbey will have all the pleasure any trip could give tbem."

"You wouldn't be a Christian Seientist, would you?"

"Wby not, if it fits this case? Think back a few years. Remember when we bought our old place on this stream? Were two fellows ever more excited? Could we have laid more plans, expeeted more enduring fun? Or eould we have fished waters where there were more thrills or better fish? Remember how we tried out all tbe crackpot ideas of improving fishing, from filling the pools witb fry, fingerlings and on up to good old whoppers? Or the dams we built, the stumps and brush we anchored, the banks we reenforced and cut under, the current deflectors and all tbose things?

"As I look back on it, that was one of the high spots in our fishing lives. We were in our seventh heaven and fit as a fiddle.

"Now look at it! How long has it been sinec we've cast a fly in those waters? Years. Why? Because we eontracted the disease of distanee. We were hypnotized by the magie of faraway places—the lure of the unknown.

"Did it ever repay us in better fishing? It did not. Did it ever give us bigger and keener thrills? Not whcn you think of those we got when first we bought this place and dreamed it into bcing. Yet each year we havc sought new streams and made new plans, forsaking that which wc already have that holds just as much for us."

Doc was gazing intently into the fire. The old setter got up, turned around twice and lay down again in exactly the same spot. Lieut lapsed into thoughtful silence. The fire crackled merrily on, dying out here and bursting forth there as the logs sctlled into new positions cach time thc ashes gave way.

The clock on the mantle chimed half-past eleven, then tieked on, neithcr hurrying nor holding back the departing last minutcs of the old year. The indifference of unperturbed time foredooms the seheming avarice of grasping powers to remorseful nothingness. Time levels all things.

The Lieutenant stirred uneasily in his ehair. Doe knew from the set look in his eyes and the deepened furrows on his brow tbat his friend was coming to a deeision on some serious idea. He patiently waited.

"Fishermen are crazy nuts."

"Knowing you all these years, I'm already aware of that." Doc hoped to ease the situation. Lieut paid no heed to his weak attempt.

"It has just dawned on me what foolish things we do in the name of sport. Take these trips, for example. We travel miles to fish in some other fellow's backyard. We think the fishing will be better there. And what does the other fellow do? He travels the same miles to our backyard stream, expecting the same thing. If that isn't crazy, what is?"

"You tell me."

"Think of the useless time wasted in travel, time that one could be fishing and saving money, gas and rubber, or relieving our overtaxed transportation systems so they eould do a better job for those who must travel.

"And think of all our fishing friends going in all directions to fish different waters—some here, others there. Some going off alone when others would have been glad to have shared their cars and expenses. What we fishermen need is a manager. We should have some one to knoek our heads together and stuff a little eommon sense into them."

"Now what have you got in mind?" Doe wasn't quite sure just where Lieut was heading.

"Let's make it personal—you and me. When we go fishing, what do we do? I'll tell you. We sneak off by ourselves for fear some one will find out about a preeious hole where sacred fish should be all our own. When we get there, what do we find? The fellows we slipped away from are there too—they sneaked away from us.

"If we had more of the right spirit in us, we would cut out this perverted idea of speeial privilege—of hoarding our pot of gold fish for our own small selves. We'd get together and play as a team—we'd share and share alike. On a small sealc, we've been doing the things we are now at war trying to prevent others from doing on a larger scale.

"It just doesn't make sense. Therc's a serew loose somewhere in our thinker. That's onc thing we can thank this war for, it's hringing us back to our sanity—it's knoeking off our veneering of selfishness, eorreeting our short-sightedness and making us eonseious of our fellowmen.

"We're finding that he's a decent sort of a fellow, after all, with the same thoughts and feelings and humanism as we have. He's a likeable euss and well worth knowing, too. And he's doing a grand job, rising up to meet the needs of this emergeney. My hat's off to him."

"If you had followed me, Lieut, as I treated their wounds and diagnosed their sieknesses, all this would not be such a surprise to you. A doetor sees beneath the surfaee and much that he finds is pretty darn good stuff. The other fellow may have a different religion or politics or think along lines foreign to our reasoning, but at heart he's got a pretty sound faith in our way of life—a way worth all we must sacrifice to save it."

"Sinee we're agreed on this, Doc, it's time we did something about it."

"Meaning, of eourse, you have already thought up that something."

"Why do you think that?"

"Humpb—why else would you let go all that high pressure talk?"

"All right, I have thought of a eouple of things we can and should do. First of all, we should eut out all long trips for the duration. And when we do travel, we should make our plans to include as many as ean go with us—or we with them, each in his turn."

"That's only eommon sense during these times. Besides, if we don't, where could we get the gas to make much of any trip? Clubbing together now is just being smart. Nothing so saerificing or praiseworthy in that. Either that—or else! I ean't pat you on the back for those ideas except to admit you still have enough brains to figure out how to get to your fishing. I knew you'd do it in some way."

Lieut smiled at the gruffness with which Doc accepted his idea. He knew as well as Doe, just how much his side-kiek hated to have his fishing disturbed by others and therefore, what it meant to him to share his trips. He was belittling the reasons to eover up his own feelings as well as to avoid any appearance of sacrifice.

"Quite right, Doc, we've got to do it or not fish, unless we fish just our own stream, right here. And to a great extent, if not entirely, that's just what we ought to do anyway. More than that, Old Man, we should open up these waters so everybody around here ean fish, without so much travel."

"What?"

"You heard me. If we really want to do the right thing, we should turn over this stream to the other fellows. So should everyone who has posted their streams in the past. All who need to keep fit by enjoying some hours on a stream should be able to fish those nearest home. In that way, a tremendous amount of travel and time could be saved. Every single thing that can be saved, should be.

"That's not all, either. We should see to it that there is good fishing to be had, from beginning to end of the season. That means we should stock our waters with plenty of good sized fish. And we should try to persuade every other owner to do the same. The State will help them now when the waters are not posted—we can do the rest. Maybe our local fellows will pitch in, too—especially the sportsmen's clubs."

"How long do you suppose the fishing will hold up with every Tom, Dick and Harry loading up his creel?"

"That's another point—we must have certain restrictions that will assure fishing during the whole season. That ealls for less fish creeled and more fish liberated after they are caught. If all the fellows contribute to the idea, I believe we could make sueh a plan work."

"You're a dry fly purist—how about bait fishing?"

"Our personal beliefs will have to be set aside. With a low creel limit, we can let eaeh one fish the way he enjoys it. Our purpose is to main-

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PLUGGING AWAY



By CHARLES K. FOX

FIRST of all let's explode two ideas held by some plug fishermen. Plug fishing is not simply a matter of bailing a plug out into the water and cranking it back for another cast, and second there is no such thing as one plug and one method of fishing it which reigns supreme over all other lures and methods at all times.

Some things can be stated with certainty, and we can build up our choice of lures around these facts. It is a fact that bass feed at different levels. We see them chasing minnows on or near the surface. We see them taking flies on the surface and even jumping out of water to catch them. We see them cruising around foraging a foot or more under the surface. We know they pick up live bait near or even on the bottom of deep holes.

At certain times they have a tendency to feed at certain levels, hence this matter of level is one of the chief bases of our choice of lures. Action of the lure is still a different problem which will be dealt with in the future. To a great extent what applies to stream small-mouth bass applies to pond big-mouths. In my opinion it is not necessary to use separate assortments for the two species; what's good for the goose is good for the gander.

Bass do not feed on the surface unless the water is clear. The only slight exception to this is the pond which is continually muddy. Now and then these muddy water bass will hit a surface plug. Generally speaking though it does not pay to use surface plugs when the water is not in "good shape."

But surface plugs are good only under certain conditions even when the water is clear. They are at their best when there is marked surface activity, either rings, splashes or the violent surface commotions which occur when the bass are chasing minnows. At such a time bass are watching the surface for food and do not hesitate to break the surface to pursue and capture it. Such activity usually occurs in clear bright weather and is generally at its height in the evening. One friend says, "bass fishing is at its best during the most beautiful of sunsets."

From an hour before dark until an hour after daylight surface baits are usually better than underwaters. Night fishing for the big ones is a sport and even a science all its own.

Early in the season after bass are fresh from the spawning beds they are active and hungry. They can be taken then on the surface and in shallow water. As the hottest weather sets in and the water reaches its maximum temperature for the year the whole aspect changes. Like humans, their activity decreases and they seek shelter from the heat of the sun. At this period their favorite spots are deep holes, spring holes, shaded spots, and places where there is an inflow of cold water.

Lew Kunkel, of Harrisburg, and I, spent a peculiar day of it on the lower Juniata two years ago. The weather was what an old guiding friend calls, "stinking hot.' We knew it was necessary to comb the bottom of the deeper spots among the rocks with underwater lures because the bass were inactive. You could not blame them for not wishing to stir about and range for food. We were relatively comfortable for we were "wading wet." Fishing was pretty tough and our best efforts were rewarded by only several little bass.

I had worked my way down stream some distance from Lew and decided to wade over to the bank, walk up stream, and join him again. A small but cold stream entered the river at the point were I expected to get out on the bank. The water was very shallow there, and the bottom was silt and sand. Stream small-mouth bass are rarely found away from rocks. It was such an unimpressive spot that I did not even bother to make a cast there.

As I approached the bank I thought I saw something move in the shallows very close to the shoreline. Funny thing in our fishing and hunting, when we think we see something move, even though we scarcely see it or can't believe it at first, it almost always turns out that our eyes have not deceived us. This was just one of those times. Everything was indistinct yet something had attracted me even though it had just been a glance out of the corner of the eyes.

Careful investigation disclosed that a school of bass was located there in the cool water from the trout stream. Through the polaroid glasses I could discern about three dozen concentrated in the shallow area close to the bank yet exposed to the direct rays of the sun. Their backs were almost breaking the surface. No big bass were located there; they were all from 14 inches in length on down.

This was no place to cast the deep going midget River Runt which dangled from the casting leader. I decided to try a small surface bait called the Jamison Coaxer and to cast it at the lower end of the school.

Just after the little plug landed with a gentle spat a bass pounced on it with a vicious strike. This fish did not jump or even struggle but rolled over on its side. When I reeled it up there was positively no sign of life. The Coaxer has a big single hook protruding from the back. Upon examination it was revealed that the hook had been taken well into the fish's mouth and the point was lodged in the roof of the mouth between the eyes. Unquestionably it had pierced the brain and caused instant death.

This rather quiet procedure did not disturb the other fish. Instead of continuing with the Coaxer I tied on a Silver King Mack's Minno-Bug, and instead of casting it right among the bass I cast it on the small sandy delta of the stream. When it hit upon the sand and the lure and leader crossed the fish it startled several, so I waited about a minute for things to settle down before hopping the weighted bucktail and spinner into the river.

It is possible to regulate the depth at which this lure travels by the speed of the retrieve. When the little lure jumped into the water and started across the fish, several turned on it and one took it solidly. The activity of this bass disturbed the others and they disappeared from their shallow cool spot and sought protection among the rocks in deep water.

One hour later they were back again, and Lew and I pecked away at them off and on for the remainder of the afternoon.

This demonstrated to my satisfaction the value of locating spring holes out in the deeper water where good rock cover is located. Unquestionably all such spots are used by bass during the hottest weather but these would probably be fish 14 inches in length and upwards, instead of little ones like those we had located.

When bass are located in deep water—and that is usually the case in hot weather and the other extreme cold water after the frosts have started—it is usually necessary to comb the deeper spots.

At least a small assortment of plugs is necessary for the bait caster in order to be able to fish at various depths. There are some lures such as the midget spinner or minno-bug which can be fished at various depths by controlling

(Continued on Page 21)



Photo taken by Mr. Yake of the Reading Times

Writes LeRoy Wanner of Reading: I landed this fellow Saturday evening, Aug. 29, 1942, about 7.25 P.M. I used the Aristocrat True Temper Hollow 9 foot steel fly rod, and the lure was a small cheap spinner with pork rind. The bass was measured before another Alderman and at least 8 people, and was 23 inches long with a girth 15½ inches, weight 8 pounds, stomach completely empty. This picture was not taken until Monday evening 9 P.M., the fish having been in my electric refrigerator over 48 hours. The tray was not long enough and you notice the tail was bent up in a slight curve from the dry refrigeration. Oh, yes, I was in a boat alone with only a trout net with which the fish was landed, in the Cocalico Creek near Blainsport, Lancaster County, Pa.

L312400

THE MAIL BAG

NEWS FROM HAWAII

Dear Charlie:

Have had very little time for correspondence since arriving here. Guess you read my letter that was sent to Lowe's Restaurant. Mail service here is poor. Sometimes there will be letters from home which were on the road 72 hours or less and with them may be one mailed three to six weeks before.

Life here was monotonous until a very recent discovery. Knew there were deer, wild boar, ringnecks, and rainbows here but did not know where the latter were located. The discovery was this—don't faint—big-mouth bass. There is a little stream back of the place where we stay about the size of Cedar Run (Cumberland County) that has a few dams in it and there they are.

Will you try to find out how they got here? Paid $10.00 to see one. It seemed so impossible to me that I put up $10.00 for the first one to be brought in. Have seen six now. No kidding they are genuine.

If you get a map of the Island of Oahu there will be a stream that runs between Wahiawa and Schofield.

Have heard the bass were stocked ten to twelve years ago. Doubt if plugs have ever been used on them. They say 8 pounders are common and there was one caught better than 12 lbs. However, all that I have seen are fliers (small-bass). It's the old story of bass growing very large where they feed heavily the year round. The only time I have been out so far I missed a nice one, would judge it to be about 3½ lbs.

Have toured the whole town of Honolulu for tackle. It is tough to get light bass stuff. Managed to get a Perfectorene reel, a South Bend 5½ foot rod with action like a broom handle and also a fine Montague rod. The trouble with the latter is, it is only 4½ feet in length although the action is good. Wouldn't be so bad with a light line. The only line I could find was an 18 lb. Gladding Nylon. The reel was the only decent one to be found on the Island.

Am having a rod made to suit me. The rods made here are very fine ones and reasonable in price, running around $25.00. If they turn out to be as good as I think they are I'll bring a few along back after the war.

Saw a string of barracudas that were caught on a Pflueger Chum (spoon) and a heavy casting rod. Am going to try the same thing when there is more time and fewer restrictions.

The other night a guard shone his light on a wild boar behind the barracks. A fellow who has boar hounds put them on the trail the next morning and got him. I am going to get one, have his head mounted, and hang him on the wall beside old Bill at Elmer Lower's Restaurant. At present no one is permitted to hunt with firearms.

There is a real total blackout every night. We are compelled to carry gas masks and helmets at all times and are warned never to be more than two steps away from them.

The climate is perfect. Have some liquid sunshine but don't mind that. I carry the alligator jacket that you gave me in the top of my gas mask so am always prepared. The nights are chilly now; we are pretty high, and the days are warm but not hot. The skies are very blue like they are in Canada. I've been in the sun and am about the color of old duck pants. Haven't worn a hat since leaving Frisco.

Your mother would go wild about this place. The flowers and shrubbery are beautiful. There is one about which a lot of lies are told. It is called pakikas. It is so fragrant that it is almost sickening. Palm trees are everywhere.

Took a ride the other week that was very interesting. Saw some palm thatched huts with grass, canals with outrigging on them, and natives fishing with spears. In one of the grass huts was a juke box. We beat out Jersey Bounce till all the nickels were gone. Haven't been to Waikiki yet.

Tried several new things to eat, among them—poi. It looks and smells like Tucker Wire's wall paper paste. Tastes about the same, too, I guess. The fruits are good and the cooking miserable. Although nothing eatable would stop me I believe my old setter, Doc, would refuse some of the messes.

I appreciate the ANGLER more than ever. It is even more interesting when you are out of Pennsylvania.

I need fishing tackle badly. Please scrape up some of our old reliable lures and some 9 or 12 lb. test line and forward them.

Am looking forward to the time when I can once again enjoy Pennsylvania hunting and fishing with you.

As ever,
LAMBERT MILLER
Wheeler Field Sub. Depot
Oahu, Hawaii

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find check covering two years' subscription to your worth-while PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER; it is a swell magazine and written in fishermen's language.

As a New York State angler I have had a non-resident license for the past two years and I expect to continue to have one as long as possible. You are to be commended on your care of the streams and your restocking of trout streams. Keep up the good work. I hope that present conditions do not make it necessary for your Department to curtail its work to any great extent. Thanks again for the swell trout fishing I've enjoyed in Pennsylvania.

Very truly yours
R. L. STRUDEVANT
Binghamton, N. Y.

"QUACK" DENTISTRY GIVES DUCK NEW PINK NOSE

The New York *Herald-Tribune* credits a Peekskill dentist with trail blazing in a new field. He modeled an upper bill out of plastic to replace one lost by a mallard from Lake Mitchell in the Chauncey M. Depew Memorial Park, probably as the result of an encounter with a snapping turtle.

The duck was observed gyrating wildly and squawking in distress, by the park superintendent. With some difficulty the bird was trapped and the stump of the bill discovered, after which the dentist got busy.

The duck submitted with ill grace, but the job was finally finished. Pink plastic was used because it happened to be handy. According to last reports, it was eating sodden bread with increasing interest, pausing only to gaze with amazement at its new pink nose.

When our own character will not defend us, explanations will not vindicate.

The shocking truth is that the human brain does not function nearly so efficiently as the machines it has created!

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is $.20 for copies of the October and November Issues of the ANGLER. I enjoyed reading the ANGLER very much while I was at home just as I enjoyed Pennsylvania hunting and fishing.

I am in a Reconnaissance Squadron of the 80th Division. Most of the fellows in our troop are Pennsylvania boys and almost all are hunters and fishermen. I guess that is the main reason we were put in this Squadron. Soldiers who are hunters and fishermen make good scouts because their eyes have been trained for motion and actions. Watching for deer sneaking through forest, feeding trout in pools and riffles, and the flash and shine of feathers in the woods are a fine background for this work.

Many of the fellows in our barracks are from Pennsylvania towns such as: Clarion, Pittsburgh, Latrobe and York. We enjoy telling about our fishing and hunting trips. We are all hoping it won't be long now until we are back fishing and hunting in Pennsylvania.

Sincerely yours,
PVT. EDWARD F. NAUGHTON
80 Reconnaissance Squadron
Camp Forrest, Tenn.

Dear Sir:

Poor fishing season—high water. Only caught 230 bass this past season. All of them were taken on barbless flies; all were returned in good condition.

Sincerely,
H. P. SHAWKEY
Warren, Pa.



Andy Dick of Franklin says, "I always use a No. 18 Cincinnati bass hook and as a result I rarely hook undersize bass." Here is a good two man's catch.



An aroma defying polite description.

IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

(*Continued from Page 2*)

gurgle as glass met lips, and the conversation ran down.

But I could not resist taking up the chase myself. "Guess we aren't so hot at that, maybe, when you come to think of it. How often do we lug in a really big one? How about that old Grandaddy brown that's been living down there in the Stump Hole the last two seasons, Jim? You've been trying for him, Lord knows how long."

Judge Blake nodded ruefully. "I raised him a couple of times, early in the season," he said, "and actually had him on once, for a few seconds. But what the hell?" The Judge made a gesture of helplessness. "When that son of a gun gets ready to depart, he just departs, and that's that. How about it, John, you old fish-hound?"

Professor Van Dusen smiled. "Don't tease an old man, Jim," he replied. "I'm just thinking about that other old Grandaddy down in Bob Marshall's pet hole. I don't seem to recall seeing you down there either, Bill," he added slyly, and winked at Judge Blake behind Dr. Eisenberg's back.

"No use, John, I fed that crocodile plenty of Ken Cooper's best flies at three bones a dozen all July, but he's still there. I saw him yesterday." The doctor sighed wistfully. "That fish must go twenty-five, twenty-six inches, maybe more," he declared defensively. "Bob Marshall said he'd bet Clint Mountain himself couldn't raise that fish now, in this low water."

"Well, maybe he'll try, at that, Doc," said Hector, "I heard he was coming up here with Bob this week, to finish off the season." The banker laughed. "Maybe we'll all learn something about fishing from him."

The group chuckled agnostically in appreciation of the quip. These men were no novices at the game. The conversation died again, and Hector's attempt to initiate a discussion of the dangers of inflation proved abortive when his opening remarks provoked an invitation to jump in the river and tell it to the fish. Judge Blake's willingness to hold forth on the iniquities of the Supreme Court situation fared no better.

"Hey, bums, get a load of that," suddenly exploded Hector. "Did you see what just went into the club?" There was no answer, so he went on. "Met him on the road, and passed the time of day. Asked me if I'd had any luck, and did I show him an eyeful. You all saw the bunch I brought in, didn't you?" He knew we had. Fine catch, it was, though no very big ones. Hec's nobody's dub, and nobody knows it better than Hec. He went on, "This fellow didn't have a fish, not a dam' one, and said he'd been fishing all afternoon. Felt sorry for the bird, with all his fancy tackle and brand new get-up. Nice looking, clean-cut fellow, but I near bust a gut keeping from laughing, the way he was dolled up like a plush horse."

"You shouldn't be so hard on beginners, Hec," Van Dusen protested gently. "We were all beginners once. Try to be tolerant. I have had to learn to be, in my profession."

"Oh, that's all right, Van, I didn't high-hat him," replied the banker, "you know that's not my way." I fear some of us may have snickered a little. "In fact I tried to help him. Told him what flies went big up here, and gave him some of my own. Most of his were too dam' gaudy, and too large at that, like most beginners, you know. Here he comes now."

Professor Van Dusen made a gesture of resignment, and turned his head to watch the stranger, who had emerged from the club house, and was removing his fishing impedimenta.

The new yellow waders and up-to-the-minute fishing jacket gleamed in the sun, in competition with an enormous creel of blinding virgin white. Rod, reel and net, each of well known and expensive make, were obviously fresh from the tackle shop.

"It is perfectly clear," declared the Professor, as he turned back from his inspection, "that whatever else may be said, our beginner guest has evidently had the benefit of expert advice in the choice of his equipment." There was no disagreement possible.

As the stranger descended from the porch and approached the gang, he revealed himself as a rotund young man with an engaging smile, toward whom we warmed at once, ungrudgingly appraising him with the eyes of men trained to accurate judgment by our various callings. The prompt acceptance, however, did not prevent an amused exchange of understanding glances, provoked by the immaculate outer garments, none of which bore evidence of previous wear, and the equally spotless gray headgear, which harbored on its band a collection of flies quite unknown to entomology. The only item I detected out of tune was an ancient corncob pipe, firmly gripped between his back teeth. It emitted an aroma defying polite description. A regular guy, I thought to myself; he'll do.

He waved his hand pleasantly as he entered the welcome shade, and went directly to Hec MacGregor, to whom he addressed himself.

"Thanks a lot for the flies, old man," he said, "I just got a bunch in the mail that came in from Grayling this afternoon, so I won't need them." He reached, with a bow and a grimace of appreciation, for the cooling draught which someone handed him. We watched him silently as he drank and then mopped his steaming brow with a new green bandana, which reeked of citronella mingled with other odors less identifiable but no less vile.

"Well, boys, sure is hot," he submitted, "guess we're all glad to get in." The statement was undebatable, but the inevitable question followed him when he turned to reenter the club house.

"Only caught two. Hold up the post-mortem until I finish this drink and get a shower," he called back over his shoulder, as he picked up the salmon creel and vanished within.

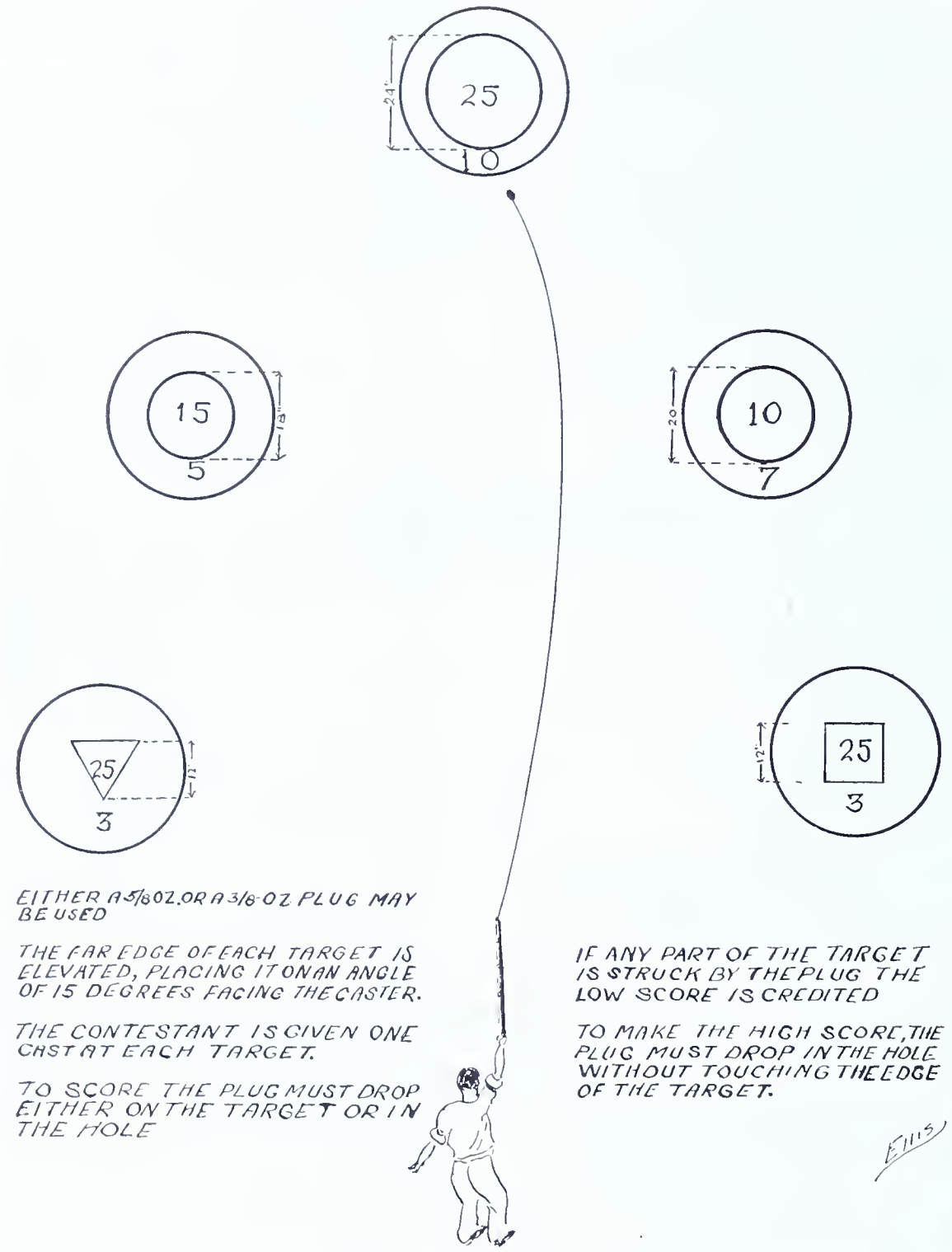
The gang settled back once more into complete relaxation. The newcomer was furnishing a welcome subject for discussion, a release from the intriguing but ultimately wearisome controversies to which the highly inexact science of angling lures its devotees.

"Picked up the old alibi in a hurry, didn't he?" remarked one. The rest of us chipped in. "Yeah, but I'm glad he didn't get skunked." "Looked a bit fussed when he told us he only got two, I noticed." "He'll do. Looks like a dam' good sport." "Help him all we can, while he's here." And more of the like.

In the club house kitchen Charcoal, the steward, listened respectfully, with his eyes on the table.

"Now, Charcoal, when you go into town tonight," the chubby stranger was saying, "you telephone him at his house in Philadelphia, and tell him to come right up. Say he's not to waste any more time trying to locate my lost baggage;

(*Continued on Page 21*)



LAYOUT OF THE DOVER NOVELTY PLUG COURT

CASTING IN THE RAIN

(*Continued from Page 10*)

You guessed it brother. That caster was Harold G. Lentz, who eighteen years after he lost the world's title, staged a come-back that resulted in his being crowned the champion of the East. It may be true that the all-time distance record is still held by August P. Livenais of San Francisco, but since there were no sanctioned tournaments held on the west coast this year, Lentz is rightfully entitled to be called the 1942 World's Champion.

Can you name any champion in the history of amateur sports that can boast of such a remarkable come-back? Like all wine and most women, this man Lentz seems to improve with age.

Back at the Dover Club Tournament, it was still raining when John Busby stepped up to give a demonstration of his latest invention, the suspension-bridge rod. Just then a flock of ducks flew over the field and one of 'em looked down and laughed. We weren't sure whether it was laughing at John or giving us the razz for trying to out-duck the ducks.

Nevertheless, John ducked back into the scorekeepers' tent and started figuring the winners in the surf events. The first five on the list were as follows: Otto Lang, I.W.L.N.Y., Longest 472 ft. Avg. 422 ft. Harold Lentz, Dover Fishing Club, Longest 460 ft. 11 in. Avg. (Break). Louis Guerano, Belmar Fishing Club, Longest 433 ft. 9 in. Avg. 423 ft. 1 in. William Smith, I.W.L.N.Y., Longest 429 ft. 11 in. Avg. 454 ft. Jacob Buseh, Dover Fishing Club, Longest 424 ft. 5 in. Avg. 375 ft. 10 in.

The highest score made on the plug accuracy courts was 93. This was in the 5/8-ounce event. The honors were divided between S. Wilhelm and H. Milligan, both from Delaware. In the cast-off first place went to the former. Earnest Jenkins, of the Lower Merion Club, captured third place with a score of 91, while Arthur Clark, from Holmesburg, came in fourth with 90.

In the 3/8-ounce accuracy event, Clark took the highest honors with a score of 84. S. Wilhelm and W. Smidt, also from Delaware, followed in second and third places with scores of 80 and 75 respectively. Fourth place went to Earnest Jenkins with 74.

Arthur Clark also took first place in the 5/8-ounce distance event with a cast of 261 ft. 3 in. Second place went to George Gaul for 204 ft. 3½ inches. F. Minor, John Wetzel, and E. Jenkins followed with casts of 182 ft. ½in.; 165 ft. 8 in.; and 163 ft. 8 in.

The Dover Novelty Plug Event again proved to be one of the most popular games of the tournament. Even the rain failed to keep this court from being busy throughout the entire day. For years this novelty event has been featured at Dover Fishing Club tournaments and its success as a novelty in the casting game can only be measured by its tremendous popularity. Prior to competing in the major accuracy events, contestants make use of this as a good means of practice. Re-entries are allowed and plenty of prizes are awarded for high scores.

Five 36" targets are arranged as shown in the accompanying diagram. The caster stands at the end of the court and, using a 5/8-ounce plug, shoots for the targets in numerical order. Five casts are allowed and it is possible to make a perfect score of 100, although, to the best of the writer's knowledge, this has never been done. Fifty or better is a very good score.

There is a high and a low score for each target. To be credited with the former, the caster must place his plug in the hole that is cut in the center of the target without touching any portion of the target proper. If the target is struck, even though the plug may roll into the hole, the caster is only credited with the low score. A cast striking outside of the target, regardless of distance, counts for nothing.

In the center of target No. 1, there is a 12 inch triangular hole that counts 25 if the plug is placed in it clean without striking the inner edge of the target. If the target is hit, the count is only three. Target No. 5 is placed the same distance from the caster with a square hole of the same size. The scoring on this target is similar to that on No. 1.

Targets No. 2 and No. 4 are placed a little farther away with 18-inch and 20-inch circular holes in their respective centers. The score for No. 2 is 15 for the hole and 5 for the target, while No. 4, with a slightly larger hole, scores only 10 for the hole and 7 for the target. Number three,



Art Clark, ardent and expert caster, won the distance plug event with a cast of 261 feet, 3 inches.

the most distant of all targets, has a 24-inch circular hole in the center which scores 25 for the hole and 10 for the target.

If, on each of the five casts, a clean hole is scored the total count will be 100. The average caster will consider himself pretty good to hit all five targets in five casts which will only give him twenty eight points. This game, which was originally introduced at Dover Club Tournaments by Al Freck, has held its own with all other events for the past dozen years. Several other novelty events have been tried but none have proved so popular.

Prizes for accuracy in this event went to H. Milligan, with a score of 50; Arthur Clark, with a score of 42; P. Niessen, with a score of 37; and F. Minor with a score of 35.

The last plug had been cast and the final lead measured, when old Jupe decided that he had been kidding the boys long enough. Somewhere up above everything let loose, and the rain began to descend in quantities far beyond anything previously experienced. Even the ducks left, they couldn't take it.

It seemed as if everybody sought shelter in the prize tent where Harry Kennedy and the writer were trying to make the distribution to the winning contestants. There was no time for fancy speeches or congratulations, we just handed 'em out. Premature darkness made it necessary for Harry to use a flashlight as he read off the names of the winners. There was one handy among the prizes, so he borrowed it.

Everything functioned smoothly until we were about to award the fifth prize in the Juvenile Event. We couldn't find the prize. According to the list, it was a flashlight, but there wasn't a flashlight in sight. Finally the kid who was waiting to receive it solved the mystery.

"Hey mister! What's that flashlight you're using?"

Sure enough! Harry had been using the flashlight all the time he was hunting it. Nevertheless, the poor kid had to wait a little longer. We couldn't go on with the show in the dark.

While all this was happening the "big shots" of the tournament committee had plenty of work to do. Jake Busch pulled a few boots and raincoats out of George Gaul's silk hat, dressed his squad of "huskies" like a bunch of air raid wardens ready for a whistle blowing contest, and started to dismantle the equipment. Wotta job! But, in spite of all opposition presented by Old Jupe, they soon had the field cleared and called it a day.

Yes boys, for the first time in twenty-two years, it rained on Dover Day, but we had a swell time just the same.

Having spent 11 months getting all wrinkled up with worldly cares, now is the time to get our faith lifted.

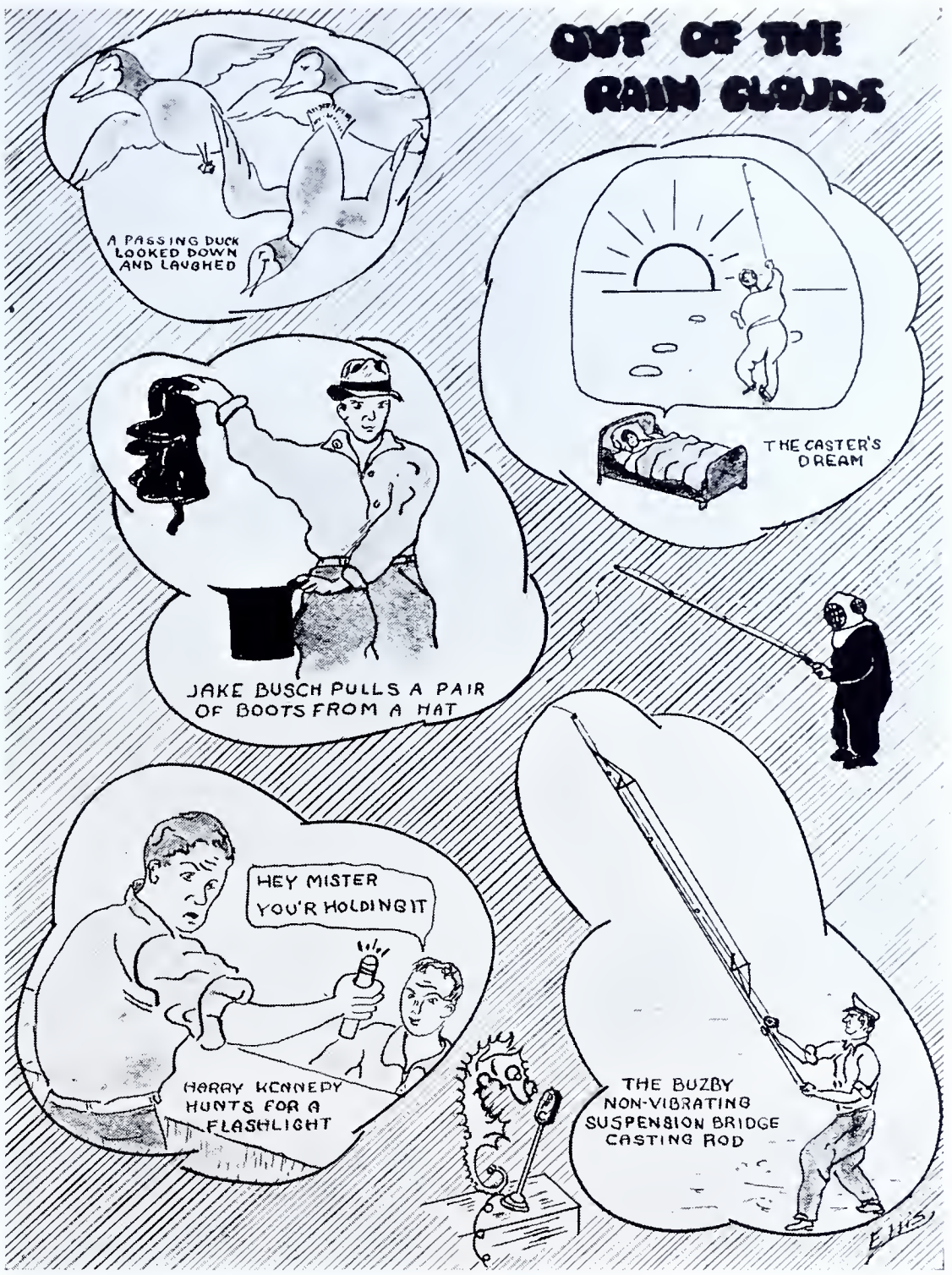
Should a husband tell his wife all his thoughts and actions? Absurd! She already knows what he thinks, and her friends will tell her what he does.

"Business is good," writes a cheerful friend. "If it keeps up we'll make enough money next month to pay some of last month's bills."

Man is the only creature on earth that shortens his life by working hard in order to acquire things which will shorten his life still further.

Mistress: "This food tastes terrible. Did you salt it?"

New Cook: "Yes'm, but I never used that brand before. It was called Epsom Salts."





Neely's Bridge between New Hope and Brownsburg in Bucks County.



Courtesy of the Camera Shop, Williamsport

Lincoln Falls on Elk Creek, Sullivan County wrapped in its winter garb. These falls in this good trout stream are 25 feet in height.

THE LIEUTENANT RESOLVES

(*Continued from Page 13*)

tain good morale—bait fishermen need it just as much as fly casters."

Doc sighed with relief—Lieut was more human than he had dared to hope. This was a sacrifice on his part—not so much his willingness to open up their stream but as to allowing bait fishing. The war certainly was changing people.

The whole idea struck Doc as not only sound but an important contribution to the war effort. A place to fish without travel would increase the relaxation the war workers needed so much if they were to be at their best during working hours. If the idea would only spread throughout the country, a big step forward would be made in our victory program.

Not that any one of these ideas is so big in itself, but by being repeated thousands of times and with hundreds of other little ideas added, altogether the total results would be inconceivably large. It would be another one of those contributions which helps to make America invincible.

As the two friends sat discussing the details of their new plans, they once more felt some of the old thrills they had had when first building up their stream. It was like a renewal of their youth. Even if other fishermen did not receive as much morale building as they expected, these two were already reaping the benefits of doing things for their fellowmen. Only those who do such deeds can ever know the joys they bring to themselves.

During the even tenure of its way, the clock's hands reached the midnight hour. As its chimes started the long count, Doc and Lieut sprang to their feet. With the fading of the last silvery notes, Lieut spoke first.

"I resolve to fish all I can in 1943 and to see to it that others have the same privilege!"

Doc raised his glass with all the solemnity of the occasion.

"Here's to the fellows wherever they may be,
May they hook and land a grand old Victory!"

In their hearts, both were wishing every fisherman, everywhere—a New Year that would once more bring peace to all the world—a happy New Year!

"Down in Florida a Scotchman brought suit against the N. Y. Yankees because he got hurt while watching a baseball game. He fell out of a tree."

DON'T WAIT

A mistress engaging a new maid said: "Mary, we have breakfast promptly at 8 A.M."

New Maid: "All right, mum, if I ain't down, don't you wait!"

NOT HIS IDEA

Farmer—You must be brave to come down with a parachute in a gale like this.

Stranger—I didn't come down with a parachute. I went up with the tent.

—*Royal Arcanum Bulletin*

MORE FLIES ON LESS HOOKS

A device which promises to attract considerable attention among users of flies has been introduced in Salt Lake City. This device, a detachable dry fly, has been termed "the most revolutionary development in fishing equipment since the transparent leader." It is produced in six standard patterns and can be used with any forged type of staple hook.

The invention, simply constructed, consists of a slender alloy metal wire which is equipped with two loops, to which the fly is attached. The fly, mounted on this wire, can be fastened to the hook in from four to ten seconds and a fisherman can change flies in the dark if he wants to do so, it is said.

Grover R. Austad, an employe of the Salt Lake City Civil Acronautics Board, is the inventor. He holds the patents, the first ever granted on a detachable fly device.

Austad claims for his invention six advantages, as follows:

First, the ability to change flies in the dark; second, economy of one hook for an indefinite number of flies; third, economy of conserving prized flies which would be made useless by a broken hook were such a device not employed; fourth, superior floatability, and fifth, better deception.

—*Rod and Line* by Clyde Roller,
Harrisburg Evening News.

Truth is stranger than fiction—and might be even more interesting, if it were as well told.

IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

(*Continued from Page 17*)

it's insured anyway. Tell him I bought a whole new outfit in Scranton and came right along to wait for him here." Charcoal nodded understandingly. "Think you can remember all that? Oh, yes, and tell Mr. Marshall he owes me $50."

The colored steward had been gazing reverently at two fine trout of extraordinary dimensions which lay on the table beside the new creel, battered veterans both. He looked up inquiringly. The stranger grinned.

"Mr. Marshall told me about those two, Charcoal, and bet me I couldn't raise them," he explained. "Don't forget that 'phone call."

"No suh, Cap'n Mountain, I won't forget."

PLUGGING AWAY

(*Continued from Page 14*)

the speed of the retrieve. Half a dozen of the right plugs will do the job as well as a gross.

I am willing to pin my hopes on the following: midget spinner, midge-oreno, Mack's Minno-Bug, midget diget, dare-devil's imp, small size jitterbug and baby popper. Of course there are plenty of other good lures and substitutions could be readily made, but with the above I would feel adequately prepared for anything, come what may. Of course it is interesting to experiment with new and different lures but that is not necessary to catch more fish.

Midget spinner and Mack's Minno-Bug are underwater lures without a wobble. Midge-oreno and midget diget are wobbling underwaters. Jitterbug and baby popper are surface baits and along with the midge-oreno are floaters. Dare-devil's imp is a casting spoon which is not only good for bass but excellent for wall-eyes and pickerel.

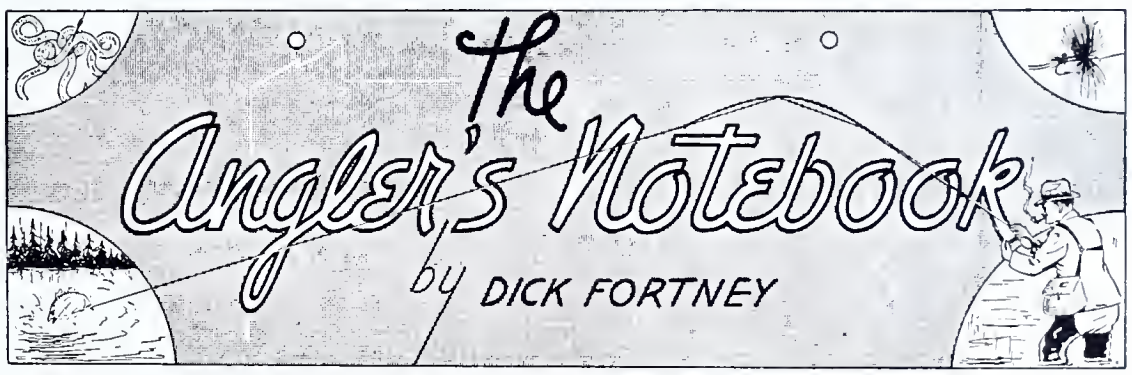
With this assortment any depth can he fished and any style or type of lure action can be achieved. In my judgment next to size these are the two most important points to be considered. The small plugs have demonstrated to us over and over again their superiority over the large ones and this list included nothing but midgets which we consider tops.

GIVE THANKS FOR AMERICA

America defined today: A bit of heaven surrounded by hell;
No dogs of war, no cannons roar, no marching men, no bombing planes.
Smoke lifts from the chimneys of millions of quiet homes;
Snowflakes fall softly on peaceful acres;
Old rail fences run up and down hill, joining neighbor with neighbor;
Children laugh merrily in the streets of our towns and cities;
A dog wags his tail at his master's coming;
A father bends over a cradle to give a goodnight kiss to his baby son;
Men and women look joyously forward to golden tomorrow;
Life goes on like a quiet stream flowing through sunny meadows;
To build, not to destroy, is the American Way;
To live noble lives, not to die futile deaths;
To free men, not to enslave them;
To war only on the common foes of poverty, disease and ignorance;
To preserve on this continent a citadel for the treasures of peaceful living.
Somewhere, afar off, a church bell rings;
Let us bow down and give thanks for America.



Hon. Paul C. Rausch had as his guests on a fishing and camping trip: Tippy Payne, Buddy Mirth, Sunny Trion, and Eddie Desch. They like the "Angler."



IF YOU want to add about 100 per cent to your enjoyment of a fishing trip, here is a suggestion worth remembering:

Get acquainted with a farmer somewhere along your favorite trout or bass stream, and spend a night at his home. Plan to arrive in time for some evening fishing, to make the outing complete.

Sleeping for a night on a corn-husk mattress and eating, at sunrise, an old-fashioned country breakfast will fit you to do battle with the biggest trout or bass that ever swam.

Even if you have to pay a dollar or so for your lodging and morning meal, the investment is well worth while.

For several years I have made a habit of closing up my desk and setting out in late afternoon for my favorite bass stream, arriving there along about 7 o'clock in the evening.

My destination is a plank and brick house—it could almost be called a mansion—the residence of a lovely old lady in her seventies.

The car is parked in the yard beside her home, a key to the front door soon is in my pocket, and a magic evening begins.

For a mile or more along the stream the bass fishing is superb. Often it is midnight before the rod is taken down and the tackle stowed away.

Then, shoes in hand, I slip into the house, securely lock the big front door, and climb reed-carpeted stairs to a bed-room which has the hide of an enormous steer stretched out for a rug.

Alarm clocks are banned. The sun awakens a fellow early enough in the morning, and by the time I am downstairs breakfast is ready.

Hot and cold cereal, fruit, fried eggs, occasionally pancakes, home-made bread and biscuits, and as many cups of coffee as a hungry angler can consume—these are always on the menu.

After breakfast there is time for a chat with my hostess. She likes to talk, first of all, about the fishing then the crops which her hired men are cultivating. Then she always inquires about other anglers who have been, with me, guests in her home. She talks about the war and the cost of living and other matters of great importance to us all.

And, finally, we go through the ceremony of signing her register of "tourists," as she calls all of us.

I've taken half a dozen companions to this pleasant home for a day and a night, and all of them have been eager to return.

There's another home, miles down the valley, where I have also spent many happy hours. Smaller than the mansion of the old lady, this dwelling perches in a great green yard at the side of the highway. Down across the fields behind the house the sun can he seen reflecting from the surface of the creek.

Here, too, the atmosphere is intimate and friendly. Here, too, a man sleeps all night like a log and eats a breakfast in the morning that would shame him in the city.

And, at the end of the day, before the homeward ride begins, there's something about sprawling under a gnarled crabapple tree that refreshes tired muscles and makes a fellow humbly glad that he is alive.

ANY OLD HOOK WON'T DO

(*Continued from Page 6*)

bait fishing. If you will refer to a seetion of the sketeh accompanying this article you will find his favoritc half dozen.

Ineidentally, don't think the snells on his hooks are a eontradiction. John buys his hooks loose and ties snells on them himself. At the end of the season he removes all of the snells, and when it is time to use the hooks again fresh snells are attaehed.

In the group of what we'll eall the Young hooks, No. 1 is his favorite for trout fishing in low, elear water. The sample is a Size 7, although Size 6 or 8 are just as good. The hook is an Alleoek, forged steel with needle point. No. 2, because of its longer and heavier shank, is his favorite for bait fishing in high, murky water.

No. 3 on the ehart is John's choice bass hook, also of forged steel with a needle point and a shank of medium length. No. 4 is his favorite for helgramite fishing, this one in Size 24. No. 5 in this group is an interloper. Beeause of its short shank, John says it is the best hook he ever used to lose fish with. No. 6 in the group is the style, in Size 22 or 23, which he has found most effieient for river and lake fishing.

One partieular point in bait fishing hooks needs emphasis. The day of the hook with snell attached is definitely passing, and with sound reason. Snells attaehed to hooks are forever breaking just at the shank. Silkworm gut deteriorates with age, and few anglers bother to soak the gut snells before they are used. Many of the disadvantages of snelled hooks also apply to the synthetie snell materials which require no soaking before they are used.

The aeeomplished angler, I repeat, buys his hooks in bulk and ties direetly to the leader or attaehes his own fresh snells.

The angler who fishes with artifieial lures should know his hooks even more thoroughly than the bait fisherman should know his, to return to the discussion of fish hooks.

In the field of artifieial lures the subject of hooks beeomes extremely complex, and there isn't an artifieial lure user who does not have personal preferenees whieh he will defend at the drop of a battered old felt hat. But there are some fairly hardfast general principles. And the Joe Doakes who goes into a sporting goods store and buys flies solely on the basis of the appearanee of the lures needs just as mueh edueation along this line as does the Joe Doakes who buys little hooks for trout and big hooks for bass and lets it go at that.

There are five prineipal types of artifieial lures for use with the fly rod—the wet fly, which so far as hooks are eoneerned includes the nymph; the dry fly, the streamer fly, the fly for use with a spinner, and the bassbug. For any or all of these lures two prineiples stand out:

1. The size of the hook should harmonize with the size of the fly; in other words, a small, delieately built fly should be mounted on a small, fine hook, and the large, bulky fly on a bigger, heavier hook.

2. The hook should be large enough to provide clearanee that will enable the point to penetrate the mouth of a fish deeply and firmly enough to hold it seeurely. Seldom, if ever, does one see a wet or dry fly or streamer fly without sufficient elearanee. But the stores are cluttered up with bassbugs of various types whose bodies nestle down so closely to the point of the hook that the chanees of hooking a good fish are extremely doubtful.

The wet fly should be heavy, as a rule, to help in getting the lure down into the water. On the other hand, the dry fly hook should be light and fine, though strong, to provide the least possible interferenee with the free floating of the lure.

The streamer fly should be equipped with a hook that is strong and durable, for this type of lure takes a lot of hard wear and has to stand up under viciously hard strikes. It should have, also, a shank long enough that the point of the hook is near the extreme end of the long feathers that are tied back along the sides of the lure.

Some anglers eontend that fish often strike the head or side of a streamer fly and that, if the hook point is too far baek, the fish will be missed. That is true, but it also is a fact that with the hook point near the eenter of the fly the trout that strikes from the rear probably will be missed. You ean take your choiee, but I prefer the hook point well baek, on the theory that most trout strike a streamer from behind.

I eaution the angler against buying spinner flies and bassbugs whieh have extremely large hooks. They are not necessary, in the first plaee, and seeondly they ean make the lure loggy.

I have made and used sueeessfully scores of spinner flies and bassbugs, and just as a matter of helping to guide you in seleeting your lures I'll go on record as favoring the Size 4 hook of regular length for spinner flies, Size 4 for the smallest cork-bodied bugs, Size 1 for the biggest with eork bodies, and Size 1 for the deer hair bugs.

In any ease, there should be at least three-eighths of an inch clearanee between the point of the hook and the bottom of the body.

Hooks on plugs and other casting rod lures deserve mention here, to point out the fact that they are pretty well standardized on the basis of experiment and experience. Notice, however, that the size and arrangement of hooks differs with the various sizes and types of easting lures. It proves that, even as in live bait and fly rod artifieial lures, different sizes and types of hooks are required for the manifold varieties of easting rod lures that are on the market today.

Finally, the angler has not eompleted the job when he has learned to purehase and to use the proper types and sizes of hooks for bait fishing and when he knows the prineiples of proper hook sizes in all kinds of artifieial lures. He must know how to use the hooks.

The praetice of tying flies directly to the leader and of avoiding factory-made snelled hooks already has been mentioned.

Besides, it is neeessary to keep hooks in the proper shape and well sharpened at all times. Frequently in bait fishing a hook will beeome snagged, and when it is pulled free it will be found to be bent somewhat out of its original shape. Often it is possible to restore the shape. If not, the hook had better be disearded.

A hook hone is an essential part of every tackle kit. When you realize that a fish is either hooked or missed in the fraction of a seeond, in most cases, you realize also that the angler dare not use any but the very sharpest of hooks.

Sometimes the hook point will be bent up or down. It's not usually worth while to attempt to straighten it.

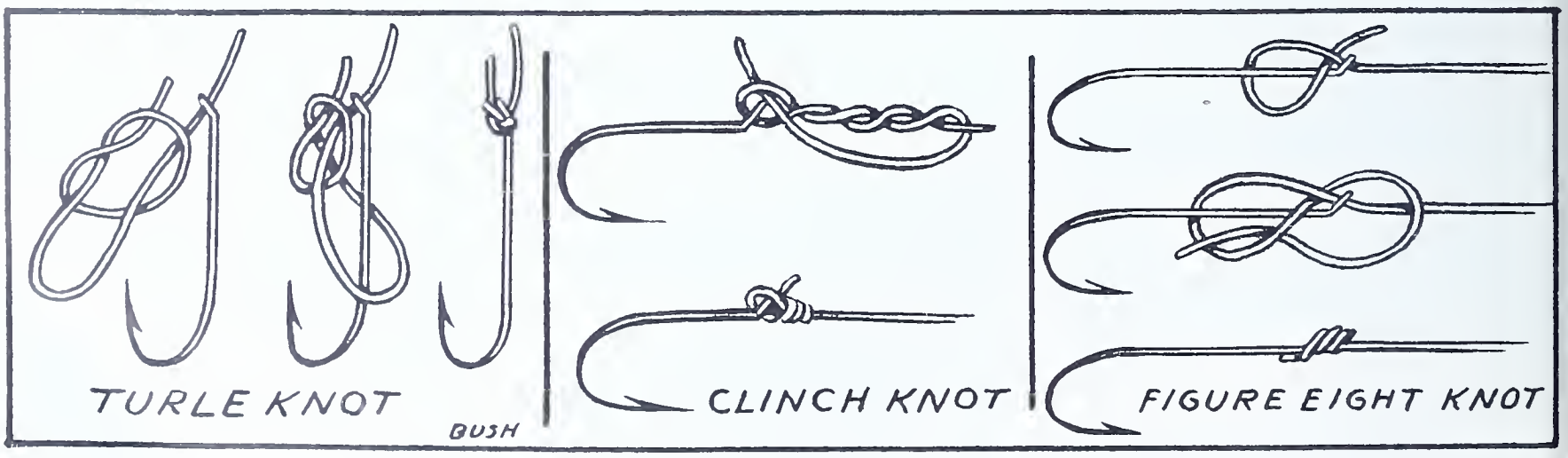
Your eyes won't detect the faet, but a hook that is used for a time becomes dull, so it is good poliey to take time out to give the point a bit of attention with the hone. In an emergeney, a gentle rubbing over the surfaee of a hard rock will be a makeshift substitute for a hone.

Ineidentally, hooks that are in use are not the only ones that may need attention. The war has halted the importation of English hooks, and with the angler being compelled to use home produets he should not take the workmanship for granted.

I suggest that you test at least one out of every lot of hooks for temper—and don't be surprised if you find some that snap off too easily to be safe to use. Besides, examine the point of each hook carefully. If you are an exacting man, you probably will find it neeessary to put a better point on a great many even though they are brand new.

In eonelusion, if the angler is to employ the method of tying bait hooks direetly to the leader and of attaching artifieial lures in the same manner, of course, there are a few knots with which he should be aequainted. Several of them—enough to meet all requirements—are illustrated in a panel aeeompanying this artiele.

Doing nothing is the most tiresome job in the world, because you ean't quit it and rest.



Three fine knots. Take your choice.

PLUGGING HIGHLIGHTS

(*Continued from Page 5*)

large bass shot away from under it to new cover. It was inconceivable to believe that there were two such fish in this small area and it was probably the one that had been hooked. Unfortunately this ultimately proved to be the case.

During the course of the season big bass are located in one way or another by the man who fishes a great deal. As the season draws to a close it is fun to go back over the spots where good ones are believed to be located. Fall is a grand time for bass and lucky is the man who has located some real fish. The chances are he can bring the season to a rip-roaring finish by taking a good one or more during this period. Later in the season I had high hopes of taking this fish which had just escaped in the moss.

In talking with a friend, Frank Long, of Wormleysburg, a very successful plug fisherman for big bass, we each learned that the other knew about this fish and also that we each had had a good look at it.

I had planned an Atlantic salmon fishing trip in New Brunswick for the last ten days of September '41, but I was looking forward to fishing for this big bass upon my return. I figured that chances were pretty good that it could be hooked again. By October the creek would be free of algae, therefore the chances of landing this fish at this spot would be greatly enhanced.

Upon my return from the North country I made my way to Lower's Restaurant, New Cumberland, to get the local fishing news. Frank had been in and had left the following message: "Tell Charlie not to bother going after the big bass at the can hole. I caught him and he weighed 5 lbs. 6 ozs."

* * *

One of the last trips of the '42 campaign produced a thrill if nothing more. McQuate, who occupies the adjacent desk here in the Fish Commission office, went up to the Juniata with me on Sunday. It was the only trip of the year to this stream for either Mac or me. When the shadows began to lengthen we got into a few bass. As I retrieved the midget spinner among some rocks, it fouled and it was necessary to wade out toward the middle to recover it.

When I got out to the scene of the trouble and secured the plug, there was before me one of the most interesting pieces of river bottom imaginable. Frankly I did not know there was anything like that at this spot. The water broke over some shallow rocks 100 feet up stream. Then it leveled out over a dark, deep looking spot. Right in front of me was a long ledge shaped like two big steps which ran straight up and down stream. Submerged in the deep pocket beside the steps was an old water soaked tree fairly free of branches. This was well down in the hole running parallel with the ledge. I had blundered in too close to the good water but naturally since I was there some casts were in order.

The little lure was cast quatering upstream. As the arc of its course was almost completed it swung around and came toward me quatering upstream. The current brought it almost to the surface. As I watched it, there was a jolting strike, the heaviest I ever felt. If the rod tip had been a little lower certainly the line or leader would have been smashed.

The surface was broken and a big tail came out of water. Nary a hook touched this fish. The bass struck viciously as it shot down stream at the lure which was traveling upstream, a head on strike. Apparently all the bass hit was the front propeller and as luck had it no hooks happened to snag the fish.

In amazement I watched the large swirl disappear. It was an extremely large bass. But I had missed the boat. The big fish would not come back. Unquestionably the jolt and hardness of the lure had made it suspicious, and suspicious bass won't strike.

WHAT MAKES A CONSERVATIONIST?

(*Continued from Page 3*)

He also learns, to his amazement, that the public library and the university museums in his city have fine collections of mounted specimens which were collected in order that hunters just like him could learn to recognize the birds.

During the long winter months following the hunting season, instead of reading how a certain nationally known trapshooter consistently performs the impossible of killing ducks with a shotgun at an outrageous distance that results only in the loss of crippled birds, he makes frequent visits to these museums until he is able to identify his birds. He will no longer hunt ducks just to come in with his limit of meat, but will hunt ducks with a much greater thrill because he will know what is coming into his decoys. This year he will be able to do a little woodcock shooting, also, as he will be able to identify those birds from yellowlegs, jacksnipe and other protected shore birds. He remembers reading in some game-management publication that it is a good idea when hunting to pick out the male duck instead of the female whenever possible.

Our hunter, now a conservationist also, will never stop his study of game-management at this point. He has learned to identify the different species of birds and now he wishes to know more of their habits. He discovers the value of refuges, the necessity of wildlife research, and many other essential activities of any good game-management program. He now thinks of a game warden as a person who is serving the best interests of the sportsmen, and determines to assist him in detecting game law violations whenever he can. He understands the reasons for game regulations and the importance of each regulation. No one can deny that this hunter is now a conservationist.

The other man of the same profession as our conservationist, the chiseler if you remember, just hunts. Possibly just a "meat-hunter," mayhe he just loves to kill; or it could he any one of a dozen reasons why he goes into the field with a gun; but one can be certain that he always has a "squak" about, and is "agin" everything in the game-law book. When checked in the field by a game warden, he always complains that the ducks will not fly or that the hirds are all in a refuge. The Government should let him hunt ducks 24 hours every day and in any manner he wishes. He only killed 42 ducks last year and should be able to get something for the one dollar duck stamp he bought. He never stops to figure that if each of the more than one million duck hunters who bought a duck stamp last year had killed that many ducks, there undoubtedly would be no open season at all on ducks this year.

Remembering that a game warden must be courteous at all times, I try to explain to the disgruntled hunter the value of refuges, and that regulations are made to protect game and not to be an advantage to the hunter; that refuges and regulations are conservation essentials. About that time the hunter wishes to let me know that he is a conservationist and knows all about game-management, so he utters his qualifying statement, "I have hunted and fished for thirty years and I know all about conservation." I have heard that one so many times I join in the chorus after the first two words, although sometimes I miss on the number of years he gives as experience. About the poorest and most unacceptable qualification of a hunter who is to speak on game-management problems is that he has hunted and fished for so many years. I try to explain the reasons for the game regulations he objects to, and usually find that I have wasted my time, for when we part the hunter is more convinced than ever that he could run a conservation department during his spare time.

It is most gratifying to all game wardens that each year there are fewer hunters who violate the game laws. The violators are very much in the minority but still far too numerous. There always will be a group of hunters who can be cured of their violating habits only by enforcement; but many hunters can be changed from violators to law-abiding sportsmen by educating them to understand the reasons for, and the necessity of, any game regulation toward which they have not been sympathetic. The game-law violator, after turning to the study of wildlife, finds that even with his 30 years of hunting experience, he knows very little of wildlife problems, and he then turns to game-management for his authority. He concludes that maybe game-management men would be a failure at his occupation, and possibly their solution to wildlife problems will result in more game for him to hunt than anything he can offer.

As for the habitual game-law violators, good sportsmen will have to assist enforcement agents in detecting such violations so that the offenders may be brought to justice. Game wardens are the most overworked and undermanned enforcement agency serving the public today. Even with the great number of violators caught by game wardens each year, a far greater number continually get by with their unlawful acts. The game warden must have the assistance and support of the sportsmen if he is to keep violations to a minimum.

Game wardens obtain many convictions through information furnished by conservation-minded persons. Such information may include the license number and description of a car whose occupant was seen shooting a bird along the highway out of season. The game warden can then usually obtain the name and address of the violator and wait at his residence for him to come home with his illegal game. We must let every would-be violator know that each person is an assistant game warden, and when he knows that he is going to be reported by a person seeing him violate a game law, he is going to think a long time before he steps out of his car to shoot a bird out of season.

Certainly the day has come when the game-law violator is no longer looked upon as a hero in his community. He is definitely an outcast and not to be tolerated by good sportsmen. He should be reported to the warden so that he can he apprehended if he continues his illegal hunting. In the final analysis the game warden is after the violator only so that every hunter will have equal hunting privileges. He tries to give the sportsmen a return for the money they spend by treating all hunters alike, and the hest way for the hunters to insure the perpetuation of the sport they love so much is to cooperate with the game warden in helping detect and reduce game-law violations.

—Reprinted from *The Minnesota Conservation Volunteer.*

HIS MISTAKE

Wife: "You were right, Henry, and I was wrong."

Husband: "Forgive me, dear."



HERE AND THERE IN ANGLERDOM



FINE BASS FISHING

Letter from Special Warden, Stanley Olisewski now in the U. S. Army, to Warden Russell Womelsdorf of Kingston.

Dear Russell:

This is just a note of remembrance. I am returning my badge for there will be no need to arrest the vermin that a million sportsmen along with the rest of our gang in the Army are out to exterminate. We are going to do all in our power and we hold no fear or worry for those we will face.

Well, Russell, I am glad I did not find any trouble this year and did not have to arrest anyone.

Certainly enjoyed wonderful bass fishing at Brady's Pond before I left for the Army. All the bass were taken on plugs. On the 28th of July I had about 25 strikes and landed 12. On the 29th I had at least 50 strikes and must have landed 20 bass. The nicest fish of all were taken on my last day of fishing, August 1. My friend who went into the Army with me accompanied me that day. Had about 25 strikes and caught the six largest bass of the three days of fishing. They weighed 15 lbs.

The temptation of killing a limit catch was too great. I know this is not very sportsmanlike but in view of the fact that I was leaving good old Pennsylvania and home, I think it was all right this time. These last three days of fishing were the best of my life.

Certainly am thankful that the State bought that pond for those who like to fish and for the boys who are growing up. It is one of the greatest spots anyone could enjoy. When we have finished our job and have returned, it will be one of the finest hunting and fishing spots in Pennsylvania. In the meantime keep it clean and keep the outlaws out.

There is not much more to write about. I was in Miami for a month of training and I have been here in New Mexico for over a month. We expect to be shipped shortly.

Wish you best of luck and happiness till we meet again, respectfully

Your special warden, Slug

ANNUAL LEAGUE MEETING

Dear Editor:

We are pleased to announce that the 21st annual convention of the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA will be held at the Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, on March 25, 26 and 27, 1943.

Inasmuch as the League's basic program for the conservation of the nation's natural resources is so vitally necessary in time of war we have deemed it advisable not to defer our annual meeting for the duration. To do so would greatly hinder the patriotic services the League is rendering today.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES S. WHITE
Assistant Secretary

Some fine bass and pickerel were caught during the past season in the Mifflin-Juniata-Perry county section. Charlie Long, Fish Warden from East Waterford, passes along the following information:

At least five big Juniata bass were brought into town by residents of Newport. Philip Benson used stonies to fool two big ones, one was 19 inches and the other 21½. The latter weighed 3 lbs. 7 oz. Percy Batey caught a 19 inch fish weighing 3 lbs. 9 oz. on a stonie. Mr. Gates caught a 20½ inch fish which he held for some time in a live box.

Big Buffalo Creek provided the thrill of the season to Dave Hall when he caught a 20½ inch 3 lb. 4 oz. small-mouth bass, on a night crawler.

Brook Kennedy of Port Royal used a fly rod Skipper plug to capture a fine 4 lb. 21 inch Juniata bass. He located another big bass in a pool in the Tuscarora Creek. After fruitlessly working on it with various lures he caught a stonie in a nearby riffle and induced the bass to take this. The fish measured 19 inches and weighed 3 lbs. The same day he caught a 22 inch pickerel.

Alton Meloy of Port Royal spotted a fine big-mouth bass in Zuck's Dam on Licking Creek. Various baits brought no results. As a last resort he loosely looped four night crawlers on a hook and dropped the riggling mass in front of the bass. Garden hackle proved to be the downfall of the fish. It weighed 4 lbs. and measured 19½ inches, in length.

George Knisley of Mifflintown caught two fine pickerel in Lost Creek, one measured 21 inches the other 18.

EGRETS AND HERONS MULTIPLY

Rev. Darlington Kulp
Vice-President Federation Sportsmen of Penna.
Reading, Pennsylvania

My dear Darlington:

SUBJECT: Blue Heron that are protected in this area, for your consideration.

In the last two or three years our frog life has become almost extinct in Western Pennsylvania, particularly in Crawford County where Pymatuning Dam is located. Had an extensive check-up made by one of our most reliable fish wardens, Carlisle Sheldon of Conneautville, Pa. He claims it is entirely due to the Blue Heron. Pymatuning Dam and nearby vicinity have a population of over 1000 Heron. Have a Rookery nearby with actually over one hundred nests. (This one is only one of three). They also prey on fish life as well. He inspected the nests, found remains of adult frogs, and fish as long as 12 inches, etc.

We feel, here in Western Pennsylvania that this report should be checked; at the rate the Heron are multiplying that aquatic life will be partly extinct in the very near future. This is a serious subject and should have attention. I am convinced that this protection should be lifted and instead of protected there should be a bounty paid for their capture, dead or alive.

Our Board has stocked frogs extensively in this vicinity for the last few years with no increase whatsoever in frog population.

Enjoyed the short visit with you at the Westmoreland County Banquet, especially your talk.

Sincerely submitted,
J. FRED MCKEAN



The sucker season is under way.

WHOOPS - SAVE SOME FISH FOR US!

HEY... ARE YOU WATCHING WHERE I'M GOING?

YAP YAP

IT'S ONE OF THEIR IDEAS TO CONSERVE TIRES!

I HOPE MY WIFE DOESN'T SEE IT... I THINK I STILL PREFER HER AS A BACK SEAT DRIVER!

IS SOMEONE TALKING ABOUT ME?

BOY, THIS IS THE BIGGEST SUCKER I EVER HAD ON THIS LINE!

KEEP COOL, I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A MINUTE!

DID YOU SEE ANY FISH WHILE YOU WERE DOWN THERE?

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I JUST RECALLED THAT ONE TIME LAST YEAR I THREW THE REMAINS OF A CUP OF COFFEE RIGHT HERE! SNIF!

BOO HOO

W-WAIT A M-M-MINUTE-I'LL H-H-HAVE TO G-GO BACK FOR M-MY R-R-ROD!

DANGER THIN ICE

STOP THAT COMMOTION- YOU'LL SCARE ALL THE FISH AWAY!

A COUPLE MONTHS AGO THEY WERE ALL CHASING ME AROUND WITH SHOOTING IRONS!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF FOLLOWING HER AROUND?

IN CASE SHE FALLS I WANT IT TO BE INTO MY ARMS!

EYES FRONT, WILYAM!

BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

--CARROLL-- 1-43

Creed of the Brotherhood of the Jungle Cock



WE WHO love angling, in order that it may enjoy practice and reward in the later generations, mutually move together towards a common goal—the conservation and restoration of American game fishes.

TOWARDS this end we pledge that our creel limits shall always be less than the legal restrictions and always well within the bounty of Nature herself.

ENJOYING, as we do, only a life estate in the out of doors, and morally charged in our time with the responsibility of handing it down unspoiled to tomorrow's inheritors, we individually undertake annually to take at least one boy a-fishing, instructing him, as best we know, in the responsibilities that are soon to be wholly his.

HOLDING that moral law transcends the legal statutes, always beyond the needs of any one man, and holding that example alone is the one certain teacher, we pledge always to conduct ourselves in such fashion on the stream as to make safe for others the heritage which is ours and theirs.

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



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FEBRUARY, 1943

TEN CENTS

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

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★

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★

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EDWARD MARTIN
Governor

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VOL. XII. No. 2

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

FEBRUARY, 1943

In This Issue:

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PLUGGING AWAY

MODERN TROUTING

HARD LUCK HARRY

LOOKING AROUND THE STATE

A TYRO FINISHES HIS CAST

ANNUAL REPORT

GOVERNOR JAMES APPROVES INCREMENTS OF FISH COMMISSION EMPLOYEES

The Board of Fish Commissioners at the January meeting recommended to Governor James that eighty-seven employees of The Fish Commission be granted wage increases and placed on the regular payroll. These recommended had been employed by the Commission at a per diem rate for a period of more than one year.

Many of these are experienced men whose training was received at the State Fish Farms under the supervision of our fish culturists. Their places could not be adequately filled by anyone who had not received such training. In view of their knowledge gained through experience, the services they have rendered and their value to the fishermen of Pennsylvania wage increases were awarded and these employees were approved for the regular payroll.

The Board also recommended that all worthy wardens, with a year or more of service, should be placed on the regular payroll after receiving their increase in wages.

This Board action was heartily indorsed by Governor James whose official approval immediately followed this meeting.

IN THE MAIL BAG

Dear Mr. Fox:

The purpose of this letter is threefold. First I desire to have my mailing address for the ANGLER changed from Lewisburg to Battery C–6–2 F.A.R.C., Fort Bragg, N.C.

Uncle Sam is engaged in making an artillery-man out of me. Incidentally, when my subscription expires please notify me so that I can re-subscribe without missing an issue.

Secondly, enclosed is $.20 for which please send me the November and December Issues which I have missed.

In the third place, I wish to inform you that the teachings of yourself, Alex Sweigart, and the others who contribute to the ANGLER have borne some fruit up Union County way. The enclosed photos are evidence of this fact. One of the pictures shows the writer with the largest bass I ever caught. I really believe that the fish, when first caught, measured 21 inches.

Since it was caught on my last fishing trip before entering the Army, I have a very pleasant memory to carry with me until after the war.

The other photos show fish caught by my companion, Charles Swank, of Lewisburg, better know as "Tater." He has been tying flies for years and he taught me how to get more enjoyment by tying my old flies.

Both of us met you when you spoke at the Milton Sportsmen's banquet last winter. You may recall how the two of us, together with Harry Minnick, Secretary of the Milton Club, backed you into a corner and tried to pump you of all the fishing information we could get.

I almost forgot to tell you that all the fish on the enclosed pictures were caught after dark as you probably suspected.

Sincerely

WM. O. DUCK, Lewisburg

P.S. Here is an item I believe may be of interest to you which I neglected to mention. The reason that "Tater" and I chose the spot on my eventful night was because on the preceding afternoon he hooked a big bass in that hole, but it threw the hook. During its acrobatic it gave "Tater" ample opportunity to observe that it was hooked on the lower left side of the mouth.

I protested that the next night after such an experience it was too soon to hope to fool an old timer, but "Tater" countered with the fisherman's old argument of "where there is one big one there may be more."

Since he was driving that night I had no recourse but to follow, for our local unwritten law is that the driver of the car has the final decision on the place to go.

To shorten this rather long story, I had the fish securely hooked at the base of the tongue. Upon examination we discovered a fresh slit of about one-half of an inch on the inside of the lower left jaw where surely someone had him hooked recently. Of course, we cannot be sure, but it might have been the same fish that "Tater" lost the preceding day.

Editor:

While visiting my fishing partner one evening during Xmas week, our talk, as it invariably does, reverted to trout fishing and trout flies, etc. Now I am what you might call a pretty fair hand at fly-tying so my partner produced copies of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER for Oct., Nov., and Dec. knowing I would be interested in the articles on fly-tying. I took these three magazines home with me and have read them from cover to cover and I am at a loss to know why I have ever missed subscribing to such a fine magazine.

Dick Fortney's interview of Mr. Weaver and his (Mr. Weaver) tips on tying dry flies, etc. are the best I have ever read. Edson Leonard's instructions on "Dressing the Dry Fly" are written in a language that can be understood. More help can be garnered from their descriptions than from any books I have found to date. Naturally, I was interested in these particular articles being a fly-tyer myself, but I did not find a single story and article that could not be read with deep interest. Not stories just concocted to fill in space, but stories and helpful articles written by "fishermen" with experience and men who know their flies, lures, rods, etc.

It's a small world, Mr. Editor, (or I might say State) for the story, "Nymph Fishing," by John Rudy in December Issue takes me back to my home town of Wilkes-Barre, where John Rudy and his fishing partner, "Matt" mentioned in his story and myself took our course in fly-tying at the Y.M.C.A. under the supervision of Ralph Trax, a fly-tyer of the first order. That was about five years ago. I, for one, can vouch for Rudy's ability at nymph fishing for Rudy and I had a day together on the Starrucca Creek where we took a fine mess of rainbows on nymphs when all other flies failed to produce. I was suddenly transferred to North East, Pennsylvania and my connections with Rudy and "Matt" and the rest were severed. It sure was good to read a story written by someone you know and have fished with. (Yes, it's a small "State".)

However, I am enclosing my subscription for your fine magazine and if possible start me off with January Issue for I would hate to miss a copy. My other magazines are now secondary. Tight lines to all the boys back home and elsewhere,

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM JEFFERY, North East, Pa.

Dear Mr. Sweigart:

Enclosed find check for $1.00 for two years' subscription to the "PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER."

Best of luck in your greatest job, service in wartime, and I hope you return safely as I did from rides in the tanks in 1917.

Sincerely yours

JOHN E. FLYNN, Port Jervis, N. Y.

(*Continued on Page 23*)



Photo by Fabian Bachrach

HON. EDWARD MARTIN

Governor of Pennsylvania

Edward Martin, a statesman, a soldier, and a lawyer has been inaugurated the thirty-fifth Governor of this Commonwealth. The people of Pennsylvania have chosen him to rule the destinies of this great industrial and agricultural State which is the keystone of supplies for the armed forces during the global war.

He is prepared to indulge in the most arduous labor of his active career and to him will fall the task of making grave decisions. He knows well the necessity for a limited amount of relaxation, recreation, and rest. To the fishermen of Pennsylvania he forwards the following message:

I appreciate the opportunity, through the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, to extend to you my best wishes.

The funds created through the hunting and fishing licenses will be zealously guarded for the purposes for when they are intended.

The conservation of natural resources, and the preservation of all outdoor life, are two things closely connected and should have the help of all good Pennsylvanians.

Let us all earnestly uphold the rules and regulations as they concern these important things.

Edward Martin

THE INDIVIDUAL CONSERVATIONIST

Vital Facts About Our Waters

By H. B. WAGNER, Jr.

ALL fishermen are, or at least should be, potential conservationists. Conservationists not perhaps as technically as a forester but to the extent of doing his bit towards the saving of future fishing sport. To explain why the average fisherman is a potential conserver, I will present a few problems brought up by our fish and streams, mainly our trout streams. This can best be done by describing a typical trout stream.

First, it should have a good supply of springs at its source with low temperature feeder streams or springs emptying into it all along.

The temperature and water flow should be reasonably stable the year around.

A minimum amount of pollution and sources of pollution are very desirable if not vital requisities.

An abundance of aquatic insects, minnows, and crustaceans are necessary also.

Cover in the stream is of great importance and is very often sadly neglected in stream improvement.

Last, but not in the very least, it is imperative that we have true sportsmen to protect the stream.

In contrast to the stream just described let us look over a stream reduced to a low standing through human carelessness.

The mountain region at this stream's source now has had timber cut out in a poorly managed manner. After every heavy rain the water runs off quickly leaving no slow steady drainage for the stream.

Farther downstream an industry pollutes it.

A small portion of it has been improved but improperly. No perpetual provision has been made for movement and aeration of the water or for cover.

A few careless bait fishermen have depleted the feeder streams of minnows and crabs by taking many more than they were able to use.

Last, but worst, is the all-too-common "fish-hog." The "fish-hog" keeps everything he catches either because he paid for a license, to show his catch, or perhaps he is attempting to cut down on the food bill.



When lumbering operations are so intense that even saplings are cut or destroyed the top soil is exposed to erosion. Once top soil is washed off of rocks the territory is forever barren. The protective flora of watersheds prevents floods and droughts.

This picture is of course painted in very sombre hues but stands merely to illustrate just what things are to be knocked down.

Going back over the foregoing paragraphs let me be more specific.

A stream going low during a dry period does not necessarily mean that it has been caused by cutting out timber. I am sure though that it has much more to do with it than the average person realizes. Recently it became my lot to see the effects of "mismanaged" timber cutting. By "mismanaged" timber cutting I mean that the entire stand of trees is cut out, disregarding size, and destroying smaller trees in the process. After every hard rain the water ran quickly from this area in small streams making a muddy mass when it reached the timber edge. This certainly was not noticeable on an adjoining piece of timber where the trees and shrubbery soaked up the water. It has been calculated that a large oak tree on a hot summer day gives off almost a hundred gallons of water through the process of evaporation. This would mean that a large amount of water must be contained in the tree roots and the surrounding humus.

Cutting timber aronnd the source of a stream is certainly not the best policy but if properly supervised and cut moderately no serious consequences should result. Let me make special reference to the excellent article written by Ken Reid, titled "Save The Edges," which was published in the February issue of the ANGLER.

Improper stream improvement on many of our smaller streams sometimes does more harm than good. Improvement projects are not always properly supervised. Fishing creek in Lancaster County is a fine example of a well planned stream improvement project. One particular creek was improved (supposedly) by the erection of a series of small dams. Consequently in periods of low water these dams prevent proper water flow and induce water warming. Incidentally, if you ever saw trout shooting excitedly about searching vainly for cover, you will agree it is a pathetic sight. Series dams are permissible on a stream having a steady year around flow. On slower moving streams some means of speeding up and aerating the water should be devised. A creek of this type, I sincerely believe, if provided with cover in the forms of logs, stumps and brush, would be much better off than with any type of dams or deflectors. Many persons oppose the cover idea claiming that floods and high water carry obstructions away. However, they neglect to explain just how that old log or stump on your favorite stream has defeated high waters for years. Provide a trout with a hollow, under the creek bank, a log, or tree roots and you are providing an essential part of his life. A spot of this sort will in many cases influence the growth of a trout.

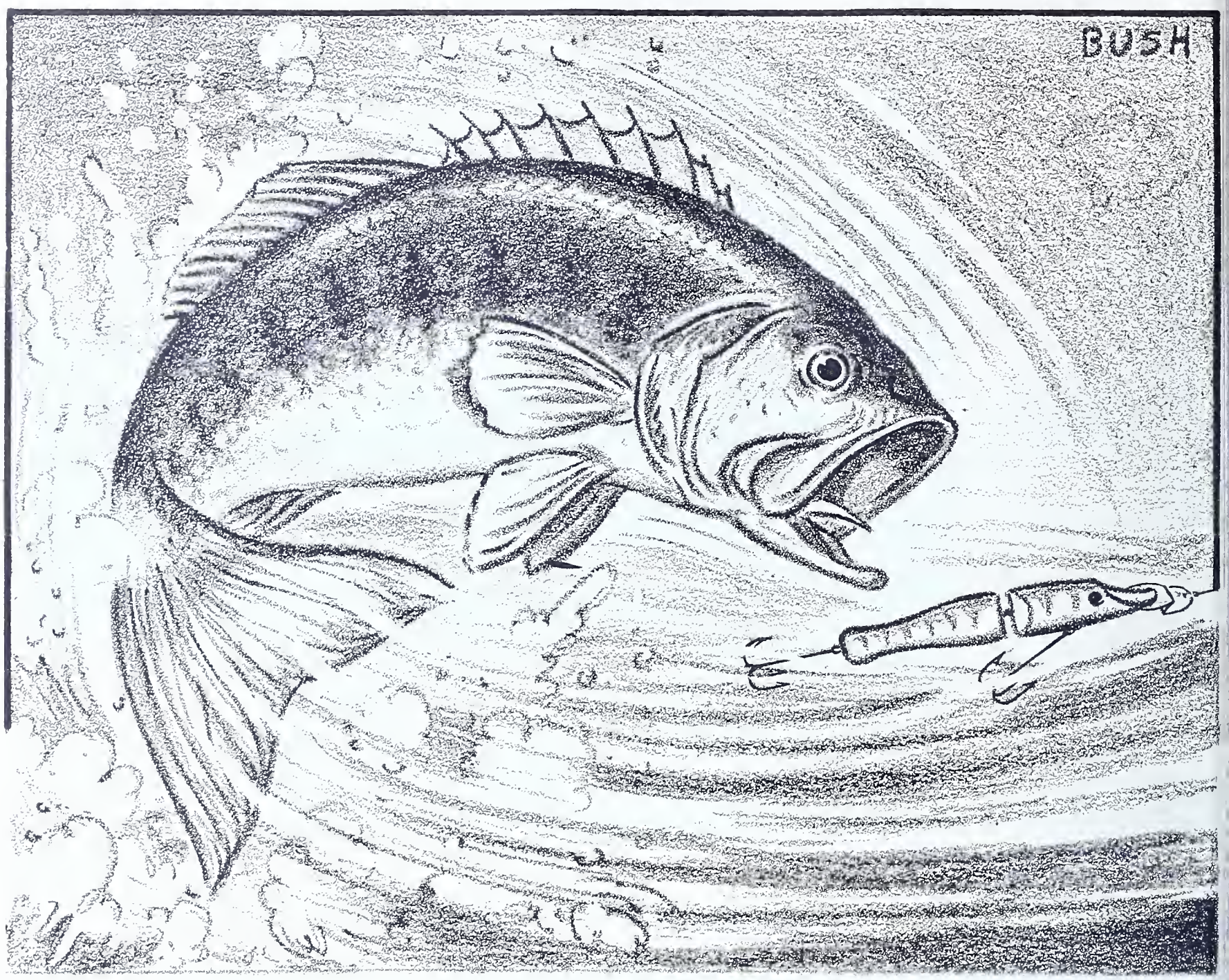
Planting Willow trees along meadow streams is a very good practice.

Larger streams, generally, need no improve-

(*Continued on Page 21*)



The homes of fish are cover in a stream such as: logs, rocks, and undercut banks, but such obstructions also harbor aquatic life upon which fish feed.



RED EYE LEARNS A LESSON

The Story of a Black Bass That Almost Lost Its Life Because It Feared Nothing in the Water

By THE OLD ANGLER

THERE was nothing in his watery domain to disturb the peace of Red Eye, the black bass, this fine summer morning. While night had laid a cover of darkness over his pool home, protecting him from the creatures that preyed on his kind, he had fed until he could eat no more. The babies he had guarded so faithfully by now had launched out on their own lives. He bore no responsibility except to himself.

Red Eye was loathe to leave the shelter of the huge flat rock under which he lay quietly. The sun had been shining down for hours, and he knew that above him the water already had lost the delicious coolness of the night, while here under the shelter of the rock it still held him in comfortable embrace.

Dimly, in the distance through the water, Red Eye could see a small school of minnows darting hungrily about in search of the insects on which they fed. But even they did not interest the big bass now, for the fine frog and the fat, black helgramites which he had found during the hours of darkness still were hard lumps in his stomach.

Red Eye was at peace with the world.

Even a strange creature that swam suddenly into the range of his alert eye, wobbling and darting in its flight, only mildly interested him. His lazy mind registered dimly the fact that he had seen nothing like this creature in these waters before.

But he was not hungry.

Red Eye took more notice of the object the second time it swam past. But still his reaction was not one of hunger or anger. It amused him, rather, for compared to his great bulk it was a miniature of a fish, and somehow he rather admired its temerity in venturing so closely to this spot where any small fish should realize a boss of the stream would be in hiding.

Again it wriggled and darted past his refuge.

"What sort of creature is this?" thought Red Eye to himself. "I've never seen another like it in this water."

Its color was familiar. That pale green identified to Red Eye the succulent frogs on which he fed at evening. But never had he seen a frog so perfectly at home in water like this. Nor could he distinguish its legs, or its bulgy creamy belly.

Red Eye's thoughts were interrupted by yet the fourth appearance of the stranger in his domain.

Now his muscles tensed, and even while the object slithered past his rock a mild feeling of resentment mounted into a flame of anger at the boldness of this intruder.

What sort of creature dared to defy Red Eye, dared to swim tauntingly again and again past his hiding place when surely it must have spotted him lying quietly there in the shade?

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SAVE THE EDGES

By KENNETH A. REID

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IT IS inevitable that our forests will get a rather serious drubbing while America is at war. That is because the demands of war require the use of more lumber and therefore the cutting of more timber. These facts are plain to every thinking person, and no patriotic citizen regardless of how much he may love living trees, will raise a hand to obstruct the cutting of timber that is actually needed for effective prosecution of the war. The problem before us is not how to prevent cutting of timber, but *how to secure the lumber needed for the war effort with the least damage or destruction* of our capital assets in timber, land and water.

The Izaak Walton League of America fully recognized the fact that timber is a renewable natural resource, and that proper regard for the economic needs of the nation in peace as well as in war, suggests scientific cropping of mature stands of timber as the approved pattern of land management for most forest areas. But the League also recognizes that in some situations the value of standing timber in its natural state far transcends the dollar value that might be realized from converting it into board feet, and on such areas it stoutly opposes any cutting whatever. Our National Parks, National Monuments and certain remnants of original forest that have been preserved for the inspiration and edification of future generations are examples.

Considerable pressure has already been brought to permit logging in these outdoor museums under the plea of war necessity. In the operation of our forest cutting program we must clearly distinguish between actual need, and convenience or personal greed of the timber operator. For the breed of operator who sees a living forest only as so many million board-feet of lumber capable of returning to him so many thousand dollars in profit, many of these preservation areas are most appealing. However, we must not permit convenience and profit to the logger to obscure the broad public considerations that decreed these areas be preserved. We should permit such stands to be cut *only when it has been clearly demonstrated that war need for this particular lumber is vital and that it cannot be obtained elsewhere.*

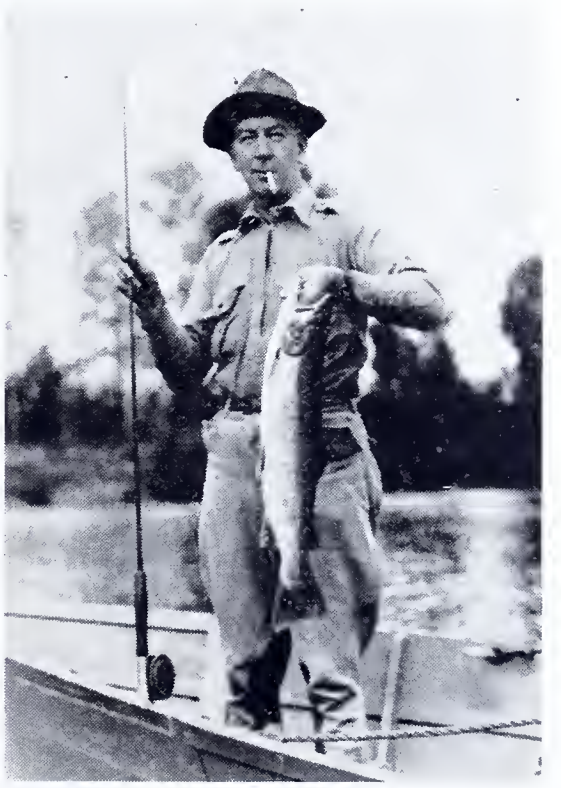
Now let's take a look at the other areas where good land management decrees the regulated cropping of timber. Let's keep firmly in mind that the first consideration of Congress in the establishment of National Forests was for watershed protection. How can we secure the needed lumber and do the least damage to the watershed?

While a protective canopy of trees is important on the entire watershed, the value of this protective covering is greatest along streams. Even if the country back of the stream is completely devastated by logging, the damage to the watershed can be greatly lessened by leaving a protective strip of timber along the streams and lakes.

The value of a protective fringe of timber along waterways is obvious from an aesthetic standpoint, but the benefits go far beyond the aesthetic. In preventing bank erosion, silting, controlling temperature and aquatic life, and in actually protecting the land of the stream bottom from the cutting of numerous new channels during flood time, shoreline timber reserves become intensely practical. Leaving only five to ten percent of the available timber as bank protection pays large dividends to the public far offsetting the commercial value of this shoreline timber. Even on private land this shoreline timber has a distinct public aspect which should be recognized there as well as on public land. We need a national timber policy that will recognize this important principle. Much education will be needed and the Federal and state agencies owning and managing timber have a public responsibility to immediately take the lead in establishing such a principle in all logging sales.

Long ago we adopted the same principle in our cities and towns. We plant shade trees along our streets, utilizing ground that on a square-foot basis is many times more valuable than that required for a fringe of trees along the banks of streams. Along roads and highways we plant strips for shade and beauty, and for wind and snow breaks. More recently in logging operations on National Forests, fringes of timber have been left along the roads so the destruction back of these fringes will not be apparent to the touring public. The American public appreciates the value of trees along its streets, roads and highways. It is high time that we have public appreciation of their much greater value as guardians and protectors of our streams and lakes.

The idea is not new. In some of the larger timber holdings in the Adirondacks it was practiced two generations ago. In 1930 it was recognized by Congress through passage of the Shipstead-Newton-Nolan Act, which provided no-cutting strips of 400 feet along the waterways of the Superior National Forest. Within the year the same principle has been adopted by the Canadians along their side of the border lakes. A resolution of our Twentieth Annual Convention endorsed the principle and urged its general adoption. The public benefits are so obvious that shoreline protection should be universal in all logging operations.



Ken Reid, formerly from Pennsylvania, is a conservationist and angling authority. He is now Executive Director of the Izaak Walton League of America.

ANGLING

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How few there are outside of the brotherhood of the angle who know of what the angler's art consists, or have even a faint conception of the pleasure which it brings its devotees. To the outer world "fishing" is illustrated by the lazy fellow holding a string off the corner of the dock and sleeping between bites. Some have tried angling and becoming disgusted, declare that they might angle if the fish would only bite all the time, but they could not wait for them. Take such a man to a trout stream and rig his tackle. Show him where the trout are apt to lie and how to cast for them. Watch him and see the feeble interest developed by the fresh air and change of scene—but not at all by any belief in your story about a mythical trout. Keep your eye on him until he gets a strike, and see him turn pale, then flush with excitement at the thought of the "monster" which he lost. Verily, he thinks, there is some art and sport in this, after all.

It is as difficult to explain the pleasures of angling, with its anticipations, hopes, fears and thrills, as it is to describe how a watermelon tastes. Those who have experienced these emotions know, and the deeper they get into the mysteries of angling the more they enjoy it and the greater its claim to be an art appears. What veteran angler but can recall the taking of some wary old trout, which for seasons had lurked in a favorite pool and spurned the flies of dozens of skilled fishers, until at last it fell a victim to a peculiar fly, presented so artistically that even this wary trout, educated in the wiles of man by many a sharp sting from his steel, was deceived into believing it to be a living insect. Ask such a veteran if angling is an art, or if it is merely luck.

Chance enters into angling just enough to give it zest. The day may be stormy, the fish are not feeding, or many other things may happen which have not been foreseen, but the angler has become more or less of a naturalist, and his perceptions have been quickened by failures until he is able to reduce these chances to a minimum. He knows the likely pools in the trout streams and the probability of success at certain hours.

Angling is the only sport which does not pall with age. In fact, it increases with it, and some of the most enthusiastic fishers are men who have passed three score and ten. It is a sport which leaves no taint upon its devotees, but, on the contrary, brings them health and renewed vigor. Let him who thinks it idle sport cast the fly for half a day and note the effect upon the tired muscles of his arm, and then say if he has been idle. Let him wade a stream, knee deep or more for the same length of time, and then judge if he has had more leisure than his system can bear.

Give the boys fishing rods, and good ones at that. Never mind the talk about catching as many fish with a sapling as with a fishing rod. This comes from men with no appreciation of the niceties of the art—and can be answered by saying that a net will take more fish than either.

Fishermen and hunters can profit by the experiences and mistakes of others. It is a wise man who makes it a point to profit by what he sees, hears and reads by applying it to his sport.

Tying DRAKE FLIES

by C. L. Peters



OF ALL the flies one sees in the fisherman's collection of imitations it is doubtful whether any one pattern is as much imitated as the graceful members of the Drake family. Shapes vary from almost exact imitations of the natural insect, in fact so exact that it is almost impossible to tell the difference from the real thing, to some of the most grotesque looking apparitions that has ever greeted the eye of a trout.

Sizes vary no less than the shapes, and the discerning sportsman can satisfy his whims in almost any sporting goods store in the territory where the drake flies appear on the streams. They can be purchased in sizes ranging from the size of a Jersey mosquito to that of one of our Navy's new type bombers. One will also find these flies in a variety of colors ranging from cream color to black. Incidentally the names of the drake flies is more or less misleading and if one isn't well versed in this particular phase of the fly game, he may be induced to purchase flies of colors and sizes that will do better gracing the angler's hatband than floating over a feeding trout. Later in this article the dressing of two patterns that will suffice for the heavy "hatching" periods of the Green Drake, will be given.

Materials used in the manufacture of these imitations run the entire gauntlet of practically all the materials used in the spinning of the smaller imitations. Wing material most commonly used is taken from the side body feathers of the mallard drake. The more fastidious angler will often choose his flies with wings from the side feathers of the Mandarin duck. The reason for this is that they do not require dying which to the more seasoned angler means better floating qualities. Some imitations I have seen looked very suspiciously as though the family parrot had a bad time of it during the fly tying season, while others looked as though the cat had been mischievous with the canary cage. Wings of a silk material can be purchased. These wings are *guaranteed* not to droop or wilt when they come in contact with the water, but it has been my experience that they will do nothing else but curl up and droop with the very first contact with the water.

The tail stylets are more often imitated by using a few strands of fiber from the tail feather of the ringneck pheasant, although one will see them along the stream made from moosemain, boar bristles, the center rib of a hackle or what not. Body material may be of silk, crude wool, spun wool, cotton cord, fur, porcupine quill, cork, rubber, or celluloid. I have seen them made and tied them myself of all these materials, with the anticipation of achieving a better drake fly.

The hackles of the various types and patterns naturally vary according to the fancy of the fellow who has after several years of experimenting, found the solution to the drake fly problem, and is turning out "the perfect fly." Yes, I know no less than a dozen fellows who have found the solution to the perfect drake fly, and amazingly enough no two of the perfect patterns have even a remote resemblance to each other. Remember, these fellows are earnest in their efforts and feel that they have contributed something to the ever increasing store of piscatorial entomology.

Experimenting is certainly a fine thing and not to be scoffed at, and I myself have spent hours on end trying experiments with all the materials I could beg, borrow or steal from the wife's sewing basket with the primary idea in mind that I wanted to make an imitation drake fly that Houdini himself would have been proud to have used as a deceptive measure.

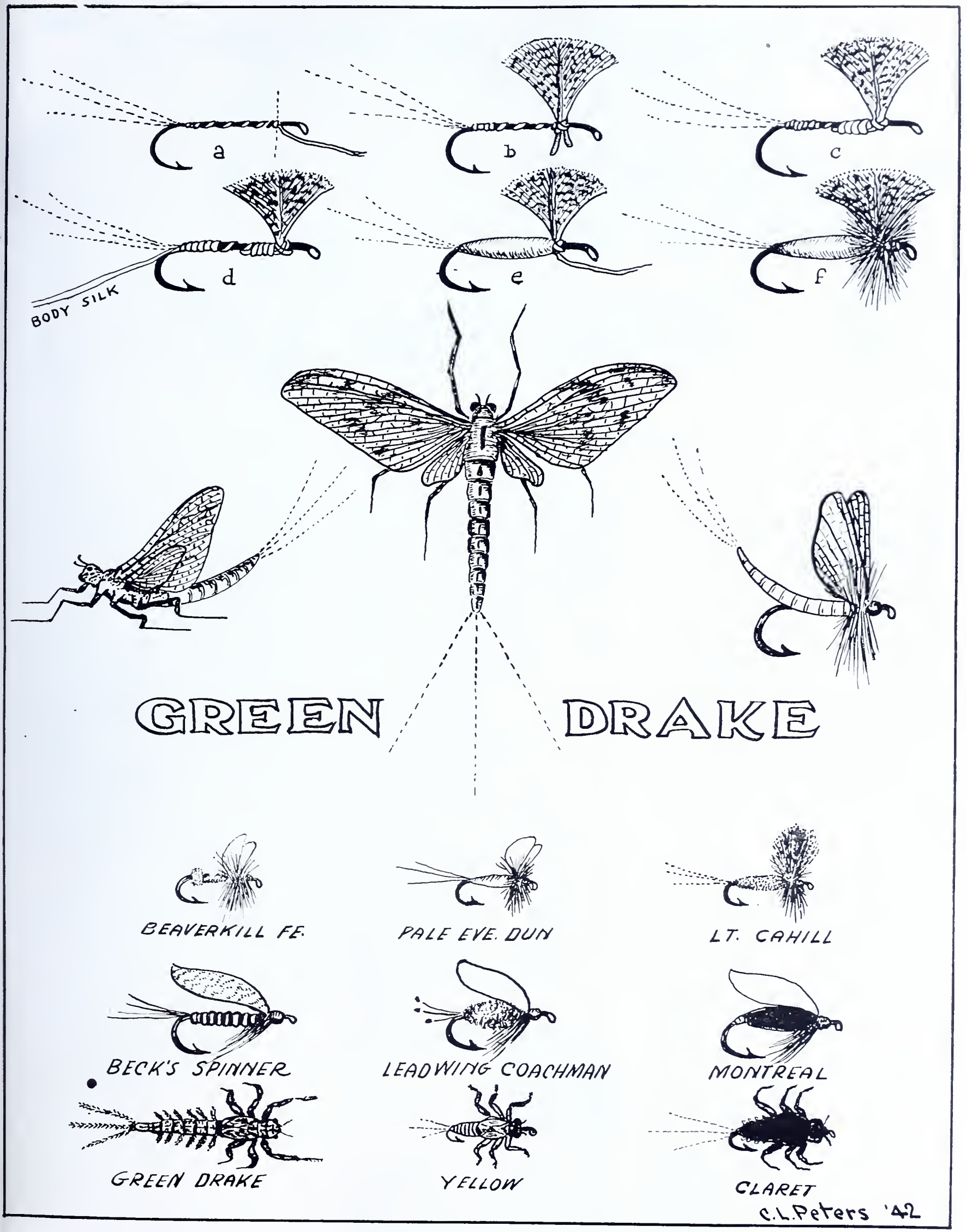
Frankly, I have come to the conclusion that these experiments are very amusing and excellent to keep the mind occupied, but as far as results are concerned I am afraid that I must confess that I have proved nothing except the fact that the old standby standard patterns will perform better on the water and take as many trout as any of the new *perfect* types.

There are, however, a great many patterns of flies on the market, all dressed up in fancy frills, that are designed with the one sole purpose in mind of attracting the angler rather than the fish. This profusion of gayly decorated barbs only tends to confuse the well meaning angler, when he intends to make a selection of flies that will serve his purpose under ordinary conditions. Once a fly tyer or fly fisherman gets the "BUG" he is very apt to try all the gimmicks advertized in the catalogs and after more or less toying with them they are placed with the memoirs of other brilliant ideas born in the mind of some prodigious junior Ike Walton. I know; I have a desk full of them. They comprise all the unnecessary tools from whip finishers to body benders. Quite a number of these tools are designed to perform some special duty in the skillful manufacture of the drake flies. The reason for the ability to sell these tools is the fact that it requires some degree of patience to tie a large fly that has balance and floats well.

Not infrequently I am asked why there is so much talk and speculation among fishermen and fly tyers concerning this one particular pattern of fly. Well, there are few if any other flies that attract the attention of the angler as much as the drake flies, and as stated above it does require some degree of skill to tie a fly as large as the drake imitations that floats well. Then, too, the array of materials and tools advertised for the tying of them tends to mislead the novice who has no experience in their construction.

Looks are too often misleading. I think the best appearing drake fly I have ever seen gave the poorest account of itself as far as performance was concerned. It was a daintily constructed affair with an extended body of celluloid, that looked as near to the real thing as anything I have ever seen, but when it was subjected to the

(*Continued on Page 19*)


a
b
c
d
e
f
BODY SILK
GREEN DRAKE
BEAVERKILL FE.
PALE EVE. DUN
LT. CAHILL
BECK'S SPINNER
LEADWING COACHMAN
MONTREAL
GREEN DRAKE
YELLOW
CLARET
C.L.Peters '42

FISHING THE MIDGE-ORENO

By LEE H. DIEHL

GATHER around the pot-bellied stove boys and pull up the cracker barrel. Even though it's winter my thumb itches for the free of a smooth-running line. I'm going to expound, cast words all over these pages, just to keep my mind off the long bass-less days ahead.

You know, its seldom a fellow can make head or tail out of these fishin' articles. Read one just the other day where an expert was describing his favorite plugging outfit. He mentioned a rod that was the very last thing in light five and a half footers, a reel that was as responsive as a high-grade microscope, a line that spooled to perfection and a whole mess of lures that the bass just couldn't let alone. When I finished that article I didn't know a thing more than when I started. In order to have pinned that lot of fishing tackle down to a point where I'd have recognized it without binoculars I'd have had to be a combination of Sherlock Holmes and John Edgar Hoover with a pinch of Perry Mason and a dash of Nero Wolf thrown in for good measure. The Pennsylvania fisherman, though, is lucky. This magazine you're reading now, the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, doesn't carry advertising so consequently it can print names and state opinions without fear of tramping on sensitive toes, toes that might withdraw money-making advertisements. And besides all that, the expert failed to mention my pet plug, and I'm insulted. I'll just have to do it myself.

This pet lure I'm going to brag about is the South Bend Midge-Oreno. I've attached a more or less lifelike drawing so you fellows who haven't used it will know what to look for next Dad's Day. I'm not going to argue that its the best plug man ever created because one of you would wake up and spoil my monologue. Further, in the next issue of the ANGLER somebody is sure to feel slightly aggrieved and he'll break out into a rash of words proving that his plug is twice as good as all other plugs put together. If enough of you do that, along about next July first we'll have sufficient dope gathered together to make our opening day better than ever.

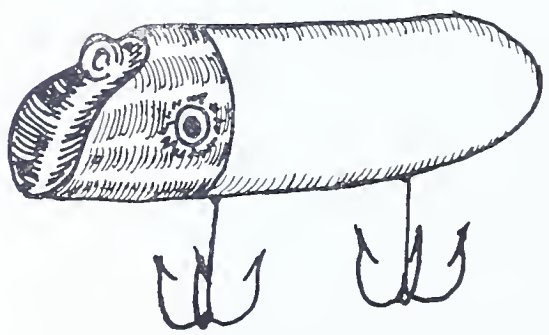
If you were to take a peek inside the plug kit of most any veteran plug caster, especially a Pennsylvania plugger, you would find a predominance of little lures but the bulk of them would be variations of probably not more than a half dozen pet plugs. The others are there because a fisherman is a human kind of fellow with more than a normal amount of inquisitiveness. He just can't resist a new plug. So he'll carry it—you know, just in case. Force an old-timer at the plugging game to go astream with not more than six plugs and it's a good bet that he will not carry six different designs but will have at least one duplication. The smart beginner will give that duplicated plug a thorough trial and will likely end by including it as one of his "can't do withouts."

Such a plug is my own pet, the Midge-Oreno. He's just a baby, a mere fingerling of that perennial favorite the Bass-Oreno. He weighs just three-eighths of an ounce and is designed primarily as an underwater lure, even though he floats when at rest. As shown in the accompanying illustration he carries two gangs of triple hooks. One of his distinct advantages, especially in this day of scarce metals, is his otherwise complete lack of hardware. He's a tough baby even though he is made of wood. He can stand a terrific amount of punishment. The manufacturer sends him out in a fairly wide variety of finishes, some of which are better than others for Pennsylvania waters.

As with most lures, individual plugs vary somewhat in action. Take a dozen apparently identical midges and you will likely get as many varying actions. Some are more effective than others. Favored by the shades of Ike Walton is the fellow who locates one that has a very short, irregular, jerky motion. I had one such several years ago, since sorely lamented, but a whopping big bass won it from me in a fair fight. I've never forgiven nor forgotten him. One of these fine moonless evenings, come next bass season, I'm going to show my resentment by letting him taste wood again. When I get him I'm going to give the old battler a swift pat on his dorsal fin and send him back to fight again. After all, he is an honorable fighter, something hard to find in this age of Nazies, Japs and other species of vermin.

Another highly prized action is one that might aptly be described as the hula type. This one has a very pronounced swaying motion, resembling somewhat the action of a seriously wounded minnow. These two actions are the opposite extremes. Between them are many gradations and combinations, none of which seems to be quite as effective as either extreme.

Four finishes have proved extremely effective in the waters of south central Pennsylvania. The yellow perch finish simply cannot be excelled for waters just clearing after heavy rains. This plug in the hands of my friend Norman Greenawalt, expert Jeffersonville plugger, has proved a consistent fish getter. Times without number I've stubbornly tried every other lure in my kit, working them high, working them low, letting them float, popping them, jiggling them, spitting on them, swearing at them and even praying for them, but to no avail. Always the yellow perch finish proves conclusively its superiority in cloudy water. One well-remembered occasion comes to mind when Norman had me hanging on the ropes with a count of six to nothing when, just as an experiment, we swapped lures. The final tally at the end of the tenth round was eight each. Be it noted that his additional two also came on the yellow perch after a fruitless two hours with a wide variety of other finishes and lures. Now don't you fellows get excited about our stringers being overloaded. We rarely keep any fish and make it a rule never to keep one that gives us an exceptional battle, regardless of size.



Sketch of the Midge-Oreno larger than the actual size of the lure. This floater has a concave face but no metal lip and weighs 3/8 of an ounce.

Perhaps the best early season finish is the red head and white body combination. While this finish seems to lose its effectiveness as the season progresses, it annually takes its share of bass in the early weeks of July. Last season this finish was a real killer on the Bermudian and in the Susquehanna but in September it was practically useless. During an unusual afternoon on the second day of the 1942 season this plug proved its worth. Three of us were fishing the lower part of the Bermudian, the writer fishing after his two companions. The two companions fishing various types of plugs including Midge-Orenos, but not the red and white one, caught a total of five bass while the author connected for fifteen averaging better than thirteen inches. Yes, they were measured and released. All fell to the red and white combination. Not bad on a stream the size of the Bermudian.

As the red and white plug loses its effectiveness the pike finish becomes definitely boss of the waters. It has no equal during the slack days of mid-August. Shucks, most anybody can catch fish in September when the water begins to cool but it takes some doing to consistently catch bass through the month of August. Used correctly the pike finish is the best of the Midge-Orenos for midseason fishing.

When fishing where walleyes lurk, the predominantly yellow finishes are very effective. One little fellow, yellow all over, with little silver specks scattered on the base color, and a black stripe, shadow wave the manufacturer calls it, running lengthwise along both sides, has proved to be the best walleye catcher of the group. Fish it late in the evening when old gimlet eye is in the shallows. You pickerel fishermen ought not neglect this finish when fishing your favorite waters. Many of the nicest pickerel catches I've seen in recent years were made with this lure.

Some of you fellows are going to howl because I left out the green and white finish. This plug has a green back shading into white along the sides. Some of you swear by it, I know, but for me it doesn't come up to par. However, if you mossbacks know it is good then it surely is worth a trial.

Having done with the effectiveness of finishes what about the infinitely more important question of fishing methods? Well, fellows, it is in this field that the Midge-Oreno is most adaptable. Fishing methods with this lure fall into five general classes; (1) as a surface bait, (2) as a semi-surface lure, (3) as a moderately deep-running plug, (4) as a deep-running, bottom scratcher, and (5) in combination with a spinner.

As a surface bait the Midge-Oreno lacks some of the refinements of a strictly top water lure. However, with a little practice it is possible to work it so that a pronounced commotion results something not unlike the noise made by the poppers. By far the best surface maneuver for this plug is the jiggling motion. Let your cast land lightly (throw beyond your objective and check the lure directly above where you want it to land and it will drop with a devastating spat) on the spot where you think a bass is lurking and then proceed industriously to do nothing for perhaps fifteen seconds. A slight twitch of the lure should bring action. If it doesn't, periodic-

(*Continued on Page 20*)



THE AMAZING HUMMER

Backlashes Can Be Eliminated without Casting Practice

By CHARLES K. FOX

THREE years ago on the opening day of the hass season three of us wended our way to the Conodoguinet Creek. One memher of our little group had never done any plug casting preceding this jaunt hut he was well equipped.

Every man who ever cast a plug can look back upon the initial attempts with a feeling of chagrin. Plugging is not the easiest thing in the world even if an experienced fisherman can make it look as simple as falling off the proverhial log. When the thumbing is not just right at all stages of the procedure hack lashes result. Sufficient pressure must be applied so that there is no loose line to over run and pile up on the spool. The messes of knotted line on the spool that is brought ahout hy improper thumbing is truly amazing. In fact, the entanglement is so fierce that fishermen call the haffling looking mass of loops and snarls a hird's nest. Sometimes they are so complex that in desperation and disgust the fisherman gets them out by the barher's method, that is, he cuts the line.

Friend Carl Shelley was undergoing all the trials and trihulations that every plug fisherman experiences right off the hat. We had tied on a floating plug so that as the patient Carl pecked away at hacklashes the plug would merrily float and bob along instead of sinking and thus becoming hooked up in the ledges.

There is an end to the patience of every man. Finally Carl exploded, "I'm getting nowhere fast. We came out here for relaxation, but I never concentrated and worked harder in all my life than I have heen doing the last hour. If you fellows can't straighten me out I'm going to catch up on valuable sleep you made me miss."

Lew and I began to tease him. We assured him that he was doing fine, much hetter than the average, all of which was prohahly true. With perfect certainty we promised him he would be making casts over 100 feet sans backlashes within the next ten minutes.

Carl mumbled something about ten years and horse feathers. His mumhlings advised us that it would require deeds and not words to convince him.

"I'll give it another 15 minutes," he remarked. "And what's more I am going to try the equipment of each one of you fellows just to be sure."

These tests proved to his satisfaction that his troubles did not come from inferior equipment. He could get just as fine hacklashes with either of our outfits as he could with his own.

In the car was an inexpensive quadruple multiplying reel with a level-wind doctored up for distance tournament casting. I got it and placed it on Carl's rod and asked him to make just one cast.

Half heartedly and with no hope he wheeled back for the delivery. The plug shot across the creek and landed on the grass on the bank across the way. In amazement Carl turned on us with a fishy-eyed stare. This cast was twice as good as his best effort of the past hour. "What goes on here," he finally cried.

We assured him that he was a finished caster.

Again and again he tried, and again and again the casts were long without backlashes. His problem now was to hit the pockets across the creek and keep the plug out of the trees, brushes, and grass on the opposite hank, whereas the problem the first hour was to approach the bank without getting a hacklash.

"Whatever you have here I want. Just tell me how much it costs, that's all."

We then proceeded to show the juhilant Carl what it was all ahout. The line was stripped off the cork arhor and there we showed him the little metal hummer held in place with scotch tape. It was a little piece of triangular flat lead pasted on the spool opposite the handles. One of the tips of the isosceles triangle pointed toward the middle of the spool. (See illustration page 20.)

"Is that all there is to it?" demanded Carl.

Well, that was not quite all, however, the hummer in itself makes a tremendous difference for a beginner. The gears of that particular reel had heen packed with very heavy grease. The bearings had been oiled with castor oil. The level-wind had heen oiled with a standard reel oil lighter than castor oil.

What actually happens is this. The hummer throws the reel spool slightly out of line and through friction slows it down to a certain degree. The heavy grease on the gears and the heavy oil on the ends of the hearings choke the reel, setting up additional friction. This has a tendency to slow up the reel in the proper proportion just as good thumbing will do.

Lighter oil is used on the level-wind. The greatest friction occurs on this part and it must not be gummed up with a heavy luhricant.

All parts of a reel will normally outlast the level-wind. Hummer or no hummer keep the level-wind lubricated with light oil. A couple of drops every three hours is about right.

My pet reel has seen tremendous service for 18 seasons. It is a fine reel made from wonderful material, a Pflueger Supreme to be exact. The same teeth in the gears have always heen together. They are marked so that when the gears are cleaned the same old ones can be fitted together. The bone handles have turned yellow with age. During this period of service it has used up or worn out about eight level winding devices.

It was figured out by arithmetic that if the casts this reel has made were placed end to end they would span the circumference of the earth more than three times. This includes all day fishing for the entire summer for six consecutive years and plenty of brief trips and evening escapades for the remaining twelve years.

Unquestionahly, it will provide many more years of service. It is still the smoothest thing I ever tried. Everytime I get a new reel or try one out I always turn back to the old favorite. To be perfectly frank, I would not put a hummer on this reel but I would not hesitate to place it on a cheaper one and expect good service from it.

The hummer and grease treatment in my judgment is far more satisfactory than those constant drags advertised as anti-backlashers. In theory and in performance the former is more sound. The break type of control does not taper off nicely as is the case in the home constructed contrivance.

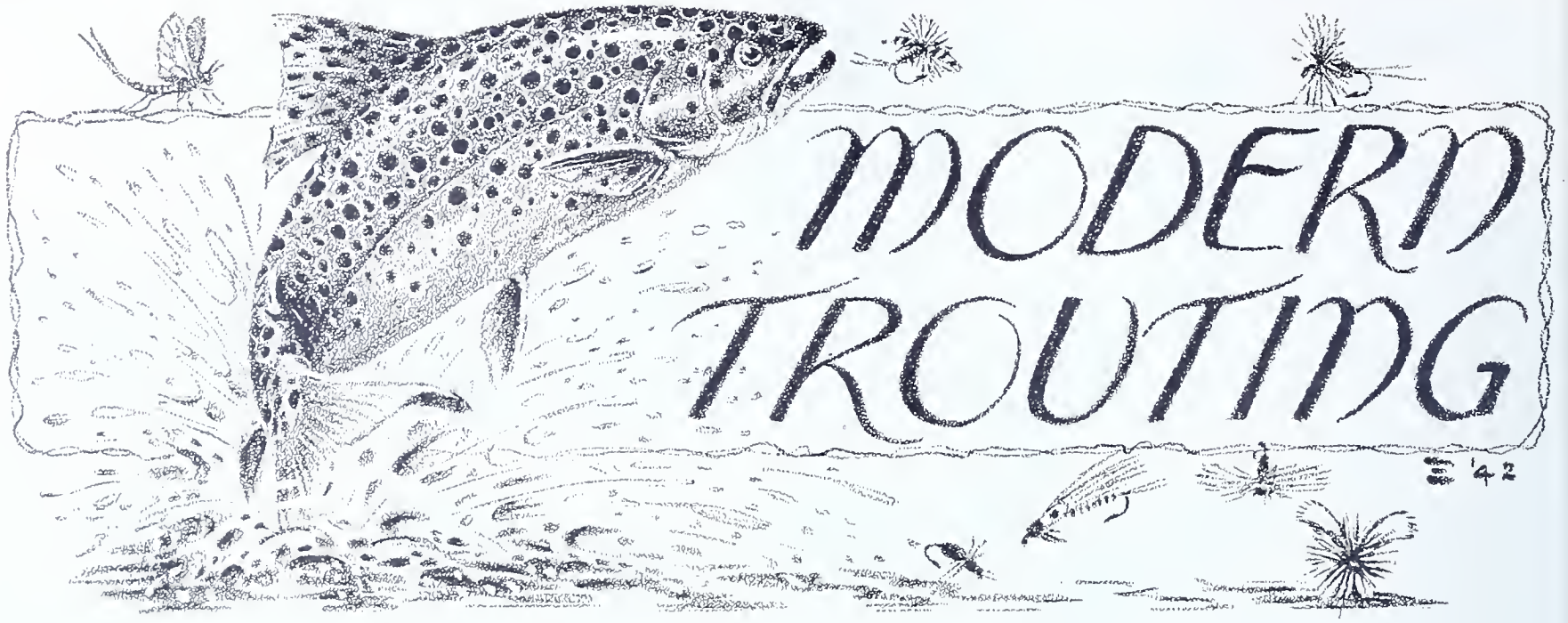
If the gears are packed with heavy grease, do not leave the reel inside a hot car for the grease will lighten and run out. On one occasion I messed up the back seat of a car in this manner.

The hummer is made from a triangular piece of flat lead or bahbit $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch in thickness and cut so that it is about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch on each of its three equal sides.

The friction brought ahout by this unhalencer causes some wear, but the caster oil takes care of this very nicely. It is not so hard on a reel that it is impractical.

The man who has mastered thumbing will not

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What the Dry Fly Fisherman Should Look For— Certain Natural Hatches and Their Imitations

By CHARLES K. FOX

BOTH wet fly and dry fly fishing has its place and each is a wonderful sport, however most of the fellows who fish both ways prefer the latter. When trout are surfaee feeding on a hateh dry fly fishing is the most effeetive means of getting action. Our problems are: to know what patterns and sizes to use when surface activity oeeurs, to know what patterns and sizes are most successful to imitate specifie hatehes, and to be able to plan our fishing so that we will hit the best.

Various hatehes of flies take place throughout the season. They oeeur at just about the same time on a stream year after year. Thc inveterate angler knows pretty well what hatches to expect and experienee has taught him what imitations work best when thcse hatehes mark their appearance aeeompanied by surfaee feeding trout.

Some streams have the reputation of being good dry fly streams whereas others are bclieved to be better wet fly streams. The nature of the stream determines the aquatic life it carries. If a thorough biologieal survey were made of the waters we fish it might be found that eonsiderable differenees exist in the life sustaining quality of our waters and even different seetions of one strcam. If there is an abundanee of nymphs whieh hateh into the various drakes, dry fly fishing will be good there. If for some reason or reasons there is a scareity of this form of life thc stream eould not be so good for hatches and rises.

Trout are trout. They partake of the food the stream offers to them. There are many times when they must do their feeding below the surface and other timcs when they ean and prefer to feed on the surface.

Some fishermen hold to thc idea that good hatehes and rises oeeur about once every two weeks. This certainly has not been the case in the streams whieh I have had the opportunity to fish; hatehes and rises have been more frequent than that. Furthermore, I have never heard anyone who does his trout fishing in Pennsylvania reiterate that theory.

But to get down to brass tacks on this subject, the following, in the main, is taken from field notes. Incidentally, one of the note books used was issued by the Huntingdon County Sportsmen and eame to me as a gift from an ardent eonservationist, Dr. Mauriee Bankert of Huntingdon.

Year in and year out there have been four hatches on the streams where I spend most of my trouting time whiich might be elassified as main or vital. Others of interest but of less importanee will be dealt with at some later date in this eolumn. These four are worth looking forward to and worth being prepared for at the different stages of the season.

Speaking in generalities it ean be stated that the early season hatehes are predominantly grey; then thc browns make thcir appearanee, and late in the season yellow predominates. Hatches in southern Pennsylvania seem to be about ten days ahead of the same flies in the northern tier.

There is a size variation during the season. It has been writtcn that thc early season flies arc small and as the season advanees larger and larger oncs appear. This eertainly is not what I have witnessed. Living along the Yellow Breeehes in Cumberland County has made it a relatively easy and pleasant job to keep elose tabs on the hatehes of that large stream.

Here is the cycle on that stream along with the flies that seem to imitate these naturals best. Around April 18 a strong hatch of small grey eaddis appear and lasts for about one week. These inseets fly elose to the water along thc bank particularly around bushes, roeks, and bridge abutments. During this period when one wades with eanvas waders the green egg saeks from thesc flies praetieally eover the waders. Even though the egg sacks are adhesive thcy do not stiek mueh to the rubber boots or the newer type of all rubber boot foot waders.

Early in the season trout are eonsiderably easier to take on dry flies when they are surface feeding than later in the year. This is the case for various reasons. First of all the water is usually not low and clear but on the eontrary praetieally always high and eloudy. This improves leader camouflage. In the seeond plaee there arc more trout in the streams early in the season than later on and this is a vital element. Third, they are not as wily as they are later on after they have been edueated by intensive fishing.

Surfaee feeding trout early in the season are usually very mueh at the mercy of the man who gets good floats with an artifieial that looks very mueh like the natural. The most useful fly to imitate the little grey early season caddis for me has been an 18 Adams, however, 18 Dark Hendrieksons and 18 Blue Dunns are also highly effeetive.

This is followed by a hateh of may flies we eall slate drakes. This is a rather large size fly and 14's and 12's mateh it in size. The natural has dark wings and a pale, dirty yellow body whieh beeomes rust eolor after molting. This fly ean be identified by its three tails with brown specks at the joints. Trout love this hateh and partake of the flies freely. It also is a ehoice food of Phoebe flyeatehers, an interesting song bird. The hateh usually appears late in April in our neck of the woods and lasts for a week or so.

Dark Hendrickson, size 14, is certainly my first ehoice to imitate this hateh but Quill Gordon, Adams, Blue Quill, Blue Dunn, and Grey Hackle work well. Probably Quill Gordon is just as effective as any imitation that can be tied, however, it is just about the toughest dry fly of all to see on the water.

Before the slate drake hatch has been completed the Beaverkills show up. The hatches are now passing from the greys to the browns and the dry fly fishing is beeoming more of an evening proposition.

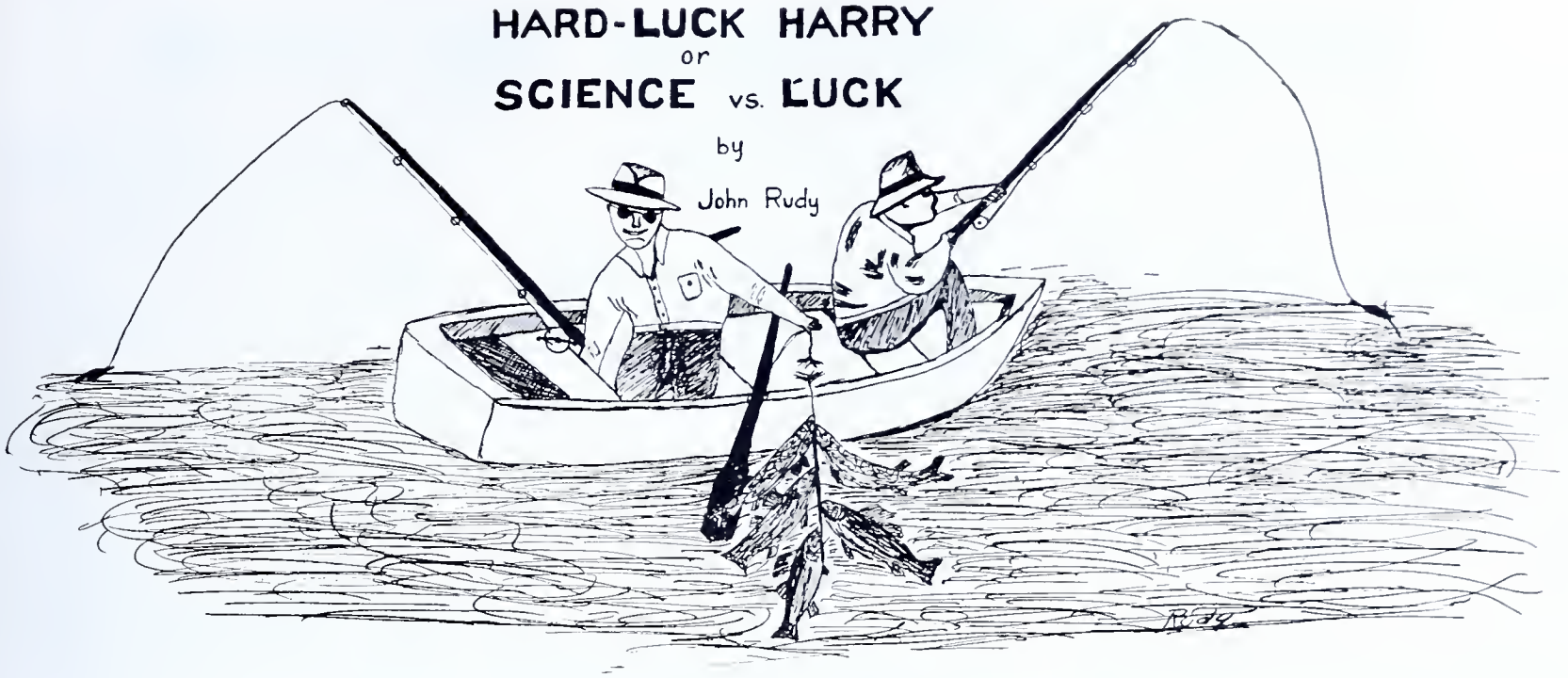
The Lady Beaverkills earry a yellow egg saek. On the waters I have fished this has been primarily an evening hatch, but some of my friends who spend most of their fishing time on the very roeky free-stone mountain streams of the northern tier tell me they see them at any hour of the day.

This important hateh has been very tough for me to imitate. None of the standard patterns seem to do very well including the artifieial Lady Beaverkill. Best results have been with light and dark Cahills and R. B. Fox in size 16.

Many fishermen believe that trout are color blind therefore they ehoose their flies with wild abandon. Possibly they are correet but from all I ean determine, that certainly does not seem to be the case. I like dry flies that appear to the human eye as mueh like the natural in size and color as the tyers can make them.

In the advance season of 1941 the first Beaverkills I saw appeared on April 20 and the last

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TRADITION has it that fishermen are a superstitious lot, each having a lucky rod, or lucky fly, or lucky plug, etc. If this is true, then Al is the exception that proves the rule. Al is a scientific fisherman.

"Bad-luck," he is fond of saying, "is usually failure to consider the factors that produce a certain condition."

Too often he can substantiate this statement with a heavy creel, along with air temperature, water temperature, barometric pressure, samples of the water and specimens of the insect life therein.

That is what made his answer to Jim's question all the more startling.

Matt, Al and myself were sitting in the back room of "Ye Olde Tavern" discussing fishing when Jim walked in. Jim had just returned from a fishing trip on the Lackawaxen and we were anxious to know how he made out. But before we had an opportunity to inquire, he burst out with, "Say Al, I met a chap up on the Lackawaxen who said he knew you. Fellow by the name of Harry. Do you know him?"

"Do I know him!" exclaimed Al. "That guy is the worst 'hoodoo,' the worst 'jinx' I ever came across. Hardluck Harry, I used to call him."

"What's this?" chided Matt. "I thought you didn't believe in luck."

"To be truthful about it, I didn't and still don't, normally," he answered, "but where Harry was concerned things were bound not be normal."

"You are probably acquainted with some individual," he continued, "that no matter what he does or attempts to do, misfortune always seems to be riding right at his elbow; not that the fellow is a dub, in many instances his technique is superior to fellows who actually achieve results, but something always develops that prevents him from attaining his objective. Well, that was Harry.

"I met Harry at a meeting of the 'Anglers Club' at the local Y.M.C.A. A mutual 'friend' introduced us and incidentally, warned me about his affliction. They, that is the mutual 'friend' and Harry had been on half-a-dozen trips together without netting a fish. He also explained: 'The peculiar part of Harry's hardluck was that it was like the measles, it was catching. You could be going along having a bang-up season on some favorite stretch of water, just beginning to get that feeling; Ah! at last I have mastered the technique of catching fish and along would come Harry and pfft—no fish'."

"Now you know me, I take my fishing seriously and I usually catch fish no matter where I go. So Harry gets the idea that he would like to tag along with me a few times and catch a few fish—just to break the monotony.

"Well, I don't have to tell you, we go out a few times and show up at home without any fish. Now I don't like this a little bit, my reputation is beginning to suffer. Oh, we have a few encounters with fish every time we go out, but something always seems to go wrong; broken leaders, or they get snagged around a tree root or boulder, or they just jump and throw the hook—always something. As I said, I don't like these fishless days, not only on account of my reputation, but on account of some of the remarks that are being tossed about.

"One time we came home from a trip and Harry's wife said: 'Oh, I don't believe you try to fish'.

"Now you know, this is very discouraging after you have fished from 4 A.M. until 9 P.M. But Harry just comes back with: 'No, I don't try to fish. I just go out for the air, and I tell the fish to stay away from my line'.

"Once we almost got them though. This day is a Saturday and we have to be back in town by 10:30 A.M. to attend an employees outing, so we decide to go fishing real early in the morning and fish until 9:30 A.M.; come in and attend the outing.

"We get up at 2 A.M., and start out for the lake. By the time we arrive at the lake and wake up the guy that rents the boats it's nearly 4 o'clock when we shove off from the dock. We have some live bait, but decide to fish the shoreline with plugs until it gets really daylight. I 'man' the oars while Harry begins casting. He makes a few casts and 'socko' one ties into his red-headed plug. Now this makes me feel pretty good, but not too good, because the fish isn't in the boat yet and remembering some of our past experiences I don't feel too optimistic about him ever being in the boat. Finally, Harry brings him alongside and I net him; a nice plump bass, 16½ inches, about two pounds. Boy, I really feel good now, at last the 'jinx' is broken. I'm positively elated, today is going to be different. Oh Yeah!

"Well, we got the fish and after thoroughly admiring him and complimenting Harry, now to put him on the stringer.

" 'Where's the stringer, Harry?' I asked. 'It's not in the bottom of the tackle box.'

" 'Jeezs,' he said, 'I must have forgot to put it back. I had it out the other night looking at it, I was thinking how nice it would be if we could bring it home sometime with all the safety-pins holding a fish and I forgot to put it back'.

"Just then I get a premonition or something that all is not going to be so good again, fish or no fish. Looking around for something in the box to use as a stringer, I came upon some discarded 24-pound test casting line wrapped on a spool. Pulling several yards of this off the spool and doubling it a few times, I made a stringer and at long last, we had a fish on the stringer.

"Harry insisted that I cast, while he takes a turn at the oars. I had been casting for about 15 or 20 minutes when I picked up a twin to the one Harry caught and we deposit him on the stringer. I'm beginning to feel like my old self again. Here we are, fishing less than an hour and we have two bass on the stringer. We each picked up another bass on plugs and were not able to do anything more with the plugs, so we began fishing with live bait.

"We baited up and let the boat drift. Harry caught two more bass on live bait while I accounted for one pickerel. By this time, Harry was positively beaming. Every few minutes he would lean over the side and pull the stringer up to admire the fish. Finally, I landed another pickerel, a nice fat, yellow-belly, about 22 inches and we added him to the stringer.

"This was just too much for Harry. He couldn't leave that stringer alone. Every two minutes he'd lean over the side and pull the stringer up and exclaim, 'Boy, the wife will sure be surprised when we come home with these. Boy-O-boy, aren't they beauties!'

"And then it happened! Yep, you guessed it. The pickerel's teeth cut the stringer between the oarlock and the rest of the fish. The whole stringer of fish went swimming away.

"Never have I seen such an incredulous look on the face of a fellow human. I felt so sorry for the poor wretch, I even forgot to get sore myself. He just sat there stunned for a few moments and then he said: 'Jeezs, nobody will ever believe that.' He sounded so serious that I had to laugh. Finally, he too burst out laughing.

"Well, Harry was right. When we arrived at

(*Continued on Page 17*)

LOOKING AROUND THE STATE

OUTDOORS
By MICHAEL SEAMAN

A topic "on our chest" is of such proportions that to discuss it, with its many ramifications, in the space of two or three sticks of guest column looms as a hig task. Maybe we can corral enougb words in a short column to make our pet peeve understandahle. And grass two birds with one stone by informing readers of PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER of a situation that confronts newspapermen almost daily.

We refer to requests by anonymous letter writers to lash the Fish and Game Commissions with a choice lot of invectives. Invariably the theme is about the same. They ask, these vitriolic writers, why isn't the hunting or fishing as good late in the season as it was during the first weck? They claim the Fish Commission is slipping, or the Game Commission is getting lax, or hoth. Safely hidden behind cloaks of anonymity, the poison pen boys want newspapermen to wage word wars whiłe they sit back and enjoy the fireworks.

We have fisbed in the high Sierras of California, the brawling snow-fed streams of North Park in Colorado, the trout streams of Quebec, the pike lakes of Ontario, and thc bass lakes in York County, Maine. Nowhere in the United States, we discovered, is fishing or hunting subjected to as much pressure as the sports are in Pennsylvania. Fishing—most letter writers pick this sport—is a year 'round sport in Pennsylvania; a State tbat is industrial even though 46 percent of the land area of 45,126 square miles is forestland.

Every nook and corner of the Commonwealth offers streams and lakes containing game and fishes. We have 295 lakes in the State with surface areas of more than 20 acres eacb, and 20 lakes having surface areas of more than 200 acres each. In addition, we havc thousands of miles of streams. But, we have hundreds of thousands of fishermen whipping to a froth this extensive water surface from January 1 to December 31. If the army of anglers isn't after trout or bass, then it's food fish it seeks. Is it any wonder that production at the ten major fish plants cannot keep pace with the drain?

In 1935, a representative year, the hatcheries produced 1,248,356 brook, hrown and rainbow trout from legal six-inch to fourtcen-inch sizes. In that same year, something like 250,000 licensed fishermen and untold thousands of cbildren cast lines for fish. Since then the output at hatcheries has been stepped up considerably, but the demand still exceeds the output. There are now some 400,000 licensed fishermen.

When, through the medium of our daily outdoors column, we have explained this, or suggested a slight increase in the annual fee for the specific purpose of stepping up artificial propagation, or purchase of private streams, the collective howls of disapproval were loud.

It has been said that the success of our democratic form of government is due to the sharp criticism of a militant minority. We wish this could be said of the angling fraternity. Why can't they come out in the open, make their complaints, and offer constructive criticism? Hiding behind such signatures as "Irate Angler" or "Disgusted Fisherman" is a sure way, the poison penners discover, of getting their letters filed in the wastebasket.

—Harrisburg Telegraph

FIELD AND STREAM
By R. E. ANGST

Would you like to join the Brotherhood of the Jungle Cock? It is a unique organization and bas been spreading like wildfire all over the country. This comparatively new organization was founded a couple of years ago hy J. Hammond Brown, Baltimore, now president of the Outdoor Writers of America. There are no dues or regular meetings. Anyone can join at any time by merely living up to its creed.

The creed of the Brotherhood of the Jungle Cock is: "We who love angling, in order that it may enjoy practice and reward in the later generations, mutually move together toward a common goal—the conservation and restoration of American game fishes.

"Towards this end we pledge that our creel limits shall always be less than the legal restrictions and always be within the bounty of Nature herself.

"Enjoying, as we do, only a life estate in the out of doors, and morally charged in our time with the responsibility of handing it down unspoiled to tomorrow's inheritors, we individually undertake annually to take at least one boy a-fishing, instructing him, as best we know, in the responsibilities that are soon to be wholly his.

"Holding that moral law transcends the legal statutes, always beyond the needs of any one man, and holding that example alone is the one certain teacher, we pledge always to conduct ourselves in such fashion on the stream as to make safe for others the heritage which is ours and theirs."

Pennsylvania, by wise cooperation with the Federal authorities on the provisions of the Pittman-Robertson Act, tops the list of land buyers functioning under this particular form of Federal aid.

Many inquiries have come in from time to time about an electrical device to force fish worms to the surface. We understand that the contrivance is purchasable in some catalogues but never having used or seen one we cannot describe it. Johnny Mock of the *Pittsburgh Press* supplied us with a description:

Procure an extension cord and two copper rods. Connect one wire of the extension cord to each of the rods, then push into the lawn about three feet apart, plug in the socket and turn on the juice. In the meantime, have the lawn sprinkled. When the current hits the ground all worms within an area of about six feet or more will come to the surface. The only drawback to this is that sometimes the fuse is blown.

A hass angler asks us to describe the helgramite and without resorting to an encyclopedia here it is: The helgramite is the nymph of the Dobson fly, and lives under stones in fast flowing water such as on ripples. It is tough-skinned and strong-jawed, capable of giving a rather painful bite. Full-grown it is from two to three inches long and dark brown in color. They are captured by turning over the stones under which they hide and letting the strong current carry them into a net held below. They are classed as fish bait, not more than 35 being permitted in possession at any one time. As a bass bait in streams they are without equal for all season, day after day, use. In lakes and ponds they are not so readily taken by the bass, who seem to know they don't belong there, although large catches are reported even in lakes and ponds annually.

—Tamaqua Courier

NORTHWEST PENNSYLVANIA SPORTSMEN
By SETH L. MYERS

Pennsylvania Lawmakers are now in session at Harrisburg, and while it is certain most of their business will center around the war effort, there will be bills introduced of importance to sportsmen.

One of the most important bills which is likely to be thrashed out by the representatives is one calling for a 50-cent increase in the fishing license fee. This bill is being pushed by thousands of sportsmen in an effort to secure money with which to buy fishing rights along Pennsylvania streams and lakes. It is pointed out by backers of the bill that unless some such law is set up, most of the good fishing is going to be bought up and posted as private by a few selfish followers of the sport who can well afford to carry out such a program.

At present there are already far too many such cases within the Commonwealth, and if the practice is permitted to go on, soon there will be no place for the general public to fish. It is of course not unsportsmanlike to be rich, but it certainly is nothing but the lowest type of sportsmanship and pointed at as un-American, to rob the common fellow of his share of this natural heritage. God placed this wonderful Pennsylvania here for all men to enjoy, but unless something is done about it, all but a few of the more fortunate are going to be forbidden to trespass. Any person who is a dyed-in-the-wool fisherman will not kick at paying less than a penny a day for his license when he knows the money is earmarked to buy a happy fishing ground.

The sportsmen of northwest Pennsylvania are very lucky to have as their spokesman in the House, Dr. Wilbert D. Imbrie, who was reelected last fall. Imbrie is a sportsman to the core and a man whom the other lawmakers respect as an outstanding authority on hunting and fishing laws.

This year, we have many other Legislators who have pledged cooperation with the organized sportsmen, and it looks like the common man may retain his freedom afield and astream.

From here on, it is up to the leaders of the sportsmen to be on their toes, and when bills pertaining to hunting and fishing laws are up for a vote in the House or the Senate, advise their Legislators how the sportsmen feel about such bills.

—Franklin News Herald and
Meadville Tribune Republican

PERIODICALS KEEP SPORTSMEN HEP
State Magazines Provide Much Interesting Reading for Anglers and Nimrods
By JOHN G. MOCK

* * *

The second of these publications is the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, the fisherman's hible. Two special numbers, the trout and bass editions, along with the remaining issues throughout the year give the disciple of Ike Walton practically all the information which can be advanced in this regard.

A random selection of a copy of this official magazine of the Board of Fish Commissioners brought forth the August, 1942, issue. Adorning its front cover is a five-color painting of a long-cared sunfish, the work of Fred Everett, nationally known wildlife artist.

WITH THE OUTDOOR WRITERS

The opening article is one by Alex P. Sweigert, entitled "Plugging for Pickerel," an interesting narrative of this native and streamlined scrapper, so popular in the eastern end of the state. Alex, editor of the ANGLER since its inception, is now with the armed forces, his position being filled by Charles K. Fox, who is acting editor.

Artificial Lures Discussed

"Bugs to you, Mr. Bass," is an invitation to August thrills. The various artificials of cork, hair and plastics are discussed. Why these lures are productive, where and how they should be used and how some of them may be made by the fisherman himself. "Wallowing Walleyes," by N. R. Casillo, well-known Lawrence Countian, supplies an interesting yarn on this species.

"Something New" comes from the typewriter of the chap whose brushes produced the cover painting. Fred Everett not only paints, but lives his outdoors subjects.

"A Dub Looks at Fishing," "Learning Bait Casting in Ten Minutes," "Marabou Stork Plumes," "Honey Chile," "Bugs About Plugs," "Hints for Anglers," "Fish Facts" and "Here and There in Anglerdom" are the principal contributions in that particular issue. Fillers on almost every page provide valuable information to fishermen. The "Question and Answer" section settle many an argument among fishermen or supply the solution to a problem.

Tells How 42-Pound Muskie Was Landed

During 1941 James Baird, of Aliquippa, took a 42-pound muskellunge at Conneaut Lake. How he landed this whopper makes an interesting tale. A giant snapper, taken at Boydstown Reservoir, one of the three Butler Water Co. fishing projects, is pictured. The reptile measured 44 inches over-all. Unusual catches or record specimens are part of the art each month. From time to time humorous and appropriate cartoons are included.

Neither the *Pennsylvania Game News*, edited by Leo A. Luttringer, Jr., since its inception, nor the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER may be construed as propaganda sheets for the department which publishes it. Practically all of the material is of educational value. Quite frequently this is true of official organs.

The subscription price of either is 50 cents per year to residents of Pennsylvania, thus a dollar invested in these two magazines is just about the best investment a sportsman can make. No other will bring him as much pleasure, over the same period. In either instance, the staff of contributors are recognized authorities, some of whom enjoy national recognition.

Hours of Additional Pleasure

Ross L. Leffler, president of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, and Charles A. French, Commissioner of Fisheries, believe every hunter or fisherman of the state will add hours of additional pleasure and education to their sports through the information gleaned from the columns of the two periodicals.

As a token of friendship for those now in the service nothing would serve better than a subscription to either or both of these all-year reminders.

Send subscriptions for the ANGLER to the Board of Fish Commissioners and for the *Game News*, to the Pennsylvania Game Commission addressing both at Harrisburg, Pa.

—Pittsburgh Press

SPORTS FIELD

By CHARLIE NEPH

Special to Fishermen

Some mighty good advice on how to lengthen the life of your fishing tackle is published in the Nov. issue of *Outdoors* magazine. In an article entitled "How to Make Your Tackle Last," Ben East, nationally known sportsman, reminds fishermen that their present stock of equipment is virtually irreplaceable, and offers the following suggestions for making it last at least another season.

Rods: Must be kept away from heat and moisture. When storing for the winter, wax bamboo rods carefully and hang each section separately in a cool, airy place. Examine rods for worn guides or damaged ferrules and order new parts while they can still be obtained.

Reels: Clean and oil thoroughly. Order replacement parts now, or return the reel immediately to the manufacturer for repairs.

Lines: Wash fly and bait casting lines with soap and water, dry thoroughly, and store in loose coils in a cardboard box with air holes punched in the sides for ventilation.

Leaders: Store away from heat and moisture and keep from contact with chamois or metal. Save odd ends, leader material will be scarce next year.

Boots and waders: These require special care —and deserve it, as there is little chance they can be replaced for the duration. Wash the insides carefully with soap and water to remove perspiration deposits which may cause deterioration. dry thoroughly, patch where necessary and hang top side away from heat. A dusting of talcum powder will help to preserve the life of rubber.

Remember, by making your tackle last you are making it easier for fishing equipment manufacturers to turn out weapons of war for our fighting men.

—Allentown Call

ROD AND GUN

By JACK RICHARDS

A large-mouth bass that will go mighty close to a state record was caught by Guy Reber, of Auburn. R. D., in Sweet Arrow Lake over the week-end. It was 23 inches in length, weighed six pounds and 14 ounces, and its body was seven and a half inches in depth. The big fish, which almost tired out Reber before he landed it, was taken on a surface lure.

—Pottsville Republican

STATE TROUT ANGLERS CONSIDER BEAVERS

By JOE O'BYRNE

Trout fishermen in the Poconos are concerned about the activities of the beavers, which have been working in this region, building their dams on some of the smaller trout streams. Some sportsmen claim these beaver dams are a boon to the trout fishermen and others have the opposite viewpoint, claiming they obstruct the streams, preventing the migration of trout to the headwaters where they spawn.

According to Corbet Stubbs, one of the best-known guides in the Poconos, these dams will provide good trout fishing as long as the beavers are busy and continue to live near the dam. As soon as they depart for other territory, for some reason the trout also disappear.

Should Remove Dams

As soon as the beavers leave, however, these dams should be ripped out if the fishermen want to do any further trout fishing, he stated, or else they will have to be content with "bobbing" for eels and catfish.

It seems that the pools formed by beaver dams provide a common meeting place for eels and catfish after the beavers move on, and it is no trick to take a washtub full by "bobbing" for them.

All one needs to go "bobbing" is a heavy rod, a stout line, a needle, plenty of heavy thread and a big can of night crawlers. No hooks are used at all; the night crawlers are just sewed together until they form a mass or ball about as large as one's fist.

This is dropped into the pool, allowed to remain on bottom until the eels or catfish gather around it feasting on the night crawlers. It is then lifted slowly to the surface and the eels or catfish shaken off in a tub or basket. This performance is repeated until everyone has his limit.

—Philadelphia Inquirer

SPORTSMEN'S CORNER

By ROD GUNN

Max Hoaster, former city bookkeeper and now holding down a responsible position in a war industry at Bay City, Michigan, is an ardent fisherman.

Max may be good at fishing, but in the opinion of city hall employes who received a letter from the affable Max, he is a candidate for the Liar's Club. Oh, well, what fisherman does tell the truth 100 per cent of the time?

We all know that fishing is good out Michigan way. But whether it is as good as Max says it is, can be disputed.

We wonder if Max could keep a straight face when he told this one:

"I was fishing in a lake near my home the other day and had a tremendous strike. After a terrific struggle (which I won, as usual) I reeled in a 42-pound pike. Inside the pike was an 18-inch bass. Inside the bass was a 12-inch perch. Inside the perch was a bottle of alka seltzer."

Now what would a perch be doing with a bottle of alka seltzer?

H. B. Wagner, Jr., well known local fisherman who in the past has contributed many important articles to the Corner has gone further afield.

In the December issue of PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, official publication of the State Fish Commission, is a feature article on the analysis of trouting by Mr. Wagner. The story is captioned, "What Lure?"

The local angler in his story describes the conditions under which it is best to use various types of live and artificial bait in trout fishing. The ideas he expressed were previously furnished by him and published in this column.

It was also noted in the ANGLER, that Alex Sweigert, its editor, has joined Uncle Sam's Army. Alex, a former track star at Franklin and Marshall College, is a crack shot with a rifle. A Jap or Nazi who finds himself in Alex's sights will be a sure goner.

—Lebanon Daily News

(Continued on Next Page)

WITH ROD AND LINE

By CLYDE ROLLER

One of the more baffling occurrenees of nature, the annual migration of eels from fresh water streams to the salt water for their spawning period, has been on the schedule in recent weeks and is perhaps now about at an end for the year as far as this section is concerned. The downstream movement of the eels usually gets under way about the time Fall weather begins and eool rains cause a rise in stream levels.

It is believed that eels, which are to be found only on the eastern seaboard of the United States, in Canada and in the British Isles, concentrate at some point in the ocean near the West Indies after their departure from fresh water and that this place serves as a spawning site, after which the young eels go to the same fresh water streams from which the parents came the preceding Fall.

The period during which the adult eels move down the streams to salt water in the Fall can be quite a productive one for persons who have eel racks, a number of whieh are to be found in the Susquehanna River and the Juniata River in this vicinity, as the eels ean sometimes be caught in large numbers at that time. Frank Sanda, fish warden for Dauphin and Lebanon Counties, was telling us this week, however, that not as many racks are being operated in the Susquehanna near Harrisburg this year as have been in use in some years.

"I was checking on the number of eel racks earlier this week," the warden said, "and I learned that along a section of the river about ten miles in length, on which twelve or more racks were operated last year, only two or three were being used this Fall. There have probably been two main reasons for the reduction. First, war industries have furnished so much work that fellows who in other years might have operated racks are likely kept busier than usual now in producing materials required in the war, and secondly, it seems that the water has been high so much this year that some of the owners didn't get their racks in working order. As a means of guiding the eels into the racks as they come down stream, walls made of stones are built, extending upstream at an angle from either side of the rack in such a manner as to form sort of a V. Each of the walls is perhaps fifty feet or more in length, so unless the water is low enough to permit freedom of movement, building such a device is quite a task. Naturally, a person employed long hours in some war industry would probably have little opportunity to arrange such a set-up for catching eels.

"Some years you might find a number of men in this section earning two or three hundred dollars or more with their racks during the downstream migration of the eels. The eels travel at night and I have seen a catch of a half-ton of eels made in one night at one of the racks. When you consider that the eels are sold for as much as twenty or twenty-five cents a pound you can realize that a person who operates a well placed and well constructed eel rack under favorable conditions is likely to have quite a business during the run, which may extend over a period of several weeks. Stores, markets and individuals provide customers for the operator. A special license permitting the use of eel racks is issued by the State of Pennsylvania, this license costing $1."

Apparently not all the eels in a stream make the trip to salt water in the Fall. Several power dams in the Susquehanna River below Harrisburg are barriers in the path of the eels trying to ascend the stream in the Sping on the way from the spawning site but these fish are not readily turned back by such obstacles.

Sanda tells of having been at the Holtwood Dam on the Susquehanna River one Spring about seven years ago when the eels were making their upstream surge.

"You should have seen them," he says. "Below the dam were not just millions, but billions, of young eels. The face of the Holtwood Dam is sixty-four feet high but on that occasion there was enough water coming over the top to moisten the surface of it and the little eels went up and over to continue on their way.

"If the surface of such a barrier is wet the eels can get over it," Sanda pointed out, "but if it is dry some other route is required."

— Harrisburg Evening News

FIELD AND STREAM

By R. E. ANGST

When New York State started its program for the purchase of public fishing waters the Legislature set aside $100,000 from tax money to start the program. Since that time $350,000 additional of tax money was used for stream purchases. In Pennsylvania the anglers last year requested the Legislature to let them tax themselves an additional fifty cents per angler to start a program of stream purchasing and improvement. They were turned down by the defeat of the bill. That same bill will come up again this year. If defeated it will come up again. The anglers will never let it die. But why in the world does anyone want to vote against a measure wherein a group of people want to tax themselves for their own improvement?

Let's see what New York gained when it started its stream land purchase program. And remember in New York it is done with the taxpayers' money, not with fishing license money.

First, the Commission buys from the landowners 66 feet of worthless land on each side of the stream, paying about $440 per mile for the land. That's money the farmer gets, handed to him on a platter, for doing nothing that he didn't do before. He simply lets the anglers fish in the stream that runs through his property.

Second, the Commission provides well posted and marked routes so that anglers can reach the stream without spoiling the farmer's crops or otherwise trespassing on his property.

Third, where desirable and necessary to provide parking, camping and picnicking locations the Commission bought convenient land areas for the purpose. These were opened to the public, be they anglers or not.

Fourth, at a cost of about $100 per mile stream improvements were undertaken to hold the streams in their banks in flood times. This work also prevents erosion and has reclaimed much adjoining land for the farmers. So much so that many farmers, after seeing the work done on other pieces of land, begged the Commission to buy their land. This stream purchase and improvement program has been approved by the Grange in New York State.

Fifth, stream improvements already made include the walling in of springs and spring runs, bank cribbings and deflectors, temperature raising measures, and flood control.

Farmers and Anglers, do you want such a program started in Pennsylvania? And remember, it will be started and carried out at no cost to any tax-payer in the state. If you want it see to it that your representatives at Harrisburg, when the new Legislature meets, vote for the increase in the fishing license fees of fifty cents, earmarked for land purchases and stream improvements.

—Lansford Record

OUTDOORS CALLING

By BILL WOLF

Imagination Larger Than Eyes

Did you ever sit down to a meal, certain that you were hungry enough to eat everything on the table, only to discover that your eyes were bigger than your stomach?

It's much the same way with fishing, except that you find that your imagination usually is much larger than your eyes.

There is something about the size of a fish in the water that distorts the perceptory faculties of each angler. Perhaps it is the flash of the side of the fish with its reflected gleam that makes the fish look much larger than it is.

Whatever the cause, you can put a pinch of salt on every tale of the large ones that get away. For evidence, consider this unusual experience of James F. Casey, 6111 McMahon St., Philadelphia:

"After a number of years of angling in fresh water," Casey writes, "I have just found out how it is that the biggest ones always get away.

"A month ago, fishing minnow with a fly rod, I hooked into a bass which I swear went 18 inches. After a terrific battle in and out of the water he headed into a mass of tree roots under the bank, fouled the leader, snapped it and made off, much to my chagrin.

"Saturday last, at the same spot, I hooked into one and, after a lesser battle and with a sturdier rod, I landed him. After surveying he proved a good 13 inches.

"Upon cleaning him I discovered in his mouth the very hook which I had previously lost, so I reached the conclusion that he must be the same fish and that he was practically wasting away from the worry of that hook in his mouth."

Further proof. There is a case where imagination added five inches to the actual length of the fish and such instances must be common. Those lovely big fish that get away become magnified in the loser's mind.

In some cases, a convenient memory enables anglers to add a few inches to the size of the fish they catch. This is known as the elastic memory. Store clerks in particular have to listen politely to stories of large fish caught by patrons.

We know one former clerk who had a way to whittle down exaggerations. When someone glibly told him of a 28-inch large-mouth bass caught in the Delaware, he would ask the angler why he hadn't tried to get it accepted as a world record for northern waters.

We don't know the figures offhand, but if a 22-inch large-mouth bass weighs around seven pounds, then a 28-inch one would be tremendous.

There is another angle to this size question: Fish quietly resting in the water always look smaller than they actually are. This is due to the streamlining of their bodies and to protect coloration.

Consequently, if you see a trout that looks as if it might run 20 inches as it rests in the current, add a couple of inches in the reports you carry home about the big one you saw.

—Philadelphia Record

THE SPORTMEN'S CORNER

By DICK FORTNEY

When next summer comes around I'm going to drive up to Troy, Pa., some July morning, knock on the door at 120 Railroad Avenue, and ask a fellow named Al Tubbs to go bass fishing with me.

I don't know whether Mr. Tubbs is old or young, or fat or skinny; or whether he smokes ten-cent cigars or an old black pipe; or whether he is addicted to limburger sandwiches.

But this much is known: He likes fishing well enough to go to his favorite stream the last day of the season; he thinks any bass shorter than 14 inches is too small to kill—and he has expressed the hope to meet me along a trout or bass stream some day.

Fishing in November

I got to know Mr. Tubbs via the U. S. mails because a couple of weeks ago the statement was made in this column that November bass fishing had been pretty poor. It might have been for some anglers, but it certainly was not for him.

Mr. Tubbs keeps a diary of his fishing trips, and from the pages of that interesting volume he set down some figures on fishing in October and November that are eye-openers.

He also disclosed some of the secrets of late season bass angling, and at my request he has consented to let all of you share his letter to me.

Catches at Wyalusing

His angling was done in the north branch of the Susquehanna River in the vicinity of Wyalusing. Here is the record:

Oct. 11—Six black bass and two yellow bass (walleyed pike, or salmon) that together weighed 18½ pounds.

Oct. 25—Six black bass and two yellow bass weighing a total of 17 pounds.

Nov. 1—In two and a half hours of fishing, three black bass from 17½ to 18 inches in length and two yellow bass, one 17 inches and one 18½ inches long.

Nov. 8—In four hours of angling, one black bass 16 inches long and another 17 inches in length and three yellow bass, the smallest 18 inches in length and the biggest 24½ inches.

Nov. 11—Two hours of fishing produced one black bass 16 inches long, two each 14½ inches long, and a yellow bass 19½ inches.

One That Got Away

Mr. Tubbs has his bad moments, too. For instance:

"Nov. 1 I hooked the granddaddy of all yellow bass. This fellow was not less than three feet long, and for about ten minutes I had the time of my life trying to handle him on a five and a half ounce fly rod. The hook pulled loose finally."

All of the fish on this October-November list, he explained, were taken on a fly rod, and the lures were miniature plugs weighing from an eighth to a twentieth of an ounce. The smaller and lighter they are, the better, Mr. Tubbs explains, and to this end he removed the original, oversized hooks from the plugs and attached in their place No. 8 fly hooks.

He Wears Them Out

You have to admit that handling a yellow bass 24½ inches long on a light fly rod is a real job, but the Troy angler explains how he does that. He fills his reel with about 300 feet of casting line "to wear them down rather than to give them harsh treatment," as he puts it.

With miniature lures he has found it easy to release bass less than 14 inches long. And he has found the midget plugs decidedly superior to any kind of live bait.

"I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you some time on the Susquehanna or some trout stream," his letter concludes.

It's a date!

—Williamsport Grit

The wise hunter and fisherman is well read.

OUTDOORS

With J. HAMMOND BROWN

Reprint from the Baltimore News-Post

How would you like a mess of fried alewives for breakfast some morning or have the wife serve up half a dozen mussels on the half shell as an appetizer for your evening meal?

I can see all of you shaking your heads. Most of us live too close to the shores of the Chesapeake bay, with its oysters, blue crabs, rockfish and many other species of fine food fishes, to even think of substituting such secondary crops of our adjacent waters as a war-time food supply.

Yet, if the present tendency of the nation's food supply continues, the time may come when the country will be glad to use as food many of the fisheries crops that have been sadly neglected up to now.

Anyhow, the prediction and the request comes officially from the Federal fisheries authorities through Ralph Russell, who is fishery economist for the Fish and Wild Life Service.

Here is the story:

Because of the all-out war effort, the menace of the submarine off our coasts and the divergence of commercial fishermen into war industries, the country's fisheries crop for the present year is off about 15 per cent, and at the same time, because of a meat shortage, the fisheries demand is up by fully a third.

That is why Mr. Russell, speaking for the Government, suggests that it is time for all of us to stop being wasteful and to turn to an almost-untouched fisheries crop, which, although varying as to species in different parts of the country, is to be had for the taking and could, if used, more than make up for the loss in our regular food-fish crop.

Actually, and he is backed up by Charley Jackson, director of the fisheries end of the Fish and Wild Life Service, Mr. Russell states that the falling off in our usual fisheries crop is going to increase as the war progresses.

More of our commercial fishermen will seek employment in other fields and more and more of our fishing vessels will be taken over by the Government for use in the war effort. As we must have a continuance of a fish crop for health reasons and as an offset to the meat shortage, Mr. Russell declares we must turn to neglected fishery crops.

In the Maryland sector and elsewhere along the coast, Mr. Russell points to the alewife and the mussel as a splendid substitute. He contends that, properly prepared, both are not only a splendid food from a health standpoint, but are quite appetizing.

Here in Maryland the croaker or hardhead is a recognized food fish of good quality, but it is stated that this fine and plentiful species goes to waste in many other sectors along the coast.

In certain sections of the South the mullet is recognized as a good table fish but entirely neglected, except as a bait fish, throughout most of its habitat.

The carp, the sucker, the whiting, the buffalo fish, the sheepshead all are used in some sections and completely neglected in others. Having an abundance of oysters and clams, the mussel is quite neglected in this country, although a prized article of food in Europe.

There are many reasons why this great supply of fisheries crops have been neglected in this country, according to Mr. Russell. He declares that some of them are plain silly, some pure and utter prejudice, some merely because of honest ignorance. He further declares that we should not let such food resources, at a time like the present, virtually go to waste because of false notions that have never been challenged.

There you have it, boys.

If this war continues for very much longer, whether you like it or not, you may find yourself eating alewives for breakfast instead of salted mackerel, and glad to get them.

Mr. Russell may be perfectly right about those mussels, but I am afraid most of us are quite willing to see that our share is shipped over to Europe, where they are supposed to like them. But don't be too sure; some day we might be glad to get a mess of them.

J. Hammond Brown is president of The Outdoor Writers Association of America.

FIELD AND STREAM

By R. E. ANGST

Many Pennsylvania anglers have an idea that the trout and bass grow much bigger in New Jersey than they do here. It is true that New Jersey has a seven-inch size limit and stocks fairly large trout. They put these fish in their three main streams sometimes twice a week during the season. This makes for good fishing if one cares for that type. It is on the same order as Pennsylvania's opening day fishing, or the Fishermen's Paradise fishing. More power to those who like it, but we have found in our experience that the real anglers, the fly fishing addicts, steer pretty well clear of that kind of angling. Be that as it may, there are many native anglers who wish they could go to New Jersey to catch big fish. Just to set their hearts at rest we want to give the weights of fish entered in New Jersey's main fresh water fishing contest.

The Governor's New Jersey Fishing Contest attracts contestants in the State who catch prize-winning fish. At the present time, the following are the largest fish entered in the Governor's contest: Rainbow trout, 4 pounds 8 ounces, and a runner-up of 3 pounds 6 ounces, brown trout, 3 pounds, 12 ounces; brook trout, 3 pounds 2 ounces; bass, 7 pounds 2 ounces; and bluegills, 15 ounces.

Now, with the exception of the bluegill, those figures are not the indication of large fish as fishing contests go. In New York State out of Rye Lake they already have more than one brownie that will go 10 pounds or better. In Pennsylvania out of Lake Wallenpaupack they take annually brown trout twice the size of the New Jersey prize winner. At the Spring Creek Project in Pennsylvania, brownies of 3½ pounds wouldn't even be entered in a fishing contest, and it takes rainbows of better than 5 pounds for a chance at any prizes. As for bass in Pennsylvania, a man took a 7 pound 10 ounce bass in Stilwater Dam and didn't even measure it for a contest because he felt it was too small.

In the brook trout class New Jersey may have something. A brook trout of 3 pounds 2 ounces is a real trout. When it is taken into consideration that these late season trout in New Jersey nearly all are full of spawn the fish may shrink considerably in length. It will, therefore, be seen that New Jersey isn't even in Pennsylvania's class when it comes to recording large fresh water fish taken from native waters. And when one considers that in Pennsylvania such fish can be taken in dozens of streams whereas over there they have only three main streams, it becomes ridiculous to compare Pennsylvania's fishing with that of New Jersey.

—Tamaqua Courier

"The Truth About the Izaak Walton League"

No state in the Union has put down in black and white the rights of the fisherman, camper and canoeist on public waters! This startling bit of information is only one of many little known but important facts set forth in the Harold Titus feature article, "The Truth About the Izaak Walton League," in the January issue of *Field & Stream*.

To secure a definition of the public's rights on the nation's waters is one of the League's current objectives, the article continues, pointing out that the attainment of this objective may involve more years of struggle even than the League's long-cherished goal of unpolluted waters throughout the land. But Titus leaves no doubts as to the intentions of the Izaak Walton League to see the fight through to a finish, just as it has fought the pollution battle for more than two decades.

Another type of war has now called for a partial armistice in the pollution war, the article concedes, but the League will take the offensive again at the proper time. In the meantime it is maintaining the closest liaison with the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service to prevent any unnecessary additional destruction of our aquatic resources by new and expanding war industries. Often, the combined efforts of these two groups have not only served to prevent new sources of pollution but have demonstrated how the pollutants can be turned into profit to the industry rather than loss to the people.

Another activity which the League is currently pushing is the creation of a revolving fund for land purchases, not purchases for the League itself, but of properties that will be turned over to federal agencies for public use. "Time and again," Titus writes, "private ownership of a key description in some national forest, park or refuge has held up or permanently blocked the best type of development. If the Waltonians can create a fund of sufficient size, the plan is to volunteer to go to bat for any public bureau that may be in need of such aid, make the buy and later sell to the government. If the sale is at a loss, the (League) directors have agreed, that'll be all to the good. The object will not be to keep the fund intact but to save key spots from loss to you and me for all time.

"There's never been anything like it," Titus continues; "Never before has a group of outdoorsmen and women, organized on a national basis, fought so consistently and so valiantly for ends which were wholly unselfish and, without exception, sound. And possibly the most remarkable factor in the League's entire history is that today, after its long period of service, it is stronger, healthier, more vigorous and potent than it ever was before . . ."

Titus traces the birth and growth of the Izaak Walton League from the time that 54 farsighted and apprehensive anglers met at the Chicago Athletic Club 21 years ago to talk over the alarming state of affairs that existed after the World War. He names a few of the "54," including Fred Peet and Dr. Preston Bradley of Illinois, Griff and Tom Jones from Wisconsin, Guy Guernsey from Michigan, Charlie Lucke from New York, Hopkins from Alaska, Schwab of Pennsylvania and Martinez of California, to emphasize the geographical representation in the gathering.

Before these 54 "minute men of conservation" adjourned, the Izaak Walton League of America was formed to defend the nation's woods, waters and wildlife, and Will Dilg was named its first president.

All was not smooth sailing, however, according to the *Field & Stream* account, which points out, "Many a graying head will shake at memories of debate, dispute and threatened schism. These happenings are inherent in any newly formed group and while they occupied their share of time and emotion, the item to remember is that the League survived them, learned from them, very likely was tempered and fitted by them."

Titus also delves into the histories and personalities of some of the League's founders from Will Dilg and Emerson Hough to Ivar Hennings, present national president, and Ken Reid, its executive secretary.

The list of accomplishments chalked up to the credit of the Izaak Walton League during this period from the days of Dilg and Hough to Hennings and Reid will probably prove a surprise to many sportsmen who are prone to take for granted many of the forward strides in conservation made in the last generation. In this *Field & Stream* account they will be reminded that many of these accomplishments might never have become realities except for the Izaak Walton League of America.

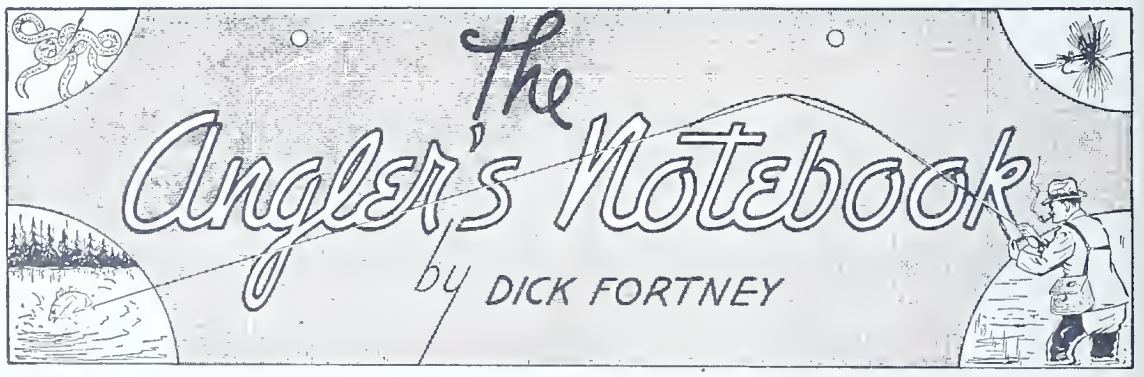
FALSE PARADISE

I think it would be very nice
To go and fish in Paradise;
To play big trout on bending rod,
And lift my eyes in praise to God.
But fishing as I do with bait
I am barred out the pearly gate;
But not my money—it goes in
While wider grows the purist's grin.

I pay for him, he laughs at me;
I stand condemned for all to see,
Because I use a garden hackle
The wardens glare at all my tackle.
And so I leave in sorry plight
Because I have not lived just right;
And a million others go with me,
Who cannot fish, but pay the fee.

How sad to be a bait heretic,
Though Izaak Walton turned the trick;
He loved to wipe the purist's eye
With fontinalis; and SO DO I!
But never will I bow the knee
To fly-man's rules—'twere heresy!
I'll stay outside such pearly gate—
Real Paradise has room for bait.

—Rev. Lester B. Lutz



IT ISN'T time yet to write the obituary of the bait angler.

Last spring a lot of fellows, most of them bait fishermen themselves, moaned that their angling was all washed up because the state of Pennsylvania finally had cracked down and put an end to the nefarious work of bait dealers who were stripping bass and trout streams of their natural food supplies, principally helgramites, minnows, and stone-catfish.

"How does the state expect us to fish?" was a typical wail.

And the anglers worked out the answer for themselves.

Some of them kept right on using bait, but they had to get it for themselves. Others turned to artificial lures. Instances of bait bootlegging were so widely scattered that they are scarcely worth mentioning. And a lot fewer fish had to go hungry.

The Fish Commission, in the first place, didn't intend to outlaw the sport of bait fishing. It theorized—and the facts now show the deduction was correct—that if a fisherman had to get his own supply of bait he would be more conservative in its use; that he would not, for one thing, get more bait than he figured he could use.

I know a fellow in Lycoming County who boasted that in a single season he sold as much as $80 worth of helgramites alone—which means quite a few "clippers" at the market rate of 35 cents a dozen. I know, also, some of the spots where he netted his bait, and I know, too, that those spots haven't produced a legal-sized bass in years.

He was a good sport. It's a fact that he did not sell a single piece of bait all last season, although it is known that some lazy sportsmen offered him as much as a dollar a dozen for choice helgramites.

It didn't take the angler long, at the same time, to learn that he can get his own bait without too much time and labor.

Four of us made an experiment one morning on a popular bass stream. In a single riffle not more than 25 feet in length, using a net to trap the helgramites that were swept away from overturned rocks, we picked up exactly eight dozen helgramites in one hour.

While many bait anglers went out on the streams and got their own bait, just as many others relied on artificial lures. And I bet that if the ban on selling bait should be repealed next season, most of these anglers would stick to their new sport.

In the vicinity of Williamsport, where organized sportsmen each year offer fine prizes for the largest bass, it was interesting to note that the three largest bass taken during July were caught on artificial lures. One was taken on a surface plug, another on a deep-running plug, and the third on a deer-hair bassbug. Not one bass taken on bait was entered in the competition, in fact.

So it seems pretty clear, surveying the past season from the safe position of December, that it's not yet time to write the obituary of the bait fisherman in Pennsylvania. The fact remains that the increasing popularity of fly and plug fishing in Pennsylvania will save a certain amount of food for the consumption of the fish.

BUT HE'S FAR FROM A LEMON

The Eskimo can't read or write,
His table ways are not polite;
Yet favored he appears to be
Beyond the likes of you and me;
For when he wants a piece of ice
He doesn't stop and ask the price;
He does not have to wait at all
But ehops it from the parlor wall.

—*Washington Star.*

The trouble is, the only time some of us can see any sense in saving money is when we haven't any!

History keeps right on repeating itself, while stupid statesmen act as though they expeeted it to do something different.

Before Christmas Santa Claus is generally pictured carrying a large bag. After Christmas, dad is left holding it.



HARD-LUCK HARRY or SCIENCE vs. LUCK

Continued from Page 11

is home and he told the story, Harry's wife not nly did not believe the story but she mentioned omething about not believing we were fishing. figured this was a good time for me to head for ıy home and get ready to attend that outing.

"Another time, we went to the Poconos trout shing. We decided upon one of those semi-rivate streams, where you have to buy your inner at the lodge to get a permit to fish. Harry elected to try his luck with some worms, hile I plied the stream with flies. We fished or several hours and caught a few trout only wo of which we thought enough of to creel. Then e decided to go back to the lodge and have inner.

"Before entering the lodge, we stood our rods p against the side of the building. We had just ashed our hands and were ready to sit down to at, when quite a commotion started right out-de the door.

"Somewhat concerned about our rods, we decided we should investigate. Upon investigation, we found that Harry had forgotten to remove the worm from the hook and one of the lodge-keeper's chickens had come along and swallowed it.

"If you have never seen a scared Rhode Island Red hen on one end of a fly line and an excited fisherman on the other, you have missed one of life's most amusing spectacles. Yes, Harry had to buy the chicken.

"So, we came home from a trout fishing trip with a chicken. To which Harry's wife remarked: 'I have suspected for a long time there was a chicken mixed up in this fishing business somewhere.'

"No, normally, I do not believe in luck, but where Harry is concerned I am willing to accept the whole superstitious lot; bad-luck, jinxes, hobgoblins, devils, etc. There are some things that still remain a mystery to science," concluded Al.

"I want a box of cigars, please."
"Yes, madam, a strong cigar?"
"Oh, yes, my husband bites them terribly!"

THE ANGLER'S WORKSHOP

A Useful Stream Gadget

By SOL FARIO

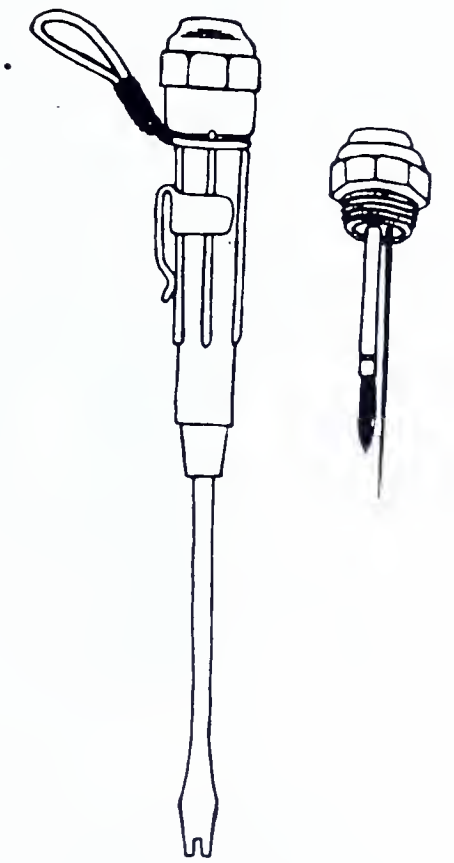
One gets fed up, after a while, with punching dried gut or shellac out of the eye of a fly with the point of another hook, to say nothing of the damage frequently done to the other fly. A small stiletto does the work much more efficiently, so why not carry one?

While you are about it, you can just as well make a combination gadget, which will serve several other useful purposes. I made up one like this for myself, and have since duplicated it for several friends.

In the dime stores they handle a little screwdriver, for a nickel, which has a plastic handle, topped with a hollow plastic head, the purpose being to use the inside space to hold smaller screwdrivers.

Fill this head with melted solder, and set into it while hot an aluminum shank camel's hair brush out of your wife's nail polish bottle. Alongside set a thin needle about the same length. The hollow handle holds dry-fly oil and this also keeps the stiletto from rusting. The lead in the cap gives weight enough to make the gadget available as a light "priest," and a notch filed in the end of the screwdriver turns it into a hook disgorger without interfering with its functions as a reel screwdriver and pipe scraper.

A pencil clip is a good addition, so that it will not slip out of the pocket, yet be easily found when wanted. A good precaution against loss is a short lanyard with a loop to go over a button, spliced around the handle in a groove filed to accommodate it. It should, of course, be longer than shown in illustration.



Bad ink is better than the best memory.

One hour today is worth two tomorrow.

Apology is only egotism wrong side out.

Gossip is the mother-in-law of invention.



RED EYE LEARNS A LESSON

(*Continued from page 4*)

Did it think it could share with him the tidbits that the current carried down, or perhaps even that it could drive him from this pool over which he had ruled supreme for many a summer?

Red Eye and his species had a remedy for such boldness.

This creature must die!

Even while he was reasoning his course Red Eye had turned his body into position for flashing action. He had learned through the years to coordinate his mind and his fighting fin, now holding its pointed lances stiffly erect, in a flash. Often he had relied upon this inherent skill to fill his belly when other inhabitants of the creek had gone hungry and disappointed.

Like a ghostly, green shadow his great body shot out from under the rock. Like an arrow straight toward its target he sped in pursuit of this arrogant intruder in his domain.

There, it halted just an instant, and Red Eye thought all his exertions would be for nought. Perhaps it was not defiant after all, but only a simple-minded minnow that had not yet learned to keep out of harm's way in its feeding around the stream.

But the intruder had not given up. It started away again, with even greater speed this time, and Red Eye, who had slowed down for an instant, was forced to extend himself to cut down the distance.

He was only his own length behind the creature now, and the twisting of its body and the wobbling of its tail infuriated him.

Not even slowing his speed, he curved off slightly to one side, threw his body around with a hard thrust of his tail, and with jaws gaping wide open smashed into the side of the quarry.

This maneuver never had failed before; it did not even occur to Red Eye that it might fail with this new kind of prey.

But his jaws clamped down on something that would not yield to the pressure of his file-like teeth, and at the instant he would have dived heavily toward the bottom with his victim in his jaws, his head was jerked upward, flinging his whole body off balance, and he felt his jaw held in a vise-like grip.

Automatically he reverted to his own defense.

He threw his body in crazy contortions from side to side to shake off the restraint that would not relax. Gripping the water firmly with his tail, he hurled his whole body end over end.

Still the grip held fast.

The speed of his chase, the burst of strength which he had put into his first struggle left Red Eye gasping. His mind whirled.

He let his body sink down into the depths of the stream. While strength flowed back into his muscles he fought down a wave of panic that swept over him and coolly calculated his chances for freedom.

Like a flash he knew what he must do!

He would hurl his fine body up and out of the water into the air above. Instinctively he felt this now was his only chance for liberty. That sudden, crashing shock, he hoped, would shake off the thing so persistently clinging to his head.

From the very bottom of the pool his racing climb through the water began. He drained the last ounce of his energy into his mighty muscles as the thinning water told him he was near the top.

And as he burst through the surface he sent his body into a spinning twist, shaking his head savagely from side to side, then darting back into the water as his body slapped down on the surface on one of its broad sides.

He was free!

The restraint had left. No longer could he see the greenish terror clinging to his jaw.

He was tired and bewildered. Quickly he sought again the shelter of his rocky home, easing back into the farthest nook, where in the darkness and cool water he could regain his strength.

He had need to collect his wits.

. . . . . .

On a gravel bar at the creek side, 50 feet from the rocky home of Red Eye, stood two men—one gray-haired and seamy-faced, the other a mere youngster.

"That jointed plug usually has what it takes to excite the big bass," the older man was saying. "I just knew, somehow, that there was a nice fish under that rock way out there, but I figured he would be lazy and would need some prodding to get him into action."

"Is that why you cast again and again to the very same spot, even when you saw no sign of life?" the youngster inquired.

"That's right," replied his companion. "Bass are well fed these warm summer days. Just offering them something to eat isn't enough. You must remember that bass are fighting fish, and work on that principle. That big fellow wasn't hungry, I'd bet, but he just couldn't restrain

himself when that plug flicked its tail in his face a couple of times. He tried to kill it. He probably had no idea at all of eating it."

"You stopped the plug when he was almost on top of it." the younger man went on. "Why was that?"

The old man smiled.

"I've seen many a bass turn away from a plug when it was retrieved steadily," he explained. "I think that they discover the fraud just in following the lure. But nine times out of ten a plug that is stopped suddenly for a second or two will make the bass think its prey has surrendered, and then when the plug starts moving away again the bass strikes hard to prevent its escape."

The youngster grinned in appreciation of this lore.

"Too bad you didn't hold him," he consoled his companion.

"Too bad?" came the mild rebuke. "Not at all. I made him hit the plug when I wanted him to, didn't I? He'll live under that rock for a long time yet, I hope, and maybe I can fool him again.

"Don't ever forget, my boy, that a dead bass is just another fish, while a live bass is a creature that has brains enough any day of the week to give a fisherman a run for his money!"

TYING DRAKE FLIES

(*Continued from Page 6*)

water the sternal appendage dipped at an acute angle and filled with water which of course added to the weight and caused the fly to sink. Successive casts added to the weight because from repeated dunkings the wings and hackles finally became waterlogged and the fly would only wend its way to the bottom of the stream where no well-behaved dry fly should be seen. To my mind the extended body is a beautiful piece of workmanship to behold but is an abomination to the luckless fellow who has been fooled into the idea that they will attract more fish.

We quite frequently use large cream colored bi-visibles in a size 8 when the drake flies are on the water and the truth is that they take as many fish as any of the fancy patterns. There is however, a certain thrill to watching a well-balanced fan-winged fly bobbing cockily, with wings erect over the water. The regular fan-winged type of fly, I believe is the answer to the perfect drake imitation. These flies correctly tied float well and ride the water on an even keel, thereby giving the impression to the fish of the natural insect exuding its eggs. For these reasons the fly fisherman wishing to purchase drake flies will do well to give the regular fan-winged, straight-bodied flies a try before trying any of the fancy patterns that are sure to spell disaster and evoke outbursts of unnecessary profanity.

Let us discuss for the moment the materials that go into the manufacture of a serviceable fan-winged imitation of the green drake and the procedure for tying it.

Place the hook, preferably a number 8 medium long shank in the vise and proceed to wax a length of tying silk, which is wound over the shank of the hook several times to form a foundation. Select two small ginger hackles and remove the barbs. Make sure the hackles are small enough that they will not interfere with the hooking qualities of the finished fly. Some fly tyers prefer to use several strands of fiber from the tail feather of a cock pheasant for the reason that they are softer. Bind the tail stylets to the bend of the hook as shown at Fig. I "a" of the accompanying illustration. Carry the tying silk forward to the point where the wings are to be attached, and fasten with a half hitch, or hold in position with the hackle pliers.

Now select a pair of mallard duck feathers, matching them so as to have uniform size and curvature. These feathers should be dyed a pale lemon yellow color. Hold the matched wings, convex sides together, between the thumb and index finger of the left hand and straddle the center ribs over the hook. Taking the tying silk in the right hand securely lash the wings into place by cross tying as illustrated in Fig. I "b." Bend the butts of the feathers back along the hook and bind them firmly into place, permanently securing them with a liberal application of cement. A bit of cement around and between the wings will help to make them more durable. Now carry the tying silk again to the bend of the hook and fasten in the body material at the point where the tail stylets were fastened. Although fur may be used cream-colored silk will answer the purpose quite well. Again carry the tying silk to a point back of the wings and with the body material build up a neatly tapered body extending close up behind the wings. At this point attach two hackles of size to compare with the hook being used, and bind them both in front and back of the wings in the usual manner. Complete the head with the whip finish and a spot of cement.

Delving deeper into the use of various materials that are being used in the making of these flies, the writer has tried celluloid, porcupine quills, raffia, rubber and about everything that came to mind with the result that either a plain silk or fur body gave exceedingly fine results. Fur bodied flies are preferred by the writer, but to tie them commercially would make them rather expensive, because of the time involved in tying them. That is the reason more of these flies are not seen on the market. However since the average fisherman is tying his own, one can very easily tie enough in an evening to take care of several days of strenuous fishing. Assuming that some of our readers may not be acquainted with the spinning of fur bodies, a few words on their construction may prove helpful.

From a piece of cream colored Australian opossum fur or other fur dyed a cream color, clip enough fur to build up the body and spread it in an even line across the palm of the left hand. Next lay a piece of well waxed yellow tying silk over the fur and roll the fur and silk with the heel of the right hand until the fur is matted to the silk. Care must be taken lest too much fur is used, which will cause a large bulky body (the trouble with many fur bodied flies). Experience alone will teach you how much fur to use for a fly of given size. Fasten one end of the fur covered silk to the bend of the hook and carry the tying silk up back of the wings. Apply a liberal coat of cement along the entire length where the body is to be wrapped, and proceed to wrap the body in the same manner in which the regular silk body is tied, with the exception that the fur covered silk should be twisted continuously as it is being applied to the hook. This motion has a tendency to bind the fur tighter to the hook and makes a much more durable job. The fur can be secured still more firmly, if the tyer chooses, by tying in a piece of very fine gold wire at the same time the body material is fastened to the hook. This wire is then wrapped over the body and in opposite direction to which the body was wrapped. About four turns of wire will suffice.

Drake fly season is by no means confined to the floating of large imitations over the surface of the water for a few scant hours in the evening and after dark, for this is the only time the drakes appear in numbers sufficient to interest the trout in them. For the angler who enjoys fishing wet flies it is then that there is a lot of fun in store for him. Trout are unusually active at this season of the year, and during the daylight hours from daylight until the evening hatch commences they will be noticed feeding on sub-surface food. You will likely have noticed them doing all sorts of acrobatics, from summersaulting to standing on their heads. All this show of calisthenics is caused by the fact that the nymphs of several different aquatic insects that emerge at this time of year have become active and interest the trout for the time being. Nymphs and wet flies will prove their worth during this period. I have pictured several patterns of nymphs and wet flies that have proved their worth at this particular season of year. The illustration shows the likeness of the nymph of the green drake. The body of this nymph is cream color and the tail stylets and legs a pale buff color. A light cahill fly will work well at times when these nymphs are active. After the nymph has risen to the surface of the water and cast the nymphal shuck or casing, this covering floats away. Upon examination it will appear to be of a dark gray color. This is due to the fact that the colored body is no longer present and you are looking at the empty casing, which may be misleading.

A pattern of fly that was originated on Penn's creek for just such an occasion is the fly known in Centre county and the Penn's creek territory as the Beck's spinner. This fly tied on a number ten hook, should be tied as follows: Tail, ginger; Wings, light gray; Hackles, ginger; Body, cotton cord dyed a pale yellow and tied over a darker base in such a manner that the cord is separated enough to allow segments of the dark base to show.

Another good pattern of wet fly to have in readiness on our local streams at this season is the Leadwing coachman. This fly is tied exactly like the regular coachman fly excepting that the lead-colored wings replace the white wings of the standard coachman fly, and the tyer may substitute a lighter color of hackle if it seems necessary. If the hackle is to be substituted I would suggest using a buff color. This fly known as Isonychia, usually emerges just about dusk and the attention of the trout is often diverted between these flies and the drakes.

Very often, on south central Pennsylvania streams a hatch of beaverkills and one of the small pale evening duns will appear at the same time the larger flies are on the water and surprisingly enough the trout will feed on them to the exclusion of all others.

Last season, fishing a stretch of water that held many large trout, with the Editor fishing within easy casting distance and Fred Everett hard by, casting our large imitation drakes to every rising trout without any action to speak of, we determined that the trout were more interested in the small pale evening duns than in the larger species that seemed to be everywhere. After changing to the smaller patterns we commenced to take some trout. Even this action was limited because of a strong wind that sprang up and swept the flies from the water.

So the next time you go to your favorite stream for an evening's fun when the drakes are about to appear, it might be well to remember that the odds are about even that the trout will be as much interested in one of the smaller species that are sure to appear at the same time.

CAN'T BE AVOIDED

Haughty Father: "So you desire to become my son-in-law?"

Rising Young Clerk, frankly: "No, sir, I don't; but if I marry your daughter I don't see how I can get out of it."

FISHING THE MIDGE-ORENO

(*Continued from Page 8*)

ally repeat the process until the lure is at least ten yards from its objective. Continue the return in the usual manner. By far the most strikes will come at the first sign of motion after the initial wait, but don't be caught napping. You'll be surprised at the number of times a bass will come surging up from a stump or rock to smash the plug before you move it the first time. It seems that a hungry bass simply can't stand the suspense of having an unknown live object lie motionless over him.

When used as a semi-surface lure the Midge-Oreno should be retrieved at a very moderate speed. If done properly the plug will seem to glide along, sometimes breaking the surface, at others only an inch or two beneath it. Just exactly what contributes to the effectiveness of this method I don't know. However, it seems to work best in comparatively shallow waters—those lined with grass beds and lily patches. Usually such waters abound with tadpoles and frogs. Perhaps this method of retrieve imitates closely the action of the most abundant local food.

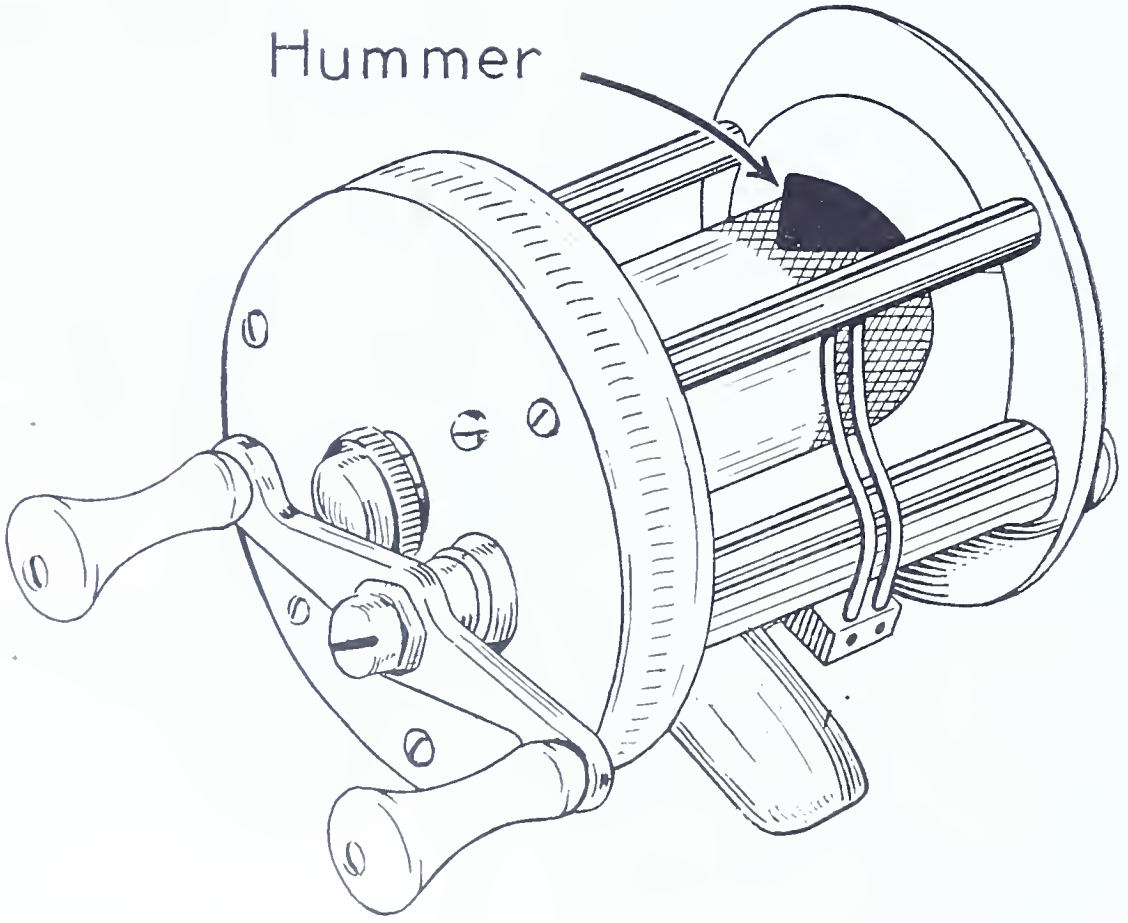
If retrieved fairly rapidly the midges will travel at depths down to three feet, perhaps a bit more. It is possible by varying the speed of the return to regulate plug depth. There is a speed beyond which one cannot go, however. When that critical speed is reached the plug will lose its normal action and come rapidly to the surface. When fishing the flat stretches common to most Pennsylvania creeks it is best to keep the nose of the lure constantly bumping the bottom. One of the nice features of the Midge-Orenos is their freedom from snagging when so maneuvered. Try casting up and across current in a boulder-filled stream. If you can contrive to make the plug reach the widest point in its downstream arch just as it passes the most likely looking boulder, you're in for some fun.

The fourth method is a bit out of the ordinary. Normally the Midge-Orenos run only at moderate depths. When fishing very deep waters it may be desirable to get down beyond this normal plug reach. Next time you plug such waters use the conventional deep-running plugs. After you've exhausted their possibilities put on a Midge-Oreno and ahead of it, just about six inches, attach a light lead. Fish directly downstream and, if possible, perpendicular to the rock structure. A very slow retrieve is necessary, perhaps with occasional raising and lowering of the rod tip. Sometimes it works. When trying this trick be sure to leave enough leader between the weight and the lure so that proper action is maintained.

Sometimes when you strike one of those fishless days, a day when absolutely nothing seems to work, try placing a small spinner ahead of the plug. The Midge-Orenos will work provided the spinner is not too heavy or if you do not attach it directly to the plug. Most commercial spinner plugs are straight runners and this little dodge with the midge gives the spinner effect plus the normal plug action. On the Conodoguinet this past season I saw Charles Crawford, skillful Germantown angler, put a tandem spinner ahead of his favorite Midge-Oreno and catch five bass before anyone discovered his trick. As luck would have it nobody in the group had another spinner of any kind, so all were forced to watch the fun instead of participating in it.

The sum and substance of all this is that the Midge-Orenos are real fish getters and worthy of a place in any man's kit. They are adaptable, responsive, sure hookers and easy to cast and manipulate. They catch fish but they are no cure-all for sloppy casting or unimaginative, mechanical plug slinging.

Well, it seems that I've done enough word casting for the moment. Methinks I hear loud howls of grief from a fellow who wants to prove the worth of his own pet lure. You're next, Sir.



THE AMAZING HUMMER

(*Continued from Page 9*)

be interested in the hummer and gear packing unless he takes a crack at distance tournament casting. But the man or woman, boy or girl who does not have the time or opportunity to become proficient at thumbing will welcome the opportunity to take this royal road to good plugging.

Many a temper can be kept under control, and the air will be full of sailing plugs instead of blue notes on unprintable utterances when the hummer is employed by the beginner. And just a word from the voice of experience. If you take a girl out fishing who is but luke warm to the whole business don't fail to treat the reel she is to use in this manner.

This trick has been a secret of the tournament boys, and a pretty well guarded secret at that. If it can bring a little more fishing pleasure to anglers, and we believe it can, we are delighted to pull it out from under the hat and let the practical fishermen kick it around.

MODERN TROUTING

(*Continued from Page 10*)

hatch was seen on May 18. Between these dates on this particular stream there was usually a hatch of them in the evening if the day was bright and clear.

The most important of all our hatches is the substantial sulphur fly. This is the little yellow fellow, a drake or May fly, which furnishes us most of our late season dry flying. It appears on the Yellow Breeches about May 10 and continues for the remainder of the season. By the time this hatch rolls around the stream is low and clear and 12 feet 4x or 5x leaders are in order. If rising trout are very particular a size 18 imitation is best but very frequently they will take a 16 fly. My favorite imitation is the Pale Evening Dunn although Pale Watery Dunn is an effective fly. Most of my friends use the latter but I like the Pale Evenings because they are made from natural hackle instead of dyed hackles. Two other workable flies are Tupp's Indispensable and Pink Lady.

There are many other aquatic insects besides those mentioned here but at least up to this point the above mentioned predominate in volume and importance as far as the trout and the anglers are concerned in the waters it has been my fortune to fish.

A NEW FISH STORY; FOLLOW THE LEADER TROUT STYLE

C. E. Hagie's last fish story of the season was his best. Helping to clean the fish screens in a reservoir near Jefferson, Col., he found two trout, one dead and both about twelve inches long, fastened together with a fisherman's leader.

Apparently one fish had struck at a fisherman's fly and broken the leader after the hook was imbedded in his jaw. The leader had another fly upon it and a second fish, seeing it trailing behind the first fish, struck and was hooked upon it.

—*New York Herald Tribune*

Bachelor: A man who knows when he receives a Christmas present that he won't have to pay for it later.

THE INDIVIDUAL CONSERVATIONIST

(*Continued from Page 3*)

ments in the way of shelter because the deep pools and heavy riffles provide security for trout. A very good example of this type stream is Spring Creek in Centre County.

Bait fishermen are now going to be targets for a hail of verbal bullets. This is of course only my version of the harm a careless bait fisherman can do and not a personal opinion of him.

Personally, a bait fisherman can be and in many cases is just as good a sport as his fellow angler the fly fisherman. Unfortunately, however, this class of fishermen has some unworthy members. Unworthy because they haven't learned the value of conserving bait which consequently now tends to a rapid decline.

In many instances minnows are taken in great numbers and only a few used while the majority die or are killed unnecessarily. I favor strongly the reduction of the minnow limit to a maximum of twenty. Also, by all means, a fishing party limit should be set. Under the present limit of thirty-five, four men could and in many cases do take one hundred and forty (140) minnows. During the minnow spawning season great care should be taken that egg-bearing ones are not kept or hurt.

Helgramites have been thinned out alarmingly in the last few years due to their popularity as bass bait. In many sections they have become almost as scarce as the American chestnut tree.

Worms, fortunately, have not suffered losses nor are they threatened, due to their environment and fast reproduction.

A "fish-hog" as defined by myself is a common thief who steals not only from his fellow angler but from himself with no feeling of guilt but rather one of triumph. He is a fellow who will take his limit of fish one day, kill all and do the same for as many days as possible thereafter. He makes little or no discriminations as to size or from where the fish come. He definitely is not the person who takes an occasional few trout home to eat. Many times he will practically live on the stream until he has been satisfied that it is cleaned out. His thoughts are not of how many fish will be in the stream in the future but of what now repose in the creel. A person of this type can and does in many instances take seventy-five or a hundred trout a season. Even a water snake could do no more harm.



Rocks, logs, brush, and grass are important in a stream for they support the aquatic life. Least desirable is sand and fine gravel.

What can we do about such a state of affairs? The answer, I believe, lies within ourselves. Any open minded sportsman can see the need for saving our trout and therefore should return as many unharmed trout to the water as possible. He should try to influence persons to his way of thinking on such matters. Once started there is no greater satisfaction than in knowing where that twelve or fourteen inch rainbow lies after having hooked and released him. The idea is to think not about the other fellow coming along to catch the fish but that you are helping him and yourself to have better fishing. Stocking is not the whole answer to more and larger trout but they must be given a chance to grow and propagate naturally. My hat goes off to those sportsmen who do catch and release trout.

Briefly; our stocked trout must he taken care of and thinned out moderately during the early season which will insure enough food for those remaining. The sportsmen must cooperate to maintain an ecologic halance hetween the fish, food, and environment.

An individual conservationist would do well to keep some of the following thoughts in mind.

Timberland is a very important factor in determining the streamflow and therefore should be protected as much as possible. *If possible* the huying of all timherland on stream sources would be advisable. All individuals should protect forest land without hesitation if it lies within their power to do so. One manner in which everyone can help to protect our forests is to PREVENT forest fires. Considering the carelessness with which some people handle fires, cigarettes and matches around forests, I am surprised there are as few fires. Put out those cigarettes, camp fires, and matches *completely* and he conscientious ahout fires while in timberland.

Promote the growth of young trees along streams, especially Willows, for they act as soil hinders, provide fish food indirectly, and in time prohably form cover for trout.

Stream pollution should he hit hard and relentlessly. Report any pollution promptly and be alert for anything which may be a menace to the stream.

Encourage the saving of minnows, crustaceans, and the helgramite.

Planting water cress in hard water is an excellent practice as the cress harbors many small creatures and they in turn furnish food for the larger nymphal forms of aquatic insects. We must have forage in our streams for the fish or all our stocking will be useless. Cows cannot exist in a plowed field and neither can fish survive in the barrens.

Stream improvement should NOT be attempted by a person or persons unless they are supervised by someone who is familiar with the different methods of stream improving. Remember: offer a trout some place of security and he is given one of the essentials of life.

Once the streams have been stocked and given a start it is up to the Pennsylvania sportsmen to take care of them.

Promote and help to make the use of artificials more universal throughout Pennsylvania.

If you have a boy or know one who is genuinely interested in fishing and nature give him a chance to learn the fundamentals of conservation whenever possihle. Boys can do much towards the conserving of our future sport hecause if taught today they will be the good sportsmen of tomorrow.

The destiny of future sport rests in OUR hands so let's join hands and guide its course.

BE AN INDIVIDUAL CONSERVATIONIST.



A choice place in a stream is the pool below a dam or falls. This aeration is important for it not only increases the oxygen content of water but it lowers the temperature. Evaporation is a cooling process.

"Rastus, what kind of chickens do you like best?"

"Well suh, I don't 'zakly know; de white ones is easiest to catch, hut de black ones is easiest to hide."

TO ALL FISHERMEN:

It gives me great pleasure to submit for your consideration some of the accomplishments of your Commission during the year 1942.

Distribution

It is more than gratifying to report that the production and distribution of fish for the year just ended was the most successful in the history of the Commission. The distribution of some species was below that of 1941, but production and distribution of legal size trout and bass reached an all time high. The following is a list of the distribution during 1942:

Species	Size	Number
Trout	7″ to 20″	1,791,614
Trout (fingerling)	1″ to 5″	1,878,725
Bass	1″ to 14″	589,312
Catfish	5″ to 13″	448,251
Bream	3″ to 8″	309,495
Carp	10″ to 20″	138,515
Yellow Perch	3″ to 8″	187,221
Pickerel	7″ to 18″	3,133
Suckers	3″ to 15″	79,200
Frog (Embryo)	—	337,400
Minnows	1½″ to 6″	84,120
Miscellaneous	—	4,548

In addition there were planted 35,000,000 Yellow Perch Fry; 45,820,000 Pike Perch Fry; 31,185,000 White Fish Fry, and 4,545,000 Cisco Fry.

Trout

The distribution of takeable or legal size trout showed a total of 1,791,614, representing a weight of 262 tons. To illustrate the size of these fish:—20.8% were 7 inches, 40.9%—8 inches, 25.9%—9 inches, 6.3%—10 inches, 1.6% —11 inches, 2.7%—12 inches, and 1.8%—13 inches and larger.

Warm Water Fish

The 1942 growing period for Warm Water or Pond Fishes was one having many difficulties. During the collection of the Yellow Perch eggs severe storms handicapped the work, and in some cases high winds washed many of the eggs ashore where they perished before they could be collected. The months of May, June and July were exceptionally cold, with the result that the water temperatures in the nursery areas averaged 12 degrees F. below normal. This not only retarded the growth of the fish but caused an abnormally high mortality. The low water temperature not only lowered the vitality of the fish but favored the growth and development of many different kinds of pathogenic organisms that preyed upon the fish in their weakened condition.

Since the 1936 flood the Board has taken measures to protect their hatchery properties from floods; consequently the many floods of this year resulted in very little property damage. However, a number of the ponds at the Pleasant Mount Hatchery overflowed their banks, which mixed up many of the fish as to species and size. This resulted in a marked loss of fish through cannibalism.

Bass

Due to the marked success in growing Bass in the portable tanks and wire nursery batteries sufficient brood Bass were acquired to produce the offspring, and ample nursery areas were allotted to have available for last fall's stocking at least 800,000 Bass. This was thought to be necessary because of the increased acreage of waters to be stocked since the 1941 policy of stocking Bass in lakes and ponds. At the start of the season everything pointed to the attainment of this desire. The yield of Bass fry was exceptionally good, and all nursery areas were filled to capacity. The production of Daphnia was sufficient for the needs of the baby Bass, and all things pointed toward a most successful season, but factors over which those in charge had no control soon made its appearance and destroyed the hopes of this high achievement. In order to get the proper rate of growth water temperatures should range from 70 to 80 degrees F. During June and July the water temperature in many nursery areas did not exceed 66 degrees for days at a time. This not only slowed up the growth of the fish but was a favorable growing temperature for a number of fatal disease organisms, which took a heavy toll of the young fish. The young of the Small-Mouthed Bass were the most susceptible to the disease organism and the mortality was greater among this species.

Pike Perch

In past years we have had to purchase all Pike Perch eggs from sources outside the state. With the new development at the Pymatuning Sanctuary sufficient adult fish were obtained to produce a hundred quarts of eggs, and it is believed as the work at this hatchery progresses sufficient eggs to meet our entire requirements will be obtainable.

Minnows

For years we have been experimenting with the Golden Shiner Minnow in ponds and lakes that are low in forage fish content. The need for forage fish for stocking depleted Trout and Bass streams has become very acute. In the fall of 1941 we obtained a number of fathead Minnows with the intention of experimenting with their culture as a future Minnow supply for stream stocking. The work carried on with these fish to date has proved very promising.

Daphnia

The growing of Daphnia, or Water Fleas, at the hatcheries, as food for the baby Bass and other warm water fishes, is one of the chief reasons for the Board's success in this phase of fish culture. This very important food supply is just as vital to the baby fish hatched under natural conditions as it is to the hatchery fishes. For several years experiments have been conducted in introducing cultures of artificially grown water fleas in natural ponds, with the idea of increasing this supply of fish food organisms, and in every case where the experiments have been tried it has proved an addition to the natural crop. This year when most of the ponds and lakes were stocked with Bass a culture of Daphnia was introduced at the same time.

Fish Stocking

In the distribution program every effort has been made to comply with the ruling for the conservation of gasoline and rubber. Those in charge of this work have re-grouped the water areas so that in many cases adjacent areas can be reached on one truck trip, and additional information obtained relating to road conditions along streams so that the planting could be made with the least number of miles. This has resulted in the planting of a total of 454 tons of fish, an increase of 21 tons over the previous year. This was accomplished without any additional equipment and a reduction in mileage over 1941.

Stream Investigations

We have stopped all stream investigations as our entire personnel in this department is now serving with our armed forces. It is unlikely that we shall resume this work for the duration.

Hatchery Construction

Since the outbreak of the war all construction work involving critical material has ceased. At the beginning of the year W. P. A. projects were functioning at the Pymatuning Sanctuary, Corry, Huntsdale, Bellefonte and Pleasant Mount Hatcheries. The work at Corry and the Pymatuning Sanctuary was withdrawn early in the year. The work at the other hatcheries will continue until March, when we shall discontinue all construction programs for the duration.

Motion Pictures

Two additional motion picture films have been completed, with the exception of editing, and are expected to be ready for use in the near future. The one depicts the work of the Fish Commission at the Pymatuning Sanctuary, and the other is a number of oddities found in aquatic life.

Men In Service

We are very proud to report that there are now twenty-nine of our employes who are serving in the armed forces.

Junior Conservationists

In previous reports we have stressed the point that the fishing of the future rests with the youth of Pennsylvania. It is pleasing to report that in various parts of the Commonwealth Junior Conservation Groups have been organized and they are already doing a grand job. In most instances certain standards for the awarding of merit badges have been set up providing that those qualifying must know the principal natural resources of their locality—the principal fish, birds and animals—their seasons and how protected—and must assist in conservation projects, fighting forest fires, checking erosion, building shelters, planting trees, etc. A supporting program such as this will bear real fruit in the future.

Increases In Employes' Wages

All employes of the Commission were given an increase during the month of October. This included not only those on the regular payroll but also those on what is known as the regular hourly payroll providing they were in the Board's employ for more than one year.

Placing Hourly Employes In Field—Hatchery—Warden—and Clerical Service on Regular Payroll

In cooperation with the Board, the Governor approved the placing of all our key hourly employes on the regular payroll. This means that these employes will now have all the benefits under the Administrative Code and in addition will also become members of the State Retirement Fund. The Board believes this is a real accomplishment and one in which you should be well pleased as many of these employes had records from two to twenty years in the service of the Board.

The Coming Year

No one can say what the coming year will bring forth in so far as fishing is concerned, but the receipts from licenses indicate that the past year has been as good as any in our history, and fishing is one recreation which has stood out very prominently in the present emergency.

We hope in the coming year it will be possible for your Board to keep up with the many demands which are now being made upon it. This of course will depend entirely on whether or not we have sufficient gas, rubber, etc. to carry on. However, if for any reason it becomes necessary to curtail the work on account of the war effort, we stand perfectly willing to do everything we can to help. In our opinion the real job of every person engaged in conservation work, as well as every citizen, is to help win the war.

In conclusion, we want to thank the many

organizations which have done so much to make this all possible, and we assure you our thought for the future will be to do only those things which will be to your benefit.

In the past most of you have visited the central offices at least once a year. We realize this will not be possible during the coming year but hope that if there is anything we can do, or if you have any suggestions to offer, you will get in touch with your Board at Harrisburg.

Sincerely yours,
C. A. FRENCH
Commissioner of Fisheries

A TYRO FINISHES HIS CAST

By BARNEY FELSBURG

ONCE a Tyro realizes that even such flies with tricky names like Breadcrust Special can he stripped of their mystery and dated back to the long, long ago, he'll probably stick to a few standard patterns, or pepped up versions of some old standbys and then he can naturally devote more of his time to fishing the fly instead of worrying about having the right patterns.

It may be a good time to mention that no list of flies should be taken as a criterion. Location always will make a difference of some extent for everyone must surely know that the best flies for Pennsylvania would naturally not be the best for use in Michigan. Every Expert and fly-tyer I contacted were of the opinion that bivisibles and quill bodied flies would serve the beginner best because they are better able to "take it." This does not mean that fur bodied flies and silk and wool bodied flies are no good. Far from that! We all, no doubt, have our favorites, but it is certainly worthwhile to start with those that time has proved rather than start off in a haphazard fashion.

Hook size plays a very important part in the fly fishing game. To do the job right we are told to carry all sizes from tens to twenty-twos. But if you get your flies in twelves, sixteens and twenties you'll cover the field just as well.

As a Tyro we have doubts about our ability to cast out the line satisfactorily. It pays to practice casting before you hit the "hot" waters unless you just want to fish wet-flies down stream. If you want practice then do it on water and not on someone's lawn—not even your neighbor's. There's a whale of a difference between picking your line off grass and picking it off water. Fly casting isn't hard. Nine and ten year old kids can do it—even women can do it—so why in the name of all that's fishy, can't you? All you have to do is snap it back, pause, then hammer it front. The only thing you have to learn is, how quick to snap; how long to pause and how hard to hammer! The best way to do that is to watch your line to see it as it travels and you'll find it easy to do that if you use a side cast at the beginning of your attempts. If the line socks you on the back of the neck, don't be ashamed. The Experts had that happen so often to them that they don't notice, or worry about it, any more!

A guy by the name of Williams, who happens to be a sporty sort of fisherman, made the statement that one of his sloppiest casts caught a nice fish just at a particularly interesting time in his career of fishing.

It's not even hard to become a fancy caster and put right hooks and left hooks in your cast. Sometimes you make those casts without even trying! Put those hooks in your cast in the same way you put an out-curve or in-curve on a pitched baseball—sort of give the rod and line lots of body-english before it's ready to settle.

A "snake" cast is a little different. It's really a no-good cast. You make your regular pick-up and back cast then you hammer it front and about the time you're ready to shoot out the line you change your mind and decide to backcast again; then you change your mind again and let it go frontwards anyway and by gosh you'll find your line all snaked-out on the water! Try it once.

So when you finally hook a fish don't try to rush things. Keep your line tight and when it comes time to net the poor thing don't try to net it tail first. If you touch a fish's tail it's nearly as bad as stepping on a dog's tail. Net the poor thing head first or else you'll probably have to put on a new fly and leader if the fish was of any size at all. There's nothing to knock the pride or conceit out of a guy by giving a whooping "I got him" and then, due to your own dumbness, heave a sigh as you watch the poor thing thrash away.

I used to fish at the Halfway Dam and for a while I never had much luck. But one time I went there with an Old Timer and he showed me my trouble pronto. I felt pretty dumb when he asked me, "Did you ever in your life see a fly hit the water and lay there as though it were dead?" By golly, they don't! All the Old Timer did that I didn't do was keep twitching the rod tip every now and then so the fly would ripple the water a bit.

There is one salient fact that we all must never lose sight of—you may make forty-nine casts with a ginger-quill without getting a rise; on our fiftieth cast we may decide to change to a brown-bivisible and may hook a fish. Naturally we assume the fish wanted the brown-bivisible but no one has ever determined if the fiftiest cast, had it been made with ginger-quill, would not have taken the fish also! A hatch coming on the water changes this somewhat.

Don't forget also that some flies rise to the surface and hatch out while *others are beneath the surface to hatch.* That's why you'll often take fish by using a regular dry fly and fish it wet.

Trout aren't much different than human beings. They get hungry and they eat most anything when they are real hungry. Even a man wouldn't bother to pick an all-red apple out of a dish of various colored apples if he were really hungry. Sometimes a trout will eat when it's not hungry but then it's choicy; just like a guy when he can't decide if he wants ice cream or pie for dessert. Sometimes they'd rather play and hop around than eat; just like a boy would rather play baseball than eat his supper. Sometimes they get in a surly mood. Sometimes they feel like fighting and will hit anything that arouses their fury. They become scared and if given time will get over it. But they all must eat sooner or later and better men than I have found that certain flies are the downfall of many a wise, or dumb, or hungry trout.

Anyway you take it a Tyro generally gets into more trouble than an old-timer. I guess it's because a Tyro doesn't over-rate his ability or the trout's dumbness! Once you get to a point where you think you know-it-all you'll find yourself due for surprises for *it's what you learn after you think you know-it-all that counts.*

I have found that one gets into trouble if he tries to bait someone else's hook! Most people want to bait their own hooks. And even though a fellow figures he'll surprise them by giving them a bait that would do them honor, unless he uses his "noodle" he'll find that some people will figure that he doesn't know what he's talking about or else they might even think he's trying to make them feel small or silly—maybe even suspicious.

If you used a fly for two or even three years and found it good, don't discard it just because it fails you for a while. Maybe it wasn't being worked under the right conditions or some other thing. Maybe it was worked too hard and its feathers were frayed a bit. Maybe it needed a bit of rejuvenation. If you didn't discard it, fully, for some dazzling new fly that seemed to out-do the old reliable, you should, at least, give it a chance to prove itself again. For the reputation that fly got by serving you well for a couple of years should have carried some sense of reliability even though it apparently fell down on you when you gave it its last chance. If that fly could speak maybe it would tell you that it didn't fall down on you, you *just didn't see it through!*

A person who won't listen to both sides of an argument is not fair to himself—or anyone else.

IN THE MAIL BAG

(*Continued from Page 1*)

Dear Friend:

You know what the word "FISHING" has meant to all of us here at Ashaway. We've lived and breathed and thought FISHING for as far back as any of us can remember.

My great-grandfather started this business 119 years ago (that was in 1824) at the very spot from which I'm writing you now. And ever since that day this company has been interested in one thing only: to turn out the best salt and fresh water fishing line we knew how to make.

But then along came a man named Hitler.

So now we've stopped making fishing line. Today we're turning out parachute shrouds for our airmen . . . line for Army glider tow-rope . . . signal flare cords . . . non-stop pick-up lines for the air mail . . . surgical sutures for the medical corps . . . and other vital control cords for our fighting forces.

When the world has once more earned its freedom, and learned to protect that privilege. ASHAWAY will pick up again where it left off.

Meantime, because I appreciate and value our friendship more than I can say, I am going to mail from here each month a blotter calendar that I hope you will find room for on your desk—as a reminder of our mutual interest in FISHING.

It's such a little thing to send, I know, but it will tell you that we're thinking of you . . . constantly, that we wish you luck, and that we look forward confidently to a happier, freer future.

Cordially,
J. T. CRANDALL

Dear Sir:

My subscription for the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER expired with the December Issue. Enclosed is $1.00 in money order for a two-year renewal.

Now as to what I think of the ANGLER. It can't be beaten by any magazine at any price. Keep on giving us articles on different types of fly-tying procedure and tying materials. Also more on brown trout methods using nymphs and streamers. Greatly enjoy article on light lure casting for large and small-mouth bass. Would like to read more about "Fisherman's Paradise" on Spring Creek.

As I said before, the ANGLER is tops. Keep up the good work and you can count on me as a steady subscriber.

Very truly,
FRANK SHANER, Portage, Pa.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS—CALENDAR YEAR 1942

BALANCE January 1, 1942		$742,571.48
RECEIPTS, Calendar year 1942		
Fish Law Fines	$9,485.59	
Commercial Hatchery Licenses	980.00	
Motor Boat Fines	320.00	
Lake Erie Licenses	1,944.00	
Non Resident Fishing Licenses	17,727.00	
Tourists Fishing Licenses	6,039.00	
Interest	4,568.98	
Resident Fishing Licenses	575,877.15	
Motor Boat Licenses	14,075.00	
Contributions for Restocking Streams	10,700.00	
Sale of Publications	3,320.90	
Eel Chute Licenses	114.00	
Sale of Unserviceable Property	534.85	
Miscellaneous	120.33	
		$645,806.80
Total Funds Available		$1,388,378.28
EXPENDITURES, Calendar year 1942		
ADMINISTRATION:		
Salaries	$22,528.75	
Wages	5,847.89	
Printing, Binding, Stationery	3,776.46	
Materials & Supplies	503.34	
Traveling Expenses	2,553.37	
Motor Vehicle Supplies & Repairs	215.28	
Freight, Express, Cartage	38.87	
Postage	1,309.00	
Telephone & Telegraph	1,629.18	
Repairs	79.78	
Rent of Real Estate	18.70	
Insurance, Surety & Fidelity Bonds	152.80	
Other Services & Expenses	40.00	
Equipment & Machinery	430.74	
Total	$39,124.16	
WARDEN SERVICES:		
Salaries	$37,840.00	
Wages	27,872.11	
Fees	1,002.20	
Printing, Binding, Stationery	14.30	
Materials & Supplies	324.90	
Traveling Expenses	48,260.22	
Telephone & Telegraph	2,128.66	
Repairs	3.35	
Rent of Real Estate	31.17	
Insurance, Surety & Fidelity Bonds	305.72	
Other Services & Expenses	3.00	
Equipment & Machinery	107.50	
Total	$117,893.13	
HATCHING SERVICE:		
Salaries	$35,489.25	
Wages	143,411.37	
Fees	1.00	
Printing, Binding, Stationery	68.76	
Food & Forage	119,648.52	
Materials & Supplies	26,335.87	
Traveling Expenses	6,530.84	
Motor Vehicle Supplies & Repairs	13,663.52	
Freight, Express, Cartage	164.08	
Postage	699.80	
Telephone & Telegraph	1,813.89	
Light, Heat, Power, Water & Fuel	18,913.68	
Repairs	421.83	
Rent of Real Estate	933.00	
Insurance, Surety & Fidelity Bonds	1,281.85	
Equipment & Machinery	7,959.85	
Total	$377,337.11	
FIELD SERVICE:		
Salaries	$4,999.92	
Wages	20,189.93	
Fees	300.00	
Printing, Binding, Stationery	163.17	
Materials & Supplies	718.57	
Traveling Expenses	2,778.42	
Motor Vehicle Supplies & Repairs	319.72	
Freight, Express, Cartage	.41	
Telephone & Telegraph	1,028.12	
Repairs	11.75	
Rent of Real Estate	498.00	
Rent of Equipment	137.00	
Insurance, Surety & Fidelity Bonds	93.24	
Equipment & Machinery	70.24	
Total	$31,308.49	
CONSTRUCTION WORK:		
Wages	$35,538.90	
Materials & Supplies	24,956.30	
Motor Vehicle Supplies & Repairs	3,992.52	
Repairs	7.52	
Insurance, Surety & Fidelity Bonds	46.64	
Total	$64,541.88	
EDUCATION & PUBLICITY:		
Salaries	$1,422.72	
Wages	3,936.10	
Fees	1,790.20	
Printing, Binding, Stationery	8,263.58	
Materials & Supplies	212.75	
Traveling Expenses	1,643.91	
Rent of Real Estate	180.00	
Insurance, Surety & Fidelity Bonds	13.01	
Other Services & Expenses	329.30	
Equipment & Machinery	281.07	
Total	$18,072.64	
RESEARCH:		
Printing, Binding, Stationery	$276.07	
Materials & Supplies	1,899.94	
Repairs	75.10	
Equipment & Machinery	453.54	
Total	$2,704.65	
STORES ACCOUNT:		
Materials & Supplies	$1,845.43	
Motor Vehicle Supplies	156.15	
Total	$2,001.58	
BOAT PATROL SERVICE:		
Materials & Supplies	$48.13	
Equipment & Machinery	10,470.00	
Total	$10,518.13	
BY REVENUE DEPARTMENT (Bureau of Miscellaneous Licenses)	$33,574.20	
BY STATE DEPARTMENT (State Employes Retirement Board)	2,500.00	
DEPENDENT'S BENEFITS (Military Service)	1,106.48	
LEGAL EXPENSES	971.12	
PURCHASE OF LAND: Stump Pond $250.00; Tionesta ½A 150.00	400.00	
		$702,053.57
BALANCE January 1, 1943		$686,324.71

RECAPITULATION:

Balance January 1, 1942	$742,571.48	
Receipts Calendar Year 1942	645,806.80	
		$1,388,378.28
EXPENDITURES (Calendar Year 1942):		
Board of Fish Commissioners	$665,979.37	
Revenue Department	33,574.20	
State Department	2,500.00	
		702,053.57
BALANCE January 1, 1943		$686,324.71

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

BOARD *of* FISH COMMISSIONERS

HARRISBURG

Fish Stocked in the Waters of Pennsylvania, 1942

SPECIES	SIZE	NUMBER	
BROOK, BROWN AND RAINBOW TROUT	7″ to 20″	1,791,614	
BLACK BASS	1″ to 14″	589,312	
CATFISH	5″ to 13″	448,251	
BREAM	3″ to 8″	309,495	
CARP	10″ to 20″	138,515	
YELLOW PERCH	3″ to 8″	187,221	
PICKEREL	7″ to 18″	3,133	
SUCKERS	3″ to 15″	79,200	
FROG *(Embryo)*		337,400	
MINNOWS	1½″ to 6″	84,120	
MISCELLANEOUS		4,548	
			3,972,809
TROUT FINGERLINGS		1,878,725	
YELLOW PERCH	Fry	35,000,000	
PIKE PERCH	Fry	45,820,000	
WHITE FISH	Fry	31,185,000	
CISCO	Fry	4,545,000	
			118,428,725
TOTAL			122,401,534

FISHERMAN'S 1942 DOLLAR

HATCHING, PROPAGATION
AND
DISTRIBUTION *of* FISH
58.21

SALARIES AND
EXPENSES *of* WARDENS
16.79

AD-
MIN-
ISTRA-
TION
5.57

NEW
CONSTRUCTION
9.19

2.52

2.58

5.14

DEPT. REVENUE
DEPT. STATE

PUBLICITY

RESEARCH - BOAT
PATROL - PURCHASE
OF LAND & WATERS
STORES ACCT.
LEGAL
REFUNDED FINES

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



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MARCH, 1943 TEN CENTS

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★

ALEX P. SWEIGART, Editor
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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER welcomes contributions and photos of catches from its readers. Proper credit will be given to contributors.

★

All contributions returned if accompanied by first class postage.

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EDWARD MARTIN, Governor

[redacted]

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA
BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS

CHARLES A. FRENCH
Commissioner of Fisheries

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IMPORTANT—The Editor should be notified immediately of change in subscriber's address. Please give old and new addresses.

Permission to reprint will be granted provided proper credit notice is given.

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

VOL. XII. No. 3 MARCH, 1943

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By Marty Ruzicka

THE MAIL BAG

TROUT FISHING IN SOUTHWEST PENNSYLVANIA

Dear Charles:

Believe that some of the fishermen of the Pittsburgh district will be very glad to have some information on how they can get to some good trout waters.

By train, via B.&O. to Connellsville, trolley can be taken to Dunbar Creek a very fine trout stream with regulations. Board can be secured at Dunbar.

Ohiopyle is only about a half mile from Meadow Run, a very fine trout stream well stocked with rainbow and brook trout, and there is a good hotel at Ohiopyle.

Confluence, on main line of B.&O. has Laurel Hill Creek also well stocked with brown and rainbow trout. A hotel and several restaurants are located there. Busses will take you to your streams. White's Creek can also be reached from Confluence and camping can be had along the stream which is stocked with brown and rainbow trout. Drake run can also be reached and several miles for camping are available along this stream stocked with brook and rainbow trout.

There is brook trout fishing out of Markleton in Vogh and Icers Run. Markleton is on the main line but stops will have to be arranged.

Rockwood near the Baronvale section of Laurel Hill Creek offers fine fishing. Arrangements will have to be made for transportation to the stream.

Meyersdale is near several good trout streams. Flaugherty is stocked with brown trout. The head waters of Wills Creek is near Piney Run at Boynton and is close to several mountain brook streams.

Wills Creek can be reached at Glenco, Fairhope, or Hyndman. Hyndman is the only regular stop. Arrangements will have to be made to have train stop at one of these places. This is a fine stream stocked with brown and rainbow trout. Camping can be arranged along stream. Lodging at Hyndman can be secured.

The following persons will be able to give you information on how to get to any of these streams:

James Banning, Fish Warden, Connellsville, Pa., for Dunbar, Ohiopyle on Meadow Run; Mr. Sanbower, Deputy Game Warden, Rockwood, Pa.; Minter Jones, Somerset, Pa., Fish Warden, in regard to Meyersdale and Wills Creek. Contact Colborn's Pharmacy, Confluence, Pa., or Joe Critchfield of Confluence about Laurel Hill and tributaries.

The Somerset Bus Company runs regular scheduled busses from Pittsburgh over Route 31 through Bakersville. This is on the headwaters of Laurel Hill Creek and also several fine brook trout streams. Kooser Lake stocked with rainbow trout is along the highway. The National Park at Trent is only several miles downstream and has several nice brook trout streams as well as Laurel Hill Creek.

Bus also can be taken to Bedford with several fine streams near by.

Anyone desiring information about Westmoreland County can contact Sam Henderson, Greensburg, Pa., Fish Warden, who will very gladly give the desired information.

The Pennsylvania Railroad goes through some fine trout fishing sections. If you contact the Fish Warden from the section you desire to visit, I feel sure he will give you all the information requested.

The name of the warden desired can be secured from the Harrisburg office.

Very truly yours,
J. M. Critchfield
(Member of the Board of the Fish Commission)

Dear Mr. Fox:

I am a subscriber to your magazine being only fifteen years old. Already have won the only fly tying contest ever held in our city.

I am sending along a small article for your magazine. I know of many tyers who do not know how to paint eyes on streamer flies, and due to the shortage of jungle cock, I thought an article of this type would be very proper. Please find my article, "Dress Up Your Flies with Eyes." It is enclosed in this letter. I am hoping you can use it in your magazine.

I am
Bob Frederick

DRESS UP YOUR FLIES WITH EYES

By Bob Frederick

Here is an effective substitute for jungle cock eyes on streamer flies, since the importation of jungle cock feathers has been shut off due to the war.

You have probably seen many flies with painted eyes, well here's the dope on painting 'em.

Materials will run you very cheap, all you need is 1 bottle of black, and 1 bottle of white head lacquer, and two dowl woods 1/8" and 1/16" in diameter.

After streamer is completed flatten the head with pliers in order to have a smooth base for the eye. Lacquer head black one or two times. After the base has dried, dip the tip of the 1/8" dowl into the white lacquer, and paint a white iris by just touching the wet tip against the flat sides. After the iris dries we are ready to paint in the pupil. Use the 1/16" wood this time and dip the tip in the black lacquer. Paint the pupil in the center of the iris using the previous method.

With a little practice any fly tyer should be able to paint a creditable eye.

THE WORLD OF WATER

Strange Creatures in Endless Variety Live in Our Trout and Bass Streams, and as a Result We Enjoy Fishing

By DICK FORTNEY

IN THE gurgling riffles and placid pools of a trout or bass stream exists a world in miniature where survival of the fittest is the law and where the strong prey on the weak in order that they themselves may live. Myriad creatures in strange forms populate this watery world. Some are so small that millions of them may be crowded into a space a foot square. Some are delicate and beautiful. Others are large and formidable in appearance.

There is one species that inhabits the riffles; one that makes the pool its home; another that lives and dies in the waterfalls. Some can exist only in sand or mud; others find shelter under rocks; still others cling to aquatic vegetation.

The tiniest exists to nurture the larger, for the inhabitants of this strange world fall into groups, each one seeming to live for the purpose of reproducing and multiplying in order that the next larger can continue to exist and in turn sustain the life of the still larger.

We know the residents of the world of water as algae, insect nymphs, crustaceans, and minnows, among others.

They are important to the fisherman because they sustain, ultimately, the fish life of the stream and in so doing make possible our enjoyment of the sport of angling.

At the very bottom of the scale is a family of microscopic plants called algae. On them aquatic insects feed. These insects, in turn, provide food for the game fish we catch or for the stream minnows on which larger fish fatten themselves. The situation is the same in a mountain stream or a broad bass creek, a majestic river, or a lake or pond.

It is a scientific fact that a stream which is bare of this succession of aquatic life is barren of game fish, for the simple reason that its waters contain nothing to sustain the life of the fish. It is reasonable to conclude, therefore, that the number and size of fish to be found in any stream are in direct proportion to the amount of so-called forage which exists in the water.

Let me compare two streams with which I am familiar. We shall call the first one Stream A and the second one Stream B.

Stream A meanders through farming country and is comparatively shallow, although it has some deep holes along its course. Stream B makes its way down a valley between mountain ranges; its pools are long and wide, with roaring riffles between.

Stream A is probably 80 per cent mud bottom, although here and there it has washed off the surface soil and uncovered patches of rock. Stream B is probably 90 per cent rock bottom, and the rocks range all the way from the size of a marble to the proportions of a grand piano.

The shores of Stream A are fringed with weed beds, and in some of its slower and more shallow pools patches of vegetation have grown up in its very middle. Stream B is rock bound as well as rock bottomed, and in its entire length of main channel there are probably not more than half a dozen genuine weed beds.

Stream A is warm except where springs and fresh water bubble up from its bed. Stream B is icy cold even in the middle of summer.

Finally, and more important than any other consideration so far as the angler is concerned, Stream A literally teems with fish, from small fry to whoppers of every variety expected in a good bass stream. It can be counted upon for consistently good fishing.

Stream B, on the other hand, has an extremely spotty reputation. It contains some lunker bass and trout, but fishing results never are consistent. For days at a time anglers will exert their utmost skill in vain. I have fished for hours in Stream B without seeing even a small fish, yet the biggest fish I ever caught came from its waters.

Now that we have compared these two streams, let us pose this question: Why is Stream A so much better than Stream B as a producer of game fish? Which is another way of asking: What makes a creek a good fishing stream?

The answer is just one word: forage.

You see, we are right where we started, back at the contention that the game fish a stream will produce are in direct proportion to its share of this world of water we wish to describe.

Forage simply means food that will sustain fish life. If a stream is rich in forage, it also is rich in fish life. If there is a poverty of forage, there also is a poverty of fish life. And in between these two extremes are various degrees of forage and of fish.

Go along with me for a visit to a good fishing stream, and let us examine the forage it contains and get acquainted with the aquatic creatures which make our fishing possible.

We can pass rather lightly over what we know best as the fish food on a typical trout stream—the insects. It is obvious to the most heedless angler that the insects which fly over and dip into the trout stream in summer are juicy morsels on which trout love to feed.

But the insects do not just happen to be in the air. They have, in fact, spent a major portion of their lives in the nymph stage beneath the surface of the water. They are flying creatures for only a brief span of hours or days—long enough to fertilize the eggs borne in the bodies of the females and to lay them in the water, where they in turn will develop into nymphs and eventually into winged insects that will continue the propagation of the species.

Insects that fly in the air and either dip to the surface of the stream to deposit their eggs, or that are beaten to the water by wind or rain, actually form only a small part of the diet of a hungry trout.

The food that trout really relish are the nymphs.

Let us list a few, bearing in mind that there are literally scores of varieties of this particular form of life in the world of water.

There is the stonefly nymph, which lives in swift water, swirling brooks, and waterfalls.

And the Mayfly nymph, which is found in clean, fresh waters of all kinds and which is at the most luscious stage of its development from early March until late June, when the adults emerge from the water and swarm. Young nymphs of the Mayfly, incidentally, are to be found in shallow brooks the year around, and thus they provide a never-ending source of forage in the smaller trout streams.

The dragonfly nymph is another important species. It develops in the mud of a stream bed or eddy, emerging late in April in the first process of its development into a fly, and it constitutes one of the most important foods of adult fish in any stream.

Most widely dispersed of all are the caddis worms, which anglers call stick worms because of the stick-like cases in which they live. There is a type of caddis worm for every kind of stream situation and a variation of the species that is active through every season of the year. No wonder, then, that caddis worms, cases and all, are found in the stomachs of so many trout.

Perhaps as you walked down to the stream with me your eye was attracted by a scum-like accumulation of matter, greenish in color, along the edge of a quiet backwater.

That is algae, or rather these are algae. It is not moss nor scum, but rather a mass made up of aquatic plants of various forms, minute in size. You see them along a trout stream. You can see them, too, along a river or pond or lake.

They may be red or brown or green in color, depending on the type of water in which they live. Usually, however, blue-green, green, and yellow-green algae are found in fresh water.

Scientists could tell us how algae develop and on what they depend for life, but that is not important for the purpose of this article. What is important is the fact that algae provide the bulk of the food of aquatic insects, fattening them so that they in turn can provide nourishing food for fish.

Also familiar to the angler on the list of stream forage are the fresh water minnows. And did you know that no fewer than a thousand species of minnows exist in the waters of America?

There are several types commonly used as fish-bait, but so far as this discussion is concerned we are interested in them from the standpoint that they provide natural food for trout and bass.

There is, for example, the black-nosed dace, which averages about three inches in length, preferring the rapids and pools of little streams and being a favorite food of the brook trout.

There is the red-fin, common in all trout and bass streams, the favorite food of the larger trout and bass because of its size, reaching as much as five inches in length.

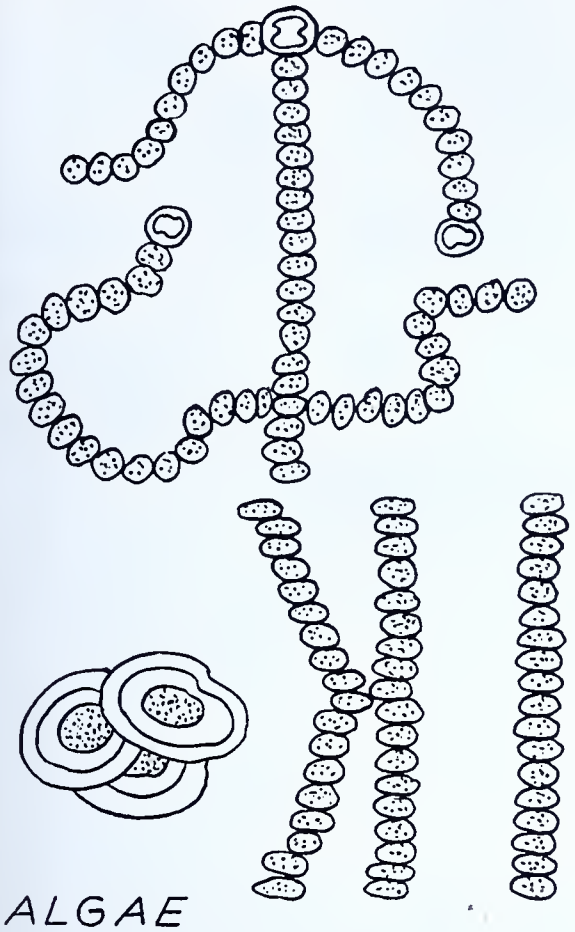
And the blunt-nosed minnows, found most frequently in small streams, in muddy shallows or gravelly bottoms.

Yet nymphs, algae, and minnows are by no means the only types of forage in the world of water.

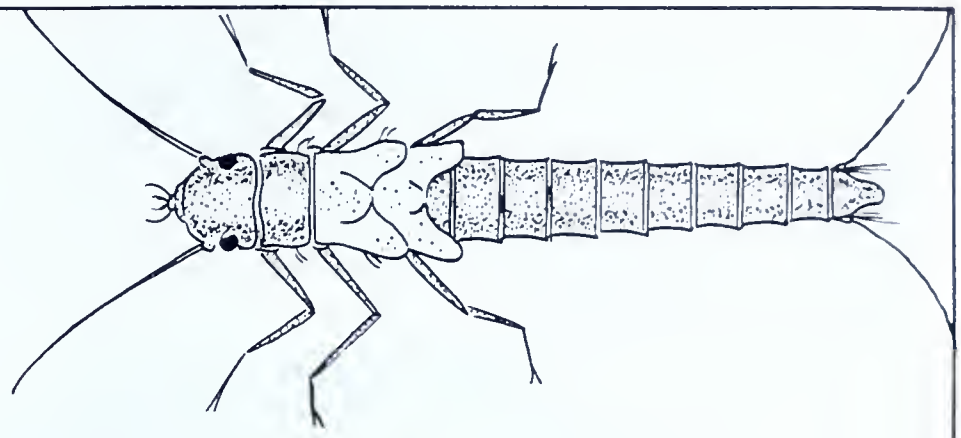
Space does not permit a discussion of each group, but a mere listing of them will give you an idea of the great variety of food on the diet list of the trout and bass. There are crustaceans, snails and mussels, worms, salamanders, and frogs and toads which also live in and around the water, as forage for fish.

The obvious conclusion, then, is that forage is a vital clew to the fishing possibilities of a stream.

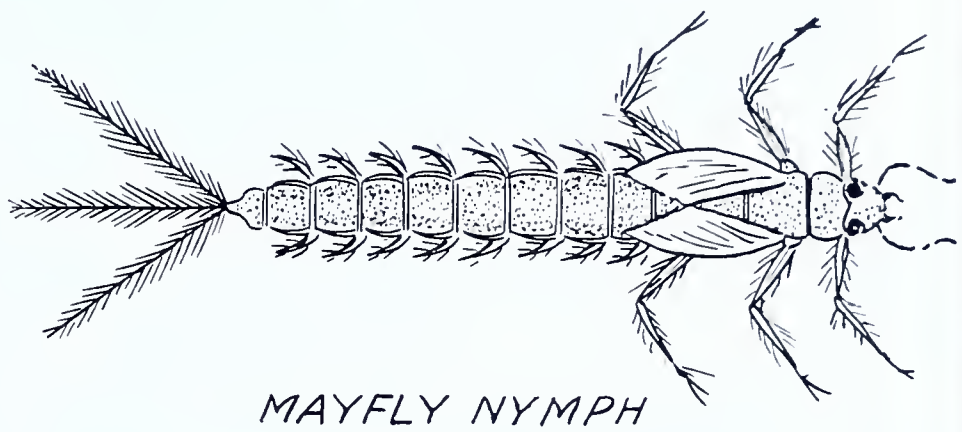
And also that nature has provided food in abundance where conditions are favorable for its growth and reproduction. Consideration of



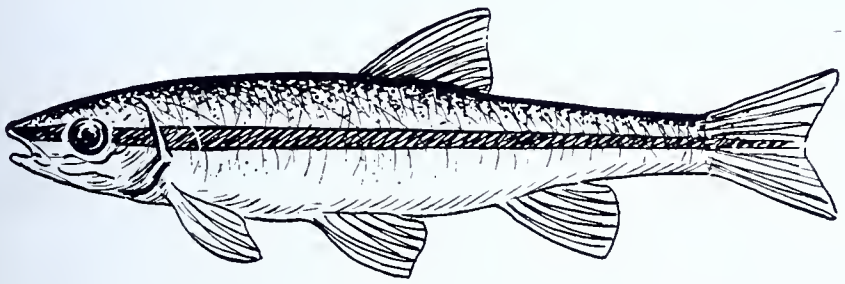
ALGAE
GREATLY ENLARGED



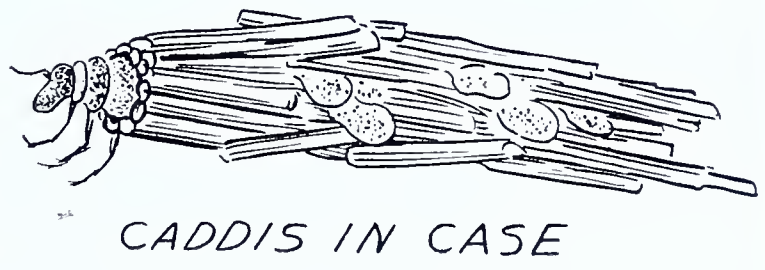
STONEFLY NYMPH



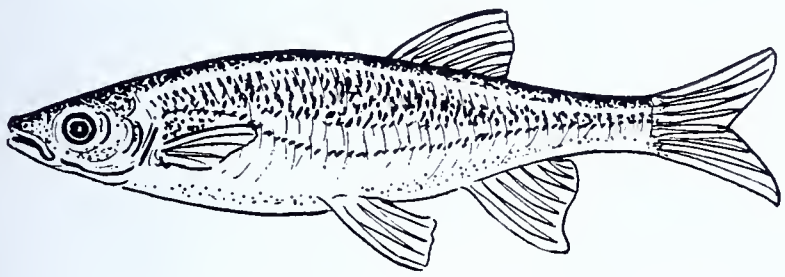
MAYFLY NYMPH



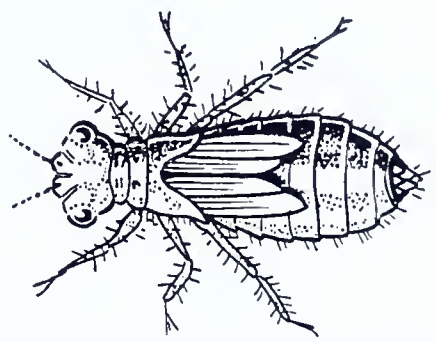
BLACK-NOSED DACE



CADDIS IN CASE



REDFIN MINNOW



DRAGONFLY NYMPH

BUSH

these conditions is timely.

Warmth and light, scientists tell us, are prime requirements for plentiful aquatic life—warmth in order that all kinds of life may thrive, and light because the green plants which are the foundation of stream life must have sunshine and light in order to exist themselves on the non-living materials in the water.

The stream or pond, in the second place, must have a year-around supply of water to support aquatic life. A pond which is virtually swarming with life in the spring will become a barren mud-hole if the water supply seeps away during the summer and is not replenished.

There also must be a good deal of plant life in a stream or pond. All living creatures, including fish, take oxygen into their bodies and give off carbon dioxide, but water plants take in carbon dioxide and give off oxygen. Thus they remove from the water an element which is deadly to living creatures and they manufacture in themselves an element without which living creatures could not exist.

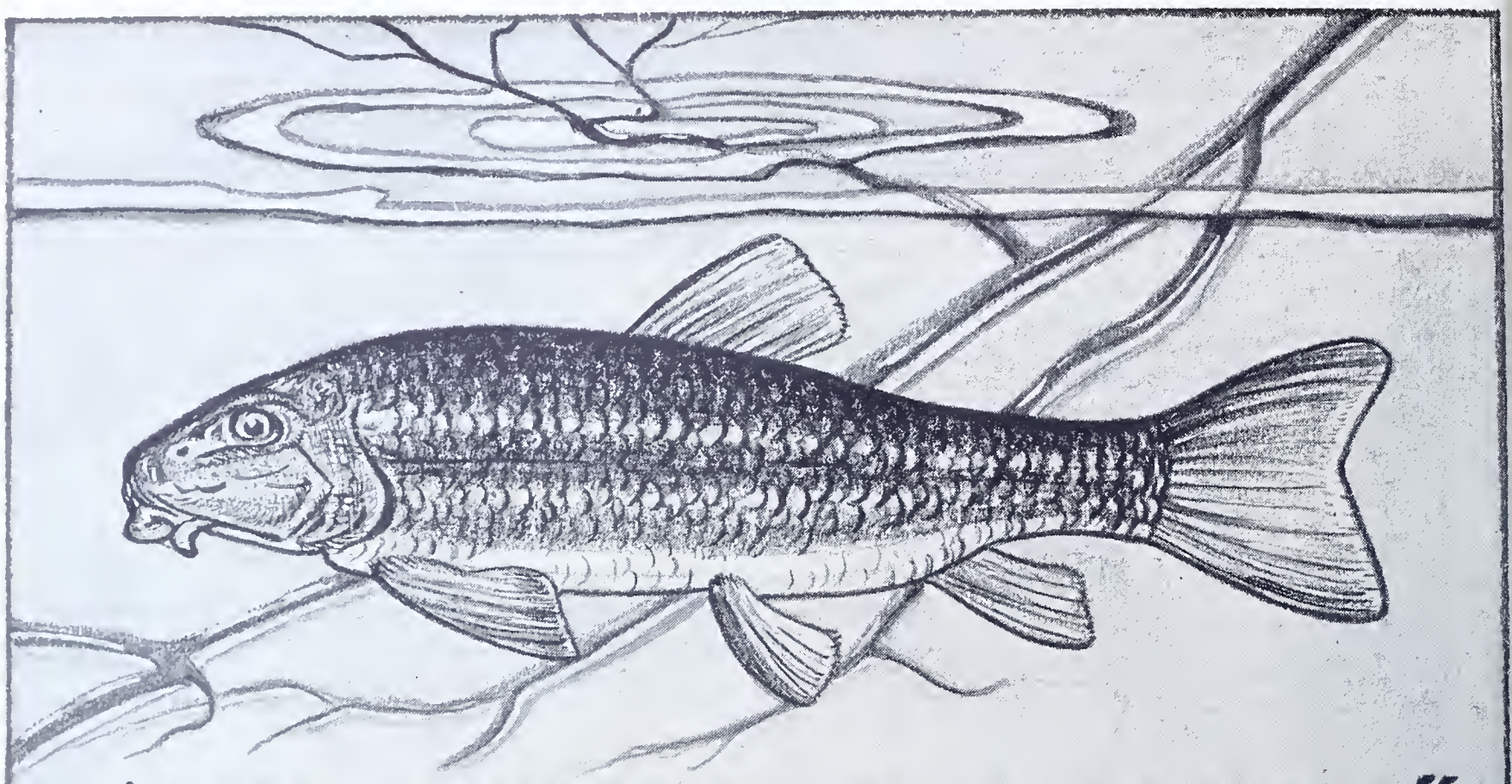
Plant life in a stream or pond has still another function. It serves as a place of abode for the algae which we have discussed, and it also acts as a kind of nursery for the eggs of snails, mites, and water insects. The under side of a single water lily pad can contain a dozen varieties of eggs and larvae.

The stream that is to have abundant forage in its depths, besides, must have natural formations that provide resting and breeding places for aquatic life—mud for the living things that live and find food in mud; pebbles for still other living things that demand such a habitat; large rocks under which the larger forms of aquatic life can exist; and so on.

All these factors in the growth of aquatic life are not present throughout the length of any stream, of course, but there must be enough of them scattered here and there to make possible a free development of forage that will spread along the whole length by the action of wind and current and the migratory habits of many of the species.

Finally, pollution must be eliminated, for poisoned waters kill not only fish but also the forage upon which they depend. So delicate are most of the creatures of the world of water, in fact, that they are killed by a pollution so mild that it does not harm game fish and is not recognized by the observer.

(*Continued on Page 19*)



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

BY N.R. CASILLO.

Owen Pamfield FOX

I HAD always believed that the height of something or other had been reached when a fly fishing friend of mine listened more or less attentively to another friend expounding on the attractions of bait fishing; including the use of worms, doughballs, *et al.*

However, the above was but small fry compared to that epochal episode depicting that selfsame fly fisher actually enjoying the experience of fishing for the ubiquitous sucker. And, hold everything, later on he even took a crack at what he had always considered the abased carp.

All this happened because we chanced to take an alternative route instead of the one usually traveled in getting to a favorite trout stream in a northwestern county.

At Venango the unusual piscatorial activities centering about the dam there on French Creek prompted us to stop. For a time we joined a group of idlers watching the often successful efforts of droves of suckers making their way up over the dam through the thin sheet of water slipping down over the sloping apron.

After satisfying this initial interest we sauntered to the nearest fishermen, in this case, a trio who was already calling it a day although the sun had scarcely more than begun its journey across the soft spring sky. The fishermen in question had caught what they considered an adequate mess albeit falling far short of the legal limit.

George, the aforementioned purist, evinced more than transient interest upon viewing the string of solid, meaty fish, the fine white suckers being particularly attractive.

"Those fish look positively good!" he exclaimed.

"Look good?" Bill came back in mock hauteur and then added, "They are good. In fact, if it wasn't for their mouths the white fellows would look every bit as good as fresh-run salmon."

George's high respect for those top members of the *Salmonidae* was grossly desecrated. "Humph," he contemptuously snorted, "I'll admit they look good, but don't compare them with salmon."

Bill went on to say that too many so-called anglers were prone to judge a fish by its looks, feeding habits, fighting ability or the lack of it and a number of other equally well chosen points. He concluded with: "And I believe it's high time that some consideration should be given those species furnishing sport for the masses without conjuring up a lot of screwy points that mean nothing."

"That was a fine speech," commented the fly fisherman, "but let's assume that the sucker does furnish sport, what good are they after you get a mess, as you call it, except for pushing corn out of the ground."

"Oh, I'll admit that they don't come up to a tasty bass or blue pike fillet, but they're good eating nevertheless," the other contended.

"Yeah, if you don't mind choking to death."

By the time we were again on our way the argument was well under way.

I sided with Bill and forthwith gave George a recipe that does away with the bone hazard. "Thoroughly scale, clean and decapitate the fish and then run them through a meat grinder. Mixed with bread crumbs and a few diced onions and you have the makin's for some highly tasty fish balls."

"The trouble with George," Bill knifed home, "is that he's getting tottery and losing his judgment for relative values. Salmon—phooey, the last time I ate a small portion of the fresh fish I did without mineral oil for a whole month," he concluded irrelevantly.

"I can pass up that crack," hissed George, "only because I defy you to show me where any sport is entailed hauling in the critters the way it's being done back there."

"You'll recall that those fellows seemed to be getting a big kick out of it," reminded Bill.

"Of course, you mean the suckers," George feinted.

"And remember," I reminded, "you don't always pull them in that easily. I've known times when some finesse had to be used even with suckers."

Without giving the culprit a chance to utter what was obviously hovering on his lips, Bill continued, "I don't mean to wax poetic, but when the buds begin to swell, and the smell of fresh earth pervades the dell on some sunny day in March, I like nothing better than to sit about a fire with a genial companion or even two, waiting for the suckers to do their stuff."

"Yeah man," I heartily agreed.

"Ah, nuts," George finally managed.

Come next spring the three of us went sucker fishing. It was the last day of March and a most unusual day it was. Snowdrifts were still about, but they were honeycombed and stained with the travails of winter. The streamside willows were flushed with the telltale green betokening active sap. A cardinal or two flashed among the somber branches while the plaintive notes of the titmice were everywhere.

"Boy, but it's sure good to be alive," Bill

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PASS THE CARP, PAPPY

By M. C. JAMES
Chief, Division of Fish Culture, Fish and Wildlife Service

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'N THE early 1870's a group of immigrants landed in this country from Germany. They ked what they found, settled down, and started raise families. Today their deseendants are ound throughout the Nation, and there is little rospect of their being interned as enemy aliens. 'hese immigrants, with the family name of arp, or German Carp, have suecessfully re- sted all previous efforts to eonfine or eurtail iem, or to otherwise limit their life, liberty, r the pursuit of earp happiness. Now that we re at war with their homeland (which was only way station in a migration spread from the riginal source, Asia), they should be foreed nto serviee.

As in every war, food is a raw material for ietory in this eonfliet; and as food, the carp an render indirect supporting serviee. It is ully realized that even if the dietitian's report hows earp and whitefish, lake trout, or catfish be on a par for food value, public taste sets up mueh different table of values. We have eard the ribald recipes for preparing carp, and ould have no diffieulty in reaching our own choice as between a serving of earp and a grilled whitefish, a salmon or halibut steak, a mess of trout, or a fried walleye.

But the point is that sueh choiee may not be open to us for long. Even if the off-shore eommercial fisheries ean eontinue to maintain production, whieh is doubtful, sizeable proportions of their eateh, particularly eanned fish, must go into military and lease-lend eonsumption. The part that is left over for civilians will still have to be transported to inland consuming centers, and—well you've heard about transportation bottleneeks.

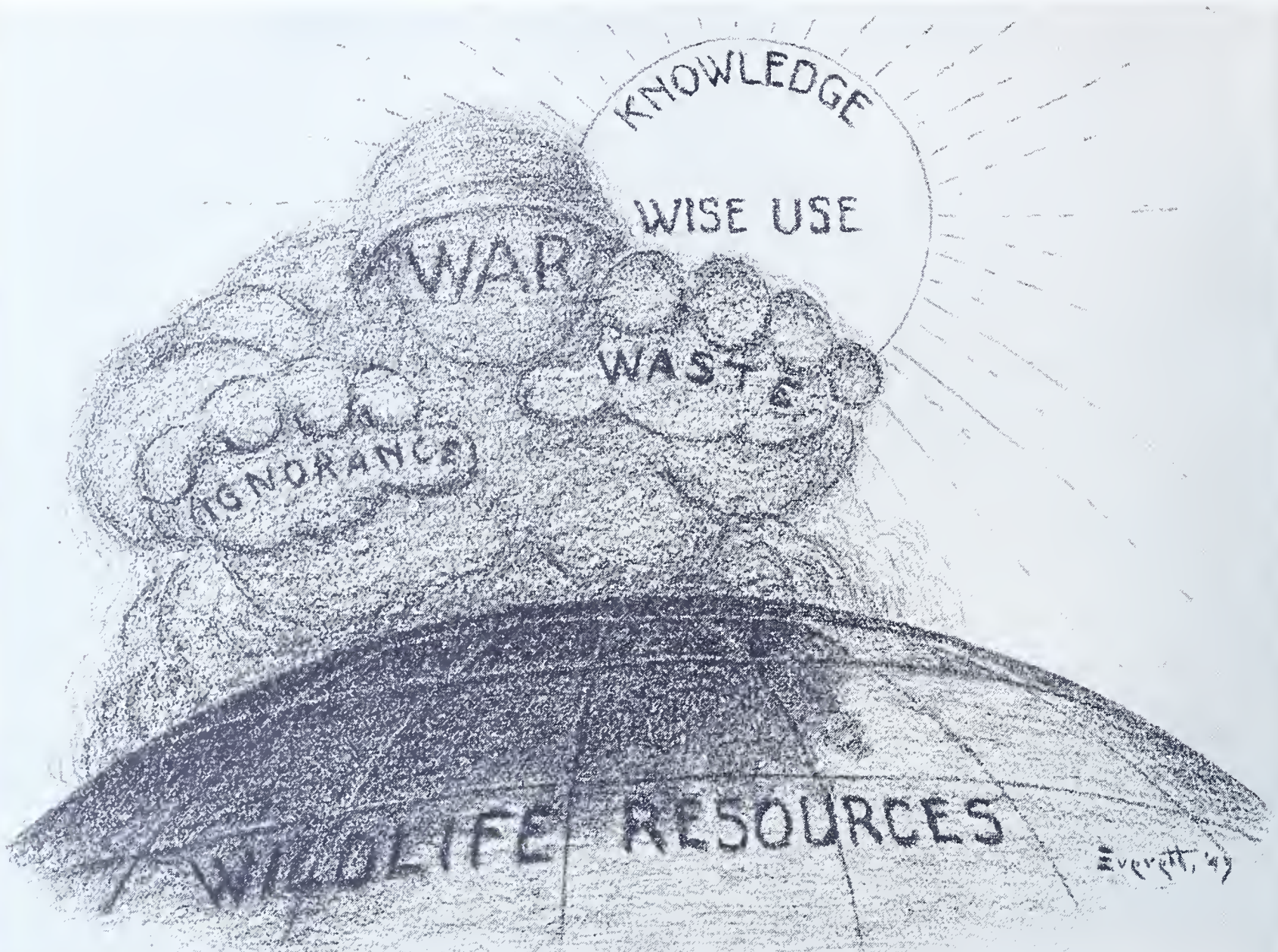
Furthermore, the ehap who drools at the sight of a thiek beefsteak is going to have less to drool about, and he is liable to turn to the fish and shellfish section of the menu only to find that it has shrunk too.

All this leads to the proposition that an edible, fresh-water fish widely and abundantly distributed, readily eaught, and low prieed will fill a widening gap in our food economy. And so the spotlight foeuses on the carp. The earp is edible; millions of pounds are already marketed every year. It is abundant; efforts to control it by seining operations have hardly created a dent in the supply. Nobody knows how many pounds ean be taken from the lakes and streams of the north-central states alone, but it is a safe bet that the gross would be in terms of tens of millions of pounds. It is cheap; the current market prices could be boosted 50 percent, and it would still be cheap protein food. Sportsmen will need little urging to convert every ounce of their game-fish, game-bird, and big-game kill into food. However, the basic supplies of these animals must be watched earefully to head off excessive exploitation. There is no doubt that all questions relative to maintaining the carp population can be safely left to the earp itself.

But there is an additional dividend or bonus for sportsmen in a program of eating more carp. Virtually any lake or stream which has its earp production reduced to nominal levels is a better plaee for game fish. Public moneys are being spent to eontrol the earp as a means of benefiting

(*Continued on Page 22*)





COMMONSENSE CONSERVATION

By FRED EVERETT

AN EMERGENCY has strange reactions on the human mind. At times it makes one rise up to superhuman heights and instinctively do the right thing. And, again, it causes him to commit crazy deeds in the name of momentary necessity. Deeds whose destructive effects may be irreparable for generations to come.

Of all our national activities, conservation has been the brow-beaten stepchild. Unlike Cinderella, it has not had just one Fairy Godmother to wave a magic wand, but too many, all trying to use a different magic. As a result, most of these magics have wasted their powers in counteracting each other while poor Cinderella Conservation has sunk deeper into the ashes of abuse.

The stepmother has been indifferent politics. The two stepsisters have been the selfish exploiters, and the misguided, over-zealous, would-be conservationists. The Prince Charming is that small group of level-headed, truth-seeking Wildlife Conservationists who, of recent years, have been increasing in numbers and knowledge, bringing with them hope for the future of our natural resources.

During the emergency of the first world war, Wildlife and many of our other resources suffered a serious wound. While in most cases it was not fatal, yet even today, a generation later and in the midst of another emergency, some of them are far too weak to stand up against the demands which again are being increasingly made upon them.

If these resources are saved from destruction, the major part of the credit should go to that small group who have been earnestly studying and fighting to make our country conservation minded. Time has been too short, support too hard to enlist and handicaps too many for any great or rapid strides forward. Yet progress has been and is being made, enough, we pray, to carry us over this emergency without too great a loss of our life blood, the natural resources of our land and the water surrounding it.

The one real hope for success is the ability to waken the people in time to the growing danger of gathering forces which, even now, are threatening new and unsuspected blows at these resources.

Many groups are using the excuse of emergency to forward their own cause, shielding it under the name of patriotism and the fight for victory. Thus we find one bureau of our national government demanding, as a war necessity, the abolishment of conservation and the elimination of hunting and fishing, calling them a useless pastime. At the same time another national bureau is begging the people to hunt and fish in ever increasing numbers as a patriotic means of relieving the food shortage. This bureau has even canvassed the State Conservation Departments, requesting that it be given control of the hunting and fishing laws in order that they may extend the seasons as they think such action is needed. This is one more unjustifiable attempt to extend federal control over purely state functions as a so-called war measure.

The national politicians have abolished some and curtailed other vital conservation measures by cutting down drastically on appropriations, even of those funds which are collected and earmarked solely for such work.

Many state politicians, who have always kept a greedy eye on the license money that forms the conservation funds, are now licking their lips in anticipation of the fulfillment of their long denied desire to confiscate these funds. Such moves are already secretly under way in some states, based on the necessities of war and the belief that the mass of the people will either be indifferent to the act or accept it as a patriotic sacrifice.

The anti-firearms and anti-hunting groups are using this war as their golden opportunity. In

spite of the fact that one reason for the superiority of our fighting men has been their initiative and their intimate knowledge of the use of firearms, gained during their civilian life as sportsmen, these anti-groups would now disarm every civilian at a time when possession and expertness in the use of these arms may be one of our most powerful forces to repel invasion. The European countries know what that means.

But, most dangerous of all is the reversion to past practices by commercial exploiters; practices which during the last war so rapidly and completely used up or wasted many of our national resources. Under the guise of war necessity, but actually for personal profit, sea foods were depleted, forests denuded, streams polluted and our Wildlife and other resources squandered through neglect, over-expansion and needless misuse.

Once more we are faced with the same condition. Yet this time there are a few stronger voices crying in the wilderness. And they are being heard, at least enough to help retard the forces which are working against conservation. For them we can be thankful. Yet they need more and louder voices and more sympathetic ears to listen to them before the future can be assured.

We have been in this war long enough, now, to be able to get over our first panicky flights of cock-eyed reasoning. The time has come to give good old Commonsense its day in court and let it plead the case for sane conservation.

First, let's sum up the contentions of the prosecution. Its main brief is that we are at war and we must do everything within our power to expand our facilities and produce for victory. We must expend all our energy, industry and resources for production. All non-essential activities must be eliminated, everything must be sacrificed for victory.

Some testify that conservation is a non-essential and should be eliminated for the duration. Also hunting and fishing are luxuries which should be prohibited. Others agree to conservation's postponement but insist both hunting and fishing should be encouraged and increased.

The conservation funds should be turned over to the war effort.

Commercial exploitation of our natural resources should be subsidized and expanded to aid the war effort.

All this we must do because we owe everything to those who are fighting to save our way of life.

Commonsense agrees with some of those contentions, especially that we owe so much to those who are in the fighting forces. While those who are over there are fighting to save our way of life, we over here should also be fighting just as hard to save that way of life for them, so that, when they return, they will find it here to enjoy as part of their reward for victory.

Why fight for something, if, in the fight, we destroy that for which we are fighting? Sounds absurd—and is—for we have no need to destroy it. By using a little commonsense here at home, we won't.

Space does not allow a full discussion of all our natural resources and the part they play in our way of life, so this article will be limited to Wildlife—the one most often thought of when conservation is mentioned.

Conversation as usual, the same as business as usual, is out for the duration. No one in his right mind would argue against that. *But conservation, like business, must go on.* It must adapt itself to the changing conditions and do its share both during and after the war.

Conservation is destined to play a far greater role in the coming reconstruction period than most people realize. To play that role successfully, it must be kept alive and strong during this emergency.

Why has conservation failed to make greater progress so that it is once again in danger? Its greatest weakness is lack of unified leadership. There are too many groups working at odds with each other.

The political groups, both national and state, contain but few who are conservation minded. With a small number of notable exceptions, their support is influenced almost entirely by votes. They go as popular sentiment blows. True conservation finds little leadership from them under such conditions.

The Federal and State Conservation Agencies contain many potential leaders with wide vision based on scientific knowledge. But they are hampered on the one side by the lack of support from their political groups and on the other by unreasonable and conflicting ideas and demands from the public.

Except for a few outstanding personalities, there has been a dearth of constructive leaders among the public. The reason for this is the irreconcilable groups into which the public is divided. On the one hand we have the sportsmen; on the other, the self-appointed saviors of Wildlife, each divided into many conflicting organizations. In between these we have a large mass of disinterested individuals.

The logical question is—why is the public so divided? The answer is simple—lack of knowledge on conservation. Or, more bluntly, lack of convincing publicity from those leaders of conservation who are in a position to furnish that knowledge.

As it stands now, all these groups are putting out so much conflicting publicity, each prejudiced to its own cause, that the general public doesn't know what to believe. Therefore, we still have that large group of disinterested individuals who, in the main, think conservation is something which puts out fish and game for others to kill. Since they are by far the majority, their attitude is reflected in and usually controls the political groups, from whom the Conservation Departments must get the support to carry on their work. Thus we have a vicious circle that only widespread conservation education can break.

Just What Is Conservation?

There are many definitions. The average sportsman thinks it is composed of three things. One is the propagation of game and fish for his hunting and fishing. Next is the elimination of predators in the belief that this will assure more fish and game. And third, protection of his fish and game by laws which others should be made to obey.

The saviors of Wildlife have a more simple definition. It is the elimination of all hunting and fishing and laws to protect all Wildlife which everybody must be forced to observe.

The real conservationist has a much shorter yet more complex definition:—*Conservation is wise use.* That is commonsense, for it means not only wise use of fish and game but of all our natural resources. As such, it plays a vital role in the lives of all the people to the extent that every individual should have a deep interest in conservation. Let's examine the other definitions in respect to it.

In considering the sportsman's definition, we must first understand some of the factors behind it. Wildlife conservation originated with the sportsmen. They are the ones who fought its first battles and bore the brunt of the financial burden. They still bear that burden and are the mainstay of constructive measures. Their purpose was to insure future hunting and fishing which they believe to be their birthright. To that end they propagated native Wildlife and introduced new exotics from other lands. To protect this Wildlife, they sought laws and the elimination of predators. To them that was conservation.

Even today the majority still demand that their license moneys be spent for those purposes and expect their Conservation Departments to furnish one hundred dollars worth of fish and game for every two dollars they pay in license fees. The idea of scientific research to study the fundamental reasons for the lack of game in the covers is not acceptable to them. Nor will it be until time proves that better living conditions for Wildlife will produce more and better game by natural reproduction, at less cost, than all the artificial propagation they could finance.

Nor will they accept the idea that elimination of predators would do more harm than good. Every bit of Wildlife has its place in nature. To remove one kind allows others to increase and take its place, often with far more harmful results to the game.

On the other hand, too much protection for any one species will have just as bad a result. Thus the theory that all Wildlife should be completely protected is as wrong as the sportman's demands. Nature can provide only so much living space for each species. To have an overabundance of any one or all species means one of two major evils. First—a battle for survival, with the stronger, more hardy species destroying the weaker. Or, second, overcrowding brings both starvation and disease, with epidemics that usually spread to other species in the area, bringing misery, suffering and death. All of which is brought on by unwise conservation, dictated by misguided sentimentalism.

Why do we have so many groups of sentimental saviors of Wildlife? I believe one of the basic reasons goes back to our childhood, when we began reading animal fables. In them the animals are made to talk and think and feel and act like human beings. They are made to feel love and hate and tenderness, pain and sorrow, just as we do. Through the years a false sentiment is built up in the subconsciousness. The tenderhearted react to that feeling and determine to save Wildlife from the cruel, thoughtless world. They try to do this without a true knowledge of the natural forces controlling Wildlife's existence.

So they promulgate and force through laws which they call conservation. They stop the wise use of our Wildlife resources and allow them to increase unchecked. In a few years, Nature is overcrowded, there is not enough food to go around, so Wildlife becomes weak and disease takes over. The strong begin to destroy the weak.

Those who would prevent wise use of the surplus crop because they can't bear to think of the look in the eyes of a dead animal which is mercifully and quickly killed for food, should see the look in the eyes of those animals which are dying from starvation or disease, a lingering, painracking death, brought about because of their sentimental ignorance.

Yet these same people will wear clothing made from the skins of unborn lambs or roast the meat from innocent, big-eyed calves or cute little pigs. *To use the surplus on a farm is wise use—to use the surplus from Nature is the same wise use.* Simply because an animal grows in the wilds instead of on the farm does not give it any more right to live. They all have the same right. And when Man needs them for his use, he should take them but take them wisely.

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BASS WEATHER

LEE H. DIEHL

METEOROLOGICAL science is undoubtedly a great boon to mankind. To the weather man line squalls, cyclonic depressions, tropical air masses, pressure gradients, and warm fronts are phenomena of unquestioned interest. He views any disturbance of the delicate balance of the earth's atmosphere with the utmost equanimity. Through his eyes the boiling mass of a summer thunderhead assumes delightful proportions. It is a thing of rare and matchless beauty. Through the eyes of a fisherman, however, the same thunderstorm is viewed with misgiving. It is an enemy which in a short time may spoil his best laid plans, ruin his long awaited chance at Mr. Small-mouth whose home is beneath the roots of yon stream-side Sycamore.

To every fisherman the question of weather is of prime importance. Numerous articles pro and con have been written concerning the value of a barometer in predicting fishing conditions. Each angler considers himself somewhat of a weather prognosticator (but did you ever see a dyed in the wool fisherman who wouldn't ignore his own predictions in favor of a day astream?) with a positively occult power which tells him when the fish will strike. Also the question of moon and tide enter the picture. Doubtless there are other complicating factors.

Let's admit right from the start that atmospheric pressure and sol-lunar stages are of the greatest importance. What then? Do we sit dejectedly at home waiting out a barometric depression? Do we twiddle our thumbs until the moon can marry the tides? Not if we are fishermen. We most assuredly go fishing. Sometimes in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary we catch fish. An example of the season just past comes to mind. Two of the more indomitable of our friends, E. L. Sterner and Sterling Kinkle, expert fishermen both, weary of urban nonsense, suggested that we go fishing. The weather at the time was bad and getting rapidly worse. Not being one to quibble we made it a threesome. Arrived at Boeckel's Landing on the Upper Conewingo Dam we found Nemesis number one, an up-river wind, plus a driving rain. Hurried debate resulted in an agreement to try just one favored spot, one of the many canal openings. Net result, in the hour we had to fish, was six bass, four walleyes, two rock bass, and one large blue gill, all on baby plugs. During that time the barometer had fallen fifteen hundredths of an inch by careful check on a tested mercurial barometer. We could multiply that example tenfold but the only point we wish to make is that it pays to go fishing when you can.

How can you be your own barometer? What are the observable phenomena of the atmosphere and how can they be correlated with good fishing in the absence of instruments? Briefly those elements open to observation are wind direction and speed, kind and amount of precipitation, kind and amount of cloudiness. Temperature can be checked with any household thermometer but the best way is to expose the nose to current weather. If it doesn't freeze in thirty seconds it is warm enough to go fishing.

The effects of varied atmospheric conditions on the bass fisherman, or, more specifically, on the bass, have not been too well noted. An elementary understanding of their results can measurably increase the catch and add to the pleasure of any fisherman, but their influence is especially pertinent to the light-lure plugger. The kind of weather pleasing to the fisherman is not necessarily congenial to bass.

Since this article is meant primarily for bass fishermen we'll stick strictly to weather as it effects bass. Wind direction is a definite clue to good bass fishing. In general the best fishing is to be had during periods of constant, light westerly or northwesterly breezes. They are an almost sure sign of a high, steady barometer. South and southwest, north and northwest winds are in almost the same category, especially if they tend to continue their shift toward the west. Winds shifting in an easterly direction are almost certain disappointment for the angler. Following a period of light cyclonic rains the winds shift either northeast, north, northwest, west or southeast, south, southwest, west depending on the location of the involved pressure areas. Be on the streams during this change from an easterly direction and you will experience a veritable heyday. The break may not coincide with visibly clearing weather but may precede it by several hours. In any case the barometer is on the rise. Take advantage of it.

Wind speed is almost as certain an indication of changing weather conditions as is wind direction. Constant light westerly breezes portend a period of stable atmosphere accompanied by a favorable barometer. This is a period when strikes come with fair regularity and feeding seems to be rather general. Strong, constant winds, if in the westerly direction, bring somewhat similar conditions but the feeding is likely to be more spotty. Bass feed sporadically. This is also true of days when winds are constantly shifting direction and changing speed, "gusty" days. However, in the latter case, atmospheric instability is involved, making fishing a very uncertain proposition. These are times to locate at a favored spot and keep plugging. Strong winds during an extremely hot summer day occasionally bring excellent results. Aeration of warm waters by these powerful air currents results in increased absorption of oxygen thus inciting the fish to greater activity. Dead calms mean hard work for the angler. The glassy surface of the water remains unbroken by even the slightest ripple, visibility of the fish is increased and any movement of the water is a danger signal Surely this is the time to exercise the greatest caution in approaching and casting to likely bass hideouts.

We constantly hear fishermen friends deplore rainy days, any rainy day Technically, of course, the term precipatation includes rain, snow, sleet, hail and several other minor types of falling moisture. The fisherman in classing all types of rainy days together makes a fundamental mistake which may cost him many enjoyable hours. Actually the angler needs to know about the character of precipitation rather than its kind. Since sleet, hail, and snow involve weather from which most fishermen recoil and since, in general, they seldom bother the plugger we will concentrate on the various types of rainfall as they effect fishing.

Constant light rains of the cyclonic type lasting, as a rule, more than six hours, sometimes as much as six days, are the bane of weatherwise fishermen, unless, as previously noted, he can get in on the tail end of the more moderate ones. Obviously, prolonged rains will muddy most of our waters but those lasting two days or less and involving but an inch or so of moisture rarely do so. Rains of this type arrive on a falling barometer and fishing is likely to be poor for their duration. Winds will be in an easterly direction. Days of the same general type but characterized by intermittent showers may provide slightly better fishing conditions as the barometer tends to fluctuate considerably.

Thunderstorms are a subject of much controversy among fishermen. We have fished before, through, and after literally dozens of them and our notes show that about fifty percent of the time good fishing resulted. To the casual observer all thunderstorms are much alike. This is not true, however, since the fundamental difference in these storms largely accounts for the variation in fishing conditions at such times. Thunderstorms are divided into two great classes, line squalls and local convectional storms. The former is the result of contact between differing air masses while the latter owe their genesis to superheating of restricted, usually local, land surfaces.

Line squalls may extend for a hundred miles or more in a relatively narrow band. They generally last several hours and are usually followed by clearing weather. At their height they are likely to be quite violent. To the fisherman they pose a great big IF. If he has the temerity to expose himself to such a storm he should have satisfactory fishing. Best rule is to seek shelter until the worst of the accompanying winds are over and then continue fishing. Immediately following such a storm moves an area of heavy air and the barometer will rise rapidly. Line storms may be recognized by the rather marked dark cloud line extending entirely across the horizon. They will not be marked by separate anvil-shaped clouds.

Local convectional storms are not as favorable to the fisherman as are line storms. Our notes reveal this type of storm as providing the poorest fishing. They are a familiar phenomenon of summer, with their rumble of distant thunder, many separate dark anvil-shaped clouds which appear to be gathering for a cloud convention, and with their edges streaming beautiful rays of sunlight. Usually they do not entirely obscure the sky. These storms mark short periods of falling barometer and are an indication of generally low barometric levels. They may last intermittently throughout a hot summer afternoon. Periods between storms produce fair fishing. Late evening fishing following such an afternoon is likely to be better than average. It is the above-mentioned line squall, however, that produces good fishing for several days.

Clouds are an excellent indicator of approaching weather. They are perhaps the most reliable of the observable phenomena. Technically clouds are divided into four classes, high clouds, middle clouds, low clouds, and clouds with vertical development. From the fisherman's standpoint the first and fourth classifications hold the most import.

High Clouds (cirrus, cirrocumulus, cirrostratus) are harbingers of things to come. If following a period of pleasant weather, thin wisps of very high, featherlike clouds are observed they merit careful attention, especially if they are first seen early in the day. They are quite common at sundown and usually have

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GUARDIANS OF THE STREAMS

A Couple of Personality Sketches to Get You Better Acquainted With the Fish Wardens of Pennsylvania

By THE OLD ANGLER

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*What kind of chaps are the smartly uniformed fish wardens who patrol the streams of Pennsylvania? This question probably has never entered the thoughts of the average fisherman. After you read the sketches which follow, we think you'll want to get better acquainted with the warden in your territory.*

THREE of us were seated about a tasty lunch spread under a towering pine tree on a little knoll overlooking a famous bass pool on Wyalusing Creek. It was a cool, snappy day, and the meal of freshly cooked fish and other food spread before us savored the midday hour of rest we were spending in the shade.

A car pulled to a stop behind our machine, which was parked along the road some distance away, and a fish warden stepped out.

There was a broad grin on his tanned face, and as he walked across the grass to our side he spread his arms and exclaimed:

"Anyone get one this big this morning?"

He squatted down beside us, introduced himself as Warden Max Noll, of Montrose, and shook his head regretfully when we invited him to share our meal.

"I'm awfully sorry, fellows," he explained, "but the truth is, I polished off a pint of ice cream down the road a bit, and I'm so full right now that I couldn't choke down a bite."

The conversation remained right in the channels of fishing, of course, while we finished our meal, and eventually we got around to discussing favorite fishing holes on the stream.

Warden Noll was ready with some suggestions. He mentioned in particular one hole, some distance away, which was reputed to contain some handsome walleyes and bass and pickerel, but for the life of us we could not get into our heads his directions for finding it.

The warden was equal to the occasion. With a stub of a pencil he sketched a map for us on a bit of paper, and when a short time later he departed to continue his rounds we had promised to visit that spot for our afternoon angling.

We had to pass through a small town on the way there, and we stopped at the village store. And there we met Warden Noll again. He had been driving on some back roads and just happened to see our car parked outside the store. He thought that perhaps we still were confused in our directions and were asking help from the genial proprietor of the store.

Somebody mentioned something about bassbugs, and then we got a real thrill. Out of the back seat of his car the warden hauled a couple of cigar boxes containing some of the most beautiful specimens of bassbugs and spinner flies any of us ever had seen.

Our own tackle boxes were opened, as a matter of course, and the upshot of our chance meeting was a general exchange of lures.

Then we parted again.

We arrived at the new fishing hole in the next few minutes. We had to park our car at the end of an abandoned stretch of state highway, then walk along a railroad track to a bridge that spanned the creek. Under the bridge was the water we intended to fish.

At the parking spot stood the car of Warden Noll.

"I just happened to think," he explained, "that this hole is big and long and there are some spots which seem to be the favorite hiding places of the biggest fish. I thought it would be a good idea to walk along down and point them out to you."

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George M. Gaul Elected President of the Dover Fishing Club

By WILLIAM J. ELLIS, Sr.

WHEN the directors of the Dover Fishing Club of Philadelphia decided that the club would hold weekly competitive plug casting events during the summer of 1942, they were confronted with a real problem. "Who would head this activity?"

Weekly casting events were nothing new with the club. For years the surf and plug casters had been meeting at the Cedar Park Casting Field in Fairmount Park each Wednesday evening. Under expert instructions, they had been sharpening up their accuracy and distance form to keep in top-notch condition throughout the summer. This year, however, conditions were different.

Somebody over in Europe spoke out of turn to an ambitious paperhanger who, in turn, started something that had finally reached America. Adverse conditions, always present in a war year, made it difficult to carry on. If these weekly meetings were to be a success and well attended, the man to head them must have exceptional ability. So, after carefully analyzing the entire field, the finger was pointed at George M. Gaul. George, without having any choice in the matter, was instructed to get the boys out to cast—a large order at any time, let alone the hectic summer of 1942.

George not only succeeded in "getting 'em out," but for twelve consecutive weeks staged two and three accuracy plug contests every Wednesday night. The attendance record was one of the best in the history of the club. Then, at the close of the season, to the surprise of everyone, he distributed some very fine prizes to the contestants. When I say "very fine prizes," I include such articles as six high grade casting rods, miscellaneous tackle, flash lights, casting plugs, war stamps, and other equally useful articles, all of which had been donated by local tackle dealers through the personal efforts of George himself.

With a record such as this to guide them, it was little wonder that when the members met in December to select a president for the fiscal year of 1943, they unanimously chose George M. Gaul as their pilot.

The new president is one of the best all-round anglers in the community, dividing his time equally between marine and fresh-water fishing. He is an expert fly caster, can do more tricks with a 5/8 ounce plug than a sleight-of-hand artist can do with a deck of cards, and in distance, he casts this same plug well over two hundred feet. I've seen him sling the four-ounce surf lead somewhere around the 400-foot mark and when it comes to stripers and channel bass, he takes his hat off to no one.

George has competed in several Ocean City Cup Classics as a member of the Margate, Absecon, and Dover Fishing Club teams. He is also president of the Association of Surf Angling Clubs, which represents the last word in surf casting. He introduced the method of splicing the tournament leader direct to the casting line . . . a stunt that has contributed much toward the recent increase in footage.

As a mechanical engineer, George has designed several practical features on modern fishing reels. One of these is now accepted as standard by a nationally known manufacturer. His personal collection of reels is one of the finest I have ever seen; there are twenty of 'em and each one has a history. A couple of hours spent in his tackle room listening to him tell of some particular trip as he holds the reel he used, is a full evening's entertainment. No tall stories for him; it's all straight from the shoulder stuff with plenty of kick in it.

One of his favorite stories is about a surf casting trip to North Carolina which he describes as the greatest fishing trip of his life even though he didn't catch a whole fish. Accompanied by his pal Burt Bennett, George spent



several days in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras during the latter part of October. The channel bass were schooling up for their annual migration to southern waters. The surf was full of them, but there was also something else. Giant sharks.

It was not much of a trick hooking into one of the bass, but beaching it was another story. Not that George wasn't equal to the task of outwitting these hard fighting copperbacks. He'd done it plenty of times before. But the best surfman in the world could never stand on the beach and bring in forty pounds of channel bass with a dozen hungry sharks chasing it right up into the break.

Bass after bass was taken on the tempting bunker. Then came a fight that would thrill the most experienced angler. First, that long swift run in the direction of Europe; then, the satisfaction of getting him turned around and headed toward the beach. Five minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes—he's still fighting, but the spool of line on the reel is slowly increasing in diameter. He's coming in. You see his copper colored scales glistening in the sunlight as he rides that last line of breakers. You reach for the gaff, then—

Suddenly the fight ceases, there's something on the end of your line, but no pull. A hundred feet out from where you are standing the surface of the water becomes a bright crimson. Slowly and sadly you reel in the rest of your line. Shake your head as you view the remains of your recent combatant. Nothing left but the head. At a time like this there is just one word that properly expresses the angler's feelings. That word is "damn."

The next day they tried the same beach, the sharks had moved on, but so had the bass.

Can you imagine any angler being robbed of every fish that he hooked and then saying that it was the greatest fishing trip he ever had! Well, that's the kind of a man that's going to pilot the Dover Fishing Club through the year 1943, and unless that European paperhanger makes it so hot that the fish all leave the ocean, they're going to have one of the best years in their entire history.

OUTDOORS CALLING

By BILL WOLF

Fishermen's Luck across the River

The State of New Jersey was quite wise when it enlarged its Governor's Fishing Tournament to include the fresh water division. Some of the catches being made across the river will call attention to the excellent fresh water angling in the neighboring State.

If Jersey's non-resident licenses do not increase next year, it will be surprising. Take, for example, the three leaders in the large-mouth bass division. Their luck would encourage out-of-State anglers to investigate Jersey.

The present leader is Charles Sparnon, of Church St., Franklin, who landed a large-mouth black bass weighing 7 pounds 14 ounces, in Franklin Pond. Not far behind is the second place holder, Otto Fiedler, of Dunellen, who caught a 7-pound 4-ounce bass. Walter Breyer, Berlin, holds third place with a fish weighing 6 pounds 2 ounces.

There have been changes, too, in the brown trout division of the Jersey contest with the reopening of the season for the month of September. In first place is Kenneth T. Dean, of 71 Bell St., Belleville, who caught a 5-pound trout in Hacklebarney State Park.

Second place is held by Donald C. Krautter, of Roselle, with a 3-pound 15½-ounce brownie taken from the Pequest River. Frank Thiel, Montvale, is third with fish weighing 3 pounds 12 ounces. —*Philadelphia Record*



Harrold Sr. Conservation and Sportsmen's Club Members in Action. This photo shows three boys of The Fish Committee of The Harrold Jr. Conservation and Sportsmen's Clubs, stocking 300 brown trout in Jacobs Creek, Westmoreland County. The Fish were received from the Federal Hatchery at Lock Haven. The boys are Malcolm Hindman, James Fink, and Sammy Henderson. This is one of the many activities in which the boys of the Clubs have been engaged for the past 10 years. The groups meet weekly in the school year and programs are supplied. The Conservation Club members number 108, 7th and 8th graders while the Sportmen's Club numbers 54 9th and 10th graders. They assist in stocking fish and game when the officers of both Commissions advise the boys. In 1941 some 250 Safety Zone signs were distributed to farmers, as most of the members come from farms. Four programs entailed the placing of five bushels of corn on the cob in an area of 10 minutes' walk from school. Fifteen of the boys who do outstanding work during the year are rewarded with a fishing trip of some 60 miles. Robert C. Yake, Secretary of the South West Division, Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, is the sponsor of the clubs.

KILL AND BLEED YOUR FISH

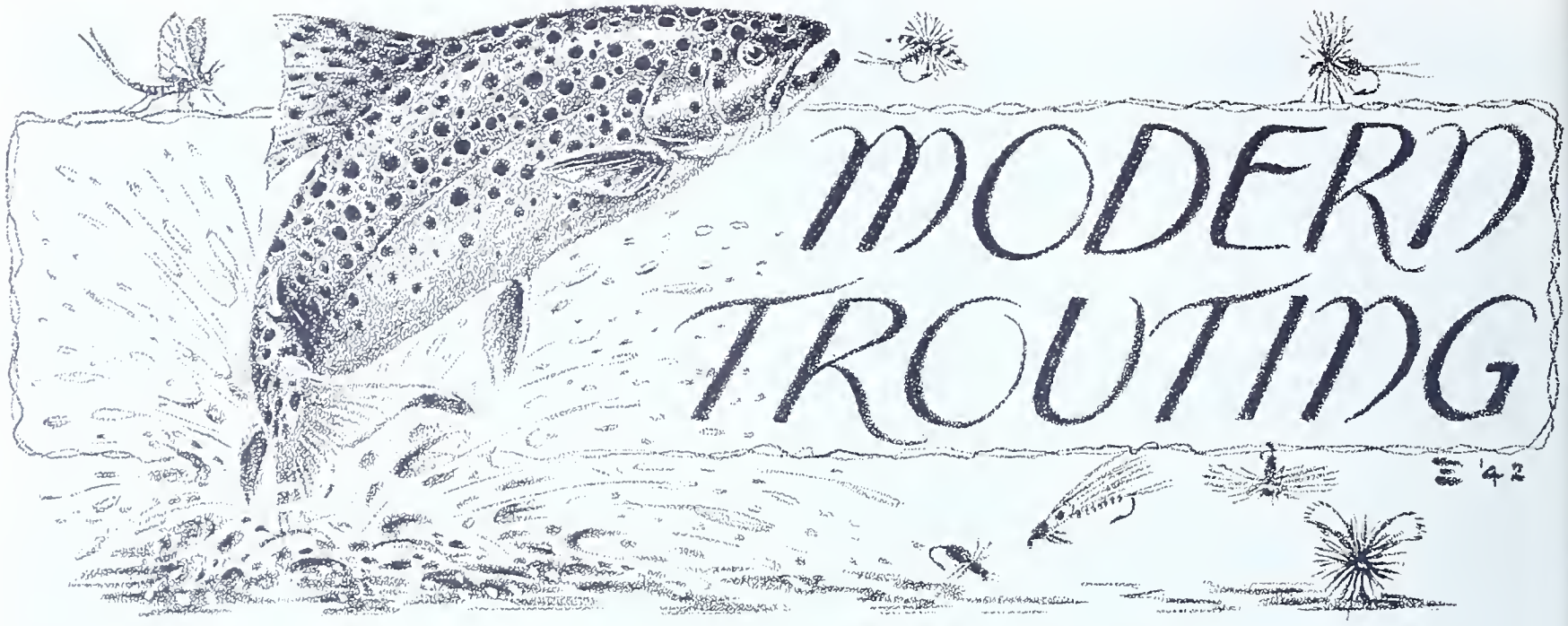
By W. W. WHEATLY

EVERY season I have the experience of fishing with some new companion whose casting is a joy to behold, and who generally puts on a delightful exhibition when playing his fish. And I'm about to conclude that this angler is a fervent disciple of Izaak Walton when the brilliant show is spoiled by the way the fish are handled *after* they're brought to net.

Those of us who received our first angling lessons in company with some seasoned sportsman who took pride in treating all fish with proper respect both before and after catching them, cannot help doing a little mental squirming when we see an otherwise thoughtful fisherman neglecting to speedily kill and care for his catch. I can well imagine what the fine gentleman and sportsman who was the fishing mentor of my youth would have to say if he had been with me on a day last summer and beheld the way my companion treated, or rather, mistreated, his fish. And imagine my own surprise when this nearly-perfect trout fisherman nonchalantly tossed his first iridescent beauty into a dry creel where he allowed the fish to flop and die a lingering and gasping death.

There's no doubt that killing your fish immediately upon netting is humane practice, but it was not this element alone that was stressed by "Uncle" Cliff Smith, who taught me and other boys in my neighborhood most of the lasting lessons about fish and fishing that have made our days on streams and lakes more enjoyable through many seasons. "Uncle" Cliff used to load several of us boys in a spring wagon and take us up into the mountains over the weekends. We'd sleep under the wagon on a mattress of pine boughs topped off with ferns, and we'd be up long before daybreak to walk to the stream where we'd catch our breakfast trout. Around the little campfire after the evening meal "Uncle" Cliff would expound his theories concerning fish and their devious ways, mingled with much valuable woodlore and other things boys should know in order to qualify as real sportsmen. It was here that we received our academic training in the Art of Angling. Along the streambank we were taught the practical lessons in casting, hooking, playing, landing, and, what was equally important in "Uncle" Cliff's curriculum, the *care* and *handling* of fish after being caught. This honest fisherman held to the proposition that a fish should be taken in the most skillful manner possible and that because the value of fish as a delicate and tasty food was of equal importance to the sport they provided, no fisherman could be termed a "complete angler" unless he gave particular attention to the treatment of his fish after he was lucky enough to land them.

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BUCKTAILS AND STREAMER FLIES

By CHARLES K. FOX

ABOUT a decade ago bucktails and streamer flies were little known or used in our neck of Penn's Woods. Most of my fishing acquaintances did not even carry any, however, the National Outdoor Magazines were beginning to advertise them.

One day I saw my fishing partner tie on one of the two he owned as a last resort when the fishing was tough. Then we saw a tremendous trout take a pass at it without touching the fly as it bobbed on the surface. After resting the fish for five minutes we witnessed the hooking of this brown trout. In less than five seconds the fish swam away with the fly and that was that.

Up until the time of that occurrence it was my belief that to take Pennsylvania trout on flies it was necessary to employ small wet and dry flies. Those tremendous things called bucktails and streamer flies were actually over an inch in length and I regarded them as atrocious monstrosities.

Here before our very eyes a big, old, wise brown fell for one. This, undoubtedly, was a trout which had been fished over many times with wet flies, dry flies, and different kinds of live bait and he still lived to fool fishermen. He was spared by the breaking of a light leader, but the fact remained that the bucktail had induced him to "take."

It is peculiar how we become set in our ways and build up confidence in our angling methods, yet in spite of this we are subject to metamorphose. It may be just a small incident which upsets one's mental attitude or it may be an impressive demonstration by some other angler. Here, indeed, was an incident which was food for thought and one which merited thorough investigation.

Chance is a funny thing. About one week after this occurrence I bumped into a stranger while fishing the Yellow Breeches. He knew but little about trout fishing. During the course of our conversation he pulled out a box containing a number of flies and insisted that I take a certain fly. He explained that it was a particular favorite of his brother, a very ardent and skilled New York State trouter.

The fly I was to try looked more like a small bass bug than a trout fly. It was made of hair held together with wire; it was one inch in length, and was white with a lateral black stripe on each side. Here was a far departure from the slender trout flies I was accustomed to use and, frankly, it did not look so hot.

Within the next few days I fished a small limestone spring stream that held a number of trout, and as the fellows say, "that stream grows them big."

Things were not going too well and after a couple of hours of fishing I tied on the black and white bug. When cast on the water, it hit with a splash; then when retrieved it cut the surface. I eyed it with disdain. More than one cast was made with it because I was too indifferent to immediately remove it. This, thinks I, is far removed from fly fishing for trout.

All of a sudden there was a snapping noise and a swirl appeared at the end of the leader making the fly bob up and down. Then all was quiet again. Something had taken an honest to goodness pass at the bug but had not touched it.

The same thing happened a number of times during the next two hours before darkness settled. Sometimes the trout would jump right over the fly. Frequently, they would come back to the fly more than once, but few touched it. When I left the stream that night, I was an excited and bewildered fisherman but there was a big brown bent in the basket.

Immediately I contacted my good friend, Don Martin, and told him about the experiences with the bucktails. After an extensive search through his catalogues the fly the stranger had given me was identified. It was Tutle's Devil Bug with the crest or topknot clipped off. Naturally, we immediately ordered some.

The next order of business was to secure other bucktails and streamer flies in various sizes and colors as well as flies made of various materials. Don, Lew Kunkel, and I then went on a bucktail and streamer fly fishing rampage which carried over about three seasons. We still indulge in it in dead earnest when we think conditions are right.

We attacked our new problem from all angles in an attempt to learn more and improve our fishing fun. Over a period of time the wheat was separated from the chaff and now we think we have some of the answers.

The most perplexing problem of all was to take the trout that rose to the bucktails but refused them. Was it because the timing of the fish was bad and they simply missed the fly?

We then secured flies tied on various types of hooks. On the theory that the fish were striking at the head of the fly we tried some flies tied on very short shank hooks, but this made no appreciable difference. Then on the theory that the fish were striking short we even tried flies with trailer hooks. This also was no improvement. We noticed that the trout came for the flies but refused them more in dead water than in heavy water. They took them best in medium fast water. The conclusion was obvious. If the trout wanted to take the flies they took them; when they did not want to take them they would rise to the flies but never touch them. It was not because their aim was bad.

When a trout is raised on a bucktail or streamer fly but refuses the offering it pays to rest the fish before again casting over it, and we feel perfectly sure of this. It sometimes works to change your position and bring the same fly over the fish from a different angle with different action. Changing flies never seemed to help very much.

We reached definite decisions about patterns, size, and style of fly through the trial and error method. Practically all of the flies we tried interested fish but some worked much better than others. Yellow ones for some reason reigned supreme in the waters we fished. This may be because yellow is such a penetrating color. White, black, natural buck and natural squirrel worked better than the wild colors such as red, green, etc. Colors in combination did not seem any more attractive than the solids. Tinsel bodies and wool bodies worked on a par. Hair flies seemed a little better than feathered ones. When a little oil was rubbed on the bucktail or hair it seemed to give it added luster which improved effectiveness. There is no doubt in my mind that jungle cock shoulders improve a bucktail or streamer fly.

These flies are at their best in water which is a little on the high cloudy side. This is the prevailing condition early in the season. Heavy water is their best setting. I guess it is stubbornesss that prevents me from fishing them with lead.

My favorite way of working these flies is quartering downstream. I enjoy fishing them

the most in a big riffle of a large stream. The main thing is to keep the rod tip high so there is not a lot of slack in the water, thereby being prepared to answer the strike of a trout. It is easier to do this with a long rod than with a short one. If a stiff rod is employed 2X leaders are the lightest which can be safely used. A light action rod will absorb more shock and with such a rod 9-foot 3X leaders can be used.

I am convinced that trout take these flies best just as the fly slows up near the completion of the arc. It is therefore an advantage to make the cast in such a way that the completion of the arc occurs over a particularly good looking spot. I like to see the fly come almost straight across the current before it slows up. If one is casting quartering downstream from the left side of the stream looking down stream the fly can be made to come almost straight across current by slowly bringing the rod held high across the face. Now and then, slow down the speed of the fly and vary the action. Most fishermen fish their streamer flies in jerks but on occasion trout seem to prefer a steadily moving fly with unbroken action. While fishing a stretch it often pays to try both actions.

An ideal start for a beginner is for him to fish the riffles with bucktails and streamer flies early in the season and then branch out into wet and dry fly fishing to suit his fancy. Revert to bucktails and streamer flies when the water is high and cloudy.

My favorite patterns of bucktails and streamer flies are as follows:

1. "Optic" Bucktail size 8 hook; bucktail, yellow; body, yellow wool with gold ribbing; tail. orange; jungle cock shoulders and "optic" head.
2. "Optic" Bucktail size 8, bucktail, natural; body, orange wool with gold ribbing; tail, red; "optic" head and jungle cocks. (This may be taken because it imitates so closely a large stone fly nymph.)
3. "Optic" Bucktail size 8; bucktail, black; body, yellow wool with gold ribbing; "optic" head and jungle cocks.
4. Little Yellow Bucktail, size 10 hook, fly ¾ of an inch in length over all; bucktail yellow; body, silver tinsel; tail, tag, and head, red.
5. Black Maribou, size 10 hook; body, silver tinsel; jungle cocks; one inch in length.
6. Yellow Maribou, yellow maribou, otherwise same as No. 5.
7. Tutle's Devil Bug, size 8 hook, black and white bucktail, clipped crest.
8. Large Yellow Maribou, same as No. 6 but three inches in length and tied on a size 6 hook. (This is a fine discolored water streamer and the largest trout it has been my good fortune to catch, took this fly.)

A sportsman is one who is fair, reasonable, and a respecter of the rights of others. He plays the game according to the law and the rules governing his game. He loves his sport and indulges in it at every opportunity. His interest and quest for knowledge is deep. Conservation and the desire to improve is uppermost in his mind.

FAVORITE FLIES AND THEIR MATERIALS

By CHARLES K. FOX

PATTERN	BODY	TAIL	HACKLE	WINGS
Adams	Blue-grey fur	Grizzly	Grizzly and Rhode Island Red, mixed	Grizzly, tied spent wing
Blue Dun	Blue-grey fur	Blue-grey hackled wisps	Blue-grey	Blue-grey
Light Cahill	Cream colored fur	Speckled mandarin	Ginger	Speckled mandarin
Dark Cahill	Blue-grey fur	Speckled mandarin	Brown	Speckled mandarin
Cochy Gondhu	Condor quill	Cochy gondhu	Cochy gondhu	Speckled mandarin
Ginger Quill	Light condor quill	Ginger	Ginger	Blue-grey or ginger hackle points
Gold Ribbed Hare's Ear	Fur from hare's ear with tinsel ribbing	Brown hackle wisps	No hackle	Slate
Dark Hendrickson	Blue-grey fur	Speckled mandarin	Dark blue-grey	Speckled mandarin
Light Hendrickson	Cream colored fur	Speckled mandarin	Light grey	Speckled mandarin
Olive Quill	Peacock quill	Olive hackle wisps	Olive	Slate
Pale Evening Dun	Greenish yellow wool	Pale blue-grey	Pale blue-grey	Blue-grey
Spent Yellow	Pale yellow wool	Pale yellow hackled wisps	Pale yellow	Dyed yellow badger hackle tied spent wing
Ray Bergman's Fox	Grey fox fur	Honey hackle wisps	Mixed honey and ginger	Grey mallard
Ray Bergman's Blue Fox	Blue-grey fur	Grizzly hackle wisps	Mixed grizzly and blue-grey	Grizzly hackle tips
Tup's Indispensable	Yellow floss with pink wool tuft at shoulder	Ginger	Ginger faced with white	No wings
Fan Wing Royal Coachman	Peacock herl, scarlet silk floss center	Golden pheasant tippet	Brown	White fan wings
McSneek	Dyed black peacock herl, silver tinsel center	Black hackle wisps	Black	White fan wings
Royal Wulff	Peacock herl, scarlet silk floss center	Brown bucktail	Brown	White bucktail
White Wulff	Cream fur	White bucktail	Light badger	White bucktail
Black Gnat	Black chenille	Black hackle wisps	Black	Slate
Pink Lady Bivisible	Gold tinsel	Ginger hackle wisps	Ginger hackle tied palmer. Pale yellow at eye	No wings
Badger Spider	Black chenille	Badger hackle wisps	Badger	No wings
Honey Spider	No body	No tail	Long honey hackles	No wings
Dark Multi-colored Varient	Black silk	Blue-grey, red and black intermingled	Red, black and blue-grey intermingled	Grizzly hackle tips
Grey Hackle	Yellow floss or red	Grizzly hackle wisps	Grizzly hackle tied palmer	No wings
Greenwell's Glory	Olive floss, gold ribbing and gold tip	No tail	Dark brown furnace	Dark slate
Iron Blue Dun	Blue-grey fur	Grey mallard with scarlet floss tip	Brown	Slate
Blue Quill	Grey peacock quill	Blue-grey hackle wisps	Blue-grey	Blue-grey
Dark Coty	Blue-grey fur mixed with a little scarlet wool	Dark blue-grey hackle wisps	Dark blue-grey	Dark blue-grey hackle tips
Red Fox Beaverkill	Blue-grey fur from red fox with gold tinsel ribbing	Ginger	Ginger faced with pale blue-grey	No wings

GUARDIANS OF THE STREAMS

(*Continued from Page 9*)

We were delighted, of course, and the four of us soon were on the scene. Like a general placing his forces, the warden stationed each one of us at a a good spot, gave us a few tips about certain large rocks and other obstructions lying in the deep green of the pool, and then with a cheery goodby went on about his duties.

If this were fiction, of course, we would have caught half a dozen monster fish in that pool. As a matter of fact, we didn't, but all of us were experienced enough to know at a glance that we had been directed to as fine a bass hole as can be found in Central Pennsylvania.

We didn't mind not catching a lot of fish.

We had made the acquaintance of a real fellow, and he had added very much to the pleasure of that particular outing.

Since then I have caught some fine pickerel and bass on the lures he gave me, and I'm planning to turn out some copies of them at my own worktable this winter.

But even more, I hope I'll meet Warden Noll along Wyalusing Creek again some afternoon, and my companions hope the same.

Warden and Youngster

One spring afternoon some years ago I took my ten-year-old daughter, Lucile, with me for a bit of trout angling on a meadow stream not far from Williamsport. I was using wet flies, and she was fishing with worms. She caught four or five brook trout in short order, and after traversing a bit of rough streamside we sat down on a flat rock to rest. A bit later an automobile stopped on the road behind us.

A tall, husky chap in uniform approached, and I recognized Fish Warden Carl Bidelspacher, of Williamsport. We were not personally acquainted then, although since we have become good friends, and I feared a little bit for my daughter's reactions to the sight of a big fellow in uniform approaching so unexpectedly.

The warden gave me a pleasant word of greeting, then sat down on the rock beside Lucile.

"Well, little lady, are you beating daddy catching trout?" he asked.

A sunny smile spread over the youngster's face, and without a word she opened the little creel at her side and held it out to him.

"Why, those are beauties!" the warden exclaimed.

"I caught them all myself," the little girl boasted.

"Say, that's swell," the warden continued. "And what did you catch them on?"

"Worms," said Lucile proudly. "Gee, they fought hard. They acted just like they wanted to take my rod away from me. Isn't fishing fun, mister?"

"It sure is," responded the warden.

Then he took the child by the hand and led her to a small, deep pool in the stream.

"Bend down low and walk real quiet," he told her. "I'll bet we can see some trout swimming around down in the water."

Side by side they sneaked up on that pool, and soon there was an exclamation of delight from the child's lips. Deep in the pool she had spotted three fat trout moving restlessly about. While she watched them Warden Bidelspacher spoke quietly:

"You see, little girl, that's how trout live. They're swimming around looking for something to eat. If you can sneak up on them so quietly that they do not see you, and then drop a worm down in the water to them, you'll be able to catch them. But you must be very, very quiet."

The two walked back to the rock, where I had remained seated, and after a word or two with me the warden drove away.



When we got home that afternoon Lucile greeted her mother with these words:

"Mother, we met the nicest policeman. He said I was a fine fisherman, and he told me all about how to catch trout."

Only after that did she display the fish she had caught.

I have met Warden Bidelspacher many times since that day, and I know the fine work he is doing on his "beat" in Central Pennsylvania, but I think a fish warden was never paid a higher tribute, nor ever more deserved it, than the words of a little girl:

"Mother, we met the nicest policeman."

The Worm Fisherman

When I was just a kid, with the arts of fishing with artificial lures as yet unknown to me, I had a meeting with a fish warden that completely altered the sport of angling for me. I had fished with older anglers who used nothing but bait—mostly night-crawlers at that—and I was having one of those difficult mornings when nothing but undersized bass would bite, when the warden and I met.

He waded across a riffle in Wyalusing Creek, stopped on the shore behind me, and asked me what luck I was having.

I'm afraid I was a bit peevish as I complained that nothing but the little ones had been striking. When he asked me what I was fishing with and I replied: "Bait, of course," the warden didn't mince words.

"What do you expect, my lad, with worms?" he asked.

"Fish," I snapped, nettled by his tone.

He ignored my anger.

"What I mean is," he continued, "the water in the creek right now is so low and clear that bait fishing is almost useless. Have you ever tried a fly and spinner when it's hot and sunny like this?"



"No, I never did," I replied, cooling off.

The warden, who carried his own rod in the crook of his arm, showed me the lure he was using—a copper spinner and a fly of some pattern that I cannot recall after all these years.

Then, with a powerful thrust of his wrist, he cast the lure out into the pool, retrieved it with sharp twitches, and soon was battling a giant rock bass that had appeared out of nowhere and struck the fly.

That's how I met Warden Myron Shoemaker, who retired several years ago and who since has followed the profession of writing and lecturing on angling.

The warden was no show-off. Now that he had my interest, he deftly unhooked the bass and invited me to sit down on the shore in the shade of some thick bushes for a bit of a chat.

In the half hour that followed I accumulated a tremendous lot of fishing lore. In simple, easy to understand language the warden explained to me the theory and the fundamental tactics of angling for bass with artificial lures.

He explained not only the fly and spinner, but also the bassbug, and when he and I parted I had a whole pocketful of spinner flies and bassbugs which he himself had made.

I tried the fly and spinner the rest of that day and had a lot of fun. I've used them ever since, of course.

But the pay-off came a week or so later when a friend and I were bass fishing on a stream near Williamsport.

My friend always had angled for bass with bait, and because I was not yet sure of myself with artificials I used bait, too, but when dusk came neither of us had caught a fish.

Then the idea of the bassbugs came into my mind. I had a couple of them in a box in a pocket of my fishing coat.

"Let's stay until dark tonight," I suggested to my friend.

"Bass won't bite after dark," he replied.

"But they will on bassbugs," I assured him.

"And what are bassbugs?" he asked.

I told him, then, all about my conversation with Warden Shoemaker, and I passed along to him the instructions the warden had given me along Wyalusing Creek.

My friend agreed to try it, so each of us attached a bassbug to our leader and began fishing as the warden had told me to.

My friend got the first strike, and it was pretty dark by then. The fish swam around him twice, wrapping his line around his legs, before he got things under control. He yelled with glee. It was a bass 15 inches long—and it came from the very spot where he had stood for an hour vainly waiting for a fish to take his bait.

I also caught a nice bass that evening, and in the next couple of weeks my friend and I spent every evening we could spare along that stretch of water, fishing with our bassbugs. By the time the season ended we caught 24 bass better than a foot in length, we had each lost a lunker that snapped the leader, and our gift bassbugs were badly tattered.

My friend and I still prefer artificial lures for bass. We use bait when the bass will take nothing else—and on certain streams we fish that occasionally is the situation—but never until we have first given the artificial lures a thorough trial.

It's my honest conviction, in fact, that if Warden Shoemaker had not set me straight that July morning on Wyalusing Creek, years ago, I probably never would have advanced to the point in fishing where I would have dared to try my hand at writing on outdoor subjects. And next to fishing itself, writing about fishing is the most pleasant thing I do.

Know Your Warden

There you have my case, fellows—that it's worth your while to cultivate the acquaintance of the fish warden in your locality.

Of course, you obey the law, and you may have an idea that a fish warden spends his time roaming around the countryside looking for opportunities to bawl out some erring angler or to make arrests, showing off in his uniform. Certainly, the fish warden enforces the laws. There wouldn't be much fishing if he didn't.

But, more than that, fish wardens like to fish as well as you do, and they have accumulated a lot of fishing lore in their travels.

They know your trials and tribulations along the stream, and they are sympathetic and want to be helpful.

One of them I know guided anglers to a good fishing spot; another easily gained the friendship of a child of ten; a third turned a worm dunker into an angler.

I salute the wardens!



REAL FISHERMAN

A retired Pennsylvania Railroad engineman, Joseph C. Hunter, of near Havre de Grace, Md., won his spurs as an expert fisherman on the Susquehanna River.

Using a 3–0 hook and No. 12 twin line, Hunter landed an eighteen-pound catfish, one of the largest taken from the river, according to old-time fishermen. The fish measured thirty-one inches in length, nineteen inches around the dorsal fin and seventeen and one-half inches around the head.

With only a minnow as his bait Hunter caught the catfish and a six-pound salmon in front of his home at Lapidum, near Havre de Grace. He told friends that the hook was bent when he removed it from the fish.

—Harrisburg Evening News

Determine that the thing can and shall be done, and then we shall find the way.

—Lincoln



Just sucker fishing. A fine hole just above Neshannock Falls in Lawrence County.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

(*Continued from Page 4*)

enthused as he shed his heavy jacket.

George was busy collecting firewood; not that there was any need for a fire, but an early spring sucker expedition is incomplete without the pleasantly acrid smell of wood smoke stinging one's nostrils.

The stream was high, the cold ice water running between heavy slabs of anchored bank ice. The air was charged with the raw, clean smell of melting snows and every rill sang lustily.

The fishing spot at the confluence of the Neshannock and Little Neshannock Creeks is considered good. The fish had begun their run and were caught with heartening regularity.

The three of us sitting closely together watched our bait rods extending out over the whispering water. A merry fire burned at our backs and conversation was rife.

George maneuvered his worm-baited hook into an eddy back of where the current sucked at the clay bank. It was an ideal spot and I looked for prompt action.

Shortly, his line took on that scarcely perceptible movement indicating that something other than the current was playing around with it. It is certainly strange how a fisherman can discern and usually interpret correctly the mysterious movements of a submerged line even in a smart current.

The lucky fisherman shoved his pipe between his teeth, grasped the rod and announced, "Boys, this is it."



A famous sucker hole at the confluence of the Little and Big Neshannock Creeks in Lawrence County.

The line headed across the current and then paused. Bill and I looked on like a couple of proud parents, the former even letting a smart tug at his line go unnoticed.

"Here's where I give it the works," pronounced George as he slowly worked in the slack.

Bill and I nodded approvingly and George went into his act.

Admittedly, the sucker can't emulate the aërial tactics of the rainbow trout, nor can it match the persistent, boring runs of the brookie. Yet, its blustering, headlong flight at the end of resisting line never fails to extract a thrill from the most unfeeling angler.

The happy angler dragged his exhausted quarry up across the fringe of ice and up onto the bank. It was a sizable white sucker and looked good lying there among the withered grasses.

When George grasped the fish to remove the hook, he gave a grunt of surprise. "Say," he observed, "this fish is as cold as an icicle and nearly as hard."

And it is true. The cold water sucker is a superb fish. I'm convinced that if as much culinary care was given to the sucker as is devoted to more popular species it would rank higher than it does. Further, if it was known by another name it would proportionately enjoy as much popularity as does the dog salmon now that its name has been changed to the more savory sounding one of chum.

The long, fine bones scattered throughout the flesh of the sucker are not as bad as one is led to believe. However, back in those days when suckers were found in practically every stream, Mother had a way of preparing the fish which markedly reduced the bone hazard. Just before the fish was subjected to one of the various modes of cooking that she employed, it was deeply scored lengthwise with a sharp knife. Obviously, the scoring reduces the bones to less dangerous lengths.

While on the subject of things culinary, it might be well to mention smoked sucker. There, indeed, is high class, delectable food. Split open, unscaled and unfinned, the fish is cured in brine for a period of ten days. This is followed by smoking it for two days in a smudge of apple wood. The result is something that will not only tickle the palate of the discriminating, but also of the ordinary, run-of-the-mine eater.

"I've heard somewhere that suckers don't bite as readily after the water warms up," said George as he plunged his catch into a convenient snowbank. "I wonder why?" he queried.

Bill volunteered as good an explanation as I've ever heard on the matter. "In the first place," began Bill, "in the summer the stream bottoms are teeming with those organisms upon which the sucker feeds. But if a real small hook and a worm to fit it are used, the suckers will readily take it.

The observation reminds me of an incident that happened on French Creek late last spring. While fishing in the vicinity of Sagertown, the big redhorse suckers which could be seen assiduously feeding in midstream, refused all of our offerings until we shifted to seemingly unreasonably small hooks. If memory serves me right, the most effective was the No. 16 Carlisle baited with correspondingly small bits of worm.

By the time George was again fishing both Bill and I had scored. The fish were identical; trim, white suckers of around a pound in weight.

It might be well to mention that in streams where they abound (and they do in this end of the Commonwealth), the so-called waterdog or more properly, necturus, can be a nuisance dur-

ing the sucker season. They will readily take a worm or any other edible bait. Further, they have no consideration for the flyrod fisherman. However, the biggest specimens can be readily handled with a light rod if the angler exercises reasonable care. The fun really begins however, when you attempt to retrieve your hook from the cavernous mouth. Every last mother's son of them (and that goes for the gentler sex, too), will resist mightily. We never fail to connect with several of the brutes on our early spring forays.

On that long-to-be-remembered March day on the Neshannock, the sun poured down its grateful warmth until the shadows of late afternoon stretched clear across the creek.

When little, crystal fingers of new ice began to form in the still pools left by the warm sun, we doused the fire, collected the catch (an even score of amazingly uniform fish), and made ready to depart.

However, before we got underway, Bill chanced to take a last look at the smaller stream. Although it was running full, the water was clear and the bottom easily discernible even in the channel running along the nearest bank.

"Hey, you guys," he called, "take a look."

The sight that beset our eyes was heart warming. The suckers were moving up the smaller tributary. Bunches containing as many as a couple of dozen or more, periodically scurried across the shallows and up into the deeper channel. From there they streamed into the wider and still deeper waters above.

As we gazed at the retreating fish Bill made an interesting observation. "That's one fish we'll always have with us so long as the streams are kept clean," he said.

And it's true. The fecundity of the sucker is startling. They can produce prodigious quantities of young, which incidentally, comprise a large percentage of the food of the more desirable fishes. However, they are very sensitive to the oxygen content of the water as well as to the presence of even minute quantities of harmful substances. For example, here in Lawrence County, when the Shenango goes haywire, which it does occasionally, the first fish to suffer are the suckers. They give up the ghost long before any of the game fishes are even affected.

Only last Sunday I was on a little jaunt along the Shenango. The air was cold and raw, but I found Robert Lee Lincoln at his usual post on the railroad embankment just below the waterworks. Most any time after the turn of the year this devotee of the ancient art can be seen "bedeblin' the suckers eben ef ah don' ketch none." In these parts it's as much a promise of milder weather to come as is the first batch of sassafras tea. So, it won't be long now.

This piece couldn't be closed by a more appropriate observation than is contained in the old saying, to wit: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." This may be conversely applied to this somewhat misunderstood fish. "A sucker is surprisingly popular in spite of its unsavory name." But, to once again quote the Bard, "What's in a name?"

COMMONSENSE CONSERVATION

(*Continued from Page 7*)

That is commonsense conservation.

The real problem confronting us in the present emergency is, what is wise use of our resources?

We can all be thankful that a real effort is being made to solve that problem. Untiring work on the part of conservation leaders and the Outdoor Writers' Association of America, has caused national committees to be formed whose purpose it is to make thorough studies of our resources and recommend sound measures for their present use.

Both Federal and State Conservation Departments are looking forward to the reconstruction period after the war. Plans are now being made to hold over all new construction and developments to furnish employment for the returning personnel. This will help them through the readjustment period.

One of the best examples of this planning is a meeting recently held in New York. Officers of practically all the conservation agencies and organizations in the United States gathered to discuss informally the pressing conservation problems. Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, Director of the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service, called and presided over the meeting. Three groups were formed into committees, each to study a major problem.

Ovid Butler of the American Forestry Association, as chairman of the Upland Game and Mammal Committee, presented its report. This urged: 1. A program to popularize wider use of wild meats; 2. Better utilization of wildlife surpluses; 3. Long range planning to utilize as management areas and public hunting and fishing grounds those military reservations that may become surplus to war needs following the war; 4. Develop a program to protect and utilize the wildlife resources of Alaska, this being necessary on account of the greatly increased civilian and military populations in that territory; 5. That the War Production Board and the Defense Supplies Corporation be asked to provide essential ammunition for important civilian uses. Wildlife crops should be harvested in order to release a still further supply of domestic meats to the war effort and to accelerate control of predatory animals and rodents.

As chairman of the Migratory Waterfowl Committee, former Senator Frederic C. Walcott, President of the American Wildlife Institute, reported his committee felt that, in view of the rapid increase in migratory waterfowl populations during the last two years "it is essential to provide additional winter feeding and resting places for these birds if they are to be able to return to their breeding season in the following spring." The growing numbers of waterfowl has increased, "to some extent and in certain areas, the partial destruction of some of our agricultural crops of which the country is today in desperate need and which must be saved to develop surpluses to allay the ravages of war." To do this, the committee recommended that the Duck Stamp Act be amended, changing the price of the duck stamps from $1.00 to $2.00.

David A. Aylward, President of the National Wildlife Federation, and a member of this committee, suggested that "*small benefit from winning the war would accrue to the American people if our national program on conservation and restoration is destroyed. To safeguard these important natural resources, it is urgent that we set up and maintain a committee, national in scope, to plan and give public prominence to the restoration and protection of our renewable natural resources.*"

As Chairman of the Committee on Fisheries, Dr. John Van Osten, President of the American Fisheries Society, gave his report as follows:

1. That draft boards be asked to defer experienced commercial fisherman on a basis similar to that employed for farmers and that administrative means be found to prevent undue diversion of fishing vessels from fishing industries.
2. In order to better utilize the commercial fisheries, it was recommended that (a) proper size limits be adopted to take advantage of growth; (b) popularize and better utilize such fishes as carp and buffalo and others which are usually discarded by commercial fishermen; (c) certain fishing waters which are now closed to commercial fishing should be opened in order to utilize the non-game species, wherever this fishing can be conducted under proper supervision.
3. Adequate fish screens should be placed at the main headgates of all diversion dams constructed by the Bureau of Reclamations, the Army Engineers, or other agencies for irrigation, hydro-electric power and other uses, and that these fish screens be made an integral part of the engineering plans before construction is authorized and that their continued operation shall be an integral part of the operating plan thereafter.

Other important details were also recommended, including fishways, policies on pollution, irrigation, drainage and other such vital measures. It was urged that the Clark-Buck bills be passed, to provide Federal aid to state fishery restoration projects under a plan similar to the Pittman-Robertson Act for game. This would earmark the excise tax on fishing tackle for such projects in the same way the tax on arms and ammunition is used for game restoration projects.

Commonsense Conservation is beginning to march ahead. It has a long way to go and needs many solid reenforcements. The greatest of these is knowledge—a realization of the meaning and need for conservation by the mass of the people. It is one thing to recommend wise measures—quite another to get them into laws and operation. A sympathetic understanding on the part of the people and, through them, the politicians, will spell victory on the home front.

That would mean that the things which our men are sacrificing themselves for over there will be waiting for them when they come back over here. To that end we should pledge every ounce of commonsense we can put into conservation and stay in there fighting until the cause is won.

CATCHES LARGE BASS ON ICE

One of the largest bass brought to Freeland in recent years was by Olin Oberrender of South street, Freeland, member of the Freeland Manufacturing Co. staff, who caught the fish in the Susquehanna River at Meshoppen. He was accompanied on the trip by Howard Hinkle of Centre street, Freeland, who is employed at the overall factory.

It was caught in an unusual manner. The fish leaped at Oberrender's plug, but missed, and landed on the crust of shore ice. Oberrender used his landing net to catch the fish, but when he put his weight on the ice, it broke and he fell into the water. However, he held the netted fish and said it was worth the ducking. He suffered no ill effects from his wetting, and after drying his wet clothing, the two local men returned home.

The bass weighs six pounds and 7¼ ounces and measures 25 inches in length. It is on exhibition at the Freeland Manufacturing Co. plant on South Ridge street, Freeland.

—*Hazleton Standard Sentinel*

A man may be happy without a fortune, but he can never be happy without a friend.

ANGLER, CASTING FOR FISH, HOOKS RABBIT INSTEAD

This is a fish story only because the hero started out fishing. The hero will have to be designated only as Big Swede because he made his catch out of season.

Big Swede had pulled only a couple of small "keepers" out of Buttermilk Creek, near Cadillac, Mich., on the opening day of the trout season when a rabbit ran toward him. Big Swede lashed out an expert cast. The leader of his light line looped twice around the rabbit's neck and the hook made a fast noose by snagging over the leader.

After a few minutes of battle with a four-ounce rod Big Swede "landed" his catch. He put it in the trunk of his car as proof of his story to the boys at American Legion headquarters.

But when Swede got back to town and opened the trunk he had more proof than even he had expected. His rabbit was now a mother with six little bunnies cuddled beside her.

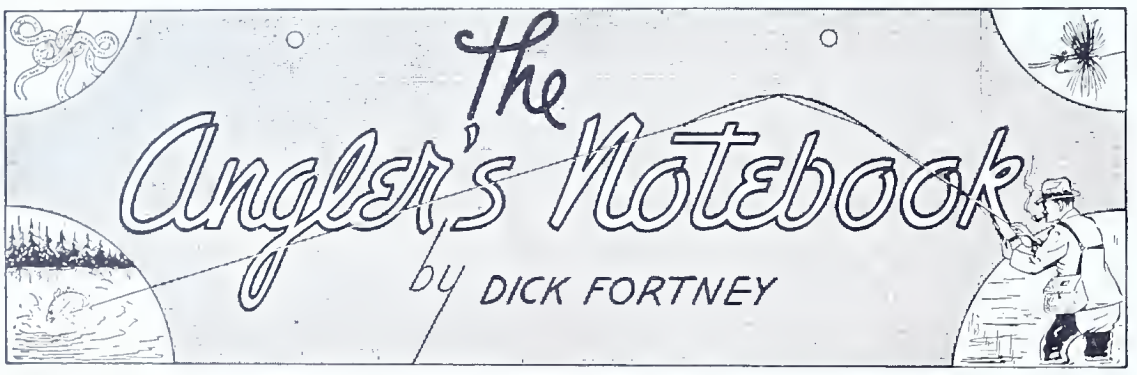
BASS FISHING CONTEST WINNERS ANNOUNCED

With the closing of the bass fishing season the annual bass fishing contest of the Millersburg Hardware Company was declared ended.

First prize, a loving cup trophy, was awarded to Carbon S. Heckert, for a small-mouth, 20½ inches in length, which weighed 3 pounds, 10 ounces; second prize, a Shakespeare True Blue reel, goes to F. Park Campbell for his entry, a husky 18¾ inch small-mouth, weighing 3 pounds, 7 ounces; third prize, 50 yards of nylon casting line, to Raymond Spangler, a 20-inch bass weighing 3 pounds, 1½ ounces; fourth, a Hedon lure, to Marion U. Gilbert, 19-inch bass weighing 2 pounds, 13 ounces, and fifth, a Keep-'em-Alive stringer, to John H. Rumfelt, an 18-inch bass weighing 2 pounds, 12 ounces.

Winners of these prizes may call at the Millersburg Hardware Company for their awards after Monday.

—*Millersburg Sentinel*



Worm fishing is a pretty dull experience if the bait is merely tossed into a hole and left there for a fish to find. But worm fishing can be real sport if the angler will search out the hiding places of fish and offer them the bait quietly and with finesse. A long line is not necessary if the approach is cautious. And remember that the worm that gets the fish is the one that floats without restraint in stream currents. To do that requires skillful handling of rod and line.

Don't throw away rusted hooks this spring. Straighten and sharpen them and then burnish them with steel wool or emery paper.

Fresh lean beef and beef liver are good catfish bait. The meat should be cut in long, thin strips and looped on the hook just as a night-crawler would be.

Stringing a worm closely on a hook is a poor maneuver. The worm, instead, should be lightly looped, so that both ends of its body are free to wriggle in the water.

There is power in even the lightest of fly rods, and if properly handled one of these fine instruments seldom breaks. If you have any doubt of the ability of your light rod to handle fish, you may be surprised to read that Atlantic salmon weighing as much as 20 pounds have been caught on fly rods weighing less than three ounces.

For the proper "feel" of the tackle while it is in use, the reel and line should weigh together about one and a half times the weight of the fly rod. A reel that is too light puts too much strain on the wrist in casting, whereas a reel of proper weight will balance the rod and make casting much less of a task.

Get lures and bait down well to the bottom in water that is deep and swift. Fish hug the bottom because there the current is less severe and a fish is able to maintain its position with less exertion.

High water in a stream causes the fish to move about, often deserting their customary haunts. So when the water is high the angler should not overlook a single spot that could possibly harbor a feeding fish.

Some of the finest fishing is likely to come after a hard rain, or a series of storms, just before a stream begins to color and rise. Fish somehow seem to sense the fact that a rise in the water level means an increase in the aquatic food which they relish. It is equally true, however, that fishing is at a low ebb when a hard storm is developing or in the midst of a driving, cold rain.

Dark red worms of large size are the best for all-round angling purposes. Virtually worthless are those red-and-yellow "stink worms" dug up in barn yards and manure piles.

Too much oil on the ferrules of a rod will cause them to stick tightly together. To lubricate a ferrule, wipe it with an oil-dampened cloth or run it through your hair or in the junction of the nose with the cheek.

A No. 4 is about the largest practical hook for sucker fishing, and the bait should be in proportion to the size of the hook. Remember that suckers have small mouths which do not open wide to pick up food but which rather act on the vacuum cleaner principle.

BASS WEATHER

(*Continued from Page 8*)

little import then. If they are first seen in the morning and are followed by a spreading sheet of thin clouds, even if they do not obscure the sun, you'll have to work hard for any fish you catch that day. They are advanced runners of the cyclonic storms mentioned previously and indicate a falling barometer. If, on the other hand, a thin sheet of high clouds tends to disperse into broken, white, upturned wisps it may mark the tail of such a storm and the beginning of excellent fishing.

Middle clouds (altoeumulus, altostratus) if following the high cloud formations, definitely establish the approaeh of a storm. Rain, in the usual course of events, is less than six hours away. They mark a falling barometer and the poorest fishing conditions.

Low clouds (stratocumulus, stratus, nimbostratus) tend to form in sun-obseuring sheets. The latter classification will be dripping wet with rain. At such times the barometer has reached its low point for that particular storm and, during the presence of this type of cloud, very spotty fishing is likely. However, it will not be as bad as the period ushering in the middle clouds. It is on the break of these nimbostratus clouds that fishing is a must. As a storm moves seaward a reversal of the cloud formations just mentioned takes place and at least forty-eight hours of good fishing is to be expected.

Clouds having vertical development (cumulus, eumulonimbus) have a flat base at an average level of about 1600 feet and may extend upward to 20,000 feet. Cumulonimbus clouds are the thunderstorm type previously diseussed. Cumulus clouds are the joy of every fisherman. They are an almost certain indication of fair weather. Generally they move from west to east and sail across an ocean of clear blue sky. Cumulus clouds undoubtedly occupy part of your memory of pleasant days astream.

Temperature, especially sensible temperature, that of which you are conscious, is more of a personal matter in that it little effects the angler until it becomes extreme. In itself temperature is of little value in predicting weather. However, prolonged periods of unrelieved hot weather usually mean poor fishing. Sueh conditions bring low, clear water depleted of its oxygen content and a general reluctance on the part of bass to indulge in any form of exercise. These are times to do your fishing at night or in the late evening. Water takes considerable time to cool off or to warm up so don't expect excellent fishing immediately following a slight break in a hot wave. In general the other factors mentioned in this article are more important than temperature.

SPORTSMAN'S EQUIPMENT BURIED ONLY TOO WELL

Unless somebody has found it, there's a cache somewhere in West Virginia's Pocahontas County that will yield equipment worth quite a few dollars. It seems a city fisherman, unused to the wilds of the West Virginia hills, went on a trout fishing jaunt by himself and got lost. After wandering for some time, he decided to hide his paraphernalia in a tree and proceed unencumbered on his search for civilization.

The things he cached included a camera, fishing rod, reel and other equipment. He finally turned up at Durbin, W. Va., and told of his misfortune. Then he realized that he had not the faintest idea where the tree was.

Every man owes part of his time to the service of his country.

KILL AND BLEED YOUR FISH

(*Continued from Page 11*)

"It is the part of a gentleman," "Uncle" Cliff would say, "to kill your fish immediately upon taking them. We have no way of actually knowing what agony a fish suffers when allowed to die slowly in a creel. But entirely aside from the humane aspect, in order to preserve the flavor, no fish should ever be allowed to die, either in the water or out of the water, but should be killed, thoroughly bled, and then dressed."

We were taught that there is no finer or more delicate food than fresh fish, provided the emphasis was on the word, "fresh." And "fresh" with "Uncle" Cliff, meant proper killing and handling. He got right down to facts about the matter. This is the way he put it up to us boys. "The fish," he would say, "is an animal and has blood in its veins and arteries. Like any other animal if allowed to die slowly either in or out of the water it has no chance to bleed, and as a result all the blood is coagulated within the body. This not only has a tendency to spoil the delicate flavor of the flesh, but actually speeds up early decomposition and promotes decay."

It has been my experience that a fisherman worthy of the name will always kill his fish quickly, bleed it properly, wipe it dry with a cloth or with clean leaves or grass, and place it—I almost said tenderly—in a creel well-bedded with fern fronds or cool green leaves.

It's surprising how many fishermen have never learned—or, perhaps, simply neglect—to kill and bleed their fish and so lose a large part of their delicate flavor. Just a little care at this important stage of angling will pay big dividends in the frying pan.

TIOGA COUNTY SPORTSMEN TO AID USO; GIVE MAGAZINES

Forty-five members of eight clubs of the Tioga County Consolidated Sportsmen's Association were guests of the Long Run Fish and Game Club at Sabinsville. J. P. Borden, of Crooked Creek, presided.

A donation of $50 to USO was voted and various clubs are to subscribe to leading game publications to be sent to Tioga county men in the armed services.

The Association also voted to ask the Game Commission to appoint Robert E. Lattimer, of Sullivan county, as game superintendent of division C, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John B. Ross, of Williamsport.

Tioga County Fish Warden, Leland Cloos, of Middlebury, reported on the recent stocking of streams with trout and discussed the proposed Long Run dam in Gaines township, which he believes will be built as a post-war project. Leslie Wood, Tioga County Game Protector stressed the need for conserving fats taken from wild animals, for war use.

At the Association's annual picnic $125 was cleared. —*Wellsboro Gazette*

Hardware Dealer: "What kind of pruning shears do you want?"

Young Wife: "Oh, any kind—just so I can open a can of prunes with them."

Opportunity is usually within calling distance. All that is needed to bring her to your side is a desire to be of service to the world and a willingness to work.

Since there are so many mistakes to make, what's the use of making the same one twice?

THE WORLD OF WATER

(*Continued from Page 3*)

I think of a majestic trout and bass stream in the vicinity of Williamsport which was polluted some years ago when a break in a piece of mine equipment sent a great mass of coal dirt down the stream, covering the bed with a layer of black dust for several miles. The coal dirt smothered the creatures of the world of water, and although most of the fish survived the pollution they quickly migrated to sections of the stream which the dirt did not reach. They had to hunt a new supply of food. Only recently, with aquatic life again developing, have trout reappeared in the befouled portion of the stream.

One more phase of the world of water deserves mention. That concerns the question of how forage is maintained, granted that conditions are favorable for its development and growth.

We can best understand how nature has worked out this problem by considering concrete examples.

First, algae. I have already mentioned that algae are microscopic plants which exist in masses in our streams. Algae are the most common foods on which the crustaceans live, and the crustaceans in turn become food for young fishes, such as the minnows, which in their own turn provide food for larger fish—trout and bass. The game fish, of course, also feed directly on the crustaceans, as any fisherman who uses crabs for bass bait knows.

Another example of the maintenance of forage in a stream begins with the larger species of plant life, which provide food for larvae and nymphs. These, in turn, provide food for the larger types of stream insects, which eventually nourish game fish.

In simple language, nature has set up a system whereby each form of life in a stream sustains another strata of life that is a bit higher and a step nearer the fishes for which we angle. I advanced that thought earlier in this article. Perhaps it is clearer now.

In conclusion, be assured that nature has done still another thing. She has made certain that, under proper living conditions, the species of life that inhabit our streams will never disappear through inadequate reproduction.

For example, one Mayfly may lay as many as a thousand eggs at a time and during a single summer may produce no fewer than 125,000,000,000 eggs. One minute crustacean in 60 days may have around 13,000,000,000 descendants.

One insect about which we have heard much in recent years in connection with the propagation of black bass—the daphnia, or water flea—produces a brood of eggs every two or three days so long as it lives.

All in all, nature has done a wonderful job as our fishing partner. She has proved it in her creation of the world of water.

CONSULTATION

"Tell me, papa, what is a consulting physician?

"He is a doctor who is called in at the last minute to share the blame."

Teacher—Tommy, can you spell "fur?"

Tommy—Yes, ma'am—"f-u-r," fur.

Teacher—That's correct. Now tell the class what fur is.

Tommy—Fur is an awful long way off.

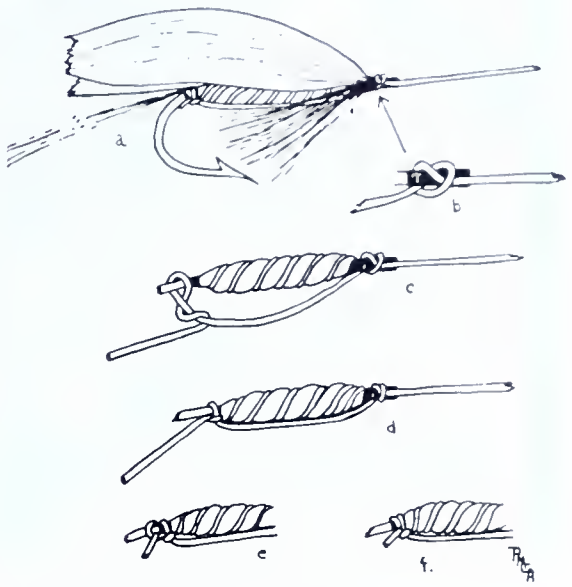
"Spinach? Why, my good man, we don't sell spinach. This is a hardware store."

"Well, ah don't see why you don't sell it. It done got iron in it."

The Angler's Workshop

Salvaging the Eyeless Snelled Fly

By PHILIP McCUTCHEN ARMSTRONG



ATTACHING GUT TO EYELESS FLY HOOK WHOSE SNELL HAS BROKEN OFF.

WHILE snelled flies tied to eyeless hooks are not by any means as common as they once were, we most of us have a few old pets in our collections, and know the anguish which follows when the gut gets brittle and breaks off at the shank, or rusts off in the wet fly book.

'Way back when I used to be taken up to Lake Superior's North Shore, in the good old days when my Dad was much younger than I now am, we were a million miles from a tackle shop, and a pet fly which lost its snell was a tragedy. My father's fishing buddy, Roys J. Cram, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, God rest his ashes, showed me the way he had learned from an old Gillie in Scotland to keep the big expensive Silver Doctor or Fiery Brown still in working trim.

First take a half hitch with the gut around the neck of the fly, as in (b), and draw it *very* tight. Then take a hitch around the bend, against the tail (c), and pull that *very* tight also. Now a half hitch around the bend again, and draw that *very* tight (e).

Snip off the end, and you are all set.

NEW CONSERVATION BOOK FOR OHIO SCHOOLS

A new 140 page book "Conservation for Tomorrow's America" is one of the latest contributions toward the education of America's youth in conservation. The Ohio Department of Conservation and Natural Resources has announced delivery by the state bindery of a large supply of the book, which will be distributed among the schools of the State. It is particularly designed as a teaching unit for the junior and senior high schools. It was compiled by D. E. Fink, Curriculum Supervisor of the conservation education program.

NOT FAR OFF

"The time will come," shouted the speaker, "when women will get men's wages."

"Yes," said a little man in the corner. "Next Saturday night."

Great merit is coy, as well as great price.



By CHARLES K. FOX

THE SILENT DIVE CAST

THERE is a phase of angling which merits the careful attention of the plugging clan. It is the great importanee of the silent dive cast. The flight of a plug can be controlled so that it can be made to hit the water surface gently and at the same instant swing into lifelike action.

Of all our acquaintanees who plug there are only several who attach great significance to this detail. These happen to be the best and most suecessful pluggers with whom we have ever fished. If you pin them down they will tell you their ace in the hole is the silent dive cast. They pit this technique against big wary bass in unbroken water less than four feet in depth.

Back in the days between World War I and the depression a man by the name of Sheridan Jones, who must have been a wonderful fisherman, published a book called, *Black Bass and Bass Craft*. In it the author devotes considerable space to his ideas and theories of plug delivery. This chapter entitled, "The Splash or The Silent Cast," contained the most important information I have ever read relative to plugging. I know it has been responsible for the making of my sport more complete for the last fifteen years.

Permission has been granted from the publisher, The Macmillan Company, to quote the following paragraphs from Chapter XXI of *Black Bass and Bass Craft*.

Regardless of how ardently anglers recommend the overhead east with the bait-casting tool, it is interesting to note how many expert baitcasters regularly use the "side-swipe" or underhand cast when actually fishing. Now they all know that they are sacrificing accuracy; that such a cast is dangerous when fishing in company with other casters; that they cannot hope to get distance with this east; and that the tournament boys are all making fun of their efforts—but they also know that they can place a lure with the lightness of a bit of cork with the underhand cast, something that is impossible with the standard overhead method. They also know that this method favors a prompt return of the lure—the start being made before the offering touches the water. We do not wish to give the impression that all silent casting is done a la the "side-swipe." Far from it, but this method is frequently employed when the overhead east seems too strenuous as a commotion maker.

While we are on this subject of the terminal end of the cast, it might be well to point out that a great many anglers fail in their casting at what we believe to be the critical point. Many are content to shoot out a nice line and to have the lure fall with reasonable accuracy at the desired spot. Here is where they fail. A lure, especially a plug, should never fall into the water—it should dive into it. (We are not speaking here of the splash cast, of course.) Not only must the offering be checked over the desired area, but the return must be started as the plug drops toward the surface. In this way a bit of expert work will put a lure into the water with as pretty a dive as was ever executed by a professional swimmer. No splash about it—just a clean-cut dive.

This is not only a fancy bit of tip work that looks pretty from the point of view of the gallery, but it is an actual aid in drawing the strike when the bass are looking things over rather carefully before "doing anything rash." It looks easy when one watches an expert rodster placing his lure in this way, and it is easy when once the knack has been acquired. But it cannot be done with a short, heavy, stiff casting rod of the old type. The rod must give with the pull of the line as the lure shoots out toward the desired spot, yet it must have backbone enough to start the plug back when the wrist gives the word. This does not mean that the bait caster must resort to a half-breed bait-rod in order to get a good casting tool—it is more a matter of weight and calibre than of length. In nine cases out of ten the man who recommends a six to six and one-half foot light rod for bait-casting is a fly-caster at heart. We have no quarrel with him whatever.

In the majority of cases when casting for bass, a greater amount of attention could well be paid to the dive of the lure. Most bass are hooked very shortly after the bait enters the water, and it is folly to spoil one's chances by a poor placement of the offering. With the exception of the times when a splash is clearly indicated, it is the part of wisdom to ease the lure into the water with as nearly a lifelike aetion as is possible. Day in and day out this will get more and larger bass than the splash used indiscriminately.

These are the words of Sheridan Jones. As we previously wrote, these paragraphs along with some others in this particular chapter of a delightful book have born fruit.

It is my opinion that the only place the noisy splash east holds in our Pennsylvania bass fishing is for night work. When it is very dark it is an advantage to have a lure that makes a lot of splash and noise. That is when gurgling, splashing, and plucking surface baits are at their best, and it is at that time that the hard hitting, splashing lure attracts when pop cast. During daylight hours this noisy delivery consistently scares bass with an occasional exception.

In order to perform the overhead silent dive cast it is necessary to be able to follow the course of the plug in the air with the eyes. Perfect timing is necessary if the lure is to be dropped right.

First of all the cast is made in a low arc. As the plug travels on its course the tip of the rod follows it. With the rod in such a position there is very little friction between the line and the guides of the rod.

Just before the lure hits the water the rodtip is lifted. This stops the plug almost dead in the air. Immediately following the lift of the rodtip the tip is swung down and to the side. The result is that the lure gently dives into the water and immediately starts on its path back to the easter.

It is important that the angler immediately make several quick turns of the reel handle to take up slack line caused by the east.

There is no great crash, then the sinking of a lifeless object. In effect it is just the opposite. A lifelike little object dives into the water without considerable commotion and immediately starts swimming. The whole thing is easily mastered, and as Sheridan Jones writes, it is not only effective but also nice to watch.

Big wary bass of hard fished waters are hard

(*Continued on Page 23*)

FISHING, THE WAR, AND CASTING

By SAM CRAWFORD

"IT IS an ill wind that doesn't blow some good." For many years I have heard that saying from a lot of folks who were older and far wiser in their judgment than I was. I have had reason at times to doubt the statement, so have you, and all the rest of the readers, I suppose. But it fits perfectly into the scheme of the present day. This war that we are engaged in, and that we must win, is going to do much to change the course of human history. Just what those changes will be in the distant future I would not even attempt to predict. It is not the far-flung future that this article is concerned with, it is the coming season or two.

At the time this is being written no one seems to have any definite idea as to what the state is going to be able to accomplish in the way of stocking of fish, and to you and me and all the rest of the anglers this is important. It is my sincere hope that the stocking will take place as is the usual custom, even though I am pretty sure that it will be impossible for me to do any actual fishing. If there was some way that the streams could be stocked and left unfished for the duration what a whale of a good fishing season we should have when they are open.

Down here in this southwestern corner of our state we have a very acute problem in normal times. Due to the fact that we have miles and miles of unfishable waters, fishing conditions are poor to begin with. The state really has a job on its hands. The stocking of fish is purely a matter of put and take. They put them in one day and the fishermen take them out the next, that is the lucky ones do. Many times I have discussed this with Mr. Critchfield and Mr. Banning and they are agreed on this point. Perhaps this is our opportunity to get ahead a little.

To make clear my point in this matter let me present a few facts for your consideration. Allegheny county bought more fishing licenses than any other county in the state last year and yet in the official state listing of streams that have no fishable waters; Washington county, of which I am a resident, was ninth on the list of license sales and we have no trout streams listed and only twenty-six miles of bass waters and from my observations I wouldn't say they were any too good.

As the outdoor editor of the *Charleroi Mail* I am interested in this matter and as a result conducted a survey of some thirteen thousand separate fishing trips last year. The results were startling to say the least; I will make no attempt to give you all the facts and figures but will give a few to impress upon you what I mean when I state that the fishing conditions here are not the best. Here goes. Only twice in all those trips did any one succeed in taking their limit of bass and only four times their limit of trout. Fifty-five percent of the fishermen never caught a trout. The average cost of the bass taken was over eighteen dollars, the cost of the trout was around eleven dollars. The average distance one way on trout trips was fifty-one miles; bass trips were slightly less, being forty-four miles.

With every little coal mine running full tilt and the country sides being torn apart by stripping operations the outlook is not too good. But to get back to the original statement of this article. There is a possible chance that if the stocking takes place and the fish are allowed to remain over a season or two they will become acclimated to the conditions as they are and we of this district will have better fishing. There is one thing that is absolutely certain it won't get any worse.

We who are still here at home for reasons of age and physical handicaps and such, and who are members of sportsmen's associations have a very definite job to take care of. When those friends who are in the service return they have a perfect right to expect fishing and hunting conditions to be as good, if not better, when they get back than when they were called away. It is a big job but it can be done and this curtailment of the fishing for a season or two will be a great help, if the stocking is allowed to go on. See what I mean, "It's an ill wind."

That is my first point and I hope you have been able thus far to get what I mean.

Now as for the second point in this writing. As President of the Pennsylvania Amateur Casting Association, a member of the National Association of Angling and Casting Clubs, and as head of the National Committee on Education for that body let me point out a few things that you can do to relieve the monotony of many a long summer afternoon when you would, under normal conditions, be on a fishing trip. Just to keep yourself and the equipment in trim, for when you will be able to go again, try a little of the competitive casting game. It is great sport and is worthy of all the efforts you will put into it.

To begin with I can promise you two things, first it will make a better fisherman of you, second it will provide a lot of interesting competition among your group that will be rewarded in increased membership.

It is a clean healthful outdoor sport, not involving too much physical energy. In days such as we are going through at this time that is the type of competition that the working man wants. After long hours at the bench or desk or behind the wheel or whatever the job is a man wants a little relaxation, but not a form that is going to tire him out to the extent that he will be no good for the day that is to follow. There are hundreds of men in this state that will welcome such opportunity if it is presented to them.

From where I sit it looks as if pleasure driving is out for the duration of this conflict, fishing is pleasure, so that means that fishing trips are out. That is all right with me; there will be no squawking from this writer; if that is necessary then I am willing to comply with the order.

However I can still do some tournament or competitive casting as there are several places within a short distance that we of our group can use. In every community it is the same and there is no reason why your group cannot do the same. You will need an open space of no less than one hundred fifty feet by fifty feet. This will accommodate a fine casting range. It is not absolutely necessary that it be a pool, a smooth plot of grass or even a meadow, if needs be, will suffice. The equipment is not costly. Five wooden rings, or tin, if used on the grass are all that is needed. These should not cost over a dollar each.

I am not going to attempt to give you all the rules and regulations covering this game, but will state this, if you are interested and will write me I will endeavor to see that you get an official copy of the National Association's rule book. You may write Mr. Robert Collins at box 1919, Chicago, Illinois, and he will be glad to accommodate you also.

We have a state association and will be glad to welcome your group into membership with us.

One thing that is quite unique about this game is the fact that the women and children enjoy it as much as the men and in many cases excel them in their casting ability. The present state champion in some events is young Johnny Lowstutter of the Pittsburgh Casting Club. He is, if I can recall, fourteen years of age.

You and your group will need some outdoor activity to replace the normal activities of a summer program and once again I ask that you give the competitive casting game a tryout.

We here in our community have found that it did much for our club. It raises us out of the local setup and places us in the National status. This is good for the being of any group.

It will increase your membership and along with that the fishing ability of each and everyone of your members who will give some time to it.

If there is any way that I can help you get started just write me.

"Just think! He had the cheek to kiss me."

"You were furious, of course?"

"Yes—every time."

1st Senator—Do you have any factories in your state for making implements of war?

2d Ditto—Oh, yes; we have one rolling pin and two flat-iron factories.

BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS
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DO NOT SEND STAMPS

A Day in the Life of John Q. Fisherman

By MARTY RUZICKA

IT'S about time someone speaks up in defense of the speedy streamliner of our Pennsylvania lakes and streams, the Eastern Chain Pickerel. He's been sneered at, sniffed at, sworn at, and generally condemned to the bottom of the game-fish class, by thousands of the upper strata of fishermen, most of whom have never had the fortune (or misfortune) of catching a husky specimen on their delicate fly rod; for if they did, Mr. Pickerel would surely give a good account of himself.

The pickerel is really the answer to the average fisherman's prayer. The average fisherman, according to my observations, is not financially able to go fishing as often as he'd like to go; is not financially able to belong to a private club; is not financially able to spend big money on equipment; and is not financially able to travel long distances to better fishing spots;—but when he does get out, he likes to catch fish and perhaps bring one or two nice specimens home to show Mom and the kids, and the guy next door.

You don't have to be a super-deluxe fisherman to catch pickerel—a little fish sense, patience, and a tireless casting arm, are the main requisites of a good pickerel fisherman. The pickerel is an accommodating fish; the wind need not be just so, the temperature can be almost either extreme of the thermometer, the sky can be black or blue or gray. There is usually some time of the day when Mr. Pickerel decides it's time to grab himself a meal—and when he does—he hits whatever looks like a tempting mouthful with a reckless zeal, that would do credit to any fresh-water fish in Pennsylvania. The strike is savage, although the ensuing battle is not as spectacular as that of a bass or trout. But don't let anybody tell you that a pickerel gives up soon after that first vicious crack at your spoon, spinner or plug. The pond pickerel's fight is usually totally under water, trying to carry your lure to some familiar stump or fallen tree branch. But a common trick which works so many times, is to roll and twist his whole body near the surface, to rip the hook out of a mouth which tears so easily. "The one that got away" is a memory common to all pickerel fishermen; more so than to any other class of anglers.

There are really three classes of pickerel fishermen:—(1) live-bait fishermen (2) spoon, spinner and plug casters, and (3) a combination of the above two. I belong to the third group, and so do most of my fishing companions. When I go to my favorite lake with my favorite fishing buddy, we usually fish both ways, fishing with minnows and casting with spoons and spinners. One of us will watch two bait rods, while the other wades around the shoreline casting a spinner or spoon to likely looking spots. After a while we change off, which not only gives a chance to relax but also to study the wondrous beauty of Pennsylvania's outdoors. Most of my fishing is done in Pike County, and in my humble opinion, it's the most beautiful county in all of Pennsylvania.

The planning of a fishing trip, is as exciting as the actual fishing trip itself. You contact "Joe" or "Cliff" or "Metro" a day or two before arranging all the details; you check your equipment, perhaps you stop in at your sporting goods store and buy a few hooks or an extra plug or spoon; you go to bed early, although sound sleep is an impossibility, you set the alarm—and usually get up two or three hours before the darn clock lets you know that the zero hour has arrived. So you load your stuff in the car, and go around the corner to pick up your buddy, hoping the big lug hasn't overslept, like he did last week. You arrive at his house—and LO! and Behold! there he is on the doorstep and ready to go.

It's a sixty mile ride, and at the thirty mile mark you dash into Jake's Diner for a friendly cup of coffee or two, after which you're ready to make a bee-line for that lake in the woods—which to you is as close to Heaven as you ever hope to be. You finally arrive and with trembling fingers, prepare your casting outfit. Your pal already has one line in the water, with a nice minnow for bait. You pull on your waders and put two or three extra spinners in your hat band, and sneak around the bend to that big log—right where you missed that big one three weeks ago. Thirty or forty casts produce one small perch which you carefully release—and soon you hear your pal announcing that he's got one. You take time out to examine his fish which is a nice specimen about eighteen inches long. Perhaps a sandwich would taste good now with a bottle of suds—for the Pocono air makes one hungry and thirsty. Then back to that spot again to try that wobbling spoon which you know catches pickerel. You fish it carefully and quietly—and suddenly something hits solidly and mightily, and you know this is no ordinary pickerel. He zigzags crazily and bends your casting rod dangerously. You can feel that tremendous power as you turn him away from that submerged tree, you play him and try to tire him and wonder what in the world you'd do if you had him on a fly-rod. You try to shout to your buddy but your throat is dry and no sound comes out. The fish tugs and turns to the left and the right, and finally with one last desperate roll you know the fish is as good as yours. You pull him in, and slide your fingers over his gill covers and proudly carry him back to your buddy, who enviously, but proudly, measures him. Yes Sir! he's twenty-seven inches long and as fat as any pickerel you've ever seen.

The trip's a success even though we catch only a perch or two the rest of the afternoon. We pack up after the sun goes down, and on the way home, we stop again at Jake's Diner. He's invited out to see the fish, and after one look, he excitedly calls the rest of the customers out—and they all marvel and ask a thousand questions!! We beam with pride, and life is sweet—for it's been a wonderful day.

PRIZE WINNERS IN THE ISELIN SPORTSMEN'S CLUB TROUT CONTEST

	First	
J. P. Patrick, Jr. . . .	brown trout	17 inches
	Second	
Mike Condor	brown trout	15 inches
	Third	
Victor Fello	brown trout	10½ inches
	First	
Victor Fello	rainbow trout	9½ inches
	First	
Paul Schirato	brook trout	9½ inches

PASS THE CARP, PAPPY

(*Continued from Page 5*)

sport fishing. If discarding some prejudices about the carp as a food fish will boost this program and make it more self-supporting, what are we waiting for?

We are really waiting for a public acceptance of the fact that carp, properly prepared, are good food in the United States as well as in Europe. State conservation departments realize this, and are passing on the dope on how to cook, and even how to catch them. Minnesota, Nebraska, and Missouri have already issued such information, and other states have similar publicity in the mills. The Fish and Wildlife Service in Chicago and the Office of the Co-ordinator of Fisheries in Washington are prepared to furnish information, recipes, and suggestions which will give the carp a respectable status on the American dinner table. If you live in the carp belt, you have neighbors who can enlighten you on what it takes to get a little sport out of catching carp, and, what is more important, how to impart a gastronomic luster to this outcast. Eating carp now will not win the war in itself, but it may help to work out your own food problems, and it certainly will be to the benefit of conservation of the more desirable game species. What have you got to lose?

* * *

Are carp good to eat? That question has been solved to my entire satisfaction, and I will say that they are not only good to eat, but as good as shad.

While on a fishing trip at Wyalusing with Duke Grove, Bill Thomas and Chief of Police Campbell, we landed a carp that weighed from 15 to 18 pounds. Bill Thomas is somewhat of a cook, and he said "I will prepare that gentleman for dinner."

The rest of us said we would take hot dogs for ours.

Bill pleaded to give the carp a trial.

Well, we did, and it was delicious. Bill skinned it like you would an eel or catfish, clipped the fat off the belly, soaked it in salt water for a few hours, and then baked it.

When served it really looked the part of something delicious to eat, and it was just as delicious as it looked.

With it we had baked potatoes, and I want to say that it was just about as good a fish dinner as I ever tasted.

We are now convinced that carp are good to eat, and we recommend them to fishermen for two reasons: First, they give you a real thrill when you hook one, and second, when properly prepared, they are just as good as any shad you ever ate. —COLONEL SAMUEL B. WOLFE

SPORTSMEN ELECT MARTIN PRESIDENT

C. A. Martin was elected president of the Springdale District Sportsmen's Association at a meeting held in headquarters, Walter Lane and Railroad Street.

Others elected were Paul C. Miller, vice-president; A. G. Anderson, recording secretary; M. G. Stolz, financial secretary; T. D. Montgomery, treasurer and Gene Shrader, Ed Spix, C. A. Martin, Paul C. Miller, A. G. Anderson and T. D. Montgomery, directors; William H. Lentz, Frank Scholtz and R. M. Linn, delegates.

After routine business was transacted a social time was held and refreshments served.

Virtue is largely a matter of temptation.

THE MAIL BAG

(*Continued from Page 1*)

Dear Sirs:

My subscription for the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER will not run out until April, 1943, but I am sending anotber $1.00 for a new 2-year subscription. I really enjoy that magazine during tbe winter months.

Congratulate Mr. Fortney on his choice of midget plugs for bass. As soon as I read his list I went down to Philadelpbia and bought tbe plugs I didn't already have. Believe it or not, I caugbt a bass on every plug. I even caught bass on "Tbe Jobnson Golden Minnow," where it had been said tbere were no bass for tbe last 10 years.

So again I want to extend my congratulations to Mr. Fortney and I would be glad to hear from him as a friend and fellow bass fisherman (with plugs).

Well I think tbat is all I have to say for now.

So long and good fishing,

TOM A. TOGGART, JR.

Dear Mr. Fox:

For tbe past several years I have bcen fishing for brown trout and small-mouth black bass. Before tbat I always was a live bait fisherman until one day I got acquainted with Warden Lincoln Lender of Bellwood and be got me interested in tying flies. Fly fisbing for trout has brought very good results, especially dry flies. While I am writing you I can see hanging above my desk a beautiful brown trout which I caugbt in Spring Creek on a No. 14 dry fly of my own design which I call a "Piney Creek Special." Tbe trout measured 23 incbes, weigbed 4¾ lbs. A little later on, "Linc" and I went bass fishing witb some of bis pet streamer flies whicb later on I tied by tbe dozens. He really brought to me some real sport.

He started me plug fishing two years ago. I have taken several large bass and salmon. My favorite plug is tbe "Jitterbug." "Linc" sure sold me on tbe artificials for good and for all. I am always ready to go witb a nice kit of plugs when someone yells, "fishing." All the credit goes to Warden Lincoln Lender. The Pennsylvania Fisb Commission has no finer warden patrolling our streams.

Yours sincerely,

BROWNIE SHERMAN

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find $1.00 for renewal of my subscription to THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER for a period of two (2) years. Please excuse tbe oversigbt on my part of not remitting this earlier. Would you please mail me the January Issue?

Also, at this time, I would like to express not only my opinion, but that of a great many fishermen in this country, that the Fish Commission would help out during this period of war emergency by stocking plenty of fish in tbe nearby waters and small lakes so that we may be able to fisb, at least a little, near home. Would be glad to furnisb you information as to the waters to wbicb I refer if you can possibly help out in this matter.

Tbese opinions were brougbt up at "The Beaver County Sportsmen's League" of which I am Vice-President.

Tbanking you for past favors, I remain

Very truly yours,

HERBERT N. SIKOV

REGULAR FISH WARDENS

NAME	ADDRESS	TELEPHONE
AHRENS, JULIUS	Star Route No. 3, Oil City, Venango Co.	2676-R
BACHMAN, FLOYD	49 Broad St., Stroudsburg, Monroe Co.	449
BAILEY, ROSS C.	230 W. Main St., Youngsville, Warren Co.	2-2181
BANNING, J. H.	Connellsville, Fayette Co.	946
BIDELSPACHER, C. A.	302 E. 3d St., Williamsport, Lycoming Co.	2-4561
BRINK, FRANK	Milford, Pike Co.	108
CARL, HARRY R.	RFD No. 1, Elysburg, Northumberland Co.	Numidial 13-R-3
CHRISMAN, R. J.	Kushequa, McKean Co.	Mt. Jewett 4648
COLE, HARRY Z.	877 Cherry St., Norristown, Montgomery Co.	2335
CLOOS, LELAND E.	Middlebury Center, Tioga Co.	25-R-11
CLOSE, L. E.	RFD No. 2, Emporium, Cameron Co.	6931
CROSS, GEORGE W.	Hammersley Fork, Clinton Co.	Renovo 915-R-14
DAHLGREN, DAVID	Philipsburg, Centre Co.	317
DAVIS, DEAN R.	922 W. Mahoning St., Punxsutawney, Jeff. Co.	1048-M
HAHN, EDWIN	138 Myrtle St., Erie, Erie Co.	C-58-115
HARTER, KEITH	Dalton, Lackawanna Co.	100
HENDERSON, S. F.	RFD No. 7, Greensburg, Westmoreland Co.	2684
HILL, RAYEL	Bowmanstown, Carbon Co.	Palmerton 4228
IMAN, CLIFTON	Evans City, Butler Co.	3552
JAMES, GEORGE H.	65 E. Louther St., Carlisle, Cumberland Co.	708
JOHNSON, J. A.	12 Hobson Place, Bradford, McKean Co.	4362
JONES, MINTER C.	238 W. Garret St., Somerset, Somerset Co.	347
LECH, ANTHONY	420 Hess St., Schuylkill Haven, Schuylkill Co.	566
LENDER, LINCOLN	Huntingdon Hotel, Huntingdon, Hungtingdon Co.	830
LONG, C. V.	East Waterford, Juniata Co.	Blain 5-R-5
NOLL, G. MAX	2 Church St., Montrose, Susquebanna Co.	149-M
NOLL, LEROY	Pleasant Mount, Wayne Co.	
OGDEN, JOHN S.	520 Girard Ave., York, York Co.	7434
OGDEN, LESTER C.	416 Nicbols St., Clearfield, Clearfield Co.	1566
PYLE, HORACE A.	RFD No. 2, Coatesville, Chester Co.	817-J-2
SANDA, FRANK I.	416 S. Second St., Steelton, Daupbin Co.	9-2557
SCHADT, J. A., JR.	Lake Ariel, Wayne Co.	2051
SHEARER, CLARENCE W.	Box 285, Freeport, Armstrong Co.	282
SHELDON, S. CARLYLE.	Conneautville, Crawford Co.	125-B
SNYDER, A. S.	RFD No. 1, Mifflinburg, Union Co.	6-220
WENSEL, CHARLES	Clarion, Clarion Co.	91-W
WERTZ, CARL	221 E. Horner St., Ebensburg, Cambria Co.	158
WHITE, CLINTON B.	445 W. Nesbannock Ave., New Wilmington, Lawrence Co.	87-M
WILCOX, PAUL D.	Canton, Bradford Co.	163-R-11
WOMELSDORF, R. J.	241 Pierce St., Kingston, Luzerne Co.	7-5836
WOUNDERLY, W. E.	615 Eisenbrown St., Reading, Berks Co.	2-7181

Dear Sir:

I just finished reading an article on increasing the cost of fishing licenses fifty cents more to be used for the purcbase of more fishing rights and the construction of more dams. I live in Allegbany Co., and bass and pan fishing are mighty scarce in these parts. I must go out of tbe state to get in some good fishing (Pine Lake) and wben the weeds begin to bloom, fisbing is very poor there. I don't mind paying a fee as long as a man can have some sport, and I believe most Alleghany Countians feel tbe same way. Tbere are two excellent bodies of water nearby, if there were only stocked and kept up, I refer to the dam at Butler, Pa., and the one at Mt. Pleasant. In addition there are over two hundred smaller dams scattered throughout Westmoreland Co. that could be used. I know we can use the Alleghany River, French Creek, or Pymatuning, but they are a little too far except for an occasional trip. If we cannot get an increase in the fees, how about using a special stamp, the funds from which money could be used to lease additional fishing waters. Most of our fees go towards taking carc of the trout and bass streams to which the average resident in the Pittsburgh district does not have easy access. I have no quarrel with this, as I realize most of our streams are unfit for stocking, but I do believe, as long as we are willing to pay for it, we are entitled to better fisbing, the same as the states of Obio and New York who are both leasing and stocking private bodies of water.

Sincerely,

SAM N. DZAMA

1120 Craig St., McKeesport, Pa.

PLUGGING AWAY

(*Continued from Page 20*)

to induce to strike. If this were not the case they would have been caugbt out long before tbey were big. But tbey have one great weakness. This vulnerable spot is tbeir tendency to immediately grab a small lifelike object which gently dives into the watcr and starts swimming away. If they take time to look over the intruder they will often pass it up but many of them do not take time. Tbeir reaction is spontaneous. This is the weakness to which the fisberman can appeal, and it is a simple matter indeed for the man who plugs with small lures. The ability of such a cast to produce, places a premium on the ability to pick out the hot spots and hit them with accuracy. This all makes for a more interesting game.

A wishbone is N. G. without a backbone.









WEIGHING THE BABY

Heinie Plum was an Indian guide
And he lived with his squaw Marie
In a neat little shack at the side of a lake
Far up on the North country.

One night Plum paddled in frantic haste
And fetched a neighbor's wife.
When the sun rose over the little shack
It sheltered a new-born life.

The wife Marie said to her spouse,
"How much does the baby weigh?"
"There's not a steelyard in the house,
And the store is miles away."

"But I've a scheme," said Heinie Plum,
"As simple as you wish—
Across the lake is a sportsman's camp.
He has scales to weigh his fish."

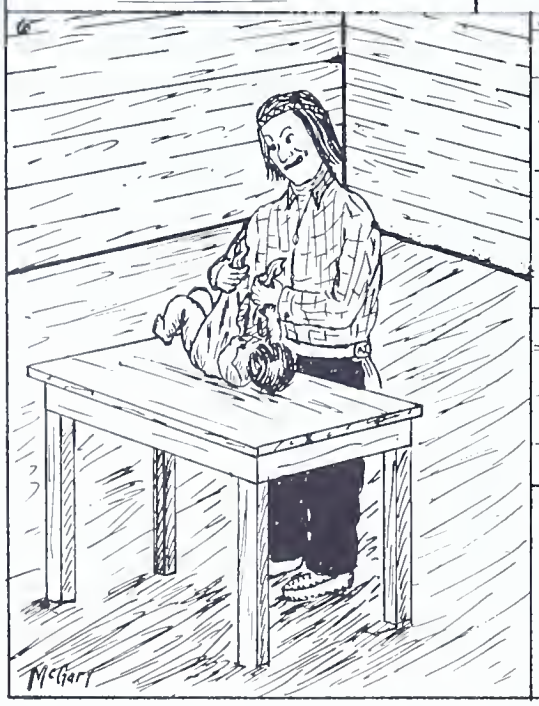
He borrowed the scales; the fisherman said
They were honest weight and true.
Then paddled back to his wife and son
In his little bark canoe.

He wrapped the child in a little sheet
And hung him on the hook;
Then took a squint at the dropping hand
And cried to his wife to look!

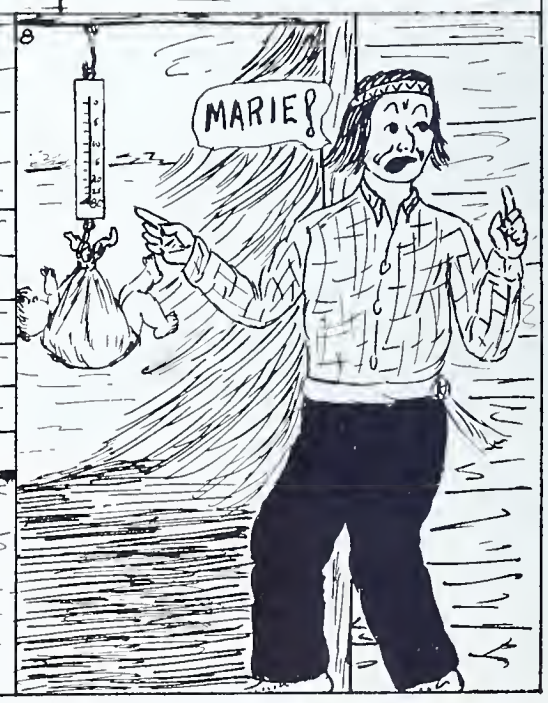
"Marie!" he cried in wild amaze;
(His pride it knew no bounds.)
"That surely is one grand papoose—
He weigh full thirty pounds!"

—Don Sanken









BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

DON'T LOOK NOW, MAW, BUT THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN!

SERVES HIM RIGHT - HE MIGHT HAVE CAUGHT MY EAR WITH THAT THING!

CENSORED!

HEY, LOOK! HOMER'S NEW FLY GOT CAUGHT ON THE FLY PAPER!

HE SH'D BE HAPPY - THAT'S PROOF HOW REALISTIC IT REALLY IS!

ULP! I DON'T THINK I WANNA GO T'THE CELLAR AFTER ALL!

ME NEITHER!

GRAMPAW!! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY NEW HAT?

YOU MEAN THE FEATHER I MADE A FLY FROM IS OFF YOUR HAT? TCH TCH - NOW HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED HOW RED HAIR WOULD WORK IN A FLY!

WELL!! .... I ALWAYS SUSPECTED SHE DYED HER HAIR BUT I NEVER SUSPICIONED THIS!!

OOH!! MY TRANSFORMATION!

I NEVER KNEW YOU COULD TIE FLIES, JOYCE ... GEE, YOU'D MAKE SOME MAN A WONDERFUL WIFE!

OH TOM! TEE HEE!

AFTER I SPEND THREE MONTHS STUDYING BOOKS ON GLAMOUR SHE TAKES HIM AWAY FROM ME WITH AN ARTIFICIAL FLY!

MY GRANDMA ALWAYS SAID THE BEST LINE TO USE TO CATCH A MAN IS A FISHING LINE!

I DON'T KNOW WHY I SPEND SO MUCH TIME MAKING THESE THINGS - MY WIFE NEVER LETS ME OUT TO USE THEM ANYWAY!

2-43

CARROLL

Mailed in conformity with P. O. D. Order No. 19687

PRACTICE CONSERVATION AND BRING ABOUT BETTER FISHING

Be sure to cut and plant some Willows along the stream this spring. If planted where the sun can shine on them they will be more than 20 feet in height in less than 10 years. Merely stick shoots into the ground.

☆ ☆ ☆

LIBERTY LIMERICKS

"War Bonds," said an angler named Wade,
"Are the sportingest catch I have made—
They'll save us our freedom
And then, when we need 'em,
They're good for more cash than we paid!"

Help sink those Japanese "fishermen!" Put a full ten per cent of your income into War Bonds or Stamps, *every pay day.* It's VITAL.

—U. S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



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★

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★

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EDWARD MARTIN
Governor

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

VOL. XII. No. 4 APRIL, 1943

LIKE WILDLIFE—LIKE MAN

Great emergencies, like great emotions, create similar reactions in Wildlife and Man.

There should be one fundamental difference—Man's ability to control those reactions by virtue of his superior mental powers and his consciousness of morality, justice and the fitness of things.

There should be, but often Man fails to use those mental powers or heed his consciousness after the great emergency is over. Instead, like Wildlife, he gives way to animal instincts. Thus it becomes every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost. In many respects, that is what happened after the first world war with the fathers of those fighting the war today.

Among Wildlife, a great emergency filled with overwhelming danger, such as a forest fire or a raging flood, creates fear; a fear that obliterates all love or hate or hunger or competition among the species. In their hour of need, Wildlife huddles together, seeking safety and protection in each other's company. The Lion and the Mouse, the Wolf and the Lamb turn to each other in mutual tolerance.

Like Wildlife; like Man!

In the first world war and this war, Man was drawn together by a great fear of impending danger. The mighty and the weak, the rich and the poor, nations of different faiths and ways of life, men of all colors, races and creeds. All huddled together, seeking safety and protection in each other's company. The Father then, the Son now. Like Father; like Son.

Some years ago, to study fish and their reactions, I built a big pool and divided it into many sections of different depths and sizes, using stones for partitions. In it I placed many kinds and sizes of fish.

Very soon each fish, by virtue of its abilities, had claimed a section as its home. It fought any fish which came near. It was an individualist and isolationist.

Often I created a great emergency by draining the pool. As the danger of lowering waters threatened, the fish lost their isolationism and sense of ownership. They all gathered together in mutual fear and swam around and around in the lowering water until at last they were all confined in the deepest pool. There was no fighting—only a huddling together so long as lowering waters created fear.

Then I would close the outlet and start filling the pool again. The danger would be past. For a few moments, the fish seemed to be breathing hard, recovering from their fear. All at once, the biggest fish would turn on those near it, as though bitterly blaming them for the danger. The next in size would turn on those near them and so on, in turn, until the whole pool became a boiling turmoil of crazily fighting fish.

As the waters rose in the pool, the mightiest fish drove all others from the best spots and once more became an individualist, lord of all it could grab out of the chaos. By the time the pool was filled again each fish once more had become master of its own little section. The emergency had brought no change in their world. Isolationism and self sufficiency were again supreme. Because they did not have brain power, the same thing happened over and over again with each emergency.

After the first world war, the end of the great emergency for the Father of today's Son, it was—Like Wildlife; like Man!

After this war, will the Son make use of his superior mental powers and his consciousness of morality, justice and the fitness of things?

Or will it be—Like Father; like Son?

Let us hope and pray for morality and justice and the fitness of things!

FRED EVERETT

Trout Streams Stocked with Legal Trout

In answer to numerous requests, The ANGLER lists the following streams in Pennsylvania stocked with legal size trout for the coming season. This covers only major waters in the various counties. Other smaller streams are also scheduled for stocking.

Adams County

Brook trout: Carbaugh Run, Toms Run, Little Marsh Creek; rainbow trout: Chambersburg Reservoir; brown trout: Conewago Creek, Middle Creek and Conococheague Creek.

Forest, Warren, Elk and McKean
(Allegheny National Forest)

Brook and rainbow trout: Bear Creek and Big Mill Creek; brook trout: Beaver Run, Blue Jay Creek, Brown Run, Little Coon Creek, Farnsworth Creek, Four Mile Creek, Minister Creek, Ross Run, Six Mile Run, N. Br. Sugar Run, Two Mile Run and Wilson Run; brown trout: East Hiekory Creek, E. Br. Tionesta Creek, S. Br. Tionesta Creek, W. Br. Tionesta Creek, W. Br. Tunenegwant Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Salmon Creek; rainbow trout: Chappell Fork, Millstone Creek, and Spring Creek.

Beaver County

Rainbow trout: Brady Run; brown and rainbow trout: Big Traverse Creek.

Bedford County

Brook trout: Beaver Creek, Deaner Gap Run, Flintstone Creek, Maple Run, Potter Creek, and Beaver Run; rainbow trout: Koon Lake; brown trout: Bobs Creek, Cove Creek, Cumberland Valley Run, Imlertown Run, Raystown Br. of Juniata River, Shermans Valley Run, Yellow Creek and Wills Creek.

Berks County

Brook trout: Baek Creek, Mill Creek, Moslem Creek, Mill Creek, Northkill Creek, W. Br. Pine Creek, Swamp Creek and Furnace Run; brook and rainbow trout: Furnaee Creek; rainbow trout: Manantawney Creek; brown and rainbow trout: N. Br. Perkiomen Creek, and brown trout: Hay Creek.

Blair County

Brook trout: Bells Gap Run, Blair Gap Run, Bobs Creek, Sinking Creek and Van Seoyoe Run; brown trout: Bald Eagle Creek, Canoe Creek, Clover Creek, and Piney Creek.

Bradford County

Brook, brown and rainbow trout: Sehrader Creek.

Bucks County

Brown and rainbow trout: Mill Creek; brook trout: Cooks Creek.

Butler County

Brown trout: N. Br. Slippery Roek Creek and Little Connoquenessing Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Bear Creek, Silver Creek, and Thorn Creek.

Cambria County

Brook trout: Beaverdam Run, Bender Run, Bens Creek, S. Br. Blackliek Creek, Cedar Run, Beaverdam Run, Duclos Run, S. Fork Lt. Conemaugh River, Big Laurel Run, and Noels Creek; brown trout: N. Br. Blaekliek Creek, Chest Creek, Clearfield Creek, and Slateliek Run; rainbow trout: Curtis Run and Ebensburg Water Co. Dam.

Cameron County

Brook trout: Brookes Run, Clear Creek, Hieks Run, E. Br. Hieks Run, Hunts Run, Upper Jerry Run, Liek Island Run, Lushbaugh Run, Mix Run, Portage Creek, Sterling Run and Wykoff Run; brown trout: Driftwood Br. Sinnemahoning, Portage Creek.

Carbon County

Brook trout: Aquashieola Creek, Drakes Creek, Fawn Creek, Hunter Run, James Run, Lesley Run, Maueh Chunk Creek, Pine Run, and Stoney Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Mud Run, and Pohopoeo Creek; brook and rainbow trout: Big Bear Creek and Quakake Creek; brook and brown trout: Hayes Creek.

Centre County

Brook trout: Benner Run, W. Br. Big Run, Blaek Bear Run, Fields Run, Lt. Fishing Creek, Laurel Run, Big Sandy Run, Lt. Sandy Run, and White Deer Creek; brown trout: S. Fk. Beeeh Creek, Cold Stream, Marsh Creek, Poe Creek, Sinking Creek, and Six Mile Run; rainbow trout: Poe Valley Dam; brook, brown and rainbow trout: Elk Creek, Lt. Moshannon Creek, Penns Creek, and Spring Creek; brook and brown trout: Pine Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Bald Eagle Creek and Logan Braneh.

Chester County

Brook trout: Beaver Run, Lt. Broad Run, Doe Run, Indian Run, Mathews Run, and West Valley Creek; brown trout: Freneh Creek, and M. Br. White Clay Creek; brook and rainbow trout: Bireh Run, and Valley Creek; brook and brown trout: White Clay Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Offieers Run.

Clarion County

Brook trout: Canoe Creek, Lt. Piney Creek, and Lt. Toby Creek; brook and rainbow trout: Deer Creek and Toms Run; brown and rainbow: Mill Creek.

Clearfield County

Brook trout: Anderson Creek, Bilger Creek, Curry Run, Deer Creek, Gifford Run, Hoekenberry Run, Hazelett Run, Mix Run, Montgomery Creek, Moshannon Creek, Mountain Run, Sawmill Run, Upper Three Runs, Trout Run, Whiskey Run, and Wilson Run; brown trout: Bell Run, Liek Run, Mosquito Creek, Sugar Camp Run, N. Wilmer Run and South Wilmer Run; brown and rainbow trout: Laurel Run.

Clinton County

Brook trout: Antes Creek, Beaverdam Run, Big Run, M. Br. Big Run, Swamp Br. Big Run, Bireh Island Run, Cedar Run, Cooks Run, Hammersley Forks, Hyner Run, Rattlesnake Run, Sandy Creek, and Trout Fork; brown trout: Liek Run, Paddys Run, Tangaseootaek Creek, N. Br. Tangaeoostaek Creek, Young Woman's Creek, R. Br. Young Woman's Creek, and W. Br. Young Woman's Creek; brook and rainbow trout: Kettle Creek, and Baker Run; brook, brown and rainbow trout: Big Fishing Creek.

Columbia County

Brook trout: Coles Creek, Liek Run and West Creek; brown trout: Mugser Run; brook and brown trout: Roaring Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Fishing Creek.

Crawford County

Brook trout: MeKaughlin Run; brown trout: Lt. Sugar Creek and Thompson Run.

Cumberland County

Brook trout: Alexandra Run; brown and rainbow trout: Big Spring, Letort Spring, and Yellow Breeehes; brook and brown trout: Mountain Creek; brook and rainbow trout: Trindle Spring: rainbow trout: Furnace Run Dam.

Dauphin County

Brown trout: Manada Creek, N. Fk. Powells Creek, and S. Fk. Powells Creek; brook and rainbow trout: Stoney Creek; brown and rainbow trout: W. Braneh Rattling Creek.

Delaware County

Brown trout: Ridley Creek.

Elk County

Brook trout: Belmuth Run, Big Run, Crooked Creek, Hieks Run, E. Br. Hieks Run, Island Run, Kersey Run, W. Br. Kersey Run, Laurel Run, Maxwell Run, Medix Run, Mix Run, Paige Run, Spring Creek, Straight Creek, S. Br. Straight Creek, Vineyard Run and Wolf Liek Run; brown trout: Driftwood Braneh; brown and rainbow trout: E. Br. Clarion River, W. Clarion Creek and Trout Run.

Erie County

Brown and rainbow trout: Beaverdam Run, Conneautee Creek, Lt. Conneautee Creek and S. Br. Freneh Creek; rainbow trout: Pleasant Lake.

Fayette County

Brook trout: Baek Creek, Beaver Run, Buek Run, Laurel Run, Mill Run, Morgan Run, Mountain Creek and S. Fk. Mountain Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Dunbar Creek, and Big Meadow Run; brown trout, Big Sandy Run.

Forest County

Brook trout: Lt. Hiekory Creek, and Tubbs Run; brook and rainbow trout, Coon Creek and Hemloek Creek; brown and rainbow trout: W. Hiekory Creek and Maple Creek.

Franklin County

Brook trout: Bear Valley Run, Broad Run, Dennis Creek, Red Run, and Trout Run; brown trout: E. Br. Lt. Antietam Creek, Conococheague Creek, W. Br. Conococheague Creek and Muddy Run; rainbow trout: W. Br. Antietam Creek.

Fulton County

Brook trout: Brush Creek, Lt. Brush Creek, South Brush Creek, Oregon Creek and Wooden Bridge Creek; rainbow trout: Cowans Gap Dam; brown trout: Lt. Augwiek Creek.

Huntingdon County

Brook trout: Laurel Run, West Licking Creek, Nine Mile Creek and Saddler Creek; brown trout: Black Log Creek, and E. Br. Standing Stone Creek; brook and brown trout: Spruce Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Standing Stone Creek; rainbow trout: Whipple Dam.

Indiana County

Brook trout: S. Br. Twolock Creek and Lt. Yellow Creek; brook and rainbow trout: Laurel Run; brown and rainbow trout: Yellow Creek.

Jefferson County

Brook trout: Callen Run, Camp Run, Coder Run, Horam Run, and Mill Creek; brown trout: Big Run, N. Fk. Red Bank Creek, S. Fk. of N. Br. Red Bank Creek and Lt. Sandy Creek; brook, brown and rainbow trout: Clear Run; brown and rainbow trout: Mill Creek and Lt. Mill Creek.

Juniata County

Brook trout: Horning Run and Liberty Valley Run; brown trout: Horse Valley Run, Licking Creek, Lost Creek and Willow Run.

Lackawanna County

Brook trout: Choke Creek and W. Br. Wallenpaupack Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Lehigh River and S. Br. Tunkhannock Creek; rainbow trout: Roaring Brook.

Lancaster County

Brook trout: Lt. Conestoga Creek, Donegal Creek, Hammer Creek, Middle Creek, Long Run, Muddy Run, Pequea Creek, Rock Run, and Trout Run; brown trout: Big Chickies Creek and Fishing Creek; brown and rainbow trout: W. Br. Octoraro Creek.

Lawrence County

Brown and rainbow trout: Big Run, Deer Creek and Hickory Run; brown trout: Taylor Run.

Lebanon County

Brook trout: Bachman Run, Indiantown Creek and Snitz Creek; brown trout: Evening Branch, Gold Mine Run, Hammer Creek, and W. Br. Hammer Creek.

Lehigh County

Brook trout: Big Trout Run, Cedar Creek, Iron Run, S. Br. Saucon Creek and Swabia Creek; brook and brown trout: Lt. Lehigh River; brown and rainbow trout: Jordan Creek; rainbow trout: Mountain Creek; brown trout: Trout Creek.

Luzerne County

Brook trout: Arnolds Creek, Balward Run, Bowman's Creek, Maple Creek, Phillips Creek, Pine Creek and Shade Creek; brook, brown and rainbow trout: Wapwallopen Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Lehigh River, and Lt. Wapwallopen Creek; brown trout: Harveys Creek, Huntingdon Creek, Kitchen Run, Linesville Creek, Lt. Nescopeck Creek, Lt. Shickshinny Creek and Wrights Creek.

Lycoming County

Brook trout: Lt. Bear Creek, Black Hole Creek, English Run, Fourth Gap Run, Hogland Run, McMurrin Run, West Mill Creek, Lt. Muncy Creek, Upper Pine Bottom Run, Plunketts Run and Trout Run; rainbow trout: Rock Run; brown trout: Blockhouse Creek, Grays Run, Larrys Creek, Loyalsock Creek, Lycoming Creek, Muncy Creek, Lt. Pine Creek, Roaring Branch, Spring Creek, Wallis Run and White Deer Hole Creek.

McKean County

Brook trout: Bell Run, W. Clarion Creek, Comes Creek, Five Mile Run, Seven Mile Run; brown trout: Marvin Creek and Potato Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Portage Creek.

Mercer County

Brown trout: Lackawanna Creek, Mill Creek, E. Br. Wolf Creek, N. Br. Wolf Creek, and W. Br. Wolf Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Deer Creek, Lt. Neshannock Creek and W. Br. Lt. Neshannock Creek.

Mifflin County

Brook trout: Havice Run, Laurel Run, Lingle Run, and Treaster Valley Creek; brown trout: New Lancaster Creek, Honey Creek and Licking Creek; brook, brown and rainbow trout: W. Br. Kishacoquillas Creek.

Monroe County

Brook trout: Aquashicola Creek, Buckwa Creek, Cherry Creek, Dotter Creek, Forest Hill Creek, Kettle Creek, Lake Creek, McMichaels Creek, Middle Creek, Mixsel Creek, Pensyl Creek, and Scott Run; brook and brown trout: Big Bushkill Creek and Pohopoco Creek; brown trout, Middle Brodheads Creek, Pocono Creek and Tunkhannock Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Brodheads Creek, Tobyhanna Creek and Lehigh River; rainbow trout: Snow Hill Dam and Weir Lake.

Montgomery County

Brown trout: Deep Creek and Mill Creek.

Northampton County

Brook trout: Bertsch Creek, Coffeetown Run, Greenawalts Creek, Indian Creek, Jacabus Creek and Waltz Creek; brook and brown trout: Monocacy Creek; brook, brown and rainbow trout: Sucon Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Bushkill Creek and Catasauqua Creek; brown trout: Lt. Bushkill Creek, Hokendauqua Creek, Martins Creek and Lt. Martins Creek.

Perry County

Brook trout: Browns Run, Green Valley Run, Laurel Run, Liberty Valley Run, Montour Run, McCabe Run, Shaffer Run and Shermans Creek; brown trout: Horse Valley Creek, and Lt. Juniata Creek.

Pike County

Brook trout: Lt. Bushkill Creek, Middle Bushkill Creek, Dingmans Creek, Dwarfkill Creek, Indian Ladder Creek, Kellam Creek, Middle Branch Creek, Mellrift Creek, Panther Brook, Raymondskill Creek, Sanvantine Creek and Twin Lake Creek; brook and brown trout: Big Bushkill Creek; brown trout: Big Bushkill Creek; brown trout: Shohola Creek, Wallenpaupack Creek and E. Br. Wallenpaupack Creek.

Potter County

Brook trout: Bailey Run, Cushing Creek, Dingman Run, Left Hand Br. Dingman Run, Dodge Brook, Dry Run, Eleven Mile Run, Fishing Creek, E. Br. Fishing Creek, W. Br. Fishing Creek, Genesee River, Lt. Kettle Creek, Lyman Run, Big Moore Run, Nelson Run, Nine Mile Run, S. Br. Oswayo Creek, Oswayo Creek, Genesee Fk. of Pine Creek, E. Fk. Portage Creek, W. Fk. of Portage Creek, Sartwell Creek, Reynoldstown Creek, E. Fk. of the First Fk. of Sinnemahoning Creek, Trout Run, and S. Fk. of the First Fk. of Sinnemahoning Creek; brown trout: Cowanesque River, Cross Forks Creek, Kettle Creek, Mill Creek, Pine Creek, W. Br. Pine Creek and First Fk. Sinnemahoning Creek; brown and rainbow trout: N. Br. Genesee River and W. Br. Genesee River.

Schuylkill County

Brook trout: Bear Creek, Beaver Creek, Black Creek, Neifert Creek and Pine Creek; brown trout: Evening Branch, Fishing Creek, W. Br. Fishing Creek and Locust Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Lt. Catawissa Creek, Deep Creek and Lt. Swatara Creek.

Snyder County

Brook trout: Aigler Run, Brickhart Run, Krepp Gap Run, Kuhn-Hooven Run and Swift Run; brown trout: N. Br. Middle Creek; brook and rainbow trout: N. Br. Mahantango Creek.

Somerset County

Brook trout: Beaverdam Run, S. Fk. Bens Creek, Blue Hole Run, Brush Creek, Clear Run, Shafer Run, Iser Run, Jones Mill Run, McClintock Run, Sandy Run and Tub Mill Run; brook and rainbow trout: Drakes Run; brown trout: Beaverdam Run, Piney Creek, Deeter Run, Flaugherty Creek, Raystown Br. Juniata River, Big Piney Creek, Stoney Creek and Wills Creek; rainbow trout: Kooser's Lake; brown and rainbow trout: Clear Shade Creek, Laurel Hill Creek, and Whites Creek.

Sullivan County

Brook trout: Black Creek, Double Run, Elklick Run, Glass Creek, Lewis Creek, Lick Creek, N. Br. Mehoopany Creek, Mill Creek, Pigeon Creek, Pole Bridge Run, and Rock Run; brown trout: Elk Creek, E. Br. Fishing Creek, W. Br. Fishing Creek, Hogland Branch, Kettle Creek, Lopez Creek, Loyalsock Creek, Lt. Loyalsock Creek, Muncy Creek, Ogdonia Creek and Sullivan Branch.

Susquehanna County

Brook trout: Mitchell Creek, Nine Partners Creek and Riley Creek; brook, brown and rainbow trout: Starrucca Creek; brown trout: Butler Creek, Gaylord Creek, Gibson Creek, Harding Creek, Harmony Creek, W. Br. Lackawanna Creek, E. Br. Lackawanna Creek, and E. Br. Tunkhannock Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Tunkhannock Creek.

Tioga County

Brook trout: Elk Run, Fall Brook, Long Run, Mill Creek, W. Br. Mill Creek, Phoenix Run, Sand Run, Straight Run, Left Br. Straight Run and Right Br. Straight Run; brook and brown trout: Tioga River, and Asaph Run; brown and rainbow trout: Pine Creek; brown trout: Blacks Creek, Blockhouse Run and Stoney Fork Creek.

Union County

Brook trout: Bear Run, Beaver Run, Halfway Run, Sand Spring Run, and Spruce Run; brown trout: Buffalo Creek, Lt. Buffalo Creek, N. Br. Buffalo Creek, Laurel Run, Rapid Run, Spring Creek, Weiker Run, and White Deer Creek; rainbow trout: Halfway Dam; brown and rainbow trout: Penns Creek.

Venango County

Brook trout: Cherry Run, Hemlock Creek, Horse Creek, Mill Creek, Porkey Creek, Prather

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BRODHEAD'S CREEK

By RICHARD C. HUNT

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THERE are rivers whose names are inseparably linked with the art of angling for trout with a fly, and among them the Test and Itchen, the Beaverkill, the Neversink, and the Brodhead, are so surrounded by tradition, and have been so beloved by the men who have fished them, that they are in truth classic streams. And of these classic waters, in this country the Brodhead yields first place to none.

From the earliest days of which we have record, the Delaware and its tributaries have been famous fishing waters. Before the white man came, the Indians fished there, often travelling long distances to do so. At a later day, trout were so plentiful that apprentice indentures often contained the proviso that fish would not be served to apprentices more than a specified number of times a week. These provisos antedated the time when fishing had become a pastime. They were of a time now difficult for the imagination to reconstruct: no towns and but a few small settlements; a few farms and scattered settlers whose main source of income was lumbering and the making of barrel hoops and staves; Indians plentiful and dangerous; and fish so abundant that they were a principal item of diet.

At that time the Brodhead was called the Analomink or the Analoming Creek. So it was named in 1737 when Daniel Brodhead moved from Marbletown, New York, and settled on the stream now bearing his name. His fifteen hundred acres extended from what is now the Penn-Stroud Hotel through East Stroudsburg, and the Creek flowed through his property, known locally as "Brodhead Manor." He is represented as a man of great courage and intrepidity and in the outbreak of 1755 remained at home with his sons, defended his family and others who came for assistance against the attacks of the Indians when the whole surrounding country had been abandoned. In so doing, he was in reality a link in a family of soldiers, for an earlier Daniel was a captain of Grenadiers in the army of King Charles II and accompanied Colonel Richard Nicolls from England in 1664, on the expedition which captured New Netherlands (New York) from the Hollanders, and a later Daniel and his four brothers were officers in the Revolutionary Army. I used to regret that the old Indian name of the stream had not been preserved but do so no longer. It bears the name of men who cared for their families and their neighbors, who lived generously and left their impress on their locality.

In all these early records I find nothing about fishing for sport in the Brodhead, but there is reason to believe that by 1845 at least one good fly-fisherman had been on the banks of the Brodhead for Dr. George Washington Bethune, who edited the first American edition of *The Compleat Angler*, published in 1847, gives a list of flies suitable for use in inland waters and furnished to him by "an excellent brother of our gentle art who relieves the labors of life most zealously devoted to the best interests of his fellow men, by occasionally fishing the headwaters of The Susquehanna and The Delaware, all the tributaries of which abound in trout, His particular haunts are the streams of Pike, Wayne, and Susquehanna counties in Pennsylvania and of Sullivan and Broome in New York. To great skill at the stream-side he unites equal aptness in making his own flies from the means within his reach."

This may have been the Dr. Ricketts of Philadelphia whom Bethune mentions elsewhere as "the best fly-fisher I ever met at streamside" and from the geography of the country, and the available transportation of the day, it is probable that a man who occasionally fished in Pike and Wayne Counties was no stranger to Monroe County, an area much more accessible.

The first known fly-fisher on these waters was Joseph Jefferson, the actor, famous for his Rip Van Winkle. This ardent fisherman was, in 1849, on the Swiftwater in Paradise Valley, a tributary of the West Branch of the Brodhead which flows by Henryville House and which has been recently renamed Paradise Creek. In his autobiography he tells of boarding with his family "at a queer old Dutch farmhouse in Paradise Valley at the foot of the Pocono Mountains in Pennsylvania. A ridge of hills covered with tall hemlocks surrounds the valley, and numerous trout streams wind through the meadows and tumble over the rocks." It was there on the Swiftwater many years later, in the nineties, that Dr. Henry Van Dyke encountered him, and in *Fisherman's Luck* he tells of the meeting:

"One May evening a couple of years since, I was angling in the Swiftwater, and came upon Joseph Jefferson stretched out on a large rock in midstream and casting the fly down a long pool. He had passed the three-score years and ten. But he was as eager and as happy as a boy in his fishing.

" 'You here,' I cried. 'What good fortune brought you into these waters?'

" 'Ah,' he answered, 'I fished this brook forty-five years ago. It was in the Paradise Valley that I first thought of Rip Van Winkle. I wanted to come back again for the sake of old times.' "

In our earliest American book on fishing there is no mention of the Brodhead, nor does Frank Forester in his *Fish and Fishing* first published in 1869, allude to it by name though he does speak of the plentitude of trout in all the streams, of which the Brodhead is one, which find their way southwardly into the Delaware. It is not until 1862 that we find the Brodhead mentioned when Robert Barnwell Roosevelt in his *Game Fish of the North* says: "All the streams that, taking their rise in or near this State, flow into the Delaware or Susquehanna, are filled with trout; the Tobyhanna, the Bushkill, Brodhead's Creek and a thousand others, that the Erie and Lackawanna Railroads now make easy of access."

From that time on references to the Brodhead are frequent. In 1864 Thaddeus Norris in *The American Angler's Book* referred to the Brodhead as "clear, open, bright and rapid," and to its trout "light of color and brilliant." Norris also speaks of Jim Henry, who then kept the Henryville Hotel, and in telling of a day on the Brodhead with Gene Henry's boy, Luther, says: "What pretty bright trout there are in this bold rocky creek! It would be called a River in England, and so it is."

Thaddeus Norris' words might have been written yesterday for the stream has lost none of its character, the trout none of their brilliance, and from 1830, when Arthur Henry kept "The Halfway House," midway between Easton and Scranton on the main trail, successive

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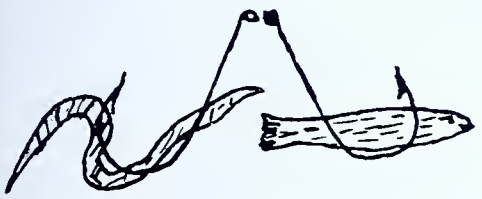


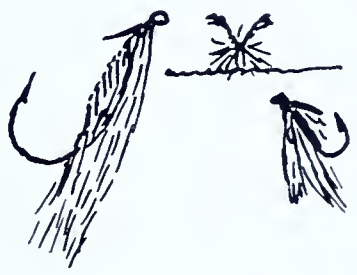
Richard Casey displays the big 25-inch, 5-lb. Fishing Creek brown trout caught by D. E. Hartman of Benton. The fish was taken at Cobbs Creek Dam, 3 miles above Beaton.

BOXES

Bait-vs-Fly

J. Kell





ANOTHER trout season is in the offing, and in keeping with the iron bound traditions of the day, tbe old reliable garden hackles are being carefully scoured in anticipation of a good catch on the universally accepted, opening day bait. After spending the long winter evenings replenishing the depleted fly supply, restoring pet rods to their original newness, et cetera, tbe general idea seems to be that it is a sacrilege to risk fine equipment on the opening day, when "bait is the answer." That may have been the case years ago, but it certainly doesn't bold true today. It is conceded that stream conditions play a large part in determining what should be used to produce catches, but by the same token, it has been demonstrated that artificials have produced under conditions where a large percentage of the fishermen astream would disdain to try them. Why do the rank and file of trout fishermcn become so "bait conscious" during the first days of the season? It might bear looking into.

Trout fishing today can be classed as a science when compared with trout fishing as it was known two decades ago. This has been due to the constant research of men who bave made a business of finding out better ways of providing better sport. Men such as Edward Hewitt, the grand old man of trout fishing, Ray Bergman, whose fine books on fishing are found in many an angler's library; Charlie Fox and Bob McCafferty, whose endless search for "something better" gave us a fine line of marabou streamers, have made invaluable contributions to this grand sport, and then have made the results of tbeir work available to all who were interested. Men such as these few mentioned plus countless others typify the progress that has been made in the last ten years and more, and possibly the best is yet to come.

Your writer can well remember going fishing as a boy when a can of worms, a willow withe and a piecc of string were the possessions of every kid in the town. A "pole" to excite envy was anything over five feet long, free from knots and curves. The local butcber bad a reputation for "wrappin' cord" that served our wants in a very satisfactory manner, and many an extra foot went around a package upon request. A penny's wortb of Archie's hooks completed tbe ensemble, and it served our purpose well during summer vacation. From the small-run chubs and minnows, we graduated to suckers, blue gills and an occasional small bass which were to be found in a nearby reservoir. A small stream in Huntingdon county, running through my grandparents' farm yielded a plentiful supply of eels, suckers, pickcrel, and an occasional trout, but the latter were seldom taken by we youngsters. If tbe "old timers" were aware of their origin, they kept the information to themselves.



Jim Kell and his fishing partner kept a brace of trout apiece from a very remarkable late April catch they made in the Yellow Breeches on wet flies. The rest of the trout were returned for future reference.

A can of lively worms produced all of tbe catches here described. Spoons and spinners were reserved for the exclusive use of the older fishermen, and the recollection of the first pickerel taken on a bucktail and spinner is very vivid in my mind.

This mctamorphosis has doubtless been undergonc by a large percentage of our Pennsylvania fishermen. Being of an ambitious and creative naturc we sought bigger and better fields to conquer as we grew older. Thus did we graduate to trout fishing.

Your writer's present status in tbis state's army of trout fisbermen is that of a buck private in the last rank. Until several seasons ago, I was totally ignorant of tbe finer points of trout fisbing, as are constantly practiced by experienced anglers. Prior to that time, my experience in trout fishing had been confined to small, torrential mountain streams, and even then, the lowly worm held full sway among the fishermcn of my acquaintance. Heavily wooded mountain brushy streams cannot be considered the fly-fisherman's idea of Utopia. A fisherman's reputation was predicated on his ability to find his way along a mountain stream through heavily

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Flashlight portrait of a half-grown bullfrog resting in open water between lilypads.

AMPHIBIAN ANECDOTES

By N. R. CASILLO

THE dense fog descending on Bent's ice pond was a fitting sequel to the eerie excitement attendant to the hauling in of a thirty-inch eel a few minutes before the stroke of midnight. Spooner Shea and I huddled in the boat anchored just offshore in the shadow of an immense elm, listening to the town clock, at least two miles away, toll the hour.

We were still shaky from the experience of pulling in the big snake as Spooner insisted on calling the eel, so that it was difficult for a couple of twelve-year-olds to concentrate on the horned pout fishing.

As the fog enveloped us the nocturnal sounds seemingly became accentuated. The distant baying of a farm dog mingled dreamily with the *tonk-a-tonk-tonk* of a cow bell on a hillside pasture. Insect voices were hushed. The bull-like bellows of a couple of bullfrogs boomed through the darkness.

After the setting of the thin moon the darkness was complete. We were grateful for the ruddy light of the old kerosene lantern placidly resting between us on the boat bottom.

Presently, even the bullfrogs became silent. My thoughts drifted to home and Mother and bed, but I did not want to suggest leaving even tho' the lull in the fishing furnished a good excuse. The silence was sodden and I shivered involuntarily.

Suddenly, from out of the darkness there came a series of sounds—sounds that might have been made by a large creature like a deer, horse or cow splashing rapidly through the shallows. The silence that followed the mysterious sounds was more intense and ominous than before. In the interim I saw Spooner's head turn fearfully shoreward.

Again the silence was shattered. This time by a loud, piercing scream. So full of anguish and distress was that dreadful sound that I'm certain my hair stood on end.

But it produced results. "Let's go home," quavered my companion, taking the very words out of my mouth.

Not until some years later did I learn the cause of that human-like scream of terror. It came about in a singular way.

One late afternoon I was "plouting"for pickerel on the same pond. As fate would have it, a large bullfrog floating at the edge of the pads I was working, grabbed my gaily feathered lure and became fast.

When I grasped the wildly struggling Batrachian to disengage the hook, he emitted a scream so human that I released him as though he were a chunk of molten metal. A prickly sensation ran through the short hairs at the base of my head as a flood of memories beset me—the eerie night, the mysterious sounds and the hair-raising scream. It was now easy to imagine what had taken place on that mist shrouded night on Bent's pond. It is very likely that that luckless frog had fallen into the clutches of a foraging mink or even an otter.

Since then I have learned that the bullfrog will on occasion emit that blood chilling scream when pounced upon and not immediately killed by any of its many enemies. This is especially true if the victim chances to be unusually robust and wild.

Anyway, that memorable incident on Bent's ice pond was my introduction to our largest frog. Since then I have bagged dozens of them by shooting, snagging, using the time honored piece of red flannel or even by a well placed wallop with a stout cudgel. And I might well add that in those days any and all methods were legal and popular.

Yes, I must confess to even using a light in those bygone days. And any frogger knows that

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THAT DAY OF DAYS

By FRED EVERETT

Illustrations by the Author

THE other day my youngest offspring came to me with a worried look on her face but fully confident I could solve her problem.

"Daddy," she said, "What other animal hibernates?"

"What do you mean, other animal?"

"Well, it asks for one more than I can find in our book. See—here's bear and woodchuck and snakes and toads and everyone in my textbook and there must be one more 'cause that's how many the question asks for."

I scratched my head for awhile, read over her text book and then, suddenly, I knew the answer. Depend on good old Daddy to know—he has to or else lose face with those youngsters.

Yes sir, just like that I thought of a certain bunch of animals that hibernate all winter. Only they are different from most animals because they all go into hibernation at the same time and then, all together, on that day of days, they come to life again. The day before, there's not one to be seen and then, on that day, the banks of the streams are literally alive with them, crawling in and out of the water and milling up and down and along the banks in every direction without evident rhyme or reason. Some race away overland from one stream to another while others at the second stream rush over to the first one.

Although they are all the same species of animal, each one looks a little funnier than the other because of the peculiar material that has grown on it during hibernation. Each one carries a long stick in its paw and, as it nears or enters the stream, it waves the stick and then holds it out over the water. Some do this more than others.

At times one of the sticks will bend and vibrate and then there's a great commotion and splashing and noise until the stick suddenly straightens again or a fish comes up to the animal and goes into an opening in one of the bumps on that animal. Then, after more noises, everything grows quiet again and all the animals go back to waving and holding the sticks over the water. It's all very curious.

So I told my daughter to put down trout fishermen on her list but she just smiled, gave me a funny look, and went to ask her mother. I wonder what my kids think when they give me that look?

Opening day! 'Twon't be long now and there's so much to be done before we come out of that hibernation. Our plans, in many cases, must be changed this year because so many are away and we won't be able to travel too far. Therefore, it's up to us to figure out just how to get the most out of that day and those few which follow in which we will be able to fish.

For many years I have had the good fortune and pleasure of opening the trout season with a grand bunch of sportsmen around Harrisburg, fishing Boiling Springs and various sections of the Yellow Breeches. These waters are typical of most of the limestone streams. Then, I have also had an earlier opening day in New York State, fishing the freestone streams, which are very similar to the rest of the Pennsylvania streams.

Since the methods we used on these days have been consistently successful, I feel they might be of interest and possibly of help to the many readers of the ANGLER.

Before that day of days actually comes, the troutmen talk and plan for it. They swear they will do this and that which is different because they believe they can get better results. New lures are bought or made and everything is set to try them out. But, when, in those breathless, exciting moments that the stream is first reached and the tackle is put together, a sudden reversion of nature takes place and on go the same old lures and the day is started as it always has been with the same old methods. Why this is so some psychologist might be able to explain but not I. If a man is a first day worm fisherman, it will take more than words to change him to flies on that morning. Or if he has always started with bucktails or large or small wets, that's what you will find on his leader early in the morning until the irresistible surge of opening-dayitis has spent its force.

There always has been and probably always will be a big difference of opinion as to the comparative value of bait and artificial lures. There are circumstances and places where there is no question but what bait is supreme and also, others where artificial lures are much more productive.

It just so happens that where we fish the fly is far more effective than the worm. Each opening day the members of our party have averaged from 15 to 30 trout apiece and that is real fishing in anybody's language.

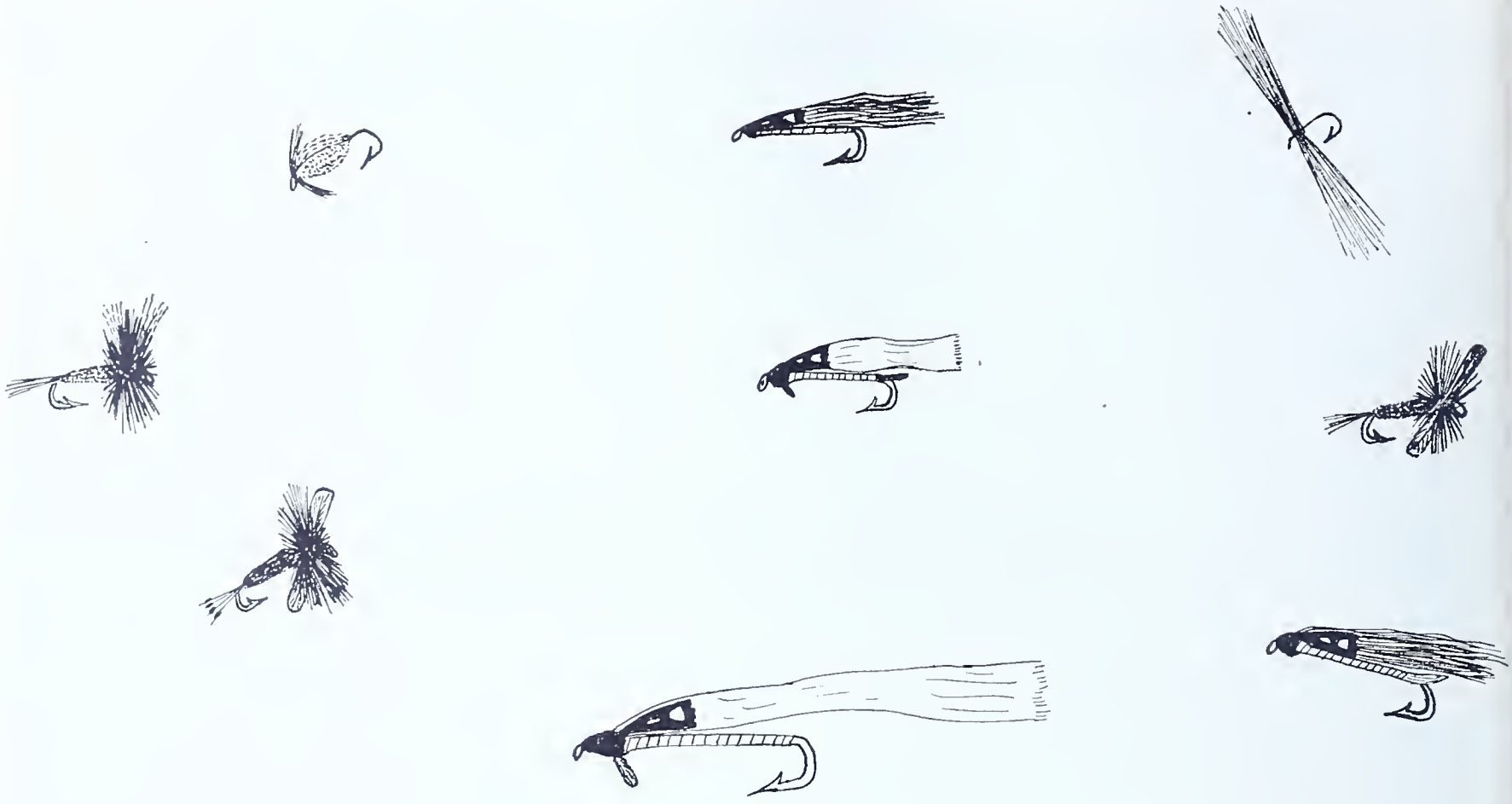
There is a very definite reason why the worm fisherman cannot reach that average. He can't be sure of releasing a fish once it is caught because all too many swallow the hook. The fly-fisherman can and, in our group, does release most of the fish caught, thus he is able to fish all day if he so desires without being a fish hog or in any way hurting the trout. Or he can keep his fish alive and release them in other pools where he wants to improve conditions.

Basically, bait fishing is primarily for food while fly-fishing may be either that or for sport or both. Being able to release the fish is not only good for conservation but it also allows one to select the fish he wants to keep, whether for food or for restocking purposes. Because that is so, the fly is preferable to us, more than from the fact that we have been able to actually catch more trout than those using the worm in the same waters. Also, and I'm afraid it's true, I believe we are too lazy to mess around with worms when it's so much easier to use flies, thus eliminating getting the worms, constantly rebaiting and wetting the hands which, on cold days, is no fun except when landing a trout. And a fly is so much easier to cast on lighter tackle thus saving one from tiring out too early in the day. From all such considerations, there is no question but that fly-fishing is tops.

The two big questions in everybody's mind will naturally be, what flies to use and how to fish them. And the first generalized answer must be: that depends on the waters you are fishing. Is it limestone or freestone? Is it moving or quiet? Is it deep or shallow or clear or discolored?

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OPENING THE TROUT SEASON

By BOB McCAFFERTY

Some Suggestions on Early Season Angling

REGARDLESS of how successful the past trout season was for the really ardent angler, the coming of the next one is viewed with the thrill of expectation, though usually expeetation is greater than realization.

Tbe dull period for all fishermen, that time from January first to April fifteenth, is enjoyed only by such fanatics as fly tyers, tackle-tinkerers and those all too few individuals such as the Editor of your favorite publication, who is posscssed with thc ability to assemble a peneil, paper, and fishing notebooks and produce thosc well-known informative articles of his.

If the reader is an angler witb at least several seasons' experienee his thoughts will be given to hooking some elusive trout which either frustrated all his prior efforts or some old lunker which had becn hooked but "got away." His thoughts may stray to some favorite stretch of water which may not contain the biggest fish in the stream but where some of his most pleasant hours were spent. Sueh a plaee rceently came to mind as I was fondling one of my reels. It is a small mountain stream not far from my home. Though I have never been in England, thc grounds and buildings adjacent to this stream are all of what one would expeet to find in prewar Britain. After driving by the large barn and mansion setting in the center of spacious lawns one comes to a sloping grass covered plot of ground on whieh is located a white-washed brown sandstone bungalow type house, with low, moss-covered shingle roof. Honeysuckle vines partly cover the building and the well kept garden is but a few steps from the woodshed which in turn scems to be tied to the house with a string of daffodils.

The stream though very small, is made more fishable at the foot of the slope by a small dam which backs up the water for perhaps 30 yards. It isn't very impressive at first sight and at one time I wouldn't give it a second thought, but when thc pace is slow and these gems come to mind you rcalize what we Amerieans really possess. An oceasional 15 ineh fish can be taken; but generally speaking, a 10 incher is a good one. Certainly this is nothing to throw one into ecstacies but as a fishing partner so aptly puts it—they bend the rod. Normally I wouldn't care to spend my time ehanging flies and experimenting to hook small fish, but what could be a better release from the tension of war work and news than to spend several hours lolling in the spring sunshine on this lawn, hooking or perhaps just raising an occasional fish, and in the off moments watching the fly-catchers flit from tree to bush picking out of the cool, moist evening air some luckless, high flying May fly, all the while the scent of boneysuekle or some wild flowers meeting the nostrils.

Shortly after this appears in print, we in Pennsylvania will be starting another trout season. Some fellows will be digging worms, others securing minnows, while the dyed-in-the-wool fly fisherman will be preparing his fly hooks and boxes. This brings to mind the fact that not many years ago, the majority of fishing writers insisted that fly-fishing was of no use till the middle of May or later. Tbey stated the water was too high and eold in early season and the trout would only take natural food which was carried close to them by the current. Either the trout have changed their habits or these dog-gone doubting fishermen have made monkeys of the old writers. I believe the latter.

For a number of past seasons it has been my good fortune to be able to fish the first few hours on opening day. This is usually spent with the same group of anglers. An artist, a writer, a lawyer—all excellent fishermen—and myself comprise the group. I think I got in there just so they could wateh me, then do the opposite. If artificial lures were useless on opening day we would have had many disappointing opening days. As it happened, we have always enjoyed at least moderate success. It is interesting to note the variety of fish taking lures we used on those days. It covers the entire category—Bucktails, Streamers, Wet Flies, Nymphs, and Dry Flies.

Here is an entry in my notebook: "April 16, 1939—on Yellow Breeches Creek with Fred, Charlie and Lew. Air Temperature 42°, Water Temperature 44°, Barometer low, Wind from the East, the water was bigh and discolored. Charlie and Lew took a number of fisb on artificial cress-bugs and small yellow bucktails. Fred took 8 from one pool on a dark grey salmon fly tied on a No. 10 hook. I took an even dozen browns on a Yellow Breeches Marabou Streamer. All fish taken by fishing down and across stream."

In the above instance it looks as though the fish were bungry. It was not necessary to use any one particular type of fly but the method

(*Continued on Page 25*)



By CHARLES K. FOX

More About Lure Delivery

LAST month this column dealt with the silent dive cast. Much of it consisted of the wise words of Sheridan Jones, author of the splendid book, *Black Bass and Bass Craft.* The reader could easily see just how sold that author is on this method of plug presentation.

It is this scribe's bumble opinion that this is one of the most important phases of plugging, yet the practice of it is very limited. This writing is a continuation of the last column in the form of excerpts from field notes from past experiences, and we hope that it contains hints which will prove to be helpful to the readers of THE ANGLER.

We are dealing here with technical detail and to many fishermen technical detail is the spice of angling.

Frankly, I have caught very few large bass that took the plug after the retrieve was well in progress. This, however, has not been the case with the small ones, which locally we call, "fliers." About 50% of the small bass struck the lure after it traveled the first five feet of the retrieve; the other half took it right off the bat. In the case of the big fish that have been hooked, well over 75% struck the lure right after it landed in the water. I firmly believe that if the silent dive cast had not been employed, many of these better bass would not have been attracted sufficiently to strike. Concrete figures may illustrate the point.

In the summer of '36 fourteen big bass, that is small-mouths over 19 inches in length, were taken by daylight. This was the best summer on big ones I ever experienced. It may have been that the flood of '36 drove some of the big Susquehanna River bass into the feeder streams where they could be more easily located. The creeks in our vicinity cleared up and fell long before the River. At any rate, during the season there seemed to be a bumper crop of big bass in the creeks, particularly the Conodoguinet where I spent considerable time.

Of this group one was caught on a deep slow moving plug in about eight feet of water. The silent cast had nothing to do with the luring of this 5¼ lb. bass, which was the biggest of the group. Another viciously grabbed the plug about the time it was to be lifted from the water. Here again the silent cast probably played no part. In all the remaining cases, however, the bass struck either directly after the plug hit the water or before the plug had been retrieved 5 feet. There were others that got away and all of these were the quick strikers. Most of the latter were probably lost because I was not onto the knack of setting the hooks properly.

The experience of the 1936 bass season is mentioned because it offers such a typical percentage of the time of the strike in respect to the retrieve.

When bass strike directly after the plug hits the water, they usually break the surface or make a large swirl. As soon as they discover that everything is not just right after taking the lure they make a very powerful run, usually immediately followed by a jump. This lunge is so strong that it often snatches the handles of the reel away from the angler. Possibly this is fortunate for if the fisherman freezes on the handles and does not give an inch something will probably break. Big bass are very strong when first hooked.

When the handles are rudely snatched from the fingers there is only one thing to do and that is to quickly get a thumb on the reel spool exerting enough pressure so that the reel will not over run and cause a backlash. Some fishermen always hold the thumb of the left hand on the reel spool during the retrieve. In this position they are always prepared for a strong run.

Somehow it was always difficult for me to strike fish properly and set the hooks over the barbs from this position, therefore, I hold the rod above the reel with the left hand instead of below it. When this position is assumed it is necessary to quickly place the thumb of the right hand on the spool when a big bass starts its first run after the strike. That means get it on the spool immediately after the strike.

After things are well under control I then like to shift the left hand below the reel and use the thumb of that hand as the steady drag, at the same time keeping the rod at right angles to the line. When the fish eases up or swims toward you reel up; when he wants to run let him run but maintain that constant drag with the thumb.

If you like a lot of music, snap on the click at the first opportunity after a good fish has been hooked. This is a sound method of playing a hooked fish on a plugging outfit for the click of most reels sets up just about the right amount of drag on a running fish.

One day two years ago several of us were fishing the Juniata river near Millerstown. I cast a minno-bug up stream into a very good pocket among the rocks right below a riffle. The little bucktail and spinner slithered under the surface of a smooth glide which was surrounded by broken water. It was greeted by a big swirl and strike. I immediately struck back but I guess I did not do a very good job of that.

The fish started straight across the river for deeper water with the lure in its mouth. There was nothing violent about its action. It just cruised away with the artificial. I kept the thumb of the right hand on the spool, momentarily expecting the fireworks but they did not come. The fish continued to steadily go. At one point where it crossed some shallow water it made a wake like that made by a muskrat swimming under the water. I knew it was big, really very big, but I had never seen a bass act like that before.

The line continued to slowly move off of the spool until the knot joining the filler and casting line passed through the guides. That meant the fish was approximately 150 feet across and up the river from me. There were still none of those panicky actions characteristic of a hooked fish. It reminded one of a chicken with a worm in its mouth trotting away from the rest of the flock in that businesslike way of theirs.

The fish finally stopped in the shade of a big submerged boulder and just held the lure. All of a sudden there was that disappointing give as the fish and the lure parted company.

After analyzing the whole experience I felt sure that the single hook had never been set over the barb. It is difficult to hook a striking fish properly when casting up stream into heavy water; this is particularly true when the fish strikes immediately after the lure hits the water. This fish, I believe, had never been hooked and it just cruised around with the lure in its mouth.

Finally the tension caused by the current against the 150 feet of line made it suspicious; it opened its mouth and away went the lure.

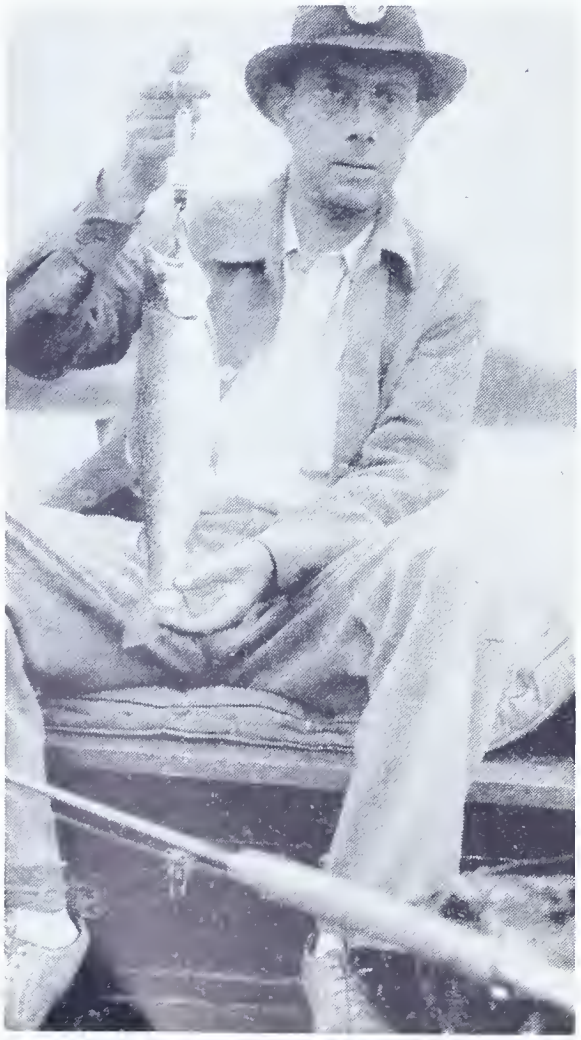
This brought home very clearly the importance of the angler to strike the fish two or even three times instead of once. Since then I have followed

this policy and have experienced very little trouble.

Many bass throw the plug when they jump. The weight of the lure offers them leverage and unless the hook or hooks are set over the barbs they are readily unloaded by the fish. Even though plugs are vicious looking things more bass expel them than any other form of bait or lure. As I see it, the only way to be sure that the hooks are set is to strike the fish twice. Since adopting this policy the percentage of fish which have gotten away has been very small. Up until the time I started this practice many of the fish hooked by the silent dive cast method right after the lure hit the water threw the plug when they jumped.

The silent dive cast can also be applied to surface plugging during the daytime and even to pop casting with great effect. The customary method of pop casting is to splash the plug on the water and then permit it to bob and float there while the rings widen. Then it is twitched or popped slightly and again permitted to remain motionless. This is repeated three or four times and it is followed by the slow retrieve of the lure. I like to cast the floater by the silent dive cast method and jiggle the plug on the water before it comes to a temporary rest. In other words, make it appear that something alive and struggling has gently fallen to the surface.

In trying to determine which of these two methods of pop casting is the more effective I experimented thoroughly and kept notes on the results during the season of '41. The two methods of pop casting with surface plugs and floating underwaters were employed as equally as possible. The silent cast accompanied by the jiggle drew a little more than twice as many strikes as the conventional pop cast. Since that time some of us have given up the old, dead type of pop cast except for night fishing. In fact, for all daylight plugging except for walleyes, we feel sure the silent dive cast reigns supreme.



D. Tracey Beers caught this plump 16½-inch rainbow trout in Lake Pleasant.

There Are Other Things More Important Than the Fly Pattern

Many angling editors mention fly or lure presentation but fail to emphasize it. This part of angling is far more important than any other one thing in our "King of Sports." Of course, presentation is not one singular part but a combination of many. You may have the best tackle obtainable but still be defeated by your method of approach and presentation.

Let us consider now, just what is necessary to spell success. The rod, reel and line combination must be correctly balanced to give you the maximum enjoyment with minimum effort. To be forced to give mental effort to ordinary casting alone, destroys 75% of your chances. So first of all, be sure to have the right combination. There are a number of men throughout the country who can give you worthwhile assistance in your selections.

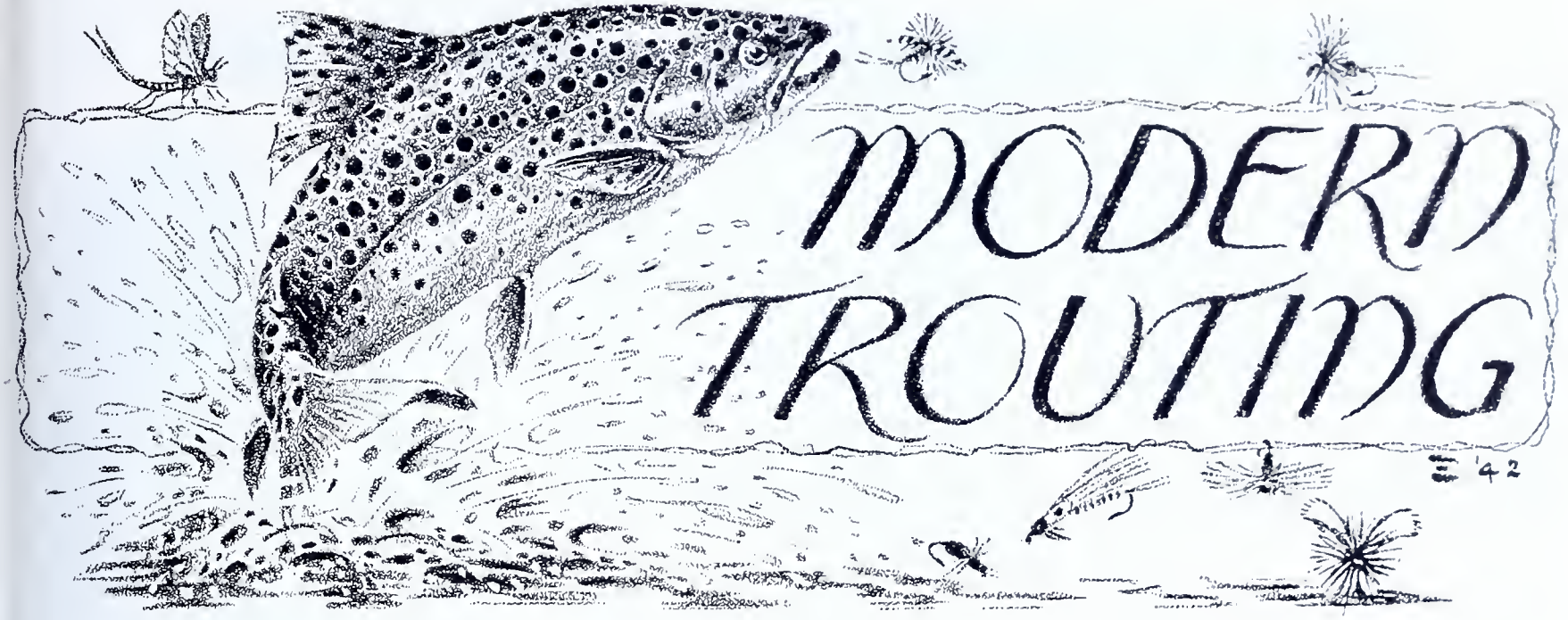
Second. The selection of the proper leaders cannot be too strongly stressed. I can well realize that it is much easier to buy 3 or 4 leaders retailing for 20c to 35c apiece and ranging up to 7½ feet in length but—a cheap leader usually lacks several of the things most necessary for success. To begin with, good quality gut is hard to get and it is not cheap. It must be round and uniform in thickness in its entire length which usually ranges from 12 to 18 inches. The ends of the individual pieces are flat and often taper to a much larger or smaller size than the rest. This odd portion must be clipped off before tying, but some tiers of cheap leaders dislike to sacrifice this extra length and tie in as much of it as possible thereby greatly weakening the finished product. They are also more careless in tying their knots which often results in a faulty knot which has the exasperating habit of parting at the crucial moment. Also, a leader, to give you the best casting, must be correctly tapered. The heavy end is looped and fastened to your line and each succeeding section of gut either remains the same or becomes smaller in diameter toward the end to which the fly is tied. Last, but certainly not least, the leader must be as invisible as possible. An opaque cast has been found to be the most successful. One reason is because they do not flash like ordinary leaders. However, there are many imitations of opaque leaders, so avoid cheap ones. The most reliable, in this fisherman's opinion, are Hewitts Opaque and Bergmans No Flash leaders. Let me stress, before passing on to other features, the importance of a good leader. It is the weak link in most fishermen's outfits and it is far better to have 2 good leaders tapering, for the average fisherman, to 2x than to have a half dozen or more cheap ones, which more often than not, taper to fine or refine which is not fine enough for productive fishing.

It has never been definitely settled whether fish are color blind or not and it is not my intention to make any statements on that subject. I would rather advise the beginner and average follower of "Ike" to give more attention to size and shape of the fly than to color. Regardless of how exact the imitation, the fly must be presented in such a manner that the fish are led to believe that there are no "strings" attached to it. That is the purpose of a leader. Flies of size 12 seem to be preferred in this section but do not bank entirely on them. Procure flies ranging in size from 10 to 20 and try to imitate the natural, first in size, then in shape. Many fishermen can give you innumerable experiences where they have cast over one fish repeatedly with various patterns of one size fly without getting more than a slight interest from the trout, then immediately upon changing to a different size, raised and hooked the fish at once.

Remember always that you must approach your fish cautiously whether fishing up or down stream. There is only a very small position you can take near a trout in which he cannot see you. That is directly behind the fish. It necessarily develops therefore that any quick movement you make alarms the fish. It is better to take five minutes to get into position than to rush in and use that time fishing as the trout will see your hurried movements and dart into hiding, suspending feeding for a half hour or more. You may see fellows dashing along the stream continually pulling out trout but 10 to 1 they are catching only small fish. Take your time, study your fish and how to catch him, then follow out your plans deliberately. The fisherman who is able to catch 2 or 3 trout ¾ of a pound or over is more proud of his catch than the fellow who takes 15 from 6 to 9 or 10 inches. And the former is usually the one who belongs to some active sportsmen's club which is engaged in stream improvement. This type of man has long known that fishing today is purely a recreation, not a means of providing meat for the table. It is hard for this fellow to understand why any person should want to go to a stream and catch 10 trout and keep them all. What sport is to be derived from catching fish just as you please without it being necessary to outwit them?



The Yellow Breeches Creek drifts and tumbles through a fertile valley 40 miles long. There is very little natural reproduction in this large stream because it is subject to muddy run offs. Silt ruins trout eggs. Streams that do not get muddy have natural reproduction. Such is the case with many mountain streams. The lower 21 miles of this stream is the boundary of Cumberland and York Counties.



By CHARLES K. FOX

Wet Flies and Nymphs

LEONARD WEST, author of the book, *The Trout Fly*, places flies in two classifications namely, *attractors* and *deceivers*. The first group are flies that do not imitate any natural insects in particular but just appear to the trout to be some form of life which is good to eat. Their chief attraction is their visibility and the way in which they move in or on the water. The other group, the deceivers, are imitations of natural insects and they are supposed to look and act like the naturals upon which the trout are feeding.

Most of the dry flies are fished as deceivers. Exceptions may be flies such as the Coachman family, the fan wings, and spiders and variants. The latter three may fall into each classification depending upon circumstances. My choice to imitate the Green Drake, commonly called shad fly, is a large honey spider. When the Green Drake hatch is in progress it is my belief that it is taken as a deceiver fly rather than an attractor. When there is a hatch and rise and we imitate the naturals with floating flies of like size and color we most certainly are employing deceivers.

But how about the wets? In general, there are two methods of fishing wet flies and by wets we mean both standard wet flies and also nymphs.

One of these two methods of fishing flies of this type is to cast them up stream and to permit them to be carried with the current in a natural manner. Sometimes they are fished with a natural drift. Other times they are made to climb toward the surface just as a living nymph struggles and swims to the top, after which they are permitted to settle back.

The other method of fishing the wets is to cast them quartering down stream and to draw an animated fly across the current. It seems to me that when they are fished up stream with the natural float method they are deceivers, but when they are fished down stream in jerks they are attractors.

If this assumption is correct, it should influence the choice of our flies and the methods of fishing them. The artificial nymphs are tied true to nature, therefore, from the standpoint of appearance they are deceivers and should be fished as such. It has been my experience that nymphs are at their best when cast up stream and drifted. I never could do much with nymphs cast down stream, and our guess is that most of us agree on this score.

It can hardly be claimed that the great majority of the standard wet flies look like anything that crawls, swims, or flies. Therefore, they are in the main attractors and should be fished as such, that is, cast quartering down stream.

One of the niceties or thrills of trout fishing is the good, hard wrap or even jolting strike which occurs when a trout takes a wet fly fished down and across. I know one man who fishes this way a great deal just because he loves to feel the solid strike, the bounce of the rod, as it were.

Many a fish that solidly strikes such a fly is never even hooked and in our opinion, it is the fault of the fisherman in the majority of cases. Often there is a wide bend or bow in the line in the water and the rod tip is low. In this position it is most difficult for the angler to answer the strike of a trout. The fish takes the fly and expels it before the barb sinks home. If the rod tip is held high a minimum of line is in the water, therefore, it is taut. From this position the angler can react quickly and surely. The high rod will have a tendency to prevent too much strain on the tackle for there is a smaller arc in which the striking rod can move and the rod in the vertical position absorbs shock.

It is in this type of trout fishing that the long rod (9 feet) really comes into its own. More slack line can be kept off the water with a long rod and when it is desirable to reach out, as is sometimes the case in big waters, the long rod will do this job better than a shorter rod of similar action.

Striking by the angler should be slow when employing a dry fly because a floating fly can be taken from a rising trout. Striking should be fast when fishing with wet flies, for when one feels the strike the fish already has taken the fly. In the former case, the sense of sight of the fisherman determines his strike and in the latter he reacts because he feels the trout.

Trout spend much of their lives in one certain type of water and that is beside fast water in a more calm element. The wet fly fisherman should forever be on the lookout for those places where the fast and slow waters meet. Such spots are located at the edge of eddies, below rocks, beside logs and brushpiles, and at the very edge of water cress and other vegetation.

Fishing wet flies quartering down stream is the easiest and most simple of all methods of fly fishing. The pressure of the current against the fly, leader and line makes for an easy back cast which determines the quality of the forward cast. Wading with the current instead of against it is easy and comparatively quiet work. It is a most enjoyable method of fishing a long riffle of a large stream and it is at its best when the sun is at the back of the fisherman.

It is pleasant and possible to fish in this manner with just one hand if not too long a line is employed. Simply hold the line against the rod handle with the lower three fingers of the hand holding the rod permitting the line to come out between the index finger and the second finger. This is a satisfactory and comfortable position and the one hand and arm is entirely free. One friend calls this the smoker's casting position.

Most fishermen have forsaken the old style level leader with dropper loops for the tapered leaders. The majority use a single fly and carry nothing but eyed flies without gut snells. However, there are some sections in Pennsylvania where the stores carry nothing but snelled wet flies tied on eyed hooks. They are supplied with the idea that if the angler does not care for snelled flies the snells can be cut off with a razor blade and the result is an eyed fly. Most fishermen, however, forsook snelled flies many years ago.

Most of the time in most of our waters it is advisable to employ but one fly but like almost all rules this has its exceptions. Last May I fished the beautiful Laurel Hill Creek in Somerset County with Joe Critchfield of Confluence and Ollie Deibler, Tommy Taylor, and Jim Kell of Greensburg. I never saw a stream just like this in that there are so very many possible spots for trout. The stream is large, loaded with rocks, and full of those interesting slick glides. From a casting position it is often possible to reach dozens of likely looking places, in fact, there are so many places to cast it is confusing unless the trout are surface feeding. This is one setup, which to my way of thinking, could be fished to good advantage with a cast of two or three attractor flies cast quartering down stream

(*Continued on Page 25*)

Handling Hooked Fish on the Fly Rod

By CUMBERLAND FISHER

THE most praetieal side of angling is the eorreet playing of hooked fish. One mistake and it is that old, familiar, sad tale we hear too mueh. This is not as eontroversial a matter as all other phases of angling, for here is one ease where it ean be definitely stated that it should be done this way and not that way for best results. When fishing in the sea for game fish the major task is the landing of the fish; in fresh water angling by far our greatest problem is to induce the quarry to take our lure or bait. This is the basie differenee between the two sports and in my judgment it is what makes the latter so intensely interesting. It is this emphasis on hooking fresh water game fish of our streams and ponds whieh has eaused us to overlook the handling of them. Little is ever written or mentioned about handling those we have managed to hook but if better judgment and more attention were focused on this, the minor braneh of fresh water angling, the number of stories about the big one that got away would greatly deerease.

After losing a good fish a eompanion onee said: "I could see that it was hooked lightly so I tried to get it in as fast as I eould before it had mueh time to get away" Here was a man who did just the opposite from that which should have been done. When he saw that the fish was hooked by a mere pinch of skin he should have played it very gingerly on a eomparatively soft line so that as little foree as possible was exerted on that light eonneetion. When the fish attempted to go it should have been permitted to move freely. Finally it might have worn itself out and eonsequently would have been landed. The first rule in playing hooked fish is, *don't hold them in tightly unless you must because of snags, but let them run when they try to run.*

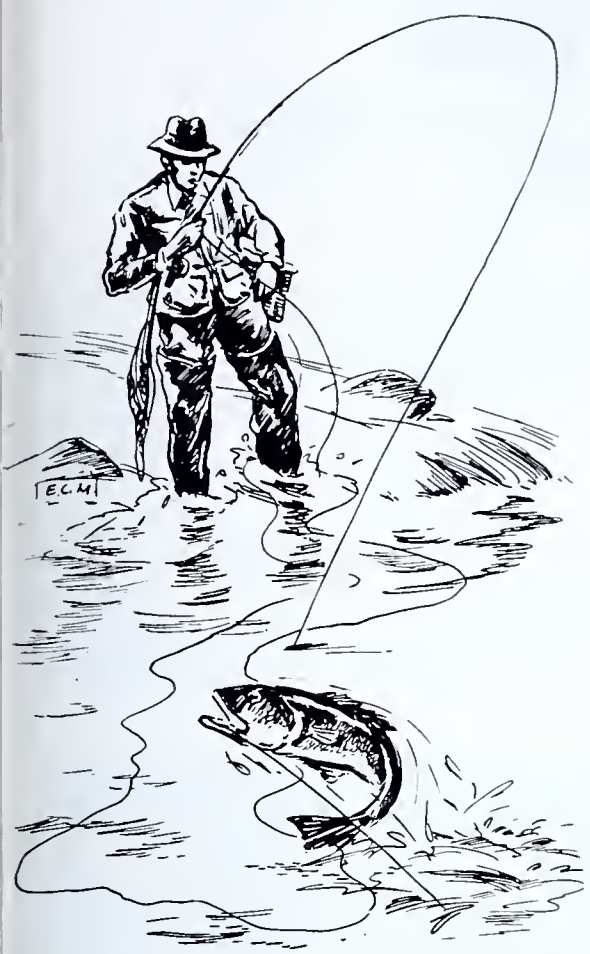


From the time the barb sinks home until the fish is landed rule number two should usually be observed, and that is, *keep the rod tip high.* With the tip in a vertieal position the rod absorbs the strain. As the rod goes below that position the strain increases in proportion to the lowness of the tip.

Before me is my pet trout rod. It is 8 feet in length, 4 ounces in weight, and the aetion is medium. The reel is mounted on it and the line is run through the guides. The end of the line is tied to a spring seale and the seale in turn is fastened to the door sill. Now, when the rod tip is held high and a pull is exerted on the seale, not more than 2½ pounds ean be made to register on the seale without straining the rod. When the tip is lowered several feet the seale ean be made to register three times that much with the same amount of strain. What a differenee those few feet make. Under aetual fishing eonditions the strain exerted when the rod tip is high might merely approaeh the breaking point, but when the tip is lowered slightly, that vital point might well be exeeeded. If the rod tip were pointed direetly at the seale and a direet pull from the reel were exerted, the spring on the seale eould be stretehed out until the line would break. A high tip is the insuranee against exeessive strain by a strong aetive fish. It prevents the terminal taekle from breaking and it prevents the hook from eutting and wearing its way out of the mouth of the fish. The error of permitting the rod tip to drop below the vertieal is the most eommon way of making taekle smashers out of fish.

The question is frequently asked, "how ean a fish weighing four pounds be eaught when employing a leader that tests but two pounds?" The answer is that a four pounder, or for that matter a fish of any size, weighs praetieally nothing in the water. Its own weight is just about the same weight as the amount of water it displaees. If this were not true it would be utterly impossible to retrieve a heavy fish against a strong eurrent. When a fish jumps we immediately feel its weight.

After a fish has been hooked how should it be played? Often or rather usually in our fly fishing for bass and trout there is slack line in the angler's one hand and the rod in the other. If the fish is very small it is slowly stripped in and a steady pull or arc of the rod is maintained. Play it out thoroughly until it is good and tired. This is just as important with a small fish whieh is to be returned to the water as it is with a larger one. It is much easier to remove a hook from an exhausted fish whieh is to be put baek than from one that has a lot of kiek left in it. While on the subjeet of returning a fish, probably the best way is to grasp it by the lower jaw, then after lifting it up, prop the rod under the arm and with the free hand remove the hook. A useful



Many a hooked fish has got a new lease on life when it has become entangled in slack line which has been stripped.

little gadget is a combination clip, like a nail clipper, and a disgorger. The latter is a great help in removing stubborn hooks of small size.

If the trout or bass is over ten or eleven inches in length it will be strong enough to run out slack line, so playing from the reel can be done. Permit the fish to carry out the line but control the slack so that a constant arc is maintained in the high rod. *As soon as all the slack is taken out then play the fish from the reel.* This is rule number three. With every run the fish takes, the reel screams. That is great music. As the fish lets up or comes toward you, reel in. *Always try to keep that same arc in the high rod.* If the stripping method and not the reeling method is used when playing a good fish, it does not require vivid imagination to visualize what happens when a fish jumps or twists in the loose line. Many a good fish has gotten a new lease on life from an angler who plays fish by stripping them in. Those who use automatic reels simply take up slack on to the reel after they strip it in. Another strong argument against stripping is the difficulty which may arise when the angler is standing on the bank. The slack line may become entangled in the weeds or rocks and consequently when the fish makes a strong run the tackle is smashed. Worse yet the line may be trampled and the worst place in the world for a good tapered fly line is between a hobnail or boot sole and a jagged rock.

In order that a fish may be easily netted or lifted out of water by the lower lip it is important to have out at least as much line as the length of the rod. If the fish is reeled in too close to the tip of the rod it is out of reach of the fisherman. One of the most absurd sights in angling is a man trying to net a fish held away from him by a short line. There he is bent over stretching for all he is worth but the net just won't reach. The only way he will ever get that fish into the net is to lift the fish out of water and put the net under it, and sometimes fellows even try that.

To me the logical way to set up the tackle is to place the reel on the under part of the rod with the handle to the right. Then when playing a fish, the rod butt is against the stomach, the rod handle in the left hand and the reeling is done with the right hand. This of course is for right handers. With the butt of the rod against the tummy it is very easy to keep the rod tip high. If the reel is on the top of the rod that tip has a tendency to drop. It is important that those who use very light leaders (four and five x tippets) use a reel with a soft click. The click should be just stiff enough so that the line will not backlash (overrun) on the reel when a fish rapidly takes out line. I have several reels, but the one I like best is a comparatively cheap bakalite winch with a nice light click. A fish can go fast with a leader tapered to 4x and nothing will break. A strong click causes leader breakage.

We hear a great deal about a taut line but that is a greatly over rated theory in fly fishing, although this cannot be over rated when plugs and spoons on the bait casting rod are involved. A fly is light and not readily shaken out. This is particularly true right after the barb has sunk home. Naturally after considerable tension has taken place the barb often wears a hole and could drop out. However, there are parts of the mouth so hard that a hook cannot wear a hole. We often discover after landing a fish that the hook is so firmly embedded that it could not possibly drop out or be shaken out.

Late in May last spring a group went up to Spring Creek Paradise for the famous shad fly hatch. On a few streams of the State there is an evening hatch of large green drakes which takes place sometime between the middle of May and early June, lasting for about six evenings. The hatch is strong just before dark and apparently practically every trout in the stream indulges in heavy feeding for these choice morsels. We had our own version of the artificial shad fly. For the last twenty or thirty minutes of fishing when there was a preponderance of flies on the water, and the visibility of the trout was poor in the fading light these flies worked very well by floating them over feeding fish. The fellows using them were very anxious to hook and land exceptionally large trout. They were not interested in playing and landing the smaller ones although they did like to hook them. When a smaller fish was hooked the idea was to shake it off as quickly as possible so that fishing for the big ones could be resumed immediately without wasting precious minutes. In spite of the fact that the barbs were pinched down on the hooks, we shook off very few trout. No matter how much slack we gave the fish or how much we jerked and yanked, most of those flies stuck tightly. I kept track of my own experience and out of nine hooked fish only three were "unloaded," the rest had to be removed by hand. The others had similar results. In the past it seems that the uppermost thought in the angler's mind while playing a fish was, keep the line tight. Today this is not considered to be so important, and of greater importance is the policy of careful handling of the tackle so that nothing is strained to the point of breaking.

The chances of landing a fish in open water are greater with the fly rod than with the bait casting rod. The lures employed with the plugging outfit are much heavier than flies, therefore, they offer the fish more leverage when it shakes its head or twists its body. Furthermore the fly rod exerts a light even tension which cannot be duplicated with the short rod.

Important as it is to keep the rod tip high there are two exceptions to this rule. When a fish jumps out of water it is much heavier than it is when it is submerged and consequently it is then capable of straining the tackle more than it is when it is submerged. To protect against this sudden strain as the fish comes out of the water the rod tip of the fly rod should be quickly lowered. Light tackle will then hold the fish when it is in the air. If the fish is a heavy one and if it falls back on a taut leader, a light leader will break or the hook may be forced out. But when the tip of the rod is lowered as the fish comes out it will then fall back on a slack leader and everything is intact

(*Continued on Page 21*)



An impossible situation and a ridiculous sight is an angler trying to net a fish which has been reeled in too far.

STREAMSIDE FLY-TYING

Emergency Kit, Carried in the Car, Is Solution for Those Freak Local Hatches That Catch So Many Trout Anglers off Base

By DICK FORTNEY

IF YOU ever stood at the foot of a beautiful mountain pool whose surface was literally boiling with feeding fish—some of them only a couple of feet from your booted legs—you experienced the greatest thrill that can come to the trout fisherman.

And if you cast every pattern of fly in your possession at those same fish without a single strike, you had the worst "all gone" feeling that can come to any angler.

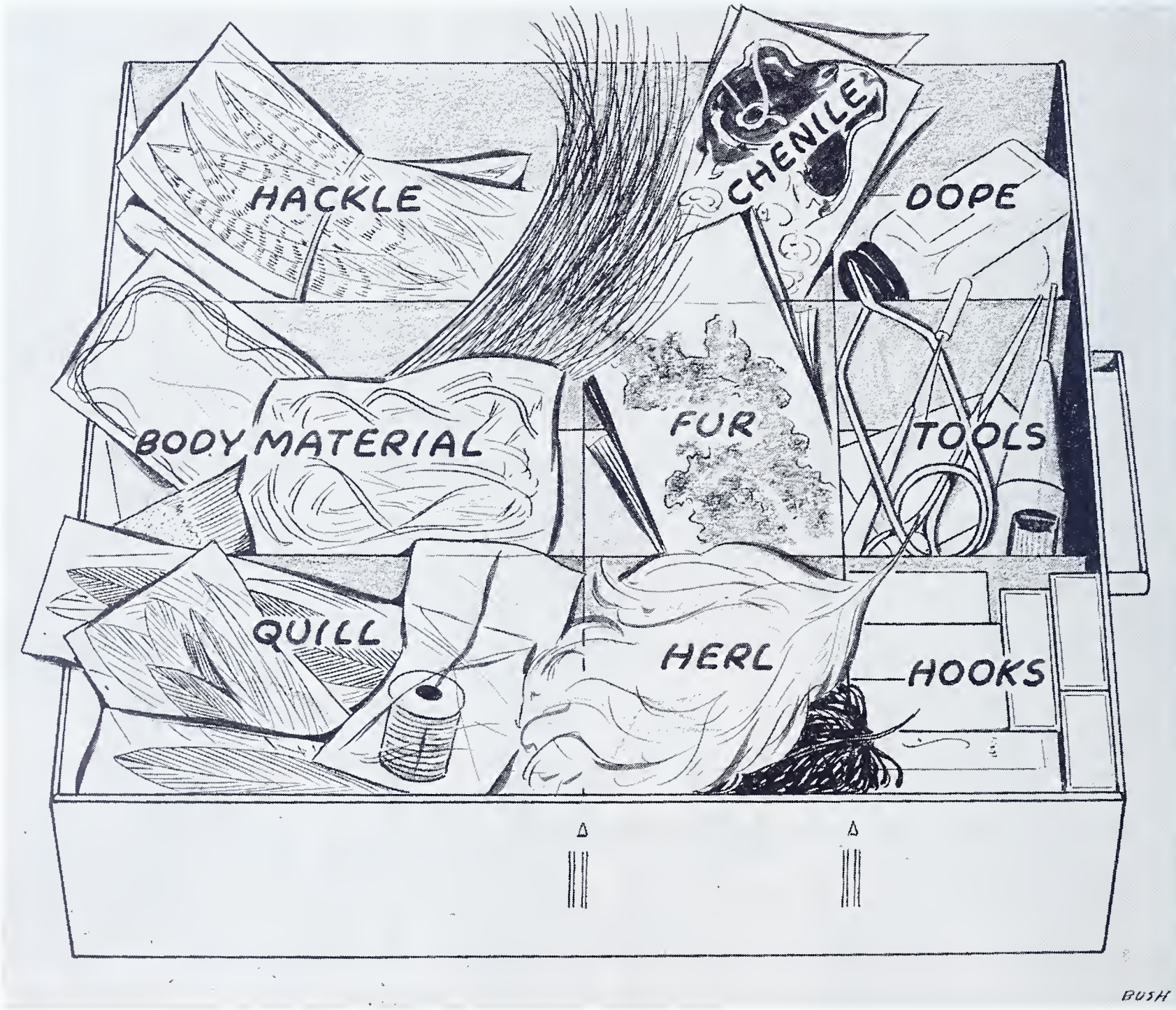
The reason for the sudden rise and for your own failure, if you were calm enough to analyze the situation when the stream pool was once again undisturbed, was that a freak local hatch had developed. It had sent the trout on a feeding spree. And because it was a freak local hatch it was impossible for you to match it with any artificial lures from your fly box.

Perhaps some other time you have chanced upon a single fly which, by reason of some particular shade of hackle or body or style of construction, caught trout that were feeding well enough but that proved extremely selective. But you had only one of these flies in your kit, and you lost it in the mouth of a trout, and from then on you could only stand helplessly and groan at your tough luck.

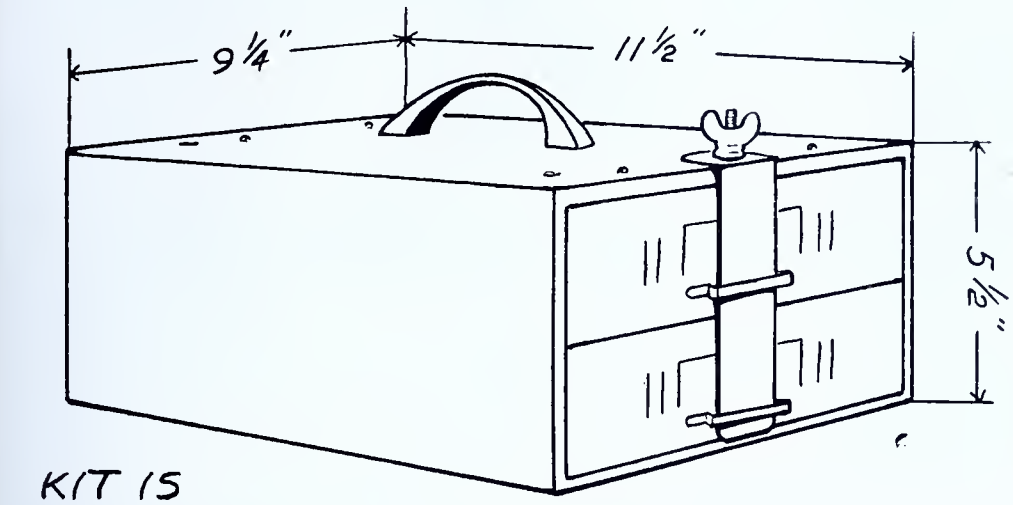
There are other situations of this vein which confront and confound the trout angler, but these two will suffice to emphasize the suggestion that the portable fly-tying kit and a knowledge of streamside fly-tying should be cultivated.

I want to elaborate a bit on the incident of the freely feeding trout that refused to rise to any artificial lure.

The stream is one of the best in Central Pennsylvania, and it was obvious that some of the feeding fish were trout big enough to make a reel sag. My companion at the time was an angler who is nationally known for his skill and knowledge and who, incidentally, is more than ordinarily skilled at making trout lures.

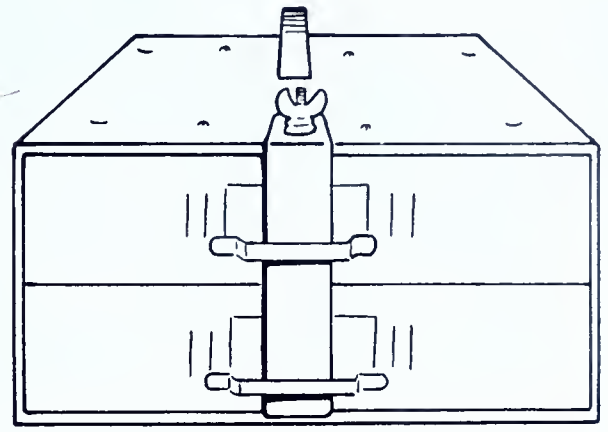


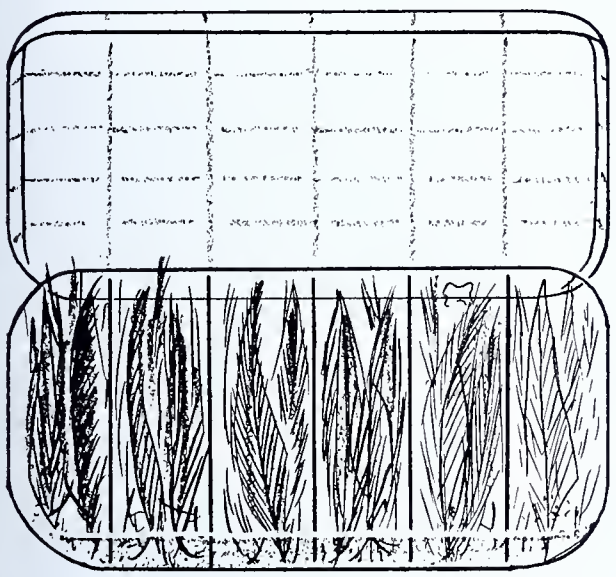
In this view of the top drawer of the kit, one divider has been removed to provide six small and three large compartments, instead of 12 of the same size. In actual use, of course, the materials are packed neatly in their compartments so that the drawer can be opened and closed easily



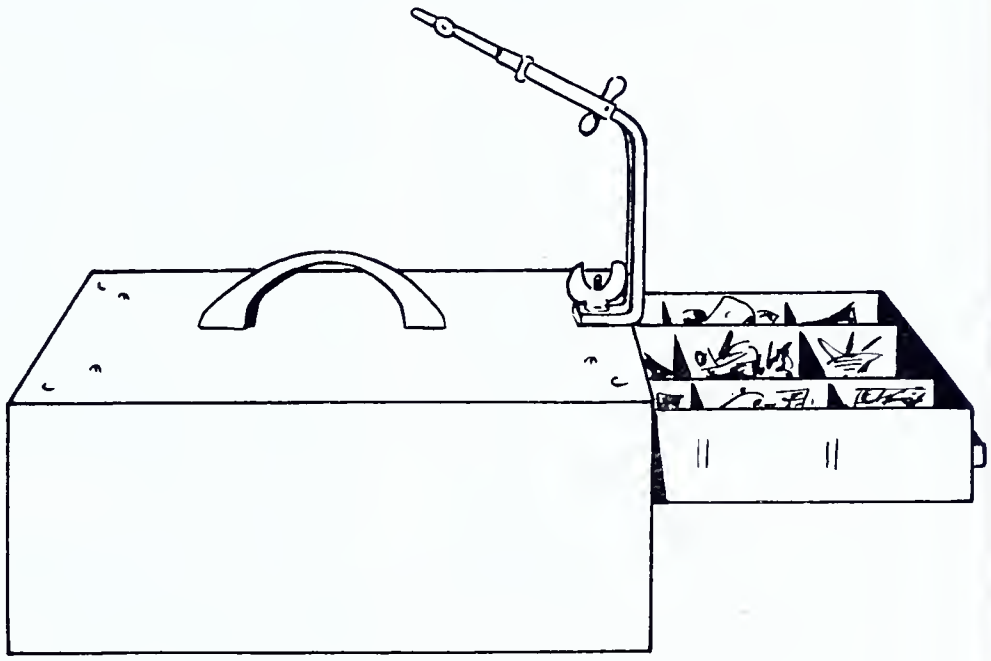
KIT IS COMPACT AND STURDY

FRONT VIEW — CLAMP HOLDS DRAWERS CLOSED





LARGE FEATHERS IN BOX



SET UP FOR TYING

BUSH

My friend kept himself under control during the hour the rise lasted. Methodically he tried fly after fly from a couple of well stocked boxes. He tried large ones and small ones, fan-wings and nymphs, even a streamer or two.

Mostly, however, he stuck to the smallest sizes he carried, for soon after the rise began he discovered that the fish were feeding on very small insects carried along just beneath the surface of the stream. The light was bad, since it was near the end of the day, but the insect seemed to have no particularly outstanding color.

"If I had my tools and stuff here, I think I could solve the puzzle," he told me. "A bit of black thread, a wisp or two of dark brown hackle, and a wee sprig of tail on a Size 20 hook is the only lure that will catch these trout."

He was right. In the end, nothing we had would turn the trick.

That experience set me thinking about streamside fly-tying, but what really convinced me was a smooth piece of work done on another stream, under almost the same conditions, by a veteran angling companion.

This time the rise was on a deep pool in a big creek in the very middle of a hot summer day. But instead of feeding on midges, these trout were slashing like fury at skinny, long-legged insects of the cranefly type that were kicking around on the surface.

It was easy to capture one of the live bugs. It was at least an inch long, with a body about the thickness of the lead in a pencil; slender, jointed legs, and predominantly tan in color.

My friend made a bee-line for the car with one of the bugs in his fist. He set up his equipment and went to work.

He built the fly on a Size 8 hook. Raffia grass provided the slender, tan-colored body. Four quills from a peacock feather made the legs. Light ginger hackles were wound in place, and hackle tips in a light shade of brown imitated the wings.

I don't think my companion had much faith in the fly when it was finished. He looked at it, then at the low, clear water, and shook his head. But another glance at the natural insect settled the inner debate, and he returned to the trout pool.

The big insects still were in evidence, and the trout continued to rise. My friend cast his imitation to a stretch of broken water, to hide the bulk of the fly as much as possible, and a trout better than a foot long gulped it down before it had floated a yard.

My companion literally wore out that fly in the next half hour. Fish after fish rose willingly and smacked it.

Incidentally, that happened two years ago, and neither he nor I have seen a similar situation since that time. But having a fly-tying kit at hand paid dividends that day. The problem of the freak local hatch was rather easily solved.

And that is a problem, and a most trying one, that every fly fisherman has to face time and again.

The expert angler knows almost to the exact day the time of the year when the Cahills, the Mayflies, and the other regular hatches will appear. Weather conditions and the season of the year are determining factors. Also, the angler may through experience learn that a quill-bodied fly is good on one particular stream, that the bivisible type is a producer under cer-

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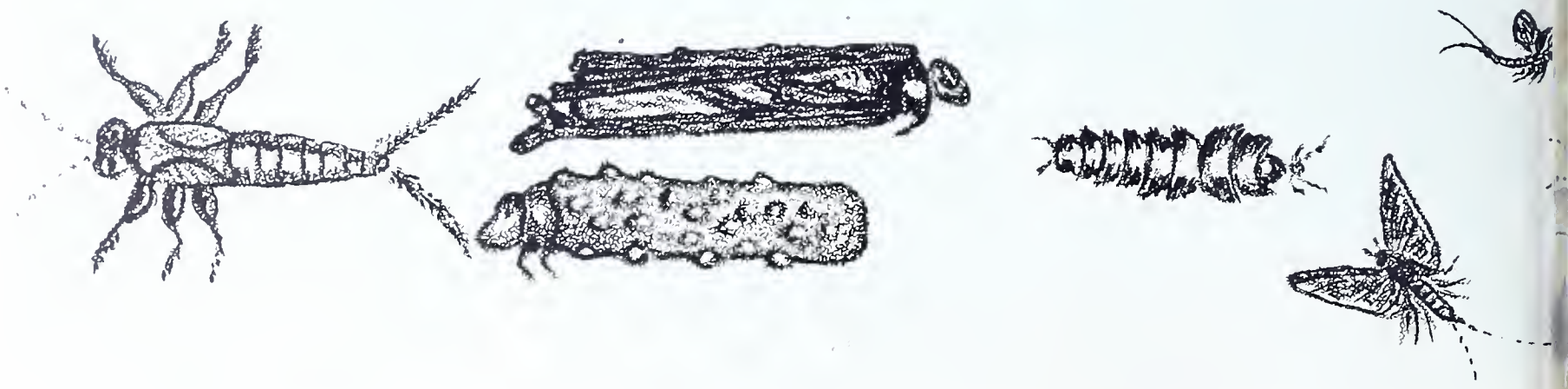


DURING the past several seasons I have received so many inquiries for any new types of flies and lures that may have come to my attention that I have begun to wonder whether the trout have become so ultra sophisticated as to refuse the market run of lures offered them day after day throughout the entire open season. One of the letters that appealed to me mostly was written by Barney Felsburg, who you will remember wrote several articles for the ANGLER addressing himself as a tyro. Well from my observations don't let "Barney" kid you with the Tyro yarn. He is the type of fellow who reasons things out for himself and when he's fishing he reasons like the quarry he's after. For several seasons I have been tying a Special fly for "Barney" and there was little wonder that he had plenty of luck with it because it imitated to a great extent the larvae of insects inhabiting some of the waters on which it was so successful. To my surprise I received a letter one day and the postmark betrayed the writer before the seal was broken, but to my surprise good old "Barney" had a problem on his hands. The "Special" pattern had somehow lost a bit of its superlative magic demonstrated during the past seasons. Possibly the right words weren't used during the tying operation, or it may be that Barney wasn't chewing the right kind of cut plug when he spat on the fly before casting. Whatever the cause, it had lost a great degree of its potency and not much could be done but find a new pattern.

I had this same kind of story come to me from time to time and just the other day when I received a telephone call from my good friend "Al" Straub, one of Harrisburg's outstanding anglers, almost insisting that I tie for him a few of the same type dark cahills which I had supplied for him last season, I was rather awed. In fact I was almost at the point of telling him that he was making a serious mistake because the snooty so and so's of trout have changed their tactics, and are looking for a brand new diet. Anyway I know that due to the additional burdens of defense work, and gas and tire rationing "Al" will get little chance to limber up the old bamboo this season and since he pins his hopes on his dark cahill he will certainly have them for the opening day of the season. I'm warning him though, that I'm afraid that the Jinx is on and he had better try a black quill or a brown hackle.

Then, too, I received another letter from a fellow angler who was seemingly still having success with the old standard patterns such as the ginger quill, blue quill, etc., but his only trouble seems to be tying them to the proper shade. You know trout are very fastidious that way. When they want yellow a black fly is certainly out of the question and a cream or near yellow fly is even passed up. You know trout will pass up your offering if it isn't the exact shade as the insect on the water. So say some of the adherents of exact color patterns. I am a bit skeptical about the entire matter as from my personal observations I do not find trout quite so finicky or particular.

I have long since formed my own opinion about many of these questions that for the sake of hearing additional opinions from those who drape their fancy tackle over choice bits of water from early morning until the darkness of eventide punctuates them to quit. I sauntered into a sporting goods store one evening recently and after sparring for some time for an opportunity to change the course of conversation from hunting, I finally grasped the opportunity to ask why it is that in recent seasons the trout seem to demand new and entirely different patterns of flies. I'll assure you that I wasn't long in getting the lowdown on the entire subject. Of course I had no license to doubt the opinion of a serious minded angler and after all I asked for it, so when Bill Bently volunteered the information that trout get tired of seeing the same colors and patterns flaunted before them day in and day out I had to admit that I thought he was right, but inwardly I chuckled because I happen to know of a stream, and more particularly a certain stretch of that stream where fish can be caught with a light cahill fly at the right season of the year, and with a member of the large drake family at another season, and with other flies, or imitations of them when the proper hatch happens to be on the water. Incidentally, this is a particularly productive section of Penn's Creek and it receives more than its share of attention from fishermen who have ready access to it. It is amusing to hear some fellows complain that they were able to take trout from that same stretch of water quite consistently with a certain pattern of fly, but for some mystical reason or other the magic lure would no longer woo the attentions of the present inhabitants. They usually have two reasons to offer for their inability to produce strikes, the first and most used, being that the fish simply are not there to



strike, and the second being that they are fed up on seeing artificial knick-knacks flaunted before them from one end of the season to the other. I've even heard these same unsuccessful anglers complain that there were no fish to strike in the most stocked spot in the entire state, the Fisherman's Paradise.

On one such an occasion I also experienced quite some diffieulty in finding out what the trout were feeding on, but I did not ruin an otherwise delightful day by telling those around me the many reasons why the so and so trout would not strike, and incidentally the fellow who took time out to reason things out for himself how little I really knew about this game of outwitting this quarry, that knows when and where to look for their meals, and also the type of food available at certain seasons of the year. I studied the signs along the bank, in the grass patches and in the eddies but not a trace could I find of the nymphal shucks of the fly or its larvae in which the trout were interested. In desperation I finally bantered "Art" Snyder into a wager that he could not catch a trout in a half hour's fishing. I suppose I should have known better, but I was eager to know what in the name of common sense could be used to even cause a passing interest on the part of the trout. Well, if my memory serves me correctly, on the fourth or fifth cast "Art" was fast to a fat fourteen inch fastidious brown trout. I had a half dozen of the same pattern of fly in my kit but never dreamed of using them at that particular season of the year. It didn't require a magic lure to take trout that day, only a slight knowledge of the habits of the trout and the time of year when certain insects are active enough on the stream bed to attract the attention of the fish. We all have plenty to learn and when we once get to the point, if any of us ever do, where we can go out most any time and take fish I am afraid that the game will have lost a lot of its essence.

After all is summed up it is difficult to agree with the fellows who are so ready to agree that the fish are fed up on seeing the same types and colors of lures and consequently fan their pectoral fins at the market run of lures. Likewise it is not necessary to have hidden deep down in the bottom of your fly box a "special" pattern, or perhaps some magic talisman.

Now I do not profess to be an expert, but I possess certain ideals and opinions on the subject derived from personal observations and find that they serve me in fine stead when I am confronted with the question as to the proper fly to use under certain conditions. I sincerely hope they will answer to a great extent the queries I have had, asking for new patterns of flies. I know of no new specie of fly that has been introduced into our streams in recent years and until we find any such we had better stay with the copies of the patterns that now inhabit our streams. Trout are used to seeing them and feeding on them and are much more likely to be taken on such duplications properly handled. Neither do I believe that it is necessary to have any particular pattern of fly tied to an exact color. This statement, I know is going to bring some comment from a great many of the fellows who like their flies tied just so, but there is a base for this assertion. If the fancier of exact color patterns will look at the nymphal stages of the insects that inhabit a section of stream that is partially filled with silt washed in by erosion from adjoining fields, and then take other samples of the same insects two or three miles further up the stream where it winds its way through moss-covered mountain boulders he will find a marked difference in the color. Dark shaded areas of a stream will have a tendency to produce darker colored insects than will be found in the open sunlit sandflats. Several years ago I sent several specimens of stone fly nymphs to Charles Wetzel for examination. Some of these specimens were taken from a section of a stream containing a rather high degree of sulphuric acid from an abandoned mine. Fish life had long since become a fond remembrance due to the mine pollution, but the stone fly still existed in some numbers, and due to the sulphur sediment on the bottom of the stream the larvae found there were of a decided yellow color. A few miles below this point of the stream a clear fresh water stream enters and dilutes the sulphuric content considerably. Moss-covered rocks are in evidence and the bottom still retains its original uncoated gravel runs. Specimens taken from this section were of a dark greenish gray color except for the under side of the body segments which were of a dark muddy yellow.

I like to place specimens under a magnifying glass and study them for color as well as formation and then to duplicate them as closely as I can, but never pin your faith on any exact color pattern. After all it may not match the insects on the stream or section of the stream you choose to fish.

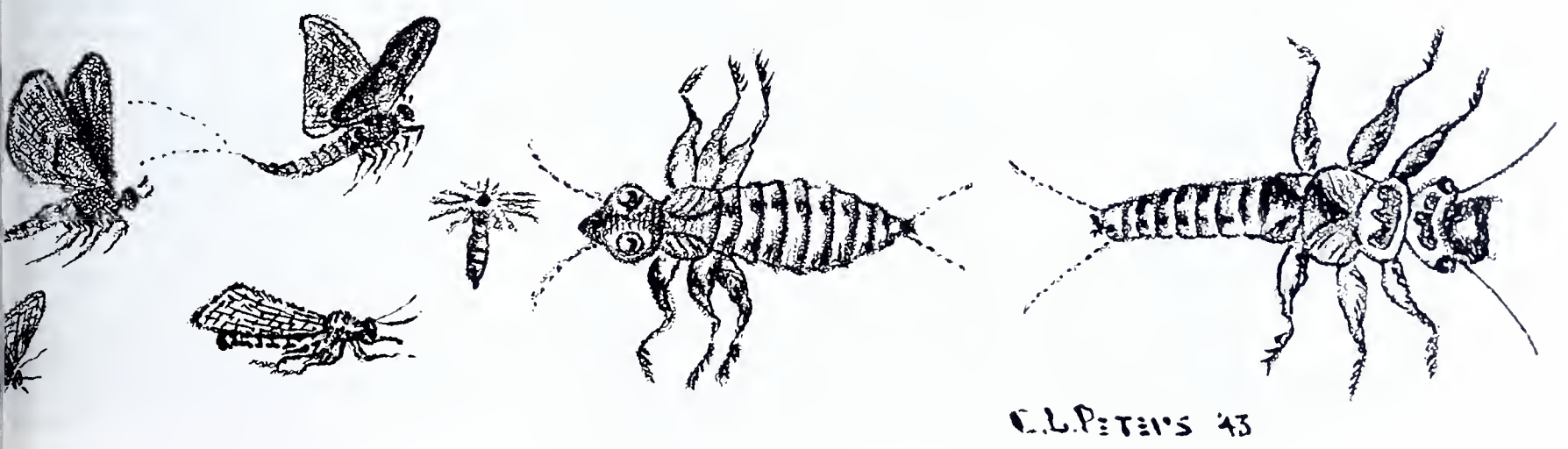
Here is a suggestion worth trying when you have found the trout to be feeding on a certain pattern of fly almost exclusive of all others and still they don't seem interested in your offerings. Assuming that the leader and all other factors involved are satisfactory for the work at hand, forget for the moment the exact color of the fly but change to a smaller size. This little trick will often change a blank day into one of plenty of thrills. This applies to wet fly fishing as well, although there are different factors to be considered such as depth, action, etc., when using the submerged flies.

I had this matter of size rather forcibly demonstarted to me several years ago. I was fishing a ripple where trout were rising consistently, and quietly surveying the situation I noticed the tiny black flies floating by were causing the trout to show more than usual interest. I immediately tied a No. 18 black quill to the 5X tippet and went to work. I took three good trout and several fliers from that ripple in a very short space of time, and as I rounded a bend I saw another angler casting to a good trout, but to no avail. Finally the trout became alarmed and was put down. While this was going on I took two more trout within sight of the other angler. I waited, expecting him to cast again, but he finally called to me to try my luck. I reasoned that he was in a very bad position to cast to this trout so I asked him to get out of the stream and come down stream to where I was standing. He was eager to comply since he had seen the two trout falling prey to my offering a moment before. I was more than surprised when I saw the monstrosity he was offering that fish. On the end of a leader heavy enough to handle a good musky was tied a number six black gnat. Excellent for bass perhaps, but a laugh under the conditions we were encountering. I didn't laugh, however, because I soon learned that the youngster in years as well as experience, although possessing a very good rod and an equally good reel and tapered line, had no terminal tackle for the sport he was attempting to learn. I dug a ready soaked leader and a small fly from my kit and attached them to his line. While we were getting started on the right foot the trout commenced to feed again and although he did it with marked misgivings, I insisted that he try for him with the new outfit, and I am sure that the red gods were with us because on the very first cast, and not too fancy a cast at that, the trout deliberately rose and sucked in the tiny fly. Well, it did my heart good to see that lad in action. The way he manhandled that fish without breaking the tiny whisp of leader is beyond understanding, but it held, and after five or six minutes of horsing I finally netted the fish for him, a thirteen inch cagey brown trout in comparatively wild water. I never saw a happier lad and incidentally I don't think I ever made a better friend. After giving him a few more small flies we parted, he going downstream and I continued up. Long after dark when I returned to the car my newly acquired friend was there waiting to display the proof that he had taken two more trout.

Although this lad lacked experience, he was making several of the mistakes that account for the difference between a blank day and one filled with excitement. It didn't require the use of a "special" pattern of fly or any magic lure, just the observance of a few of the simple rules of the game.

The next time your favorite fly fails to produce results, try changing to a smaller size and if it doesn't bring results then allow it to submerge. This will often bring results when the floaters fail, but don't start a search for a large

(*Continued on Page 21*)



THE ANGLER'S WORKSHOP

New Rods from Old

By PHILIP McCUTCHEON ARMSTRONG

OF LATE years there has been a marked swing toward the very short, lightweight fly rod, especially for dry-fly work, and many anglers have wanted to have a go at them, but have been deterred by the cost.

If you have been fishing for a number of years, very likely you have in your attic a sloppy old "cow-tail," which you apologetically refer to as a "wet-fly rod," because it is worthless for anything else, but *can* be used for wet-fly fishing in the absence of anything better. It is a good bet that this old buggy whip has qualities which you do not realize it possesses, and that it can be converted into a very acceptable baby rod, and so be restored to usefulness.

Apart from the well known fact that even high grade bamboo rods gradually become more flexible with use, particularly when overworked, these old rods nine, nine and a half or even ten feet in length, were made too small in diameter for their length to have much backbone. They lacked the quick recoil necessary for effective dry-fly casting. Speedy action is a function of stiffness, and stiffness depends largely on the ratio of gauge, or diameter, to length, though of course the contour of the taper also has an influence. In any case, when a rod is shortened its relative stiffness is increased.

Mr. Robert W. Crompton, who is one of the smartest rod builders in this country, and probably knows more about rod design than any other one man, made the statement to me that a short rod was nothing more than a long rod with the butt cut off. Of course that does not tell the entire story, but it is a doggone close approximation. A still closer definition would be to say that a light, stiff rod is a long, soft rod with the butt cut off.

Now that old "wet-fly rod" of yours was probably discarded because it was too soft and too long. Maybe it was too heavy too. But, unless it is no good anyway, which is always a possibility, it probably is too soft and too heavy *because* it is too long. So if we reduce the length we will also tend to remedy the other defects.

How then may we shorten the rod, and still preserve a taper of good contour?

The first impulse is to cut off something from each of the three joints, so as to keep them equal in length, but lots of men who had this idea found that the results were far from satisfactory. Why?

To be sure, this *does* shorten the rod; it *does* make it lighter; and it *does* make it stiffer. But this procedure also introduces other things not so desirable, as it upsets the taper.

All well built rods curve under strain in a uniform arc. Some are on a curve approximately parabolic, and some on other curves. It is now believed by many thoughtful designers that a circular curve is the most desirable, as yielding the maximum resistance to distortion per ounce wood weight.

But whatever the contour, the taper must be smooth and progressive, or the curve will be eccentric, changing abruptly instead of smoothly and uniformly. If we cut off part of each section forming a unit of a progressive uniform taper, we have left, not a progressive taper, but three tapers, separated by sudden jumps in gauge. The contour of the rod, under load, becomes, broadly speaking, a series of three curves, at angles to one another, instead of a single curve.

Therefore, the only way a uniform curve can be retained is to refrain from altering the original taper, which means that the only places where it can be shortened are at the two ends.

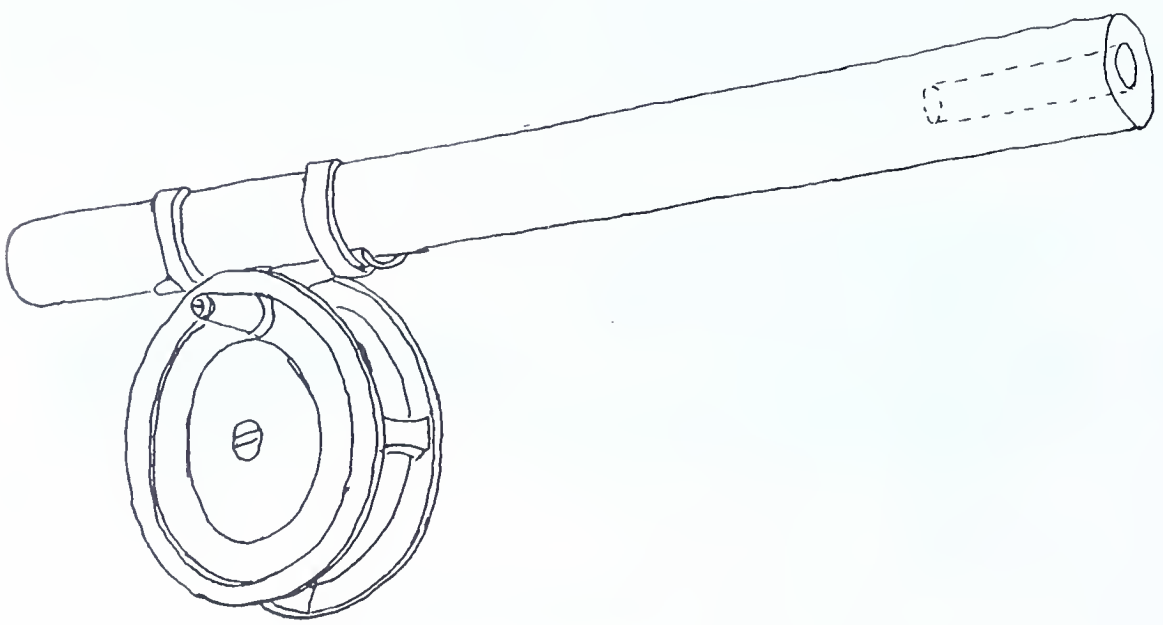
If we crop the tip end, we stiffen the assembly, certainly, but unless the tip is very light, we deprive it of that delicacy of action needed for good dry-fly casting. For that reason, in most cases, we must do our cutting at the butt end exclusively. This brings us right back to Mr. Crompton's statement that a short rod is only a long rod with the butt cut off.

All right; let's do it. The question is—how much?

That depends on a lot of things, all of which you will have to determine for yourself. How soft is the original rod? And how long? How stiff do you want the new rod, and how long? How much will you *have* to cut off to get the desired action? How much will you have to cut off to make it the length you prefer? Will that make it too stiff if you cut off that much? Or will it still be too soft?

Every rod is different. You will have to experiment.

As a preliminary test, saw off a piece of broomstick about three inches longer than the grip and reelseat of the rod, and drill in one end a hole exactly the same size as the male ferrule of the second joint. It should be a tight fit. To this improvised grip bind the reel with sticky tape or anything convenient. Now take it out on the lawn, and make a series of casts at varying distances, using only the middle and top joints. See Figure 1.



If the rod is still too soft, using only the top two joints, you are out of luck. But if it works all right that way, or if it is now too stiff, you can go ahead.

When the action is just right as it is, which is quite often the case, all you have to do is to cut off almost all of the butt joint, leaving only enough to mount the female ferrule, as in Figure 2. Three or four inches is enough.

Do not be afraid to scrape down the wood to fit the ferrule. While it is true that the closest fiber of the bamboo is on the outside, the fineness drops off very gradually, and not nearly as quickly as we have been given to believe in texts on rod building. The old idea that the "shell" of the cane should not be disturbed has long since been abandoned by rod builders, in practice, though it is still given some lip service, and used in sales talk. It is unadulterated bunk.

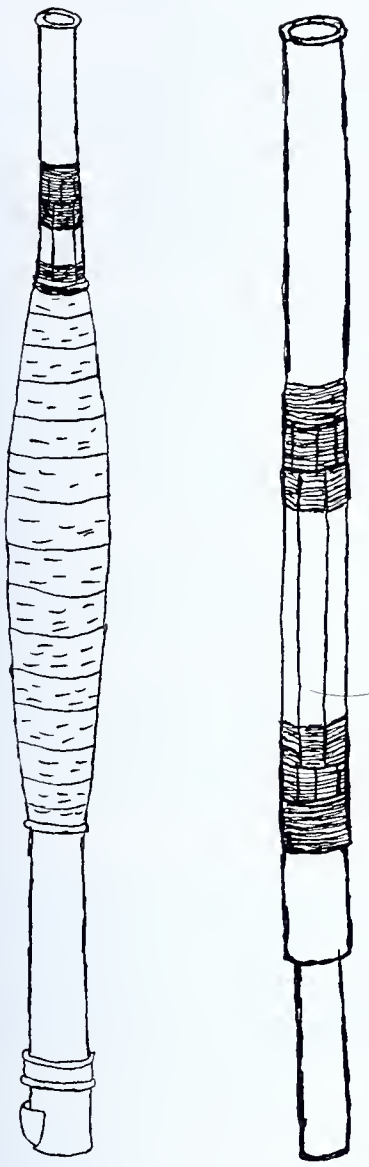
The truth is that the "shell" has little strength, almost no elasticity, and chips easily. In modern rods the "shell" is completely removed, almost invariably, no matter what they tell you. The soft, loose fiber of the bamboo, about which the older texts warned us, is found only in the center of very heavy sticks, such as salmon rods and trolling rods, or when too thin material has been employed by an incompetent or dishonest rod builder. Every bit of the wood, even in a cheap trout rod, is usually of excellent fiber. The difference in the quality is ordinarily largely in the design and the craftsmanship.

The reduction of the stick to take the ferrule is best done with a file, a sharp one, rather fine, at least for the final fitting. Care should be taken to keep the stick truly round and to make the fit as exact as possible.

In removing the ferrule, you will usually find that it is pinned on. This makes it necessary to secure or make a drift punch with an end of diameter slightly less than that of the pin to drive it out, before heating the ferrule to melt the cement. Or you can, if you are careful, burn the wood out, which will permit removal of the pin without difficulty. Moderate heat will not damage the metal, but too much may easily cause distortion and destroy the match with the male ferrule.

In mounting the ferrule on the abbreviated butt joint, don't bother to replace the pin. If the wood is a close fit the cement will hold. Pins are used by rod builders because anglers are careless about recementing ferrules which have worked loose, and the pins at least prevent the ferrules from coming off. But they are a headache when recementing becomes necessary, as you have no doubt discovered for yourself.

Should the preliminary tests show that the two upper joints by themselves are too stiff, it will be necessary to do some more experimental work to determine how much of the butt should be retained. This is somewhat burdensome, but the results obtained are well worth the trouble.



Instead of cutting off practically all of the butt joint, start by cutting off about half of it. This will probably not be enough, but it is easy to cut off more, and impossible to put any back. By the amount of decrease in rigidity, or perhaps we'd better say apparent rigidity, you can closely estimate how much more cutting will be required, keeping in mind that the scraping down of what remains of the butt joint to make the taper progressive will introduce an additional degree of softness. So proceed cautiously, cutting off only a little at a time, each time adjusting the taper, until you achieve the action you want. In scraping down to true up the contour, take off no more than is necessary to make a smooth, gradual taper. There will be but little action in this short section anyway. Its function is to provide leverage in the exact amount to make the relative stiffness of the two upper joints correct. The correct length is more important than the correct taper in this section. Better too much wood than too little.

Figure 3 shows an adapter, which is used to vary the length (and effective stiffness) of the rod. By providing two or three of different lengths you have the equivalent of several rods of different rigidity. It is merely a piece of the scrap stick from the butt, fitted with a ferrule at each end. You should have little trouble in matching the ferrules in any well equipped tackle shop.

Additional adapters may also be made to fit the male ferrules of the second joints of other rods. In this way you can use the same grip with the top two joints of any rod you have which is soft enough.

MOTHER DID

"Do you know I'm soon to be engaged to Percy?"

"Did he ask your mother?"

"No, mother asked him."— *Detroit News.*

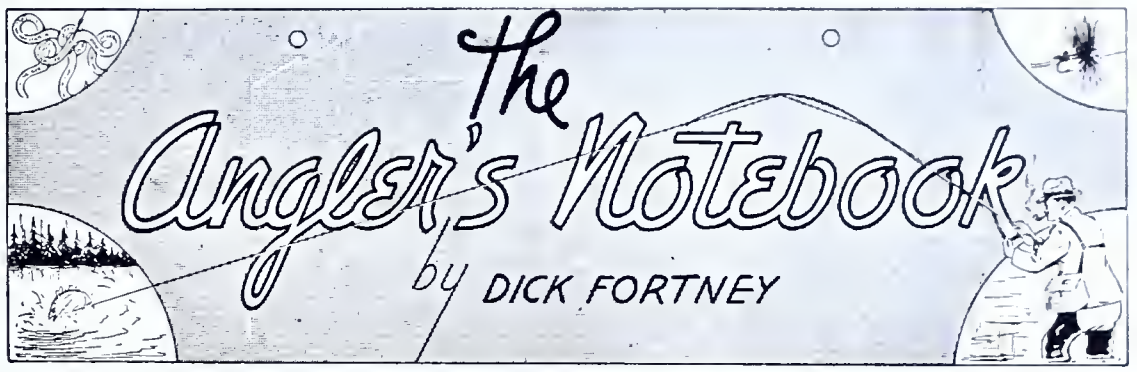
Selling the hoss isn't selling the prospect.

Friends are made by many acts and lost by only one

Nobody laughed when I stepped up to the piano. The second payment was months overdue and I had come to take it back.

There's nothing like a budget to make you realize how much you spend for what little you get.

Eventually it may dawn upon some business men that government can give them only what they give up.



It's difficult to lay down any exact rule as to proper fly rod line sizes, but here is a good general scale: For rods weighing from three to four ounces, Size F; for four to five ounces, Size E; regular fly rods, Size D; and for very heavy rods, Size E. A Size C or D line usually is satisfactory for general purposes.

Quiet is essential in carp fishing. The bait should not be disturbed once it is in the water, and the angler must sit quietly in a boat or on the bank. Carp are easily frightened and may then quit biting for hours.

Once a fish is hooked, it is a good policy to get it immediately into water which has been previously fished or which the angler is sure contains no fish. The struggles of a hooked trout certainly will frighten other fish which are in the vicinity.

Tie a strand of light gut on a bait leader, and to this gut tie the bait hook. Then, if the hook becomes snagged, a steady pull will at the worst tear off the light gut and save the leader itself.

Fish that strike on a long, loosely handled line are easily lost. The cast, therefore, should be no longer than is necessary, and slack should be avoided at all times.

When fishing is poor try the most difficult spots in the stream. Because of their very nature they usually are shunned when the angling is good, and as a result their finny inhabitants are rarely disturbed and are more likely to feed.

Fish a bucktail or streamer deep when the water is high and fast in the early part of the season.

A wet fly, cut down to small dimensions, is a good emergency nymph. The wings should be removed and virtually all of the hackle clipped. The tail, however, need not be disturbed.

Rub both the wet fly and the leader in wet mud to make them sink more readily.

It's just as important to have a worm lively and fresh as it is to have a minnow that darts around freely in the water. Game fish are interested only in bait that has life.

A warm shower, not too severe or too long, often is worth fishing through. This type of rain freshens the water, breaks the calm of the surface, and frequently sends fish on a spree of feeding even before the rain has stopped falling.

Streamers are suited for early season fishing because they imitate minnows. Raising and lowering the tip of the rod during the retrieve will give the streamer a gentle swimming motion that is so attractive to large trout.

Wet flies are fine for early season angling in quiet water. Just cast them out, let them sink, and then retrieve them slowly. All water depths are covered in this way, and trout will be encountered no matter at what level they are feeding. Another trick in fishing wet is to skitter flies across the surface of the water.

Use the lightest possible hooks in worm fishing, so that the bait will have freedom to wriggle and twist and look unfettered.

A slack, yet well controlled, line is essential to successful worm fishing. The slack line permits the worm to float naturally with the stream currents. And since fish usually take worms deeply, there is little danger of the slack in the line allowing the fish to throw the hook.

Avoid hooks with double gut snells. The strands may separate in use and create an open space which will catch on weeds or snags.

A telescope steel fly rod is a handy tool for early season bait fishing in brushy, small mountain streams. Almost any kind of stream permits its use, since its length can be adjusted from three and a half to about eight feet.

Threading a worm on a bait hook usually will kill it. It is far better to loop the bait lightly on the hook by running the point through the skin of the worm at several places.

The proper technique of using liver for bait is to allow the meat to become fairly stale before it is cut into cubes with which the hook is baited. Cubes that emit a bloody stain in the water are best, for the fish will pick up the "scent" of the bait from even comparatively distant feeding points.

Spring trout feed near the bottom of a stream, so you will have to put the lure or bait down there to get them.

STREAMSIDE FLY-TYING

(*Continued from Page 14*)

tain circumstances, and that wetflies are better than dry in some types of water.

But the freak local hatch is governed by no rules. It just develops, and the angler who is not ready for it, is in for a bad time.

I want to emphasize right here, however, that the streamside kit is not the solution for every freak hatch. Not even the most skilled anglers, armed with every tool of the sport, have devised any method or methods that guarantee success in every case. But the streamside kit does give the angler better than an even chance against the trout. Because he has materials and tools at hand, he can make an attempt to match the natural fly and thus escape the torment of running through his fly box from one end to the other with only a desperate hope that by pure luck he will find the right lure.

Getting the kit together is not as easy as it sounds. A lot of odds and ends thrown into a box will not do. The size of the kit does not make much difference, although the outfit should be kept as small as possible for convenience in transportation and use.

Variety is the key to the streamside kit. And that goes for every item in the box, including hooks and silk and feathers; quill and tinsel and fur, and all the other ingredients of a fly.

A satisfactory range of colors is probably the biggest problem, aggravated by the fact that these freak hatches differ mostly in color and not so much in size and type. A knowledge of the blending of colors to obtain unusual shades also is valuable.

The best streamside fly-tying kit I ever have seen in use originated in a mess of materials tossed at random into a two-pound candy box. Through a couple of seasons, certain materials were added and some others eliminated, until finally the kit developed into a compact selection which will just about meet any emergency.

It is contained in a two-drawer steel box 11½ inches long, 9¾ inches wide, and 5½ inches deep, with a reinforced top. A bolt has been set in the top, near the front, and to it the vise may be attached. When the kit is not being used an L-shaped piece of metal, extending down the front of the box and holding the drawers closed, is attached to the bolt.

The top drawer of the box is divided into 12 compartments, each about 2¾ inches by 3 inches in size and 2 inches deep. The lower drawer has one narrow portion of the back partitioned off as a storage place for the vise, the most bulky item in the box.

Of course, any kind of box will do. This is just a sample. The contents of the kit are of vastly more importance.

First, it contains plenty of tools—the vise, scissors, large and small hackle pliers, a stiletto, and a bobbin containing a spool of thread that has been carefully waxed.

There is space for a small bottle of clear lacquer for cementing, and one whole compartment contains packets of fly hooks, from six to a dozen of each type from Size 20 up to Size 4 for both wet and dry flies and streamers. Incidentally, to save space, two sizes of hooks are placed in a single celophane envelope—some sixteens and some tens, for example, which are easily separated on sight.

There is a wide assortment of wing materials, including mandarin or natural wood duck, teal, gray mallard, bronze mallard, fan-wings, guinea-fowl, monkey fur, capras of assorted colors, and white, slate, black, brown, and blue dun quills.

Body materials include assortments of chenille, plain and embossed tinsel, gold and silver wire, silk floss, quill, raffia, and clipped and prepared fur for dubbing bodies in a color range that includes white, cream, blue-gray, and brown.

The quill materials include stripped quill in brown, ginger, and white and also natural and dyed moose mane. There also is an assortment of yarn of various colors.

The variety of wet and dry fly hackles that can be carried in a small space in the kit is truly amazing. Fifty hackles of assorted sizes—from 20 up to 10—in each color will serve all purposes.

This selection of hackles also is in celophane envelopes, and the feathers, being small, can be packed with several colors in the same packet to save space.

This kit contains dry fly hackles in gold and light badger, white, natural red and brown, light and dark ginger, light, dark, and red grizzly, black, olive, blue dun and iron blue dun, honey dun, cream, chocolate brown, and furnace.

Wet fly hackles—the soft, clear lower portions of the larger dry fly hackles or else regular wet fly hackles—are carried in about the same color ranges as the dry.

Another compartment holds tail materials, which include spade hackles to match all the dry fly hackles; golden and silver pheasant tippets, an assortment of ringneck pheasant feathers, mandarin, and hair, including some deer hair.

For larger flies—like the Mayfly and the drakes—assortments of larger dry fly hackles, for hooks larger than 10, are carried in the lower drawer of the kit, neatly arranged in two transparent boxes of the type used to carry casting plugs.

Finally, there is an assortment of streamer materials according to the preferences of the angler.

And all that, mind you, in a kit that takes up no more space than a medium-sized tackle box.

Every angler who fashions his own lures will realize, I think, that there is even more to the streamside kit than the means of solving difficult problems in catching selective trout.

It provides, for example, an opportunity to profit by leisure hours in the middle of the day, when fishing is quiet. It gives the fly maker an opportunity to replenish stocks of lures that may have been depleted by some hard action, and it gives him a chance to imitate stream insects while they still are alive and fresh, before they have lost their natural colors.

That last statement may sound a bit strange to anglers who buy their flies at the neighborhood sporting goods store.

But any experienced fly-tyer will acknowledge that it is fascinating to try to copy with fur and feathers the form and appearance of insects—almost as much fun, in fact, as catching fish. No man can explain why that is so; nevertheless it is a fact.

The streamside kit gives the angler a work table right out in the outdoors, in a shady spot along the bank of a stream. It lets him work with the ripple of the water in his ears, the soft summer breezes against his face, and the sun giving him a light that no incandescent bulb can equal.

And it makes him a formidable foe of the trout that turns finicky in its feasting.



Sol Vulginiti of Sunbury used dry flies to fool these two great Paradise Trout.

MAGIC LURES

(*Continued from Page 17*)

collection of flies that are supposed to possess ome strange superhuman power. Stick to a alf dozen or so patterns in brown, gray, black nd yellow, but stock them in sizes from No. 8 o 20 and you'll find that you are prepared for ractically any condition that may arise.

ARGUMENT FOR INSURANCE

"Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story."

"Congratulations, young man. From whom lid you get the money?"

"From the express company. They lost it."

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

(*Continued from Page 3*)

Run, Tarr Kill Creek, and Stewart Run; brown rout: Sugar Creek, E. Br. Sugar Creek, East Sandy Creek, S. Br. Sandy Creek and Lt. Sandy Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Upper Two Mile Run, Pithole Creek, West Pithole Creek, Scrubgrass Creek, Lt. Scrubgrass Creek, N. Fk. of Lt. Scrubgrass Creek and S. Fk. of Lt. Scrubgrass Creek.

Warren County

Brook trout: Ben Jeorge Creek, Blue Eye Creek, Coffee Creek, Hemlock Run, Lamb Run, Perry McGee Run, McGuire Run, Phelps Creek, Rock Hollow Run, N. W. Br. Spring Creek, Tidioute Creek, and Wilson Run; brown trout: West Hickory Creek, W. Br. Caldwell Creek and Caldwell Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Lt. Brokenstraw Creek, Brokenstraw Creek and E. Br. Spring Creek; brook, brown and rainbow trout: Pine Creek.

Wayne County

Brook trout: Babitville Creek, Beaverdam Creek, Calkins Creek, N. Br. Calkins Creek, S. Br. Calkins Creek, Big Br. Dyberry Creek, W. Br. Equinunk Creek, Shad Pond Creek and E. Br. Starrucca Creek; brown trout, Butternut Creek, Lackawaxen River, Middle Creek, Shehawken Creek and Wallenpaupack Creek; brook and rainbow trout: W. Br. Dyberry Creek; brook and brown trout: Lt. Equinunk Creek, and Lehigh River; brook, brown and rainbow trout: Johnson Creek, W. Br. Lackawaxen River and W. Br. Wallenpaupack Creek; brook, brown and rainbow trout: Johnson Creek.

Westmoreland County

Brook trout: Baldwin Run, Camp Run, Furnace Run, Mill Creek, Middle Fk. Mill Creek, North Fk. Mill Creek, S. Fk. Mill Creek, Pike Run, Powder Mill Run, Roaring Run and Shannon Run; brown trout: Indian Creek, Jacobs Creek, Loyalhanna Creek, Tub Mill Run and Linn Run.

Wyoming County

Brook trout: Leonards Creek and Beaver Run; brook and rainbow trout: N. Br. Mehoopany Creek; brown and rainbow trout: Bowmans Creek; brook, brown and rainbow trout: Mehoopany Creek.

York County

Brook trout: Beaver Run, Fishing Creek, Kalreiders Creek, Leibs Creek, Orson Run, Rambo Run, Rehmayer Hollow Run and Toms Run; brown trout: Furnace Run; brown and rainbow trout: Otter Creek; rainbow trout: Haldeman Pond.

HANDLING HOOKED FISH

(*Continued from Page 13*)

after the acrobatics. The other exception is to lower the rod tip slightly when a good fish is making a very fast run. This reduces friction as the line rapidly runs through the guides and consequently reduces strain. It is very simple to take care of this matter, for the speeding fish has a tendency to pull down the tip. As soon as the run is completed get the rod right back in its high position.

Good judgment and common sense must be used, particularly under odd circumstances. The following experience will illustrate how all the rules were broken but to good advantage. Near home is a small limestone spring stream which has some very large trout in it. In one place a tree had fallen across the run and a brush pile had formed in front of the tree. This debris afforded excellent cover for several good fish. Twice I had been fortunate enough to hook into one of these fish but each time the trout had gone back under the brush pile and when I forced it, it immediately fought its way into the branches of the tree. The result was an entanglement, and the fish ripped its way to freedom decorated with the fly. These trout were too smart to be induced to take anything on heavy tackle and a big hook. Shark tackle which might be able to railroad them out of there would not hook them as some anglers could testify, and light tackle invited disaster. Finally the time came when once again I managed to hook into one of these browns. After the hook was set, slack line was immediately given the trout. Quickly I worked my way to the butt of the tree and climbed out on it. With one foot I crashed and tramped in the brush pile. Apparently after being hooked and not pulled at all, the trout remained quiet under its thatched roof. When the rubbish was trampcd it shot out from under there like a streak and went up stream. I managed to get off the brush pile without falling into the stream and took a position between the fish and the snags. The ultimate result was very gratifying.

It is not the strain of the rod which tires a fish but it is the fish's own activity which wears it down. A heavy fish may be down stream in heavy water simply resting against line tension. If the fishermen can change his position so that the tension is from the side, instead of in a direct line with the current, the fish will move. Those who hook wall-eyes on a fly rod will find this useful. The frantic struggles of fish, such as jumping, thrashing about or making long runs, rapidly saps their strength. The more spectacular the fight the more quickly the fish is ready to be landed. On one occasion a 16 inch small-mouth bass, which was hooked, jumped all over the place for a minute or two with absolutely no let up. All at once the action ceased and a fish was reeled in, which positively died fighting. There was no gasping of the gills or twitching of the fins. In comparison to this was the fight of a large brown trout which slowly cruised around for two hours before it rolled over and was able to be landed. Of course, both of these fights are exceptional in that they are extremes as far as fighting is concerned, and they are not representative of the respective species.

A good fish may put up a very excellent battle and appear to be all in before it is landed but when it is brought in close to the angler and sees him for the first time it becomes panicky, rallies its strength and there is a new burst of energy. It is usually useless and even dangerous to go for the net until this second wind has been spent. A fish with strength is more easily handled away from the fisherman than at his feet. It is something of a problem to be standing in deep, heavy water and have a lively fish dart for the cover of one's legs, particularly if it goes between them. It is a similar situation to have a fish take a tour around the anchor rope of a boat. A fish 20 or 30 feet away is in a nice fighting position from the angler's standpoint if there are no obstructions within range. When the fish is near snags of one kind or another the angler must make the best of a bad situation. Usually the best medicine is to force the fish to fight on the surface so that it is worn down quickly. This can sometimes be accomplished by getting up on the bank or a rock and hold the rod high above the head to encourage a wild surface breaking struggle. It is much harder on a fighting fish to be up stream from the angler where the current is a detriment to it than down stream where the current is an asset. The fourth rule in playing a fish is *wear it down thoroughly so that it can be very easily landed.* For some reason the most critical time in the playing of a fish is when the angler is trying to get the fish into the net. The difficulty which is experienced is often caused by trying to make the landing before the fish is ready for the net.

Two men in a boat were fishing around a weed bed of a lake where the bass frequently came in to feed on the minnows located there. They were using short rods and their bait was almost directly under the boat. One had a strike and after the fish ran with the bait a short distance it was hooked. For a few seconds it darted around under the boat and the companion immediately grabbed the big landing net. A fine four pounder burst out of water right under the noses of the two fishermen. As it hung in mid-air for an instant the man with the net made a wild swoop and happened to get the net under the leaping fish. The fish was plopped into the bottom of the boat before it had a chance to fight. Actually the hardest part of the battle took place in the boat. Certainly but little satisfaction could be gained by taking such a wonderful fish so quickly.

One of the finest fish I ever managed to get a hook into was lost because of mismanagement The fish was thoroughly licked and it was time for the beaching operation. As it was pulled toward the gently sloping bank to be beached the fly came out, and the tired fish slowly disappeared. The mistake was obvious but I had never thought of it before. In gently forcing the fish toward the bank I was pulling it from the opposite side from which the hook was imbedded. I could see that the fish was hooked on the right side of the lower jaw and I was leading it to its left. This pulled the hook so severely that the barb lost its hold. Had the fish been maneuvered so that the tension was from the same side as the imbedded hook, the fly would have been in its normal position, and probably would have held securely. Since that day I have made it a point to *try to see where a good fish is hooked then maneuver the fish so that it is brought in for the landing from the same side on which the hook is embedded.*

Those fish which are hooked very lightly will often get away; those that are hooked in places where there are snags and obstructions often escape, but it is inexcusable to lose a firmly hooked fish in open water. A comedy of errors results in the loss of fish and equipment. Care in not making mistakes will give the fisherman more pleasure and greater satisfaction with his angling.

Herbert—Say, Paw, what are preferred creditors?

Paw—The ones who don't call too often, son.

BRODHEAD'S CREEK

(*Continued from Page 4*)

generations of Henrys have extended hospitality to the traveller and, at least from Norris' day, to the fisherman. The Henryville House was built in 1842, and its old register, started about 1870 contains the names of many famous fishermen. Thaddeus Norris, Dr. Albert Eugene Rouselle, C. G. Levison, Henry A. Ingraham, who in 1888 wrote the poem, recently published in the BULLETIN, called "On the Heller Branch," Dr. Henry Van Dyke, John La Farge, Alden Weir, and Harold de Raasloff are among those mentioned, as well as Edward R. Hewitt and George M. L. La Branche, whose names alone are proof that the Brodhead was among the first rivers in this country to be fished with a dry fly.

So all in all the Brodhead has a long fishing history from those early days through the time of Spruce Cabin Inn, of lamented memory, to today when many of us stay at Henry Haase's, Charley Rethoret's and Henryville House.

There is good reason for the Brodhead's appeal to the angler. Rising in the Poconos above Canadensis, it winds its way down the friendliest of valleys, through Stroudsburg to the Delaware. It has been described as "the biggest of little rivers," and so it is. Its fish average well for our eastern streams, and in a mile or less the fisherman can find every sort of water. Riffs and rapids, deep, heavy pools, runs and long still flats, I know of no other stream with such variety of water. And from the early spring when the shadbush flowers and the buds on the trees turn red and pink, yellow and green, it is beautiful, and for me its beauty culminates when the rhododendrons bloom.

Just when the first brown trout were put in the Brodhead is unknown. They were first planted by the Commonwealth about 1889, but at that time no accurate record was kept of the streams in which they were placed. In the old register at Henryville House there is a notation by Eugene Warne in 1890 which reads, "While fishing under the dam, caught 7 trout, the actual sizes, 14, 15, and 16 inches long, funny dark colored," and this is probably the earliest record of brown trout caught in these waters. Whatever the exact date of their introduction, the brown trout gave new life to the Brodhead, as for some years the fishing had been getting steadily worse, and today the Brodhead is primarily brown trout water.

The typical Brodhead brown trout is from twelve to seventeen inches long, strong, active, and heavy for its length. They are wary, "educated" fish, but when on the move rise freely to the dry fly. When, however, the stream is "dead," a man fishing there for the first time would swear there was not a trout in the river. But, as in all fishing, the pleasant days follow the bad ones which are soon forgotten, and I know no more pleasurable fishing than a long, lazy day on the Brodhead in early June when fish are on the move throughout the day. They are not easy to catch and they seldom seem ravenous, but every so often there is a businesslike rise and the fight is on.

On such days the long, smooth flats have a unique appeal, for, difficult as they are to fish successfully, they often hold big trout. The water is of good flow but glassily smooth, and if an occasional cloud crosses, the sun, it will be helpful. But whatever the weather the angler must approach, wade and fish these flats with deliberation and the greatest of care as a misstep or sloppy cast often means a wasted half hour. Success under such conditions is all the more pleasurable for difficulties met and surmounted.

Then, one may fish up the tumbling water of Dietrich's Riff where a fly can float but a foot or two in the innumerable pockets and the strike must be instinctively quick, and between these two extremes the angler will find whatever type of water he fancies.

The season opens on the fifteenth of April, but it is not until the twenty-fifth or thereabouts that the dry fly man will find a real hatch on the Brodhead. Then the water will be cold, and the snow may be in the air, but there is a hatch of small, dark, blue-gray duns and the trout rise freely. I know of no other nearby streams where the dry fly is effective so early.

It is a tradition that the Brodhead is dead in May, and to a great extent the tradition is true. Certainly its trout do not rise to the dry fly so freely in May as do those in the Beaverkill and other Catskill streams. It seems probable that a good part of this time the trout are feeding on underwater food. But May on the Brodhead should not be dismissed as nonproductive, for every so often one has a rare, unforgettable day, and when the Brodhead is good it's beyond compare. I had such a day in May this year, a day of bright sunshine, the water crystal clear. I put on, rather more from habit than design, a gold bodied variant with a reddish brown hackle (the hackle of a Royal Coachman), and the trout liked it. Towards noon I ran into one of my companions and was surprised to learn he had had no luck. So I gave him one of my variants and sat on the bank to see what success he would have, meanwhile cleaning my trout. In no time he was fast to a fish. On examining the contents of the stomachs of the trout I had caught, I found them stuffed to repletion with Junebugs—light, shiny yellow underneath (the gold body of my variant?) and dark brown on top (the hackle?) I've wondered since whether I found that day at least a partial answer to dead days in May on the Brodhead.

Then, on the Brodhead, trout which have wintered in the lower waters near Stroudsburg at times move upriver in schools, and lucky is the man who is in the right spot at the right time. The river seems alive with fish. It is not a common experience but one not to be forgotten. It has happened to me but once; some day, perhaps, it will occur again. At least I'm hopeful.

The first week in June the Brodhead comes into its very own. About the fifth occurs the May fly rise and the trout go mad. It is only then that the angler realizes the number of trout the river holds, and the solidity of many a rise to his fly or the natural insect attests that the size and weight of many a fish are all that the fisherman could ask.

There are really big fish in the Brodhead although taking a fish over seventeen inches on a fly is far from common. In 1913, a seven and a half pound fish, twenty-eight inches long, was caught near Stroudsburg on a grasshopper, and in 1928, one of nine pounds fifteen ounces, thirty inches long, perhaps on a worm, or perhaps by hand in a pool left from high water and from which it could not escape. The largest recorded trout taken on a dry fly, indeed on any fly, was one of four pounds caught by Richard Haughton on the stretch back of La Bar's farm on a Cahill.

Some day such a fish may come my way, but it does not seem very important. The lovely stream flows through its friendly valley, and pleasant days await me there. I feel as all those who have fished and loved it. I can foregather again with men whose companionship means much to me. I can tell tall tales of the big ones which got away in the biggest of little rivers.

Wanting less is sometimes truer wealth than having more.

BOXES

(*Continued from Page 5*)

wooded country, and be able to find his favorite pool in pitch blackness without disturbing the fish. Here again, worms were relied upon for results. At the stroke of midnight, the season was understood to be under way, and nobody lost any time. It was a case of getting there before the other fellow, catching your fish and getting out. Limit catches from one pool were not uncommon, and many a fisherman took ten trout without moving out of his tracks. These streams in the past were very likely the habitat of our native brook trout, but the ever increasing number of fishermen, plus the advent of hard roads has spelled their near extinction in some streams. Such waters are now wholly dependent on the stocking program, and since the streams are very small, the main objective of the army of "first dayers" seems to be a limit catch in the shortest possible time by the best available methods. Again, we find the worm fished predominately. There is no time for experimentation, however badly some would like to try new methods. So we find that we are forced to the use of bait in order to get what we think is our share. Such is trout fishing as it is known to a lot of Pennsylvania anglers. It was also my experience until several years ago.

In April of 1940, I found that this serious business of making a living would force me to sever my ties with the old homestead, and accordingly, I found myself moving to a village in southern, central Pennsylvania just one week before the opening day. After getting settled, I found I had two days in which to acquaint myself on local fishing conditions. I was told that the country had several good trout streams located in close proximity to my new home, but no definite information could be secured. Frankly discouraged at being in a strange locality on the eve of the opening, I none-the-less decided to try a stream that I had heard about, and accordingly, I visited a nearby farm where permission was readily given for some barnyard exploration. Worms were plentiful, and following the old custom, I was on the banks of the designated stream at midnight. Anticipating a repetition of previous seasons, I was amazed to find that no other fishermen were to be seen or heard. This immediately caused considerable doubt in my mind as to the veracity of the reports I had accumulated. Several hours of fishing, devoid of any results, only served as a blanket on my enthusiasm. Chubs, fallfish, minnows; in fact, everything but trout, decimated my stock of worms at an alarming rate. Becoming discouraged, I decided to wait for daylight, in order to better study the possibilities of the stream.

When dawn finally broke, it disclosed a stream of considerable size with a heavy flow of water. Hip boots were useless for wading. Such a deduction isn't hard to arrive at after helplessly sliding in to the waistline. Here was a situation totally unlike anything ever before experienced. Small stream tactics were obviously out of place for the simple reason that any part of the stream was capable of harboring plenty of trout.

An investigation of the immediate vicinity disclosed a number of fast moving riffles ending in long, slower moving, deep flats. Water marks indicated that the stream was at its normal flow, and the water was exceptionally clear for early spring. I was to discover later that although substantially freestone in character, a number of limestone springs were to be found in the headwaters.

The biggest part of that day was spent in conversation with other fishermen. Quite a few were using bait, but the number of fly-

fishermen was astounding. Wet flys and bucktails seemed to produce more consistent results, but quite a number of fish were also being taken on spinners and streamer flies.

Early afternoon saw the little red gods take a hand in the proceedings. While fishing a likely looking pool, I noticed a fisherman some distance up stream, carefully working his way up the shallow side of a long heavy riffle. At that particular point, the stream was approximately forty feet wide. He was quartering up stream with beautiful casts, working the water carefully as he went. One look defined this man as a fisherman who knew his business, so I moved closer to await results. Intent on his fishing, he never noticed me approach. Several minutes passed without any action whatever, but a long cast placed at the base of a submerged log brought me to my feet. The trout, a nice brown, headed down stream without much delay, and broke water at the end of his run, directly in front of me. The current, however, kept the fish at a disadvantage, and it was soon netted and released. During this operation, conversation started between us, and a volume of questions brought the angler to shore. The end of a very interesting discussion found me in possession of a small assortment of bucktails and wetflies, and information together with a description of a fellow by the name of Charlie Fox whose main interest in life appeared to be fishing.

On and after April 15, Charlie's address is "Yellow Breeches Creek," somewhere in Cumberland county. I found him harder to catch than a wise old brownie. It was in the early part of May when I finally caught up to him at one of his favorite spots along the stream. Fly-fishing is his main obsession, and his experiences would fill a book.

The countless evenings I connived to spend with him certainly would have exasperated a ess evenly tempered individual. Interfering with a man's fly-fishing is termed a capital offense by a number of newly made fishing acquaintances. Being eager to absorb knowledge, I was following the old Chinese proverb, "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness." Charlie's knowledge and experience certainly taught me the answers to many puzzling problems.

One of the things I learned was that artificials will take trout on the first day of the season as well as the last day if we can exercise enough patience to give them a fair trial. A lot of fishermen will probably discredit this assertion, but I have witnessed it taking place. On the first day of the 1941 season, the 18 Adams dry fly did the trick, and although the number of surface feeders was small, the browns would take the fly after numerous floats. Certain particular spots, now well known, can be expected to produce a sparse hatch even as early as the first day. The opening day this year, barring unforeseen happenings, will find me on a stretch that rates highly in our estimation as an early season producer of flies. It is a section of the stream that flows through open meadow land and is subjected to day long sunshine. Other sections similarly located no doubt offer the same attraction and will be sought out when the necessity arises.

However, conditions seem to mean little to the early season fishermen. Seven out of every ten are perennial bait carriers. A number of mighty fine fly-fishermen, addicted to the routine, seem to be blinded to the latent possibilities contained in their flybox; furthermore, they will argue at the drop of a hat when the merits of artificials are mentioned. This is hard to understand when a locality boasts of numerous limestone spring streams that remain ice free during the winter and require only a few days of early spring sunshine to start noticeable activity of the aquatic insects.

Let us consider the opening day of the 1942 season in the central southern part of the state. A group of friends and myself opened the day on a nearby limestone spring lake which empties into the Yellow Breeches creek. The pond was known to be well stocked with trout up to five pounds in weight, and food is abundant. Alternating between the lake and the creek, there was ample opportunity to observe the effectiveness of both bait and artificials. Small wet flies accounted for nearly every trout taken in the pond. Bait fishermen were handicapped by the dense underwater growth, and the amount of natural food. At times, three of our group would be playing fish simultaneously. All trout were released without having incurred any ill effects from the tiny flies. This can not always be done when bait is used.

After spending some time in the lake, some of us wandered down to the creek. At that particular point, the stream was rather deep and rapid. Bucktails in various patterns, seemed to be the logical selection and three of us started down through the riffle, covering the water by casts quartering down stream. Bait fishermen were ahead of, and behind us, and they experienced very little action. Trout rose consistently to bucktails, but few were hooked. A yellow bodied bucktail took some nice trout in the eddies and more quiet water, but was no more effective in fast water than any other pattern. Although a number of my friends frown on the use of lead, it was easy to see that a sunken fly would take the trout we were missing. Using two split shot, I immediately began to take solidly hooked fish. Observation indicated that bucktails were accounting for five trout to every one taken on worms or minnows. This meant action, which after all, is what we are interested in.

To further illustrate my point, let me relate a little incident that occurred during the early days of the 1942 season. Fred Everett, the noted wildlife illustrator, Charley Fox and myself were alternating on a particularly wary brownie that held forth in a pool located near the roots of a large oak tree overhanging the stream. Fred had first raised the fish on a Black Marabou streamer, but had failed to connect. A variety of presentations thereafter created only a mild interest on the part of Mr. Trout, so he was marked for future reference. Some time elapsed before I was able to pay a return visit, but one evening I decided to try out an assortment of newly acquired dry flies, and selected his domain to be the site of my experiments. Arriving at the location, I found that I had been preceded by two fishermen, who were offering the trout a choice selection of worms and minnows. Since the fish I sought was being fished over, I lay down on the bank to await results. An hour passed, during which time the two fishermen, father and son incidentally, thoroughly covered the water in the vicinity of the spot that interested me. The distance separating them approximated 40 feet, and as soon as the end of the good water had been reached, the man at the foot of the riffle would move to the top and start in again. My position overlooking the water permitted me to observe all that went on, and on several occasions, I saw the flash of rising trout to the minnow as it was being retrieved in preparation for another cast. Apparently, the fisherman couldn't or didn't notice this, because he kept on going down the riffle. Two small trout were taken in this manner, while the worm fisherman caught none. At last the old gentleman gave up, and sitting beside me on the bank, started to chat. After talking for a few minutes, he disclosed that he had hooked a good trout on a worm the previous evening, only to lose it when his leader broke. He was naturally excited over the possibility of again hooking the fish, but his ardor was considerably dampened by the barren results of an hour's hard fishing. While he was relating the details of the previous evening's action, his son joined us on the bank for a smoke. I was not long in discovering that both men were bait fishermen, and, although having fished quite a number of years, neither had ever done any fishing with artificials. My efforts to sell them on the idea brought forth the inevitable statement, "You gotta show us." Whereupon, I found myself in the position of having to deliver or "lose face."

I started off with a favorite bucktail at the head of the riffle, and was still engaged in conversation, when the first strike caught me—unprepared. After all, the water at that particular point was shallow, and the commotion raised by two fishermen was enough in my judgment to have put down every trout except for those located in the spots where waders were necessary to reach them. Losing the first trout, I settled down to careful fishing and promptly hooked two small trout which were returned to the water. This was enough to restore confidence to both father and son, and in a moment, I found myself fishing between the two. Deep water at the tail of the pool forced the man below me to take to the bank to avoid a wetting. This permitted me to continue on down through the deeper water, and the next fifteen minutes yielded the finest fishing that I have ever enjoyed. Seven casts produced six nice brown trout without forcing me to move from my position. Until darkness descended, trout took the bucktail with almost consistent regularity, and I could have killed the limit of trout over 12 inches, had I so desired. Needless to say, my stock of that particular bucktail was reduced by two, when three of us left the stream after dark, and two more bait fishermen now see the merits of artificials for early season fishing.

It would be foolish to aver that bait has no place in present day trout fishing. The old cannibal trout that inhabit deep pools and dams are too wary to be fooled on a gaudy creation of hair or feathers that are fished far above the bottom. The welfare of other fish life in these locations demands that the cannibals be removed, and none but a shrewd bait fisherman can solve that situation. An intimate knowledge of fish habits, stream conditions, and other relating factors are his stock in trade. Once a good fish is located, an expert bait fisherman will bide his time until he knows that his efforts will be likely to produce results. His patience is a virtue, and many a fingerling trout is saved because of his ability to remove the cannibals. Such fishermen can definitely be defined as conservationists, since the results they accomplish serve for better fishing generally.

Due to the restrictions imposed upon us by the war, the state-wide stocking program will likely have to be curtailed sooner or later. This will mean that it will be up to the individual fisherman to assist in conserving the present crop of fish for the duration. If limit catches are going to be the rule, rather than the exception, it can only mean that our fishing will be less interesting and productive until the gas and rubber shortage is relieved, and fish trucks can once more operate as they have in the past. Hatcheries will limit their output to the capacity of the trucks which will be permitted to operate. So if you are prone to criticize, put the blame where it belongs—on Hitler and Tojo.

This year, do your part in conserving what we now have. Leave the bait can at home and try

artificials. It will result in more sport. The return of the small ones will insure a better holdover of trout for the coming seasons.

THAT DAY OF DAYS

(*Continued from Page 7*)

In thinking over the flies and methods which have been most productive for us over the many opening days, I suddenly realized that the fly size was determined greatly by the motion of the water. Usually the faster the water, the larger the fly. This applies equally well to freestone and limestone waters with the exception that the sizes for limestone waters can be from one to four sizes smaller than for the freestone streams. That is, where I never use smaller than 12 or 14 size wet flies in the freestone streams, we often use 16, 18 or 20's in such streams as the Yellow Breeches where there are pools or eddies with practically no current.

Of course on opening day the waters are usually high, and, except in the spring holes, such as Boiling Springs, there is plenty of current. Also, there are back eddies with a definite line where the two meet. Along that line is one of trouts' havens—fish it carefully from both sides.

Starting with the quiet waters, we have had the greatest success on wet flies from size 14 to 20. These must be on long leaders tapered down to at least 4X or, in some cases, to 5X. Most of the time the flies (we usually have only one on at a time) are cast near feeding fish which are breaking the surface.

It is seldom, however, that the trout will strike at the surface. Therefore, the fly is allowed to settle sometimes to the bottom and retrieved very slowly with tiny jerks. The best pattern of fly can only be found by trying different ones until you get the ones the feeding fish will take. There is a wide latitude both in color and size.

There are times in these waters when larger lures will take fish but nowhere near as consistently nor abundantly as with the smaller wets. Once in a while a big marabou or bucktail will have power but not for long. Even dry flies, especially big spiders dragged over the surface, have their moments, as Charlie Fox proved last year.

In the stream itself there are two main types of moving water. One is the heavy, tumbling current and the other, fast smooth stretches, usually fairly deep with less current on one side than the other.

In these latter stretches, wet flies from 14 to 8's and even small bucktails or streamers are good, the small wets usually producing more rises if not bigger fish. Once again the pattern must be found by the trial and miss method, although everyone has a few favorites for each stream and different conditions.

We usually fish the flies by casting across to the other side of the current, close to the bank and then jerk them as they swing down and back across the current below us. At the end of the swing, the fly is retrieved with small or fast jerks, as fancy or luck dictate. For variety and to cover all the water, the casts are also made down along the near shore and the quieter waters also fished.

The depth at which the fly should be worked depends on the trout. Sometimes they are feeding well up near the surface, and as often they are deep. The only way to know is to try all levels and see where your strikes come from.

To get deep, some may add weight, others cast well upstream and let the fly sink before starting to work it. Often it is wise to turn around and fish upstream where the current is not too fast. Personally I hate to cast a fly with a piece of lead on the leader. It takes most of the fun out of the casting because it is so clumsy to handle. However, there are times in fast deep water when that seems to be the only way to get down to where the trout are feeding. And, among rocky spots, that is the only way the fly can be pulled around in under the rocks where the best babies are hiding.

Now we come to the really heavy water, usually at the head of pools where it is narrow and deep or the water tumbles in torrents over shallow openings. To my memory at this moment I can't think of any time that I have ever taken trout on small flies out of such runs. In the line between the heavy current and a back eddy, yes, but out of the current itself, no.

Our best luck has been on bucktails, streamers and marabous and large wet flies not smaller than 6 or 8. All of these should be fished on fairly heavy leaders because the fish in such places run a good size and they hit very hard. The combination of heavy fish, heavy water and hard hitting will wreck a light leader before you can give way to the strain. It would be foolish to use anything lighter than 2X and, in extra turbulent waters, less than 1X. Also, your big flies will cast better with such leaders.

About the only way to fish these waters is to cast across the current and jerk the lure as it swings down and around. Sometimes it should be skittered over the surface, at others allow it to sink and work it as deeply as possible. Use both big and fast and little and slow jerks. And, after the line has straightened out, work it back up the current, or, better yet, at the edge of the current along that magic line where the quiet waters meet it. Also, don't forget to cast into the back eddies, now and then.

Once in a while you will find a trout feeding on the surface. Last year and the year before, we took such fish on the dry fly the first or second day of the season and also heard of others who did the same. So, if the dry fly is your pet, don't be afraid to give it a try.

Of course we don't know what kind of a day or stream conditions we will have this day of days. If the water is clear, then your choice of flies and fishing methods are not so hard to decide. But, if the streams are discolored, then it's a real problem to find the right lures.

Visibility of the lure is very important under these conditions. However, it will help if you will remember that the colors of your fly should be in contrast to the water. That means neutral colors such as light brown and greys should not be used. Instead, either white or yellow or very dark or black or combinations of very light and dark in your flies will have greater visibility and should be more effective. In many cases the addition of small spinners may be required.

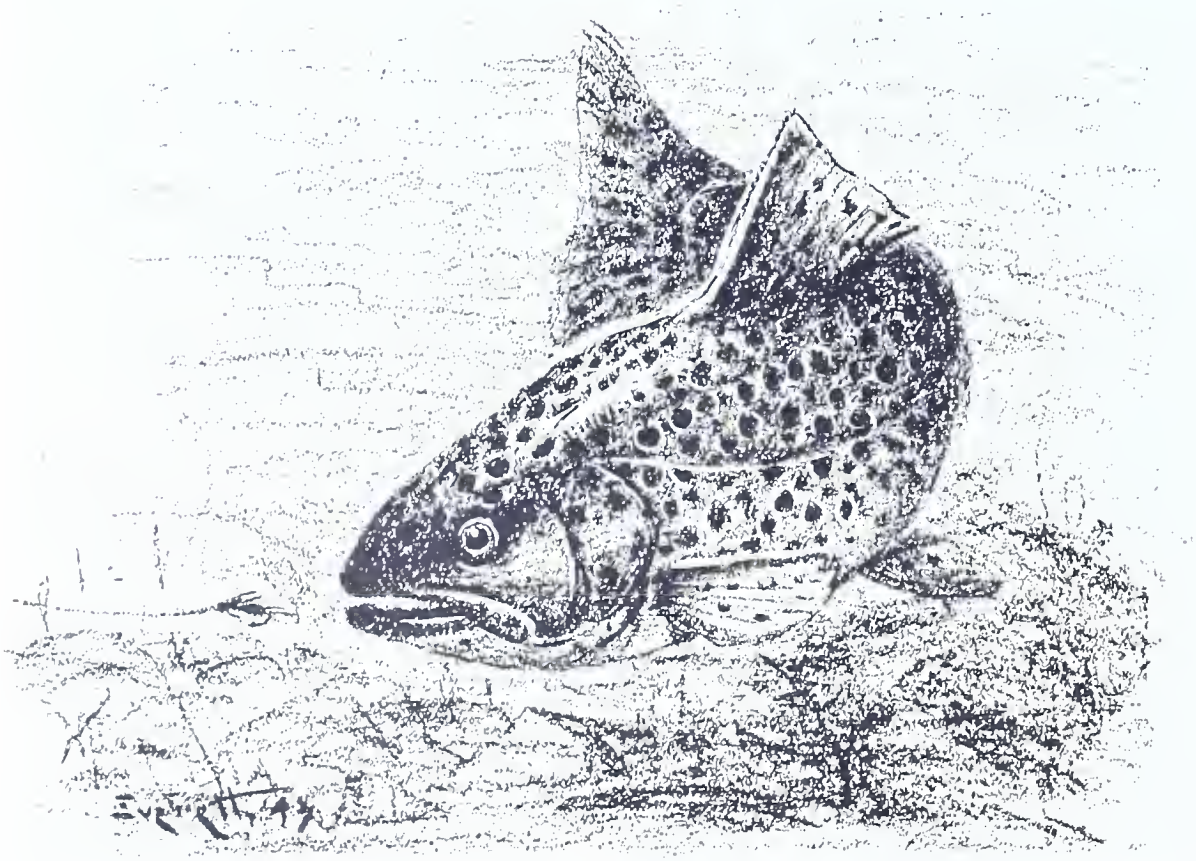
When it comes to fishing the freestone streams there is not a great deal of difference. In general these waters are faster falling and do not have as many quiet sections. Therefore, larger flies are needed.

I don't know why, but there is a tendency to use 2 or even 3 flies in fishing these streams early in the year. They are most often cast down and across and then dragged over the likely looking places. Some times they are given a jerking action and at others, a slow or fast smooth drag. With 3 flies, they are handled so that the end fly is deep, the middle fly on the surface and the top fly is bounced or dipped up and down over the surface.

This is best achieved by pulling the flies partly across and up the currents, raising and lowering the rod tip to hold the flies at the required level. This method is especially effective in large streams where there are very definite pockets to be fished.

Except near large centers of population, the number of fishermen on the streams will or should be greatly reduced. That means that those who are fortunate enough to reach a stream should be able to find plenty of room and spots to fish.

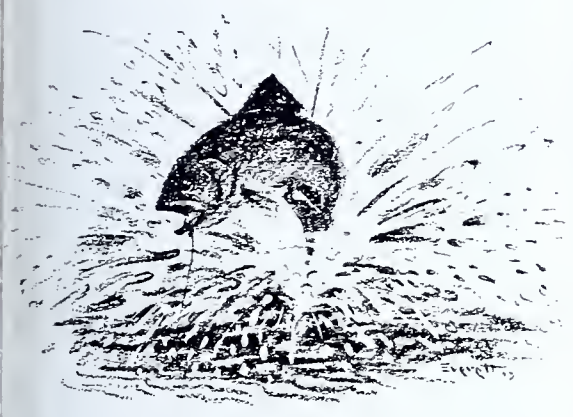
As a result, the average size of catch should be greater than heretofore. Even so, less fish will be taken and many more trout will remain for the rest of the season. That means better



ishing all through the season.

This year there is a determined effort to onvince the authorities that fishing is a necessary elaxation both for health and food. While it ertainly is and always will be fun, yet some may lso fish for food as a means of helping relieve he food shortage. Every mess of fish served t the table saves meat for another meal. On his basis, fishing cannot be considered purely un and therefore we should be allowed the ight to drive to the waters where other transortation is not available.

However, don't overdo the privilege. Be noderate, in the amount of fish you keep and he number of times you go or, more to the oint, the distance you travel in order to fish. Conservation is needed more now than ever efore. Spare the little 6 to 8-inch trout in the vaters where they can grow large. In that spirit, re's to that day of days this year!



MODERN TROUTING

(*Continued from Page 11*)

When it is desirable to use a dropper fly or two, ie up the tapered leader so that about a 5 or inch end of one of the gut points sticks out from he leader knot at the desired spot.

A specialized type of wet fly fishing is prac iced in the quiet waters or ponds of the limestone spring sections of the State. Here the trout con ume great quantities of very small nymphs and lies, and the most productive artificials, or lure or bait of any kind for that matter, are number 18 and 20 wet flies. To make the fly size even smaller t is a good idea to burn away about half the wings with a cigarette. The most effective retrieve of the fly seems to be the common "hand twist" either with or without rod twitching. Long, fine leaders are in order. They not only furnish sorely needed camouflage in the clear water but the ultra light tippets make for better fly action. These little, wet flies along with the fine leaders are also very effective on ponds and beaver dams in the free stone wooded sections.

My choice of deceiver wet flies are those that look like nymphs yet have light flexible hackles. Very soft hackles move better while the fly is drifting. These I prefer to drift naturally and at times it works very well to bring them to the surface like a swimming nymph. The most effective patterns are dull or dirty colors like those of living nymphs. I have seen very few nymphs tied that aroused my enthusiasm. Those I use the most are: Hewitt's nymph, Bob McCafferty's black ant, and the Weber Able series. These have legs, feelers, hackles, or call them what you will, that really move.

Attractor wet flies which are fished down stream are very different. Here I prefer stiffer hackles on trimly tied flies with more color and greater color contrasts than those of the artificial nymphs. My favorite patterns for this type of fishing are: Orange Fish Hawk, Olive Quill, Yellow Coachman, Tupp's Indispensable and Quill Gordon. It certainly is not necessary to carry a great variety of patterns, and there are plenty of effective ones, but a good size range is important. Small flies are best in clear water and larger ones for cloudy water.

When trout are tailing or there is no surface activity wet flies are generally the best bet and this is the condition that prevails most of the time.

OPENING THE TROUT SEASON

(*Continued from Page 8*)

of presentation was the same in all instances. One fellow hit on the method, passed the dope along to the others and success was shared by all. We all caught trout of the same size and the lures ranged in size from Charlie's and Lew's cress-bugs of ⅜ inch in length to my marabou streamers 2½ inches long.

Another opening day we took fish from a large pond on nymphs, cress-bugs, bucktails and streamers in the morning. It was necessary that I return to the office in the afternoon while these fellows travelled to another pond and took numerous fish on dry flies.

Yes, the opening of the season can be fruitful for fly fishermen if they are not too hide-bound to try different types other than just the one type which is their favorite later in the season.

I like to fish the first few hours of a new season. It is my contention that I must do it to take off the edge when in most cases it whets my appetite only for more carefree hours later.

From the foregoing it is simple to see there is no such thing as a best lure for early season angling. The chances for most success seems to lie though, in under-surface lures. The method of fishing is more important in most instances than the choice of lure. However, if you put the two together your set-up is perfect.

Methods of ascertaining the productive system of handling the lure after making the cast are varied. Trial and error is first but previous experience is a necessity in this method or you may not have the faith to properly execute each type. I dislike to think of the methods brought about by my occasional indifference to experimenting. My notes of last April 15 disclose that I stumbled on to a method which I should have tried because of previous incidents.

Three of us were fishing in a stretch of water about 40 yards long. This was compulsory as the stream was very full of anglers. Under these conditions one had to fish every inch of water for the thought of moving to the next pool was out of the question. Starting with a yellow marabou about one inch in length I fished slowly and thoroughly the small portion of water I had all to myself. This was first day stuff and I soon found I had fished too far. Of the three of us I was the farthest downstream and the strangers ahead of me were bait fishermen and had firmly planted themselves at one spot, so naturally it was useless to wait for them to move so that I could fish their pool. I was stumped; Fred was closing in on me from the rear and I had covered all the water about me by casting and retrieving in short jerks. Being hemmed in there appeared to be nothing to do but stand there and enjoy a pipeful of Walnut. Standing in the riffle I let the fly play in the current about 30 feet downstream, holding the rod between my arm and body while lighting my pipe. Before I finished the lighting process I felt a strike but of course could do nothing about it. No sooner had I finished complaining to myself about inconsiderate trout striking at inopportune moments than there was another healthy tug and I had a trout hooked. Grabbing the rod I landed a nice plump 11 inch brown. Without changing positions I cast into the same current and caused the fly to move out of the stronger current into the slower water and held it there. In a moment I felt two tugs and then hooked another fish about the same size as the first one. By this time Fred was standing by my side and I passed the information to him with the result that he, too, caught several fish using the same method. Charlie in the meantime had caught fish in the same manner, using a small yellow bucktail.

This morning was very chilly but by nine o'clock the sun had chased the chill and Charlie took several fish from the spring pond using large spider dry flies.

Understand the fish caught on bucktails and marabou were taken on the stream where the temperature of the water was 49°. This may have accounted for their refusal to take a fly being manipulated in such a manner as to cause them to expend energy to capture it. They were probably too sluggish to make such rapid movements.

The fish taken on dry flies were caught in a spring pond where the water temperature was not subject to the extreme fluctuations prevalent in a stream.

The water temperature is mentioned often because there is no question about its effect on the feeding habits of the fish. Possibly when the old time writers claimed that fly fishing did not begin until the middle of May they alluded to, without specifically mentioning, dry fly fishing. Generally speaking, this type of fishing does begin in earnest about that time but from the notes mentioned before, you can readily see the folly in going astream prior to that time without preparations for dry fly angling. Water temperature may fluctuate so much through the day that a piece of water showing a reading of 48° in the morning may rise to 55° by evening. Consequently the morning fishing may be restricted to slow, under-surface methods while the evening angling may be tops for dry fly work.

There are such incidents in my notes. One before me at the moment shows a 50° reading at 8:30 A. M. The only productive method we could find was small bucktail fishing downstream with a slow retrieve up and across current. The evening temperature of the water was 56° and we took trout on size 12 and 14 Hendricksons and Adams dry flies. This rise in temperature of the water took place even though the day was very windy and chilly.

It does not necessarily follow that one should carry a thermometer when going trout fishing but if you are interested in sticking exclusively to fly fishing and want to enjoy it from start to finish of season, prepare to go astream with all types of lures.

To those readers not familiar with the lures mentioned herein, the accompanying sketches may give you an idea of the variety of useful early season flies.

BAKED FISH FILLETS

1 pound fish fillets
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon salt
Fine dry bread crumbs
1 tablespoon oil or melted butter

Cut fillets into serving pieces. Combine milk and salt. Dip fish into milk, then into crumbs being sure fish is completely covered with crumbs. Place in greased baking dish or on ovenproof platter, sprinkle with oil and brown quickly in very hot oven (500 F.) 10 to 20 minutes. Do not add water. Serve with Almond Butter Sauce, melted butter, Maitre d' Hotel Butter or Lemon Butter. Serves 2.



A frogger's Paradise. Frogs thrive in an environment such as this.

AMPHIBIAN ANECDOTES

(*Continued from Page 6*)

the oldest and wariest bullfrog is a pushover when a light is used. Indeed, you don't shoot when you are close enough to see the whites of their eyes, you simply reach out and grab his frogship with your bare hand. It's that easy.

Clark's Mills, located some ten miles east of Greenville, is a mill pond blessed with a prodigious number of immense frogs. The roars issuing from their leathern throats would result in a well-nigh deafening chorus if they all called in unison. But they don't. One of the many eccentricities of the bullfrog is that only on rare occasions do two or more boom together. The bullfrog is a vocal individualist. Anyway, every vantage point on the pond has one of the big fellows ensconced on it waiting his turn on the bass viol.

One evening three of us sojourned to Clark's Mills to do a bit of plugging for the numbers of large and mean large-mouths that someone alleged were in the pond. I must confess to catching no fish, but we did have an adventure and some fun.

At ten o'clock we repaired to shore to eat lunch at a pre-determined spot. I was busily engaged in simultaneously picking shells from my hard boiled eggs and fighting off hordes of Stuka dive bombers, when one of the boys spied the powerful beam of a flashlight playing about on the other side of the pond.

"Probably another disillusioned fisherman," I growled when mention was made of the mysterious light.

However, the unknown's flashlight continued shining on one spot and we could vaguely discern movements of his body.

Suddenly, a resounding splash smote the silence that had hitherto been broken only by regularly timed bullfrog solos, and incidentally, interrupting the one then in progress just as it sounded off that low note in *Out In the Deep*, where it most assuredly should have been.

"A frog poacher!" gasped Burr.

Well, that light continued its more or less regular course down toward the end of the pond punctuated at regular intervals by a splash and the subsequent cessation of a solo. By the time we caught up with the culprit practically one side of the pond was minus representation in that Batrachian Gymanfa Ganu.

The fellow, a darky, was the picture of abject misery; muddy, tattered and torn, with a sack slung over one shoulder containing the quivering bodies of his victims.

"I suppose you know you are breaking the law," pronounced Bill in his most official manner.

"No sah, no sah—and besides ah's hongry," whined the Negro.

"Humph," Bill snorted, "why didn't you buy food with the money you paid for that fine flashlight?"

"T-that flashlight am borrowed, sah."

"Borrowed, hey—." A nudge from the rear (only it was Burr's foot), interrupted the jokester's fun.

"Lay off," Burr admonished. "Can't you see he's scared enough?"

While Bill thought it over the dusky frogger edged nearer to the adjoining wood.

Bill finally came to a decision. "All right—now, make tracks and don't let us catch you again," he gruffly ordered.

The wretch needed no second bidding. He streaked off, frogs and all.

A few minutes later, upon returning to the parked car (Bill's, by the way), we found a door unlocked, the lock broken. The glove compartment had been rifled of its contents. You guessed it, Bill's flashlight was missing.

Now that we have gotten this far along let's get down to an honest-to-goodness frogging expedition.

One of the finest frog marshes in this part of the state is located in Hartstown. I first learned of the place when the marsh was being used as a propagating area for muskrat. I was inspecting the marsh with the keeper or whatever such a person is called, of the late lamented fur-farming company that was trying to get me to sink a couple hundred bucks in the "well established, dividend paying undertaking."

Fur signs were scarce, but big bouncing bullfrogs were to be seen on every side. The common bullfrog (Rana catesbiana), prefers an environment with plenty of water, lots of semi-aquatic vegetation and a shoreline bordered by water-loving shrubs and trees. The muskrat farm ha everything for the well-being of these thoroughl aquatic amphibians. Then and there I forgot th business at hand and mentally resolved to retur for a few braces of frogs.

We did not get around to that frog hunt unti the following summer or until after the fur farm ing company had folded up, but it was wortl waiting for.

My companion on that occasion was Georg Short, a former native of Maryland's easter shore, who stated that the sport singularly re minded him of his boyhood forays after reed bird and jacksnipes in the salt marshes of his nativ heath.

Attired in old clothing and hip boots, an armed with .22 repeating rifles and huntin licenses (the latter are important), we entered th marsh and went to work.

In my opinion plowing through the margin of swamp is one of the most arduous labors extant With almost every step it is necessary to lift heavy, mud-ladened boot and carefully place i on a nearby grass tussock or other protuberanc having a semblance of stability. All too fre quently the spot selected has no bottom an down you go to your subsequent anatomy to th accompaniment of your companion's loud guffaws

A robust bullfrog is a tough customer or ma be it is because it does not realize that it has bee shot. Whatever the explanation, only a wel placed shot will prevent one from taking a spas modic leap into deep water or mud and of course beyond recovery.

The .22 short should be placed between an immediately in back of the eyes so as to paralyz that bundle of nerves controlling the mighty legs When your shot does splat home the creatur utters a faint croak, flattens the body and sprawl the long legs. And there he will remain until yo retrieve him, if you don't wait too long. Tha last is highly important, for no matter how har hit, many a frog has sufficient vitality to make it getaway after it has recovered from bullet shock However, don't gather from this that the fro will eventually recover and live happily eve after. Theirs is a lingering death.

Around the edges of the larger hummock islets, where the water was but a few feet dee and choked with heavy growths of sub-aquatics were favorite spots. There on the more soli footing we could always count on picking up on or two specimens providing they were no alarmed.

This last is something else to conjure with What may frighten one frog may not in the leas disturb another. Those of you who have gon after them with a tag of red flannel affixed to number 1 0 Limerick know whereof I speak Frequently it is possible to drag a hook and lin all over the exposed anatomy of a big fellow o even to lightly prick him. His only reaction wil be to settle again into position, blink a couple o times and wait for a repeat performance. Then there are others that will make off with seemingly no apparent provocation. Obviously, the mora here is to use reasonable caution when sneakin up on any of them. Yes, some finesse is require even in hunting this simple game.

Some three hours later when George and emerged from the swamp, we had a dozen gar gantuan frogs dressed in a way to please the most gastronomic epicure. That all-important matte of dressing should be attended to as soon as th frog is retrieved. It's a simple operation. Seve the head, loosen the skin about the shoulders an breast bone and pull off the fairly tough hide. I comes off as slick as you please. Indeed, you wil note its similarity to the operation of peeling of a silk stocking. I hasten to add that in my cas the comparison is entirely hypothetical.

(*Continued on Page 31*)

Pennsylvania Trout Streams and Their Locations

Predominating Species of Trout and Name of Town from which Stream Can Be Reached

dams County:

Carbaugh Run, brook trout, can be reached at aledonia State Park, Rt. 30; Chambersburg esv., rainbow trout, Caledonia State Park, Rt. 0; Toms Run, brook trout, Fairfield, Rt. 116; onewago Creek, brown trout, can be reached at rndtsville, Rt. 234; Conococheague Creek, rown trout, can be reached at Caledonia State ark, Rt. 30; Middle Crcek, brown trout, can be eached at Fairfield, Rt. 116; Little Marsh Creek, rook trout, can be reached at Orrtanna, Rt. 234.

llegheny National Forest in Forest, Warren, Elk and McKean Counties:

Bear Creek, brook and rainbow trout, can be eached at Ridgway, Rt. 219; Beaver Run, brook rout, can be reached at Endeavor, Rt. 66; Blue ay Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Lynch, t. 666; Brown Run, brook trout, can be reached t Glades, Rt. 6; Little Coon Creek, brook trout, an be reached at Marionville, Rt. 68; Fransorth Creek, brook trout, can be reached at larendon, Rt. 6; Four Mile Creek, brook trout, an be reached at Saybrook, Rt. 6; Big Mill reek, brook and rainbow trout, can be raeched t Kane, Rt. 6; Minister Creek, brook trout, can e reached at Sheffield, Rt. 6; Ross Run, brook rout, can be reached at Kellettville, Rt. 666; Six ile Run, brook trout, can be reached at Tiona, t. 6; Sugar Run, brook and brown trout, can be eached at Cornplanter, Rt. 59; N. Br. Sugar un, brook trout, can be reached at Cornplanter; wo Mile Run, brook trout, can be reached at udlow, Rt. 6; Wilson Run, brook trout, can be eached at Wilcox, Rt. 219; East Hickory Creek, rown trout, can be reached at Endeavor, Rt. 62; almon Creek, brown and rainbow trout, can be eached at Marionville, Rt. 68; E. Br. Tionesta reek, brown trout, can be reached at Donaldson, t. 948; W. Br. Tionesta Creek, brown trout, can e reached at Donaldson, Rt. 948; W. Br. Tionsta Creek, brown trout, can be reached at Tiona, t. 6; W. Br. Tunenegwant Creek, brown trout, an be reached at Bradford, Rt. 219; Chappell ork, rainbow trout, can be reached at Morrison, t. 68; Millstone Creek, rainbow trout, can be eached at Marionville, Rt. 68; Spring Creek, ainbow trout, can be reached at Pigeon, Rt. 68.

eaver County:

Brady Run, rainbow trout, can be reached at ochester, Rt. 68; Traverse Creek, Big, brown nd rainbow trout, can be reached at Monaca, t. 18.

edford County:

Beaver Creek, brook trout, can be reached at oysburg, Rt. 26; Deaner Gap Run, brook trout, an be reached at Shellsburg, Rt. 30; Flintstone reek, brook trout, can be reached at the Maryand State line, Rt. 40; Maple Run, brook trout, an be reached at Waterside, Rt. 36; Potter reek, brook trout, can be reached at Saxton, t. 913; Koon Lake, rainbow trout, can be eached at Bedford Valley, Rt. 220; Bobs Creek, rown trout, can be reached at Pavia, Rt. 869; ove Creek, brown trout, can be reached at schum, Rt. 326; Cumberland Valley Run, rown trout, can be reached at Bedford, Rt. 30; mlertown Run, brown trout, can be reached at edford, Raystown Br. of the Juniata, brown trout, can also be reached at Bedford; Sherman's Valley Run, brown trout, can be reached at Hopewell, Rt. 915; Yellow Creek, brown trout, can be reached at Loysburg, Rt. 36; Wills Crcek, brown trout, can be reached at Hyndman, Rt. 96.

Berks County:

Back Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Joanna, Rt. 82; Furnace Creek, brook and rainbow trout, can be reached at Robesonia, Rt. 422; Mill Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Hamburg, Rt. 22; Moslem Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Moslem Springs, Rt. 22; Mill Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Bethel, Rt. 22; Northkill Creek, brook trout, can be rcached at Shartlesville, Rt. 22; W. Br. Pine Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Lobachsville, Rt. 852; Swamp Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Morgantown, Rt. 42; Furnace Run, brook trout can be reached at Hamburg, Rt. 22; Manatawney Creek, rainbow trout, can be reached at Griesemersville, Rt. 662; N. Br. Perkiomen Cr., brown and rainbow trout, can be reached at Boyertown, Rt. 100; Hay Creek, brown trout, can be reached at Birdsboro, Rt. 83.

Blair County:

Bells Gap Run, brook trout, can be reached at Bellwood, Rt. 865; Blair Gap Run, brook trout, can be reached at Duncansville, Rt. 22; Bobs Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Portage, Rt. 53; Sinking Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Alberta, Rt. 550; Van Scoyoe Run, brook trout, can be reached at Bald Eagle, Rt. 220; Bald Eagle Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Tyrone, Rt. 220; Canoe Creek, brown trout, can be reached at Canoe Creek, Rt. 22; Clover Creek, brown trout, can be reached at Williamsburg, Rt. 866; Piney Creek, brown trout, can be reached at Williamsburg.

Bradford County:

Schrader Creek, brook, brown and rainbow trout, can be reached at Laquin.

Bucks County:

Mill Creek, brown and rainbow trout, can be reached at Doylestown, Rt. 611; Cooks Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Springtown, Rt. 412.

Butler County:

Bear Creek, brown and rainbow trout, can be reached at Bruin, Rt. 268; Silver Creck, brown and rainbow trout, can be reached at Bruin; Thorn Creek, brown and rainbow trout, can be reached at Butler, Rt. 68; N. Br. Slippery Rock Creek, brown trout, can be reached at Harrisville, Rt. 8; Little Connoquenessing Creek, brown trout, can be reached at Butler, Rt. 8.

Cambria County:

Beaverdam Run, brook trout, can be reached at Patton, Rt. 36; Bender Run, brook trout, can be reached at Carrolltown, Rt. 219; Bens Creek, brook trout, can bc reached at Portage, Rt. 53; S. Br. Blacklick Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Ebensburg, Rt. 22; Cedar Run, brook trout, can be reached at Portage, Rt. 53; Beaverdam Run, brook trout, can be rcached at Beaverdale, Rt. 869; Duclos Run, brook trout, can be reached at Patton, Rt. 36; S. Fork Lt. Conemaugh River, brook trout, can be reached at Beaverdale, Rt. 869; Big Laurel Run, brook trout, can be reached at Coupon; Noels Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Cassandra, Rt. 53; N. Br. Blacklick Creek, brown trout, can be reached at Belsona, Rt. 422; Chest Creek, brown trout, can be reached at Patton, Rt. 36; Clearfield Creek, brown trout, can be reached at Cresson, Rt. 22; Slateliek Run, brown trout, can be reached at Fallen Timber, Rt. 53; Curtin Run, rainbow trout, can be reached at Blandsburg, Rt. 86; Ebensburg Water Co. Dam, rainbow trout, can be rcached at Ebensburg, Rt. 22.

Cameron County:

Brookes Run, brook trout, can be reached at Lushbaugh, Rt. 872; Clear Creek, brook trout, can be reached at Emporium, Rt. 120; Hicks Run, brook trout, can be reached at Driftwood, Rt. 120; E. Br. Hicks Run, brook trout, can be reached at Driftwood; Hunts Run, brook trout, can be reached at Cameron, Rt. 120; Upper Jerry Run, brook trout, can be reached at Sinnemahoning, Rt. 120; Lick Island Run, brook trout, Sinnemahoning; Lushbaugh Run, brook trout, Lushbaugh, Rt. 872; Mix Run, brook trout, Mix Run, Rt. 555; Portage Creek, brook trout, Emporium Jc., Rt. 120; Sterling Run, brook trout, Sterling Run, Rt. 120; Wykoff Run, brook trout, Sinnemahoning, Rt. 120; Driftwood Br. Sinnemahoning-Portage Creek, brook trout, Emporium Jc., Rt. 120.

Carbon County:

Aquashicola Creek, brook trout, Lt. Gap, Rt. 904; Big Bear Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Christmans, Rt. 903; Drakes Creek, brook trout, Christmans; Fawn Creek, brook trout, White Haven, Rt. 940; Hayes Creek, brook and brown trout, White Havcn; Hunter Run, brook trout, Lt. Gap, Rt. 904; James Run, brook trout, Nesquehoning, Rt. 209; Lesley Run, brook trout, White Haven, Rt. 940; Mauch Chunk Creek, brook trout, Mauch Chunk, Rt. 209; Pine Run, brook trout, Weisport, Rt. 209; Quakake Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Hudsondale, Rt. 309; Stoney Creek, brook trout, Christmans, Rt. 309; Mud Run, brown and rainbow trout, Albrightsville, Rt. 903; Pohopoco Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Palmerton, Rt. 309.

Centre County:

Benner Run, brook trout, Unionville, Rt. 220; W. Br. Big Run, brook trout, Snow Shoe, Rt. 53; Black Bear Run, brook trout, Winburne, Rt. 53; Elk Creek, brook, brown and rainbow trout, Milheim, Rt. 45; Fields Run, brook trout, Clarence; Lt. Fishing Creek, brook trout, Mingoville, Rt. 220; Laurel Run, brook trout, Spring Mills, Rt. 45; Lt. Moshannon Creek, brook, brown and rainbow trout, Philipsburg, Rt. 322; Penns Creek, brook, brown and rainbow trout, Springs Mills, Rt. 45; Pine Creek, brook and brown trout, Woodward, Rt. 45; S. Fk. Beech Creek, brown trout, Snow Shoe, Rt. 53; Big Sandy Run, brook trout, Snow Shoe; Lt. Sandy Run, brook trout, Snow Shoe; Spring Creek, brook, brown and rainbow trout, Bellefonte, Rt. 220; White Deer Creek, brook trout, Livonia, Rt. 95; Bald Eagle

Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Milesburg, Rt. 220; Cold Stream, brown trout, Philipsburg, Rt. 322; Logan Branch, brown and rainbow trout, Bellefonte, Rt. 53; March Creek, brown trout, Howard, Rt. 64; Poe Creek, brown trout, Milheim, Rt. 45; Sinking Creek, brown trout, Potters Mills, Rt. 53; Six Mile Run, brown trout, Winburne, Rt. 53; Poe Valley Dam, rainbow trout, Potters Mills, Rt. 53.

Chester County:

Beaver Run, brook trout, Pughtown, Rt. 100; Birch Run, brook and rainbow trout, Coatesville, Rt. 30; Lt. Broad Run, brook trout, Grubb Mills, Rt. 103; Doe Run, brook trout, Cochranville, Rt. 11, Indian Run, brook trout, Glenmore, Rt. 282; Mathews Run, brook trout, Chester Springs, Rt. 113; Valley Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Valley Forge, Rt. 83; West Valley Creek, brook trout, Exton Crossroads, Rt. 30; White Clay Creek, brook and brown trout, Avondale, Rt. 1; French Creek, brown trout, Pughtown, Rt. 23; Officers Run, brown and rainbow trout, Atglen, Rt. 41; M. Br. White Clay Creek, brown trout, Westgrove, Rt. 1; E. Br. Octararo Creek, rainbow trout, Oxford, Rt. 472.

Clarion County:

Canoe Creek, brook trout, Shippensville, Rt. 322; Deer Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Shippensville; Lt. Piney Creek, brook trout, Clarion, Rt. 322; Lt. Toby Creek, brook trout, Leeper, Rt. 36; Toms Run, brook and rainbow trout, Cooksburg, Rt. 36; Mill Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Clarion, Rt. 322.

Clearfield County:

Anderson Creek, brook trout, Sabula, Rt. 555; Bilger Creek, brook trout, Grampian, Rt. 322; Curry Run, brook trout, Grampian, Rt. 322; Deer Creek, brook trout, LeContes Mills, Rt. 879; Gifford Run, brook trout, LeContes Mills; Hoekenberry Run, brook trout, Coalport, Rt. 53; Hazelett Run, brook trout, Mahaffey, Rt. 219; Mix Run, brook trout, Weedville, Rt. 555; Montgomery Creek, brook trout, Sabula, Rt. 555; Moshannon Creek, brook trout, Smith Mill, Rt. 253; Mountain Run, brook trout, Penfield, Rt. 555; Sawmill Run, brook trout, Mahaffey, Rt. 219; Upper Three Runs, brook trout, Karthaus, Rt. 879; Trout Run, brook trout, Shawville, Rt. 879; Whiskey Run, brook trout, McGees Mills, Rt. 219 Wilson Run, brook trout, LaJose, Rt. 36; Bell Run, brown trout, Bells Landing, Rt. 219; Laurel Run, brown and rainbow trout, DuBois, Rt. 219; Lick Run, brown trout, Shawville, Rt. 879; Mosquito Creek, brown trout, Karthaus, Rt. 879; Sugar Camp Run, brown trout, DuBois, Rt. 219; N. Wilmer Run, brown trout, Irvona, Rt. 53; South Wilmer Run, brown trout, Irvona.

Clinton County:

Antes Creek, brook trout, Rauchtown, Rt. 880; Baker Run, brook and rainbow trout, Glen Union; Beaverdam Run, brook trout, Hammersley Forks, Rt. 144; Big Run, brook trout, Renovo, Rt. 120; M. Br. Big Run, brook trout, Renovo; Swamp Br. Big Run, brook trout, Renovo; Birch Island Run, brook trout, Karthaus, Rt. 879; Cedar Run, brook trout, Lamar, Rt. 220; Cooks Run, brook trout, Cooks Run, Rt. 120; Big Fishing Creek, brook, brown and rainbow trout, Lamar, Rt. 120; Hammersley Forks, brook trout, Hammersley Forks, Rt. 144; Hyner Run, brook trout, Hyner Run, Rt. 120; Kettle Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Hammersley Forks, Rt. 144; Rattlesnake Run, brook trout, Hyner, Rt. 120; Sandy Creek, brook trout, Surveyor, Rt. 970; Trout Fork, brook trout, Hammersley Forks, Rt. 144; Lick Run, brown trout, Farrandsville; Paddys Run, brown trout, Renovo, Rt. 120; Tangaseootaek Creek, brown trout, Loek Haven, Rt. 120; N. Br. Tangaseootack Creek, brown trout, Loek Haven; Young Woman's Creek, brown trout, North Bend, Rt. 120; R. Br. Young Woman's Creek, brown trout, North Bend, Rt. 120; W. Br. Young Woman's Creek, brown trout, North Bend, Rt. 120.

Columbia County:

Coles Creek, brook trout, Red Rock, Rt. 115; Lick Run, brook trout, Numidia, Rt. 42; Roaring Creek, brook and brown trout, Millgrove, Rt. 42; West Creek, brook trout, Benton, Rt. 115; Fishing Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Benton; Mugser Run, brown trout, Elysburg, Rt. 54.

Crawford County:

McLaughlin Run, brook trout, Hydetown, Rt. 8; Lt. Sugar Creek, brown trout, Meadville, Rt. 322; Thompson Run, brown trout, Hydetown, Rt. 8.

Cumberland County:

Alexandra Run, brook trout, Carlisle, Rt. 11; Big Spring, brook and rainbow trout, Newville, Rt. 233; Mountain Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Pine Grove Furnace, Rt. 233; Trindle Spring, brook and rainbow trout, Carlisle, Rt. 11; Letort Spring, brown and rainbow trout, Carlisle; Yellow Breeches, brown and rainbow trout, Boiling Spr., Rt. 174; Furnaee Run Dam, rainbow trout, Walnut Bottom, Rt. 11.

Dauphin County:

Stoney Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Dauphin, Rt. 11; W. Br. Rattling Run, brown and rainbow trout, Lykens, Rt. 209; Manada Creek, brown trout, Shellsville, Rt. 22; N. Fk. Powells Creek, brown trout, Carsonville; S. Fk. Powells Creek, brown trout, Carsonville.

Delaware County:

Ridley Creek, brown trout, Media, Rt. 1.

Elk County:

Belmuth Run, brook trout, Ridgway, Rt. 219; Big Run, brook trout, Hallton; Crooked Creek, brook trout, Glen Hazel; Hicks Run, brook trout, Driftwood, Rt. 120; E. Br. Hicks Run, brook trout, Driftwood; Island Run, brook trout, Ridgway, Rt. 219; Kersey Run, brook trout, Byrnedale, Rt. 255; W. Br. Kersey Run, brook trout, Byrnedale; Laurel Run, brook trout, Ridgway, Rt. 219; Maxwell Run, brook trout, Hallton; Medix Run, brook trout, Weedville, Rt. 555; Mix Run, brook trout, Mix Run, Rt. 555; Paige Run, brook trout, Medix Run, Rt. 555; Spring Creek, brook trout, Benezette, Rt. 555; Straight Creek, brook trout, St. Marys, Rt. 120; S. Br. Straight Creek, brook trout, St. Marys; Vineyard Run, brook trout, Brockway, Rt. 219; Wolf Lick Run, brook trout, Dagus Mines, Rt. 255; E. Br. Clarion River, brown and rainbow trout, Glen Hazel; W. Clarion Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Wilcox, Rt. 219; Trout Run, brown and rainbow trout, Benezette, Rt. 555; Driftwood Branch, brown trout, Sterling Run, Rt. 120.

Erie County:

Beaverdam Run, brown and rainbow trout, Beaverdam, Rt. 89; Conneautee Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Edinboro, Rt. 99; Lt. Conneautee Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Edinboro; S. Br. French Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Corry, Rt. 6; Pleasant Lake, rainbow trout, Arbuckle, Rt. 8.

Fayette County:

Baek Creek, brook trout, Indian Head, Rt. 711 Beaver Run, brook trout, Ohiopyle, Rt. 381 Buck Run, brook trout, Indian Head, Rt. 711 Laurel Run, brook trout, Ohiopyle; Mill Run brook trout, Elliottsville, Rt. 381; Mill Run brook trout, Indian Head; Morgan Run, broo trout, Connellsville, Rt. 119; Mountain Creek brook trout, Smithfield, Rt. 119; S. Fk. Mountai Creek, brook trout, Smithfield; Dunbar Creek brown and rainbow trout, Dunbar, Rt. 119; Bi Meadow Run, brown and rainbow trout, Farm ington, Rt. 40; Big Sandy Run, brown trou Elliottsville, Rt. 381.

Forest County:

Coon Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Ne braska, Rt. 66; Hemlock Creek, brook and rain bow trout, Venus, Rt. 157; Lt. Hickory Creek brook trout, West Hickory, Rt. 127; Tubbs Run brook trout, Tionesta, Rt. 62; W. Hickory Creek brown and rainbow trout, West Hickory, Rt. 12 Maple Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Marien ville, Rt. 68.

Franklin County:

Bear Valley Run, brook trout, Upper Stra burg, Rt. 533; Broad Run, brook trout, Fo Loudon, Rt. 30; Dennis Creek, brook trou Chambersburg, Rt. 30; Falling Spr. Creek, broo and rainbow trout, Chambersburg, Rt. 30; Re Run, brook trout, Rouzerville, Rt. 16; Trou Run, brook trout, Roxbury, Rt. 433; Trout Run brook trout, Mercersburg, Rt. 16; W. Br. Anti tam Creek, rainbow trout, Waynesboro, Rt. 1 E. Br. Lt. Antietam Creek, brown trout, Wayne boro, Rt. 16; Conoeochcague Creek, brown trou Chambersburg, Rt. 30; W. Br. Conoeocheagu Creek, brown trout, Fannettsburg, Rt. 7 Muddy Run, brown trout, Greencastle, Rt. 1

Fulton County:

Brush Creek, brook trout, Crystal Spr., R 126; Lt. Brush Creek, brook trout, Crystal Spr South Brush Creek, brook trout, Crystal Spr Oregon Creek, brook trout, Wells Tannery, R 848; Wooden Bridge Creek, brook trout, Hou tontown, Rt. 176; Cowans Gap Dam, rainbo trout, Breezewood, Rt. 30; Lt. Augwiek Creek brown trout, Burnt Cabin, Rt. 522.

Huntingdon County:

Laurel Run, brook trout, McAlevys Fort, R 545; West Licking Creek, brook trout, Newto Hamilton, Rt. 22; Nine Mile Creek, brook trou Burnt Cabin, Rt. 522; Saddler Creek, broo trout, Mill Creek, Rt. 5; Spruee Creek, brook an brown trout, Spruec Creek, Rt. 45; Black Lo Creek, brown trout, Orbisonia, Rt. 522; Standin Stone Creek, brown and rainbow trout, McAlevy Fort, Rt. 545; E. Br. Standing Stone, brown trou McAlevys Fort; Whipple Dam, rainbow trou Pine Grove Mills, Rt. 545.

Indiana County:

Laurel Run, brook and rainbow trout, Nolo Rt. 422; S. Br. Twoliek Creek, brook trout, Pin Flats, Rt. 480; Lt. Yellow Creek, brook trou Strongstown, Rt. 422; Yellow Creek, brown an rainbow trout, Nolo, Rt. 422.

Jefferson County:

Callen Run, brook trout, Hallton; Camp Run brook trout, Reynoldsville, Rt. 322; Cather Run brook and rainbow trout, Brookville, Rt. 32 Clear Run, brook, brown and rainbow trou Sigel, Rt. 8; Coder Run, brook trout, Code Rt. 28; Horam Run, brook trout, Emericksville

t. 322; Mill Creek, brook trout, Brookville, t. 322; Mill Creek, brown and rainbow trout, orsica, Rt. 322; Lt. Mill Creek, brown and rain, ow trout, Corsica; Big Run, brown trout-ramer, Rt. 119; N. Fk. Red Bank Crcek, brown out, Brookville, Rt. 322; S. Fk. of N. Br. Red ank Cr., brown trout, Brockway, Rt. 28; Lt. andy Creek, brown trout, Cool Springs, Rt. 36.

uniata County:

Horning Run, brook trout, Cuba Mills, Rt. 22; iberty Valley Run, brook trout, Honey Grove, t. 75; Horse Valley Run, brown trout, East Vaterford, Rt. 75; Licking Creek, brown trout, ort Royal, Rt. 75; Lost Creek, brown trout, IcAllisterville, Rt. 35; Willow Run, brown out, Honey Grove, Rt. 75.

ackawanna County:

Choke Creek, brook trout, Blakeslee Cor., t. 115; W. Br. Wallenpaupack Creek, brook out, Hollisterville, Rt. 590; Lehigh River, rown and rainbow trout, Gouldsboro, Rt. 507; . Br. Tunkhannock Creek, brown and rainbow out, Factoryville, Rt. 11; Roaring Brook, rain-ow trout, Elmhurst, Rt. 611.

ancaster County:

Lt. Conestoga Creek, brook trout, East Peters-urg, Rt. 72; Donegal Creek, brook trout, Mari-tta, Rt. 141; Hammer Creek, brook trout, ititz, Rt. 501; Middle Creek, brook trout, Clay, t. 322; Long Run, brook trout, E. Petersburg, t. 72; Muddy Run, brook trout, Holtwood, Rt. 72; Pequea Creek, brook trout, Honey Brook, t. 322; Rock Run, brook trout, Bowmansville, t. 73; Trout Run, brook trout, Ephrata, Rt. 22; W. Br. Octarora Creek, brown and rainbow out, Quarryville, Rt. 222; Big Chiekies Creek, rown trout, Manheim, Rt. 72; Fishing Creek, rown trout, Chestnut Level.

awrence County:

Big Run, brown and rainbow trout, New astle, Rt. 18; Deer Creek, brown and rainbow out, Pulaski, Rt. 278; Hickory Run, brown and ainbow trout, Bessemer, Rt. 317; Taylor Run, rown trout, Plain Grove.

ebanon County:

Bachman Run, brook trout, Annville, Rt. 422; ndiantown Creek, brook trout, Lickdale, Rt. 43; Snitz Creek, brook trout, Cleona, Rt. 72; vening Branch, brown trout, Pine Grove, Rt. 43; Gold Mine Run, brown trout, Pine Grove; Hammer Creek, brown trout, Sehafferstown, t. 501; W. Br. Hammer Creek, brown trout, chafferstown.

ehigh County:

Big Trout Run, brook trout, Slatedale, Rt. 309; edar Creek, brook trout, Allentown, Rt. 22; on Run, brook trout, Trexlertown, Rt. 222; . Br. Saucon Creek, brook trout, Coopersburg, t. 309; Swabia Creek, brook trout, Macungie, t. 100; Lt. Lehigh River, brook and brown out, Allentown, Rt. 22; Jordan Creek, brown nd rainbow trout, Allentown; Mountain Creek, ainbow trout, Maeungie, Rt. 100; Trout Creek, rown trout, Allentown.

uzerne County:

Arnolds Creek, brook trout, Kyttle, Rt. 115; alward Run, brook trout, Wapwallopen, Rt. 29; owmans Creek, brook trout, Kyttle; Maple reek, brook trout, Red Rock, Rt. 115; Phillips reek, brook trout, Kyttle; Pine Creek, brook out, Fairmount Spr.; Shade Creek, brook trout, Stoddartsville, Rt. 115; Wapwallopen Creek, brook, brown and rainbow trout, Alberts; Lehigh River, brown and rainbow trout, Stoddartsville; Lt. Wapwallopen Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Alberts; Harveys Creek, brown trout Harvey's Lake Outlet, Rt. 415; Huntingdon Creek, brown trout, Huntingdon Mills, Rt. 230; Kitchen Run, brown trout, Harveysville, Rt. 339; Linesville Creek, brown trout, White Haven, Rt. 940; Lt. Nescopeek Creek, brown trout, Edgewood, Rt. 309; Lt. Shickshinny Creek, brown trout, Shickshinny, Rt. 11; Wrights Creek, brown trout, Bear Creek, Rt. 115.

Lycoming County:

Lt. Bear Creek, brook trout, Montoursville, Rt. 15; Black Hole Creek, brook trout, Montgomery, Rt. 14; English Run, brook trout, English Centre, Rt. 84; Fourth Gap Run, brook trout, Elimsport, Rt. 44; Hogland Run, brook trout, Cogan Station, Rt. 111; McMurrin Run, brook trout, Antes Fort, Rt. 44; West Mill Creek, brook trout, Warrensville, Rt. 973; Lt. Muney Creek, brook trout, Lairdsville, Rt. 642; Upper Pine Bottom Run, brook trout, Waterville, Rt. 44; Plunketts Run, brook trout, Barbours, Rt. 87; Trout Run, brook trout, Ralston, Rt. 14; Blockhouse Creek, brown trout, English Centre, Rt. 84; Grays Run, brown trout, Field Station, Rt. 14; Larrys Creek, brown trout, Salladasburg, Rt. 84; Loyalsoek Creek, brown trout, Montoursville, Rt. 15; Lycoming Creek, brown trout, Trout Run, Rt. 15; Muney Creek, brown trout, Picture Rocks, Rt. 220; Lt. Pine Creek, brown trout, Waterville, Rt. 44; Roaring Branch, brown trout, Roaring Branch, Rt. 14; Spring Creek, brown trout, Elimsport, Rt. 44; Wallis Run, brown trout, Loyalsoek, Rt. 87; White Deer Hole Creek, brown trout, Elimsport.

McKean County:

Bell Run, brook trout, Shinglehouse, Rt. 44; W. Clarion Creek, brook trout, Wilcox, Rt. 219; Comes Creek, brook trout, Port Allegany, Rt. 6; Five Mile Run, brook trout, Wilcox, Rt. 219; Seven Mile Run, brook trout, Wilcox; Marvin Creek, brown trout, Smethport, Rt. 6; Potato Creek, brown trout, Smethport; Portage Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Port Allegany, Rt. 6.

Mercer County:

Deer Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Milledgeville, Rt. 78; Laekawannoek Creek, brown trout, Mereer, Rt. 19; Mill Creek, brown trout, Pardoe; Mill Creek, brown trout, New Lebanon, Rt. 78; Lt. Neshannoek Creek, brown and rainbow trout, New Wilmington, Rt. 18; W. Br. Lt. Neshannock Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Hermitage, Rt. 18; E. Br. Wolf Creek, brown trout, Grove City, Rt. 58; N. Br. Wolf Creek, brown trout, Grove City; W. Br. Wolf Creek, brown trout, Grove City.

Mifflin County:

Haviee Run, brook trout, Siglerville, Rt. 983; W. Br. Kishaeoquillas Creek, brook, brown and rainbow trout, Reedsville, Rt. 322; Laurel Run, brook trout, Milroy, Rt. 322; Lingle Run, brook trout, Milroy; Treaster Valley Creek, brook trout, Loekes Mills, Rt. 972; New Lancaster Creek, brown trout, Lockes Mills; Honey Creek, brown trout, Reedsville, Rt. 322; Licking Creek, brown trout, Mifflintown, Rt. 322.

Monroe County:

Aquashicola Creek, brook trout, Wind Gap, Rt. 115; Buekwas Creek, brook trout, Kunkletown, Rt. 904; Big Bushkill Creek, brook and brown trout, Bushkill, Rt. 209; Cherry Creek, brook trout, Delaware Water Gap, Rt. 611; Dotter Creek, brook trout, Kresgeville, Rt. 209; Forest Hill Creek, brook trout, Bangor, Rt. 702; Lt. Martins Creek, brown trout, Martins Creek, Rt. 611.

Perry County:

Browns Run, brook trout, Blain, Rt. 276; Green Valley Run, brook trout, Landisburg, Rt. 233; Laurel Run, brook trout, Landisburg; Liberty Valley Run, brook trout, Honey Grove, Rt. 75; Montour Run, brook trout, Landisburg, Rt. 233; McCabe Run, brook trout, Landisburg; Shaffer Run, brook trout, Blain; Shermans Creek, brook trout, New Germantown, Rt. 274; Horse Valley Creek, brown trout, E. Waterford, Rt. 75; Lt. Juniata Creek, brown trout, New Bloomfield, Rt. 34.

Pike County:

Big Bushkill Creek, brook and brown trout, Bushkill, Rt. 209; Lt. Bushkill Creek, brook trout, Bushkill, Rt. 209; Middle Bushkill Creek, brook trout, Bushkill; Dingmans Creek, brook trout, Dingmans Ferry, Rt. 209; Dwarfkill Creek, brook trout, Milford, Rt. 209; Indian Ladder Creek, brook trout, Dingmans Ferry; Kellam Creek, brook trout, Hawley, Rt. 6; Middle Branch Creek, brook trout, Porters Lake, Rt. 402; Millrift Creek, brook trout, Millrift, Rt. 963; Panther Brook, brook trout, Laekawaxen, Rt. 237; Raymondskill Creek, brook trout, Milford, Rt. 6; Sanvantine Creek, brook trout, Milford; Twin Lake Creek, brook trout, Twin Lake; Laekawaxen River, brown trout, Glen Eyre; Shohola Creek, brown trout, Greeley, Rt. 37; Wallenpaupaek Creek, brown trout, Greentown, Rt. 507; E. Br. Wallenpaupaek Creek, brown trout, Greentown.

Potter County:

Bailey Run, brook trout, Wharton, Rt. 876; Cushing Creek, brook trout, West Pike, Rt. 6; Dingman Run, brook trout, Coudersport; Left Hand Br. Dingman Run, brook trout, Coudersport, Rt. 6; Dodge Brook, brook trout, Harrison Valley, Rt. 49; Dry Run, brook trout, Sweden Valley, Rt. 6; Eleven Mile Run, brook trout, Millport, Rt. 44; Fishing Creek, brook trout, Roulette, Rt. 6; E. Br. Fishing Creek, brook trout, Roulette; W. Br. Fishing Creek, brook trout, Roulette; Genesee River, brook trout, W. Bingham; Lt. Kettle Creek, brook trout, Oleona, Rt. 44; Lyman Run, brook trout, Galeton, Rt. 6; Big Moore Run, brook trout, Lymanville, Rt. 6; Nelson Run, brook trout, Sweden Valley, Rt. 6; Nine Mile Run, brook trout, Galeton; S. Br. Oswayo Creek, brook trout, Coneville, Rt. 44; Oswayo Creek, brown trout, Coneville; Genesee Fk. of Pine Creek, brook trout, West Pike, Rt. 6; E. Fk. Portage Creek, brook trout, Sizerville, Rt. 155; W. Fk. Portage Creek, brook trout, Sizerville; Reynoldstown Branch, brook trout, Ellisburg, Rt. 244; Sartwell Creek, brook trout, Burtville, Rt. 6; E. Fk. of the First Fk. of Sinnemahoning Creek, brook trout, Wharton, Rt. 872; S. Fk. of the First Fk. of Sinnemahoning Creek, brook trout, Costello, Rt. 872; Trout Run, brook trout, Roulette, Rt. 6; N. Br. Genesee River, brown and rainbow trout, Genesee, Rt. 244; W. Br. Genesee River, brown and rainbow trout, Genesee, Rt. 244; Cowanesque River, brown trout, Westfield, Rt. 49; Cross Forks Creek, brown trout, Cross Forks, Rt. 144; Kettle Creek, brown trout, Cross Forks, Rt. 144; Mill Creek, brown trout, Sweden Valley, Rt. 6; Pine Creek, brown trout, Galeton, Rt. 6; W. Br. Pine Creek, brown trout, Swiftwater, Rt. 611; Kettle Creek, brook trout, Snydersville, Rt. 209; Lake Creek, brook trout, Saylorsburg, Rt. 115; McMichaels

Creek, brook trout, Sciota, Rt. 209; Middle Creek, brook trout, Kresgeville, Rt. 209; Mixsel Creek, brook trout, Saylorsburg; Pensyl Creek, brook trout, Sciota, Rt. 209; Pohopoco Creek, brook and brown trout, Kresgeville; Scott Run, brook trout, Scott Run, Rt. 611; Brodheads Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Stroudsburg, Rt. 611; Middle Brodheads Creek, brown trout, Canadensis, Rt. 290; Lehigh River, brown and rainbow trout, Stoddartsville, Rt. 115; Pocono Creek, brown trout, Stroudsburg, Rt. 611; Tobyhanna Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Blakeslee Corners, Rt. 115; Tunkhannock Creek, brown trout, Blakeslee; Snow Hill Dam, rainbow trout, Cresco, Rt. 90; Weir Lake, rainbow trout, Brodheadsville, Rt. 209.

Montgomery County:

Deep Creek, brown trout, Green Lane, Rt. 29; Mill Creek, brown trout, Bryn Mawr, Rt. 30.

Northampton County:

Bertsch Creek, brook trout, Walnutport, Rt. 145; Coffeetown Run, brook trout, Coffeetown, Rt. 611; Greenawalts Creek, brook trout, Ackermanville; Indian Creek, brook trout, Northampton, Rt. 145; Jacabus Creek, brook trout, Portland, Rt. 611; Monocacy Creek, brook and brown trout, Bethlehem, Rt. 22; Saucon Creek, brook, brown and rainbow trout, Hellertown, Rt. 412; Waltz Creek, brook trout, Ackermanville; Bushkill Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Stockertown, Rt. 115; Catasauqua Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Walnutport, Rt. 309; Lt. Bushkill Creek, brown trout, Pen Argyl, Rt. 702; Hokendauqua Creek, brown trout, Northampton, Rt. 145; Martins Creek, brown trout, Galeton; First Fk. Sinnemahoning Creek, brown trout, Costello, Rt. 872.

Schuylkill County:

Bear Creek, brook trout, Summit Station, Rt. 895; Beaver Creek, brook trout, Tuscarora, Rt. 209; Black Creek, brook trout, Tremont, Rt. 209; Neifert Creek, brook trout, Barnesville, Rt. 29; Pine Creek, brook trout, Hegins, Rt. 25; Pine Creek, brook trout, Lakeside, Rt. 45; Pine Creek, rainbow trout, Orwigsburg, Rt. 120; Lt. Catawissa Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Ringtown, Rt. 142; Deep Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Hegins; Lt. Swatara Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Friedensburg, Rt. 443; Evening Branch, brown trout, Pine Grove, Rt. 443; Fishing Creek, brown trout, Pine Grove; W. Br. Fishing Creek, brown trout, Pine Grove; Locust Creek, brown trout, Mahanoy City, Rt. 45.

Snyder County:

Aigler Run, brook trout, Beavertown, Rt. 522; Brickhart Run, brook trout, Paxtonville, Rt. 639; Krepp Gap Run, brook trout, Torxelville, Rt. 929; Kuhn-Hooven Run, brook trout, Beavertown, Rt. 522; N. Br. Mahantango Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Mt. Pleasant Mills, Rt. 35; Swift Run, brook trout, Troxelville; N. Br. Middle Creek, brown trout, Troxelville.

Somerset County:

Beaverdam Run, brook trout, Central City, Rt. 160; S. Fk. Bens Creek, brook trout, Ferndale, Rt. 219; Blue Hole Run, brook trout, New Lexington, Rt. 53; Brush Creek, brook trout, Berlin, Rt. 219; Clear Run, brook trout, Bakersville, Rt. 31; Drakes Run, brook and rainbow trout, Confluence, Rt. 53; Iser Run, brook trout, Markleton; Jones Mill Run, brook trout, Bakersville, Rt. 31; McClintock Run, brook trout, Confluence; Sandy Run, brook trout, Scullton, Rt. 653; Shafer Run, brook trout, Bakersville; Tub Mill Run, brook trout, West Salisburg; Beaverdam Run, brown trout, Stoyestown, Rt. 30; Beaverdam Run, brown trout, Boswell, Rt. 601; Clear Shade Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Windber, Rt. 56; Deeter Run, brown trout, New Baltimore, Rt. 31; Flaugherty Creek, brown trout, Meyersdale, Rt. 219; Raystown Br. Juniata River; brown trout, New Baltimore, Rt. 31; Laurel Hill Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Bakersville; Piney Creek, brown trout, Central City, Rt. 160; Big Piney Creek, brown trout, Boynton, Rt. 219; Stoney Creek, brown trout, Shanksville, Rt. 160; Wills Creek, brown trout, Mance; Whites Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Listonburg, Rt. 53; Koosers Lake, rainbow trout, Bakersville.

Sullivan County:

Black Creek, brook trout, Cherry Mills, Rt. 87; Double Run, brook trout, Eagles Mere, Rt. 42; Elklick Run, brook trout, Nardmont, Rt. 154; Glass Creek, brook trout, Ringdale, Rt. 220; Lewis Creek, brook trout, Sonestown, Rt. 220; Lick Creek, brook trout, Forksville, Rt. 154; N. Br. Mehoopany Creek, brook trout, Calley, Rt. 87; Mill Creek, brook trout, Hillsgrove, Rt. 87; Pigeon Creek, brook trout, Lopez, Rt. 487; Pole Bridge Run, brook trout, Forksville; Rock Run, brook trout, Cherry Mills, Rt. 87; Rock Run, brook trout, Muncy, Rt. 220; Elk Creek, brown trout, Hillsgrove, Rt. 87; E. Br. Fishing Creek, brown trout, Benton, Rt. 115; W. Br. Fishing Creek, brown trout, Benton; Hogland Branch, brown trout, Hillsgrove, Rt. 87; Kettle Creek, brown trout, Hillsgrove; Lopez Creek, brown trout, Lopez, Rt. 487; Loyalsock Creek, brown trout, Forksville, Rt. 154; Lt. Loyalsock Creek, brown trout, Cherry Mills; Muncy Creek, brown trout, Muncy Valley, Rt. 220; Ogdonia Creek, brown trout, Hillsgrove, Rt. 87; Sullivan Branch, brown trout, Benton, Rt. 115.

Susquehanna County:

Mitchell Creek, brook trout, Hallstead, Rt. 11; Nine Partners Creek, brook trout, Lenos, Rt. 106; Riley Creek, brook trout, Meshoppen, Rt. 6; Starrucca Creek, brook, brown and rainbow trout, Lanesboro, Rt. 70; Butler Creek, brown trout, Gibson, Rt. 547; Gaylord Creek, brown trout, Neath, Rt. 859; Gibson Creek, brown trout, Gibson, Rt. 547; Harding Creek, brown trout, Herrick Centre, Rt. 73; Harmony Creek, brown trout, New Milford, Rt. 11; W. Br. Lackawanna Creek, brown trout, Herrick Centre, Rt. 73; E. Br. Lackawanna Creek, brown trout, Herrick Centre, Rt. 73; Tunkhannock Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Gelatt, Rt. 92; E. Br. Tunkhannock, browns, Royal, Rt. 106.

Tioga County:

Elk Run, brook trout, Galeton, Rt. 6; Fall Brook, brook trout, Morris Run; Four Mile Run, brook trout, Ansonia, Rt. 6; Long Run, brook trout, Davis, Rt. 349; Long Run, brook trout, Morris, Rt. 84; Mill Creek, brook trout, Mansfield, Rt. 15; W. Br. Mill Creek, brook trout, Roaring Branch, Rt. 14; Phoenix Run, brook trout, Galeton, Rt. 6; Sand Run, brook trout, Arnot, Rt. 111; Straight Run, brook trout, Marsh Creek, Rt. 6; Left Br. Straight Run, brook trout, Marsh Creek; Right Br. Straight Run, brook trout, Marsh Creek; Tioga River, brook and brown trout, Blossburg, Rt. 111; Pine Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Galeton, Rt. 6; Asaph Run, brook and brown trout, Ansonia, Rt. 6; Blacks Creek, brown trout, Liberty, Rt. 111; Blockhouse Run, brown trout, Liberty, Rt. 111; Stoney Fork Creek, brown trout, Draper, Rt. 960.

Union County:

Bear Run, brook trout, Laurelton, Rt. 888; Beaver Run, brook trout, Vicksburg, Rt. 45; Halfway Run, brook trout, Mifflinburg, Rt. 45; Sand Spring Run, brook trout, White Deer, Rt. 975; Spruce Run, brook trout, Mifflinburg; Buffalo Creek, brown trout, Cowan, Rt. 95; Lt. Buffalo Creek, brown trout, West Milton, Rt. 404; N. Br. Buffalo Creek, brown trout, Mifflinburg, Rt. 45; Laurel Run, brown trout, Laurelton; Penns Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Laurelton, Rt. 888; Rapid Run, brown trout, Cowan, Rt. 95; Spring Creek, brown trout, Allenwood, Rt. 404; Weiker Run, brown trout, Laurelton; White Deer Creek, brown trout, White Deer; Halfway Dam, rainbow trout, Livonia, Rt. 95.

Venango County:

Cherry Run, brook trout, Pleasantville, Rt. 27; Hemlock Creek, brook trout, Venus, Rt. 157; Horse Creek, brook trout, Oil City, Rt. 8; Mill Creek, brook trout, Emlenton, Rt. 38; Porkey Creek, brook trout, President, Rt. 62; Prather Run, brook trout, Cooperstown, Rt. 427; Tar Kill Creek, brook trout, Van, Rt. 322; Stewart Run, brook trout, Baum, Rt. 62; Sugar Creek, brown trout, Cooperstown; E. Br. Sugar Creek, brown trout, Cooperstown; Upper Two Mile Run, brown and rainbow trout, Dempseytown, Rt. 417; Pithole Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Pleasantville, Rt. 27; West Pithole Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Pleasantville, Rt. 27; East Sandy Creek, brown trout, Van, Rt. 322; S. Br. Sandy Creek, brown trout, Raymilton, Rt. 863; Lt. Sandy Creek, brown trout, Polk, Rt. 62; Scrubgrass Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Emlenton, Rt. 208; N. Fk. of Lt. Scrubgrass Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Emlenton, Rt. 208; S. Fk. of Lt. Scrubgrass Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Emlenton.

Warren County:

Ben Jeorge Creek, brook trout, Tidioute, Rt. 127; Blue Eye Creek, brook trout, Garland, Rt. 27; Lt. Brokenstraw Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Pittsfield, Rt. 6; Brokenstraw Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Spring Creek, Rt. 77; Coffee Creek, brook trout, Columbus, Rt. 6; Hemlock Run, brook trout, Glade, Rt. 6; Lamb Run, brook trout, Tidioute, Rt. 127; Perr; McGee Run, brook trout, Tidioute; McGuire Run, brook trout, Tidioute; Phelps Creek, brook trout, Columbus, Rt. 6; Pine Creek, brook, brown and rainbow trout, Seldomseen, Rt. 27; Rock Hollow Run, brook trout, Tidioute; N. W. Br. Spring Creek, brook trout, W. Spring Creek, Rt. 77; Tidioute Creek, brook trout, Tidioute; Wilson Run, brook trout, Tidioute; E. Br. Spring Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Spring Creek; Caldwell Creek, brown trout, Grand Valley, Rt. 27; W. Br. Caldwell Creek, brown trout, Grand Valley; West Hickory Creek, brown trout, W. Hickory, Rt. 527.

Washington County:

Babitville Creek, brook trout, Equinunk, Rt. 90; Beaverdam Creek, brook trout, Galilee; Calkins Creek, brook trout, Milanville; North Br. Calkins Creek, brook trout, Milanville; S. Br. Calkins Creek, brook trout, Milanville; Dyberry Creek, brown trout, Honesdale, Rt. 6; Big Br. Dyberry Creek, brook trout, Dyberry, Rt. 90; W. Br. Dyberry Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Dyberry; Lt. Equinunk Creek, brook and brown trout, Stalker; S. Br. Equinunk Creek, brook trout, Equinunk; Johnson Creek, brook, brown and rainbow trout, Creamton, Rt. 170; Shad Pond Creek, brook trout, Sherman; E. Br. Starrucca Creek, brook trout, Starrucca, Rt. 470

Butternut Creek, brown trout, Sterling, Rt. 90; Laekawaxen River, brown trout, Whites Mills, Rt. 6; W. Br. Laekawaxen River, brown and rainbow trout, Pleasant Mt., Rt. 371; Lehigh River, brook and brown trout, Gouldsboro, Rt. 507; Middle Creek, brown trout, Hawley, Rt. 6; Shehawken Creek, brown trout, Starlight, Rt. 670; Wallenpaupaek Creek, brown trout, Greentown, Rt. 507; W. Br. Wallenpaupaek Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Hamlin, Rt. 90.

Westmoreland County:

Baldwin Run, brook trout, New Florenee, Rt. 711; Camp Run, brook trout, Jones Mills Rt. 31; Furnace Run, brook trout, Laughlintown, Rt. 30; Mill Creek, brook trout, Waterford, Rt. 11; Middle Fk. Mill Creek, brook trout, Waterford; North Fk. Mill Creek, brook trout, Waterford; South Fk. Mill Creek, brook trout, Waterford; Pike Run, brook trout, Jones Mills, Rt. 31; Powder Mill Run, brook trout, Loyalhanna, Rt. 30; Roaring Run, brook trout, Jones Mills; Shannon Run, brook trout, New Florenee, Rt. 711; Indian Creek, brown trout, Jones Mills, Rt. 31; Jacobs Creek, brown trout, Laurelville, Rt. 31; Loyalhanna Creek, brown trout, Ligonier, Rt. 30; Tub Mill Run, brown trout, New Florence, Rt. 711; Linn Run, brown trout, Rector, Rt. 381.

Wyoming County:

Beaver Run, brook trout, Noxen, Rt. 92; Leonards Creek, brook trout, Beaumont, Rt. 92; N. Br. Mehoopany Creek, brook and rainbow trout, Forkston, Rt. 87; Mehoopany Creek brook, brown and rainbow trout, Mehoopany, Rt. 6; Bowmans Creek, brown and rainbow trout, Noxen, Rt. 92.

York County:

Beaver Run, brook trout, Windsor, Rt. 624; Fishing Creek, brook trout, Castle Finn, Rt. 74; Kaltreiders Creek, brook trout, Windsor; Leibs Creek, brook trout, Stewartstown, Rt. 24; Orson Run, brook trout, Airville, Rt. 74; Rambo Run, brook trout, Rinely, Rt. 24; Rehmayer Hollow Run, brook trout, Dallastown, Rt. 24; Toms Run, brook trout, Airville; Furnace Run, brown trout, Airville; Otter Creek, brown and rainbow trout, New Bridgeville, Rt. 124; Haldeman Pond, rainbow trout, Hanover, Rt. 94.



A fine 19½ inch, 3 lb. brown trout caught by Gerald F. Sclichter of Chambersburg.

WAKE UP

By Clarence F. Glessner

A "blanket," I believe, is what they call
The snow wherever it may fall,
A "blanket of white on a chilly day
Is something to drive the gloom away."
Greater bards in the halls of jingling rhyme
Have sung, with snowflakes keeping time,
Of drifting roads and snowbound stall,
With never a thought of spring or fall.
A poet is blind, if he eannot see
That beneath the snow sleeps a living tree,
And all the stories a snowbird tells,
Of laughter and gaiety and jingling bells
Are merely pastimes of a sort
Which people call their "winter sport."
But pastimes simply fill the hours
While winter waits for spring's warm showers.
The fishing rods and dizzy bees
Have never seen the winter trees.
A trout has never been known to rise
To snowflakes tied on hooks as flies,
And the angler who wades in a summer storm
Plays smart in winter by keeping warm.
So, if snow "is the beautiful blanket of God,"
I'll cover with wool 'till my fishing rod
Says, "Let's go fishin' in Silver Run;
You've had enough sleep, you son-of-a-gun."



AMPHIBIAN ANECDOTES

(*Continued from Page 26*)

Who ever originated the practice of retaining only the hind legs of the frog is responsible for the waste of an appalling amount of the finest kind of meat. All of the beheaded carcass is usable and delieious. And why shouldn't it be?

Catching your quarry with a live bait rod and bright, large flies is also popular. You may approach your prospective victim from any side so long as you don't get nearer than your rod's length. If your stalk is successful, dangle the fly in front of its head and await developments. Immediate action is praetieally certain. However, oeeasionally when the fly is placed within inehes of the unblinking amphibian's nose, he apparently ignores. That does not indieate indifference. The truth is he does not see it. A frog's best range of vision is about three or four feet from its eyes. Apparent indifferenee usually indieates that his eyes are fixed on a point some distanee ahead. Move the lure slowly forward and when it comes within range he'll nab it. I still have an old Red Ibis tied on a large hook that has aecounted for many a victim.

Now, then, do not gather from the above that it is necessary to use flies. A bit of eloth of any color affixed to a medium hook will prove equally effective. Experiments have proved that any moving object is acceptable. Once I plaeed a small garter snake in a terrarium occupied by a half-grown frog. A clump of mosses separated the two. A few minutes later the frog spied the tail of its traditional enemy twitching above the moss. In a twinkling he grabbed it. However, you can rest assured that he did not retain it for long. As soon as the ambitious frog pereeived what was on the other end of the tidbit he nearly turned himself inside out releasing it, frantically using both hands to hasten the process.

Perhaps, each of us knows or ean remember, a pond or a stretch of river whose margins of semi-aquatic plants merge with shrubbery covered banks or shoreline. Perhaps, we have fished there for sunfish, perch or piekerel or have watched the ebb and flow of its myriad denizens. It is in such places that the bullfrog abounds.

Composed and silent, he may sit for hours under the shadow of a elump of pickerel weed or arrowhead, apparently oblivious to the teeming life about him. But he is keenly alert in every sense and muscle, ready to garner any passing prey.

When darkness falls on his domain he really eomes into his own. That he is the master as well as the spirit of the plaee there is no doubt. His eonfident *jug-o'-rum* booming over the silent water gives full assurance to the faet.

We listen with interest and perhaps a twinge of awe, for when the shades of night envelope the marsh its mys'ery is redoubled. Familiar landmarks beeome indistinet, enigmatic blotehes; friendly trees are transformed into brooding giants. And through it all drift the mysterious miasmatic odors of the swamp.

The startlingly loud hoot of a barred owl suddenly cuts through the night, and silences all lesser voiees within hearing excepting one. Unperturbed and with unwavering confidence, the bullfrog saws away on his big bull fiddle. Now it's *better-go-'round* and again, *jug-o'-rum*. Whatever your interpretation, we know it as the true voice of the swampland.



HERE AND THERE IN ANGLERDOM



SPORT MOVIES AVAILABLE

FRED ARBOGAST: Six reels, 16 mm.: four reels Michigan bass fishing; two reels Florida bass. Plenty of action! No charge.

COLORADO (State of): Two reels, both 400 feet, 16 mm., Kodachrome. One complete fishing trip, one big game hunt; both exceptionally fine films. Available at postage charges only.

EVINRUDE MOTORS: Two excellent films: silent, 16 mm. Film No. 1, 800 ft., two reels, in color, story of a family's enjoyment of a day's picnicking, fishing and aquaplaning in northern Wisconsin. Film No. 3, 1200 ft., three reels, in color, entitled That Boy of Mine! A Canadian wilderness story of an adventurous trip of a boy and his Dad. No charge.

MAINE (State of): Eighteen 16 mm. silent Kodachrome films covering fishing, hunting, canoeing, wildlife, fish hatcheries, tuna fishing, winter sports, and others. No charge.

NEW HAMPSHIRE (State of): Five films describing sports of this state—scenery, history, skiing, and other recreations: all 16 mm. Fees vary from 25c to $3 per day rental, plus transportation costs.

NORTH CAROLINA (State of): Travelogue, 16 mm., sound, color. Shows golf, tennis, riding, fishing, scenic and historical features of state. Available free.

PENN FISHING TACKLE CO.: Six reels, all 16 mm., in color. Subjects are surf casting, tarpon, tuna, sailfish, deep sea and Bimini fishing. Available free.

PENNSYLVANIA (Commonwealth of): One 16 mm. film, either sound or silent. Runs about 24 minutes. Cover four-season tour of the state, with many scenes of interest to sportsmen. No charge.

SPORTSMEN'S SERVICE BUREAU: Has the movie "The Making of a Shooter" in 16 mm., sound and silent, color. Sound runs 23 minutes: silent, 35 minutes. This is a safety film, covering the experience of a boy learning to shoot. Available for transportation costs.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.: Six reels, 16 mm., silent, Kodachrome. Subjects are Yankee and Cardinal baseball training camps, fishing, boating, golf, tennis, and other outdoor sports. No charge.

U. S. FISH & WILDLIFE SERVICE: Color and black and white films, 16 mm. silent. Haunts for the Hunted, two reels, about 35 minutes, shows development of national wildlife refuges, with particular attention to waterfowl. Also four-reel film Speckled Beauties (about 45 min.) describing propagation and conservation of trout. Available for transportation costs both ways.

WAR FILMS: Include in your program at least one war film, which can be readily obtained at little or no cost from distributors within your state. Running time, from 10 minutes up to 48 minutes; available in 16 mm. These are Office of War Information films. Write this department for names of distributors.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE CO.: Seven films 16 mm., silent, color, covering duck hunting, conservation, trapshooting, national rifle and pistol matches big game hunting. Available for transportation costs.

WISCONSIN (State of): More than 30 films, 16 mm., sound and silent, covering a wide variety of sporting subjects, including fur farming, birds, fishing, forestry, canoeing, and winter sports. Available for transportation costs both ways.

Dear Charlie:

Most too busy to write, but feel that I must take time to sound a note of warning on this "new idea" of fishing for food instead of sport.

If I'm not mistaken, the slogan: "Fish for Food," was conceived by a mid-western outdoor writer, and in some states, or sections of states, that idea may be projected upon the public mind without harm, and, at the same time, may have a lot of merit.

This "new idea" has most recently come to my attention in Joe O'Brync's column in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. Of course, it's all a matter of opinion in my case, but personally I do not agree with the idea of urging the fishing public to fish for food; without some qualifications, or, in other words, without regard to species.

I speak for the case of Pennsylvania, where the Fish Commission and the sportsmen have been years building the doctrine of fishing for sport instead of fishing for meat. To urge the taking and killing of food fishes does, in my opinion, have some merit even in Pennsylvania. But, our Game Fishes should not be subjected to such damaging propaganda. And, I strongly urge the Commission and its agencies to handle such a slogan as "Fish for Food" with utmost care.

As I see it, it will do little harm to advocate the taking of Carp, Eels, Suckers, Catfish and the Pan Fishes for food. But, we in Pennsylvania have developed some regard for our Game Fishes that can quite easily be destroyed by adverse influence.

Sincerely,

HOWARD SHILLING

Hatchery trout can be distinguished from those that were hatched and grown entirely in the wild by examining back fins. This has been discovered by C. N. Feast, director of the Colorado Game and Fish Commission. Trout grown to legal size in a hatchery, he says, have dorsal fins somewhat degenerated through crowding. When they are released into the roomier waters of streams, the fins develop to full size, but are always malformed, and their cartilage structures are always cracked. This does not detract from the fish's health, gameness or flavor, but does form an identifying mark. Using this means of detecting hatchery-raised fish, Mr. Feast cruised the Gunnison, one of Colorado's best known streams, and found that 80% of the trout in it are hatchery-raised, a result of the Commission's policy of raising its fish to full legal size instead of releasing them as fingerlings.

A SENATOR'S LAMENT

This is the day that the Lord hath made
And which we have set aside
When the men of the state with rod and bait
Take the trout for a one way ride.
With line and hook to his favorite nook
Each fisherman goes with joy;
We sweat and strain with body and brain
And problems of state annoy.
For weeks we have worked
Some say we have shirked
The tasks that were ours to do,
But now we must stay
While they hie away;
It's sad but it's all too true.
Oh, for a day on the open stream
Free from the cares of state,
Oh, to be there without a care
Where the finny tribes await.
But no, Alas, this day must pass
And we must labor and sweat,
But not next year, just have no fear,
We'll be there in our boots, you bet.

In the Senate of Pa., 4–15–41. J. W. CARR

BAKED CARP

"Carp can be very tasty if it is prepared right," suggests Mrs. J. M. Poole, Sandoval, Illinois. Here is my favorite recipe for this type of fish:

3 pound carp
3 slices bacon
1 large onion sliced
½ cup rice
1 can tomatoes

"Wash carp and soak in salt water. Drain and wash again. Place fish in baking dish. Put bacon on top of fish and salt and pepper well. Pour tomatoes, mashed up over fish and chop up onion fine and drop around fish. Then add ½ cup washed rice. Cook slowly and baste occasionally until done."



Bill Duck, prominent Lewisburg conservationist, with a 20½ inch, 4¼lb. Penn's Creek small-mouth bass, the last fish he caught before entering the armed forces.

COME ALONG DOWN TO THE CELLAR ··· I MUST GET SOME MORE VARNISH AND SHELLAC!

I CAN'T-I SPILLED SOME SHELLAC ON THIS CHAIR AND IF I GET UP YOUR WIFE WILL SEE IT!

GOSH-ALL THIS FUSS OVER FISHING POLES! WHEN I WAS YOUNG I JUST CUT OFF A TREE LIMB AND CAUGHT MORE FISH THAN THEY EVER SAW!

HMM! IT'S GOT A CURVE LIKE A HULA DANCER!

WHOOPEE! MY ROD'S ALL FIXED FOR ANOTHER YEAR-I'M GONNA KETCH ME ONE O'THEM THERE MERMAIDS I BEEN HEARING ABOUT-YIPPEE!

WHY GRAMPAW!

THAT'S THE WAY HE'S BEEN ACTING SINCE I'M AWAY ALL THE TIME, WELDING AT THE SHIPYARDS!

WOULD YOU MIND SMOKING YOUR PIPE IN OUR CLOSET-- WE'RE TRYING TO GET RID OF MOTHS!

HUH?

AND IT WAS THIS LONG!

DEAR, DURING THE RUBBER SHORTAGE YOU SHOULD HELP THE GOVERNMENT BY NOT STRETCHING THINGS!

GOSH!

JUST WHAT PART OF YOUR FISHING EQUIPMENT DO YOU EXPECT TO REPAIR WITH THAT?

WHY, ER, UH-ER, UH-!

TAKE YOUR TIME, MAC, THAT'S THE $64^{00} QUESTION!

THE MEN DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME···WHAT'S A FISH GOT THAT I HAVEN'T GOT?

ALL I KNOW IS SCALES, BUT WHO WANTS TO HAVE SCALES?

CARROLL-4/43

Mailed in conformity with P. O. D. Order No. 19687

Eat Your Cake and Have It Too!

THE 1943 trout season will soon be in progress. By necessity much of our fishing will be near our homes. There will be great concentrations of fishermen on the trout waters near centers of population. Such waters will take the proverbial beating.

The best way to insure trout fishing that will last for the season is for the inveterate angler to return the small trout he catches.

☆ ☆ ☆

BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS
HARRISBURG, PA.

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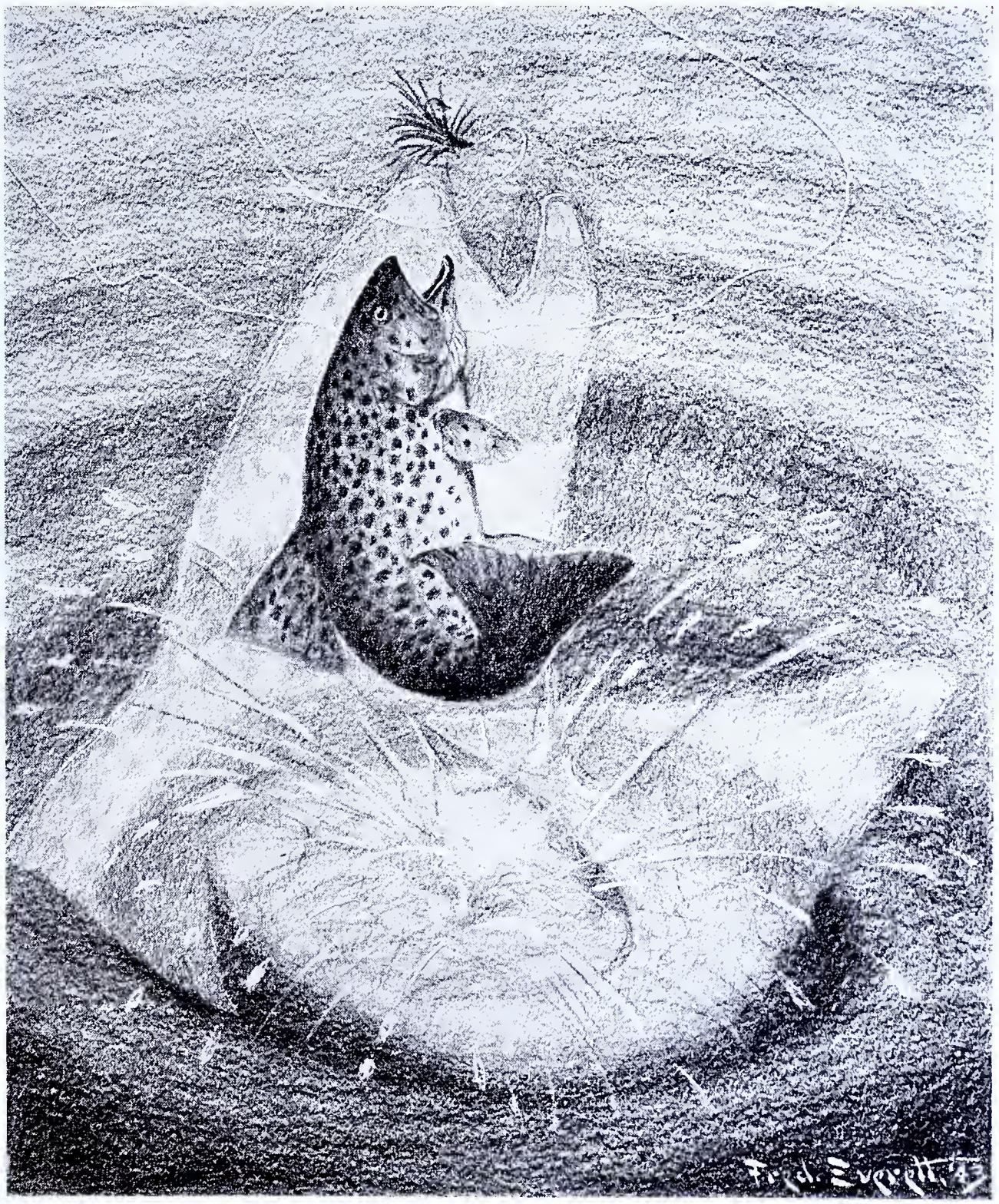
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BUY BONDS BUY BONDS

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

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MAY, 1943 TEN CENTS

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

OFFICIAL STATE PUBLICATION

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★

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★

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EDWARD MARTIN
Governor

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

VOL. XII, No. 5 MAY, 1943

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Here and There

My dear Mr. French:

I have read the recent issue of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, particularly because of the story on Brodhead's Creek, and the fact that my branch of the family referred to are direct descendants of General Daniel Brodhead.

You might be interested to know that my father, James E. Brodhead of Flemington, New Jersey, is hale and hearty at 92 years of age, and began fishing the Brodhead at a very early age under the tutelage of his father, Andrew Jackson Brodhead, who raised his family of ten children in that particular section of Pennsylvania.

Of course, I have fished the stream for approximately forty years, and certainly concur in the beauty of the stream and the most excellent fishing to be had.

I have heard my father tell stories of catching quantities of two-pound native trout. All of this is of course nostalgic but certainly does recall delightful memories.

I am enclosing a check for which I would appreciate having sent to me ten copies of the April issue of the ANGLER, in order that I may send them to a few of my friends.

Cordially yours,
N. B. BRODHEAD,
New York, N. Y.

My Dear Mr. Sweigart:

I am sorry to say that there is nothing at all in the idea expressed by Mr. W. W. Wheatley in your March issue about bleeding fish. Fish have an extremely small amount of blood in proportion to their weight scarcely 2% of the weight. This is nearly all concentrated in the gills, heart and liver and swim bladder. The amount of blood in the meat part of the fish which we eat is infinitessimal and could not in any way affect the taste of the flesh. His recommendation to clean the fish is of course well founded because decay sets in most rapidly in the intestinal organs and the pepsin of the stomach of the fish working well in the cold, will start to digest the walls of the stomach at once and soon penetrates the flesh surrounding the stomach making it soft. Fish should be cleaned as soon as caught. Salmon which do not have any pepsin in their stomachs keep much better if they are not cleaned, and this again shows that the blood is of no importance.

As to the sufferings of fish when they are taken from water, this is a matter of great doubt. It is probable that being in an atmosphere where they get a vast increase in the oxygen to the gills that they become intoxicated on an oxygen drunk and may die in ecstasy. We cannot know that they endure any suffering. Isaac Walton was right in advising cleaning fish but he was out of his depth when he recommended bleeding them. If he had been a salmon fisherman he would have known better.

Yours truly,
EDWARD R. HEWITT.

STATE PURCHASES REINING'S POND

Negotiations are being closed by the Wayne County Savings Bank and Judge Clarence E. Bodie, Executors of the Estate of Annie C. Reining, for the conveyance to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania of property in Cherry Ridge Township known as Reining's Pond. This well known pond covers an area of ap-approximately fifty acres and it is understood that the Commonwealth intends to build another dam above the present lake which will create a body of water approximately the same area. This lake has been leased by the Reining Estate to the Cherry Ridge Fishing Club for the past several years.

The Wayne County Sportsmen's Association is pleased that the state has acquired this fine body of water not only for the sportsmen of Wayne County, but for the entire state. The lake will be open to public fishing as long as there is a Commonwealth.

Atty. Lester R. Male represented the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The entire purchase consists of about 220 acres but does not include the Reining homestead property on the east side of the road.

The sportsmen are very grateful for the assistance given by J. L. Neiger of Scranton, member of the Board of Fish Commissioners who urged upon the commission to purchase of this beautiful body of water. Sen. Montgomery Crowe chairman of the Fish and Game committee in the Senate, and Irving S. Dix, chairman of the Fish committee in the House of Representatives, also gave their support toward this purchase. John Schadt, Lake Ariel, fish warden of Wayne County also assisted in the surveys.

—*Wayne County Citizen.*

Gentlemen:

I know that you are interested in catches made each year and the following is my 1942 catch. My favorite fishing is for trout, in fact I do no other fishing at all. I use both artificial lures and live bait, however I have come to the conclusion that bait is the thing to use in this section for large trout, especially Browns, although I must admit that when the water is low and clear most of the trout that I take at this time are taken on either fly or nymph. I fished in the vicinity of 40 days, caught in the neighborhood of 250 trout, and killed 135 of these. I might mention that I base my catches on an eight inch limit, in other words I keep no trout under eight inches, unless they are badly hooked. I also kept three suckers which I caught. The largest trout taken on worm was 18½ inches long and the largest taken on fly was 16 inches long. The 40 days that I have listed do not include full days, as I did most of my fishing in the evenings.

Very truly yours,
RICHARD L. DOLTON,
Farm Forester.

HOW TO TIE A PARACHUTE DRY FLY

Alex Rogan, Well Known Salmon Fly Dresser, Describes How To Construct the Little Known Dry Fly

As Told to A. C. ROSS

Illustrated by CHARLES DE FEO

Beware! beware! his eye is bright
As falcon's in the sky;
But artful feather hove aright
Will hood a keener eye.
By T. T. STODDART.

FLY-TYING is the art of imitating insect life, the creation of an effective lure to catch fish. Any innovation that tries to obtain this effect should, no matter how unconventional it may seem at first sight, be given a fair trial to decide whether it can stand the test of time.

In the past fishermen have been hidebound by shibboleths or so-called truisms. If the construction of a lure was not imitative of natural insect life, it was looked upon with scorn. We should, on the other hand, not employ lures that without question attract the eye of the fisherman and are made merely to "sell" the fishermen and apparently have no fish appeal.

The parachute dry fly though novel is not an absolutely new fly. It is also known under various other names, as the aero, gyro and balloon dry fly. You will find that it has been constructed and sold in England and, I believe, in some sections of the United States. However, it has never been used here to any great extent. The chief reason for this apparent lack of interest in its use may be due to the fact that it costs approximately 50% more than the average run-of-the-mill dry fly. The increased price is due to the use of a special type of patented hook, which, in England, has a projection about a third of the way from the eye of the hook. See figure A. In the United States, you may find that some fly dressers utilize a short piece of wire, nylon or gut tied to the hook as a substitute for the metal projection used on the English type. After a short time the wire or gut either turned on the shank or became loose, causing the hackles to twist.

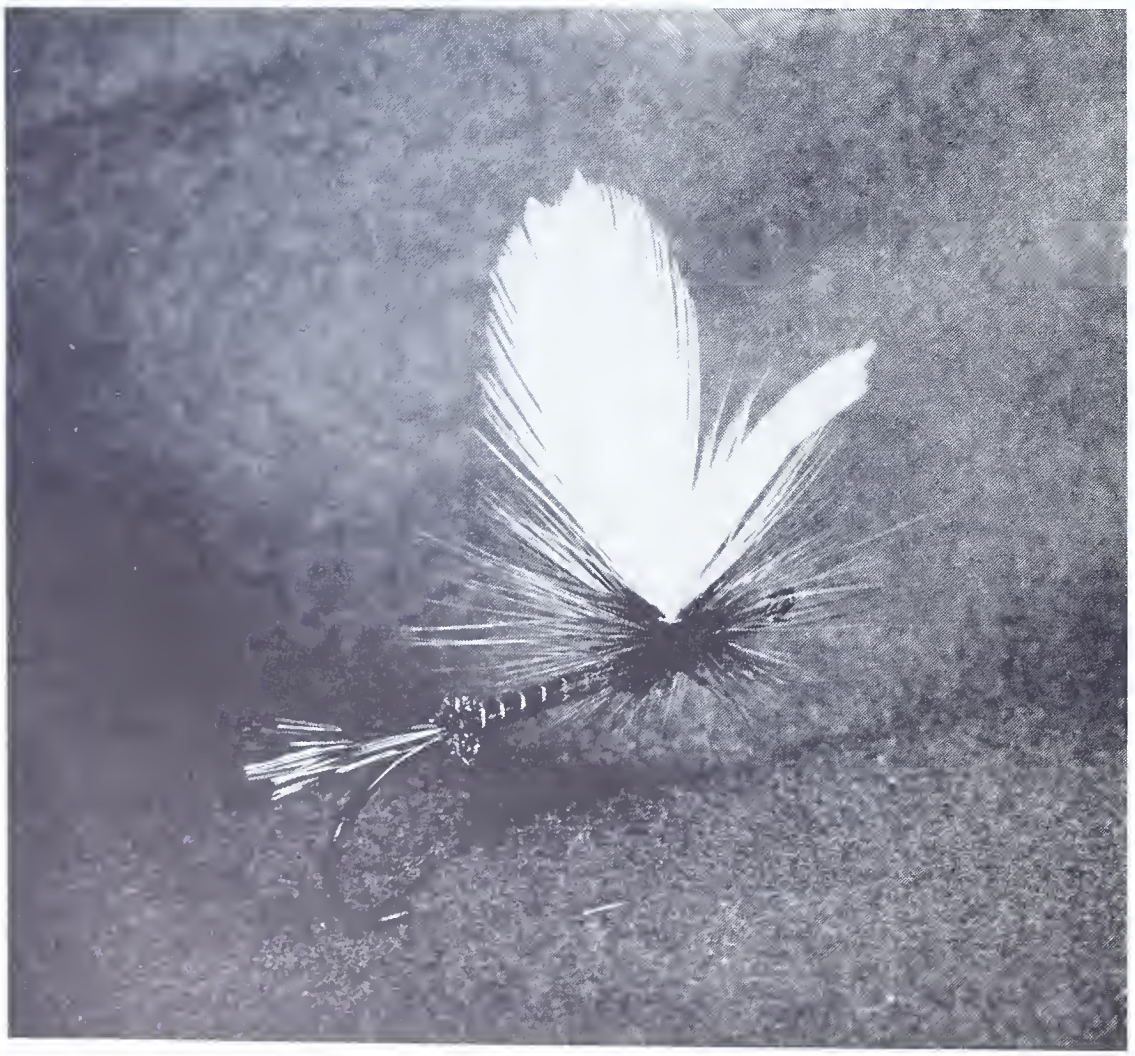
Several years ago Mr. Rogan conceived the idea of constructing the so-called parachute dry fly with the same materials used in making the traditional dry fly. His idea was to tie the hackles round the stems of the hackles themselves thus eliminating the extra weight of the steel projection or its substitute. Under the Rogan method of construction the parachute fly is stoutly made, from the same materials, without recourse to gut, wire or special hook. Any of the long list of dry flies most popular with fishermen can be tied by the Rogan method. Individual ingenuity and imagination will develop the ordinary dry flies into lures that become more lifelike and successful.

In expounding the virtues of the parachute fly, it is claimed that the conventional dry fly has the disadvantage of exposing the leader linkage to the floating fly, making it visible to the supersensitive sight of the trout. By using the parachute fly, it is claimed, this disadvantage is greatly eliminated, because the linkage to the leader is on top of the fly. Because of its novel construction the connection of the fly to the leader does not show on the surface of the water. This allows the fly to float as a seemingly natural and unattached insect. From figure B you can see how the leader linkage appears on the water.

When the dry fly, tied in the traditional manner, rests on the surface of the water, you will note that there is a tendency for the hackle fibres to soak up water through their points to the center of the stem and saturate the body material. This absorption occurs because the points of the hackles perforate the so-called skin of the water. The capillary action and absorption of moisture soon increase the weight of the fly, rendering it sluggish and unnatural, giving it a drowned appearance. On the other hand, the hackle fibres of the parachute fly, because of its novel construction, lie parallel to the surface and consequently do not have this tendency to perforate the surface of the water. Someone has suggested that the way the hackles are placed on the parachute fly has the same result as a man using snowshoes in crossing deep soft snow. Without them he would sink into the snow, whereas when he wears them he glides over it without penetrating the surface. Another example of this dissimilar action can be observed in the falling of a leaf upon water. If the leaf falls edgewise, it would have an inclination to break the skin of the water, causing it to become wet at the edges through capillary action and absorption and soon become saturated with moisture. Take in contrast a leaf that has fallen flat on the surface of the water. It will ride the surface serenely downstream like a miniature ship.

Although our interpretation of this capillary action, absorption of moisture and their

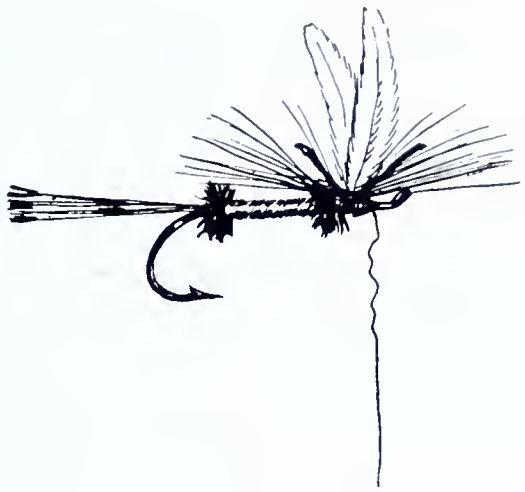
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The hackles of the parachute dry fly are parallel with the body instead of perpendicular as is the case with the standard tie.



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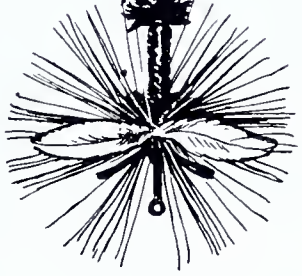
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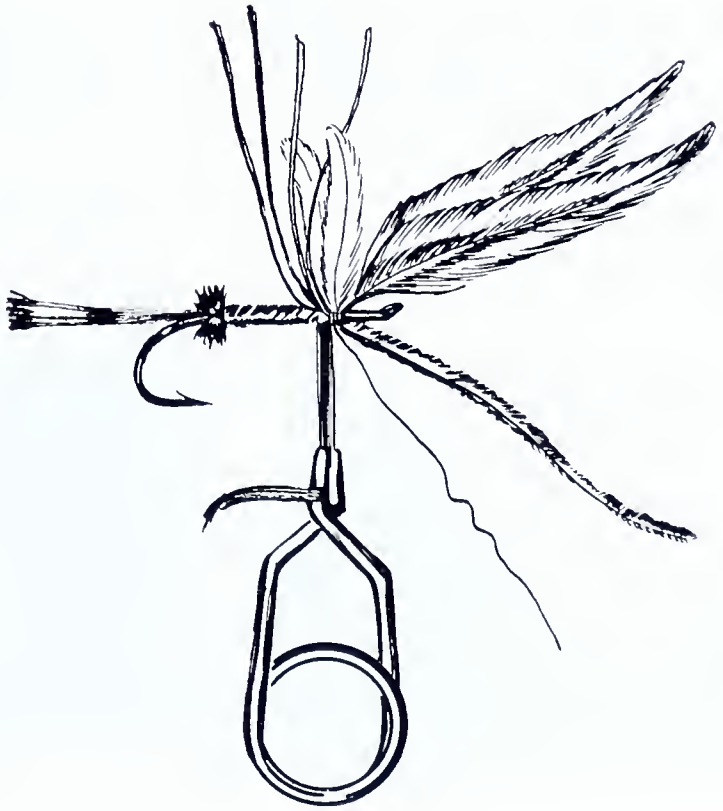


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BROOK TROUT IN KETTLE CREEK AND TRIBUTARIES

By R. L. WATTS, G. L. TREMBLEY and GEORGE HARVEY

BROOK Trout in Kettle Creek and Tributaries is the title of Bulletin 437 of The Pennsylvania State College Agricultural Experiment Station. A copy of this bulletin may be obtained free of charge from the Director of the Experiment Station, State College, Pennsylvania.

Through the courtesy and cooperation of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER it is proposed to publish a series of articles which will briefly summarize the investigations and thus make the more important data available to all ANGLER readers. Kettle Creek and its tributaries are well known to thousands of Pennsylvania fishermen. The entire watershed is within the borders of Potter and Clinton Counties and practically all of the area is covered with coniferous and deciduous trees characteristic of free stone soils and the north tier Counties.

The studies were made for the following purposes:

1. To determine the feeding habits of brook trout and the available food supply in the streams under observation. (These incomplete studies will be presented in a later report.)
2. To determine the migratory movements of brook trout in these streams and the relationship of temperatures to such movements.
3. To determine the growth rate of brook trout in small nursery streams closed to public fishing and also in the important tributary of Kettle Creek, Hammersley Fork, all of which is open to public fishing.
4. To obtain as much information as possible which would be useful in planning stream management programs.

To obtain definite information on the migratory movements of trout in these streams it was necessary to install two-way fish weirs or traps in Hammersley Fork, Trout Run and Hevner's Run. The weirs were locked and visited daily to record and release captured fish.

To obtain an accurate record of this migration and growth rate of trout in these streams it was also necessary to tag a large number of fish. The jaw-tag method of marking the fish was adopted and found to be highly satisfactory. The small tags were made of light metal and serially numbered. Small pliers were used to bend the somewhat elongated tags (as they come from the factory) to a more circular shape. The sharp end of the tag was then inserted up through the floor of the mouth and made secure around the left mandible. Further rounding of the tag was found desirable to allow for growth of the jaw bone. The captured fish were usually placed immediately in a bucket partly filled with water and held until several were assembled. A ruler inset on a light, thin board was used to make the measurements, and the fish were measured from the tip of the nose to the notch of the tail. The data included number of tag, name of stream, pool or part of stream where the fish was captured, date of capture, length of fish when tagged, length of fish when recaptured, and date when recovered.

The character of the streams made it impossible to use seines effectively so that it was necessary to capture most of the fish with line and barbless hooks. Tagging was performed rapidly and carefully and practically no fish were lost on account of this operation.

Description of Streams

Kettle Creek empties into the West Branch of the Susquehanna River at Westport. From headwaters to the mouth is a distance of about 35 miles. From Cross Forks (the junction of the Cross Forks Branch and Kettle Creek) to Westport is 22 miles. The average width of the stream in the area studied, that is from the mouth of Hammersley Fork to Leidy, is about 100 feet, although the stream is much wider than this in certain areas.

All of the streams under consideration are of sandstone origin, fairly rapid and entirely free of pollution. Cultivated and abandoned fields are common along Kettle Creek and the lower parts of the tributaries.

Two or three decades ago all of these streams had an exceedingly dense population of brook trout. Though the waters are stocked annually, good roads and trails now make them easily available and a large number of anglers and daily fishing during the open season have caused a material drop in trout population.

Hammersley Fork with its two main branches, Bell and Nelson, is the largest and the longest of the tributaries of Kettle Creek except the Cross Fork Branch. It is fed largely by cold water springs and in most areas is well provided with cover for fish life.

Trout Run which flows into Kettle Creek several miles below the mouth of Hammersley Fork is one of the coldest of the tributaries. Its three branches, the Right Fork, Wykoff Branch and Dr. Green Branch are the most important feeders of this stream. The main stream and the tributaries flow through wooded areas except from the forks to Kettle Creek, a distance of 1 1/3 miles which is more open. Rocks and boulders in the stream bed provide excellent cover for fish life.

Hevner's Run flows into Kettle Creek on the south side about midway between Hammersley Fork and Trout Run, and it has only one branch. The stream is more open than the other tributaries studied and is subject to severe damages from floods.

Stream Temperatures

In determining the adaptability of water to the life of brook trout, it is essential to have as complete information as possible relating to temperatures at different periods and under varying conditions. This knowledge is also necessary in studying the migratory movements of trout, rate of growth, feeding habits, spawning and stream management.

From April 15 to July 1, 1940, daily morning and evening readings were made at three stations in Kettle Creek, namely, about midway between Hammersley Fork and Trout Run, above the mouth of Hammersley Fork and above the mouth of Trout Run. At the same time temperatures were taken in the mouths of these tributaries. The averages of the evening readings are presented in Table 1.

Table 1.—Average evening water and air temperatures of Kettle Creek, Hammersley Fork, Trout Run, 1940.

	KETTLE CREEK					
Month	*At Laboratory*	*Above Hammersley Fork*	*About Trout Run*	*At Mouth of Hammersley Fork*	*At Mouth of Trout Run*	*Average Evening Air Temperatures*
	°F	°F	°F	°F	°F	°F
April	47.2	47.3	47.6	47.0	46.1	50.9
May	58.3	58.3	58.5	55.7	53.6	63.6
June	68.4	68.3	69.6	61.6	61.1	71.6

Students of stream temperatures will find Table 1 significant in several respects. First, Kettle Creek evening temperatures at the three points for each month are remarkably uniform. Second, tributary temperatures, even in April, are always lower than in Kettle Creek. Third, as the season advances through the spring upstream migra-

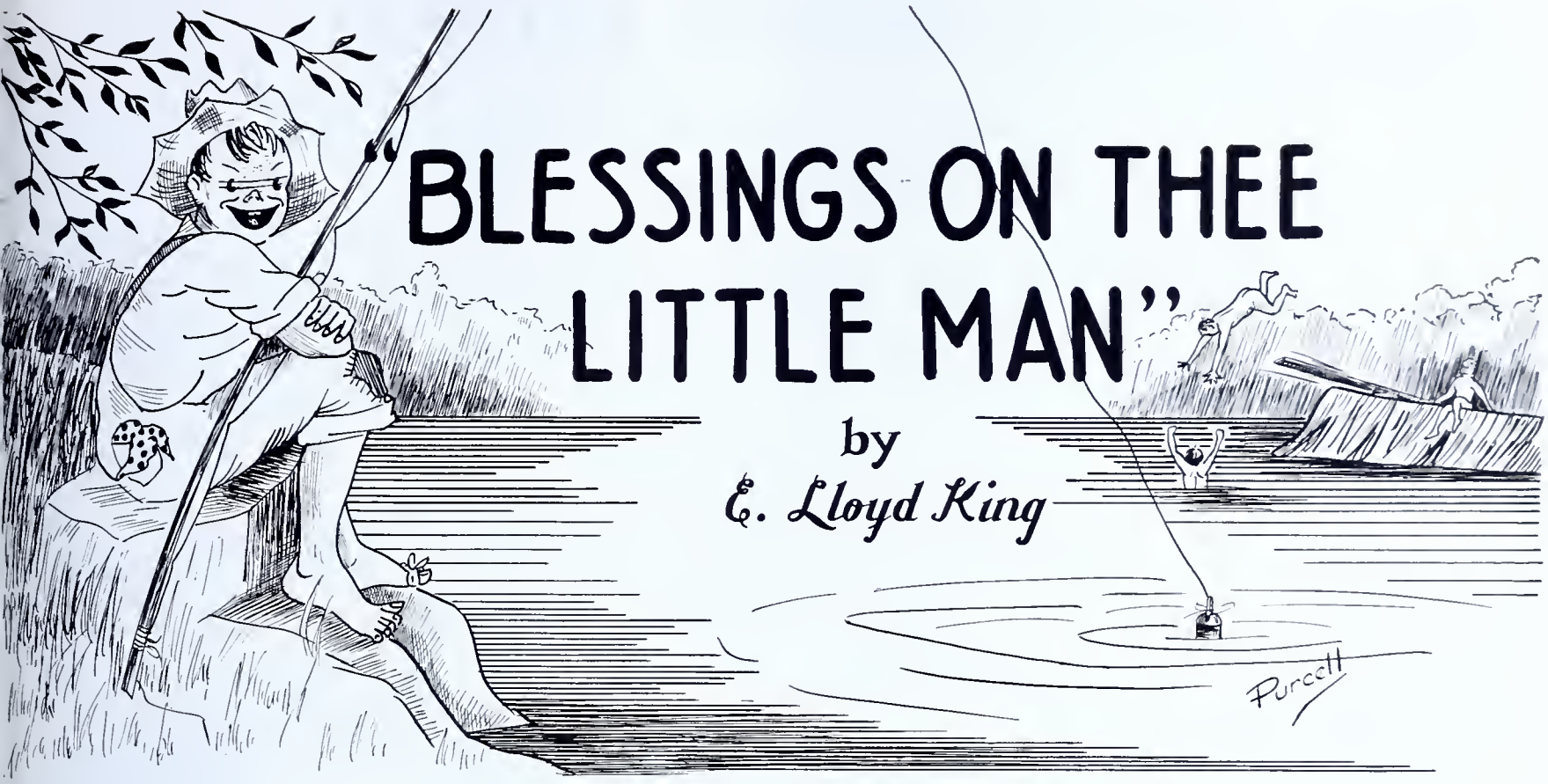
(Continued on page 16)



Our native hemlock is an attractive feature of the Kettle Creek watershed.



A small percentage of the brook trout migrate during the late fall, after spawning, into the main stream.



"BLESSINGS ON THEE LITTLE MAN"

by

E. Lloyd King

IT WAS just below the spillway along the surging tree lined channel near Barnitz on the Yellow Breeches that the lone wolf dry flyman noticed an interloped slip into the water and carefully begin working downward with wets. At first the former's dimming eyes interpreted the slender gliding, cautious form as that of a woman, but second glance discovered the intruder to be a boy. And with it went aglimmering the lingering hope of some exclusive dry fishing in those as yet virgin dark, secluded pools, too small to permit the intrusion of even so careful a visitor without spoiling it all for the second best.

Who was he? From whence did he come? The cocksure stream poise, the perfect timing, the rhythmic rise and fall of the newcomer's rod bespoke the initiate and would have made a far less observant guy than the oldster pause to wonder. Then cautiously the two neared the point of meeting, each eyeing one and the other with cold appraising glance. On the elder's part, he saw a frail, willowy lad of indeterminate age, perhaps only thirteen or fourteen, or even fifteen if undersize or underweight, and with a peaked little face as tanned as a baked apple, eyes blue as the cloudless horizon, piercing, direct, fearless, manner self-confident and regal, nicely trimmed dark locks adorned with a battered hat torn at the crown; a faded, baggy hand-me-down sweater; boots much too large and one flagrantly flaunting a gaping, ragged hole above the knee, the tear almost big enough through which to jam a goodly sized man's fist, quite definitely beyond hope of patching. And an eloquently dripping nose which he furtively wiped from time to time with a besmirched sleeve!

"How-ar'ya making out?" to break the ice from the aging weatherbeaten Bill, curious old nosy that he is, and the little face lighted up with an infectious, disarming million-dollar-the-inch grin.

"Ain't no good here!" immediately, pleasantly, from the little elf. "Too easy for the wormers! They git 'em all the first day!" And pretty nearly correct at that.

"Why waste time then?" from the adult.

"Just working down to the bluff. Bigger ones down there!" An expression of wisdom to belie tender years!

Indeed here lurked some real competition! As might be expected, the oldster's plans too were not altogether oblivious to the self-same bluff, not too heavily fished, not always so easy to work correctly, almost impossible without waders and sometimes housing a nice trout. Still the encounter proved heart warming anyway . . . it is always right pleasing to know another fisherman endorses one's pet opinions and choice strategies.

And furthermore there hinted something akin to another almost forgotten bygone boyhood surrounding this bright eyed skinny lad . . . all alone, fishing artificials, asking little of the stream other than space and probably getting less. It all took old Bill back again some thirty-five years to his own none too affluent and oft repeated youthful fishing excursions. Immediately the oldster wanted to make more conversation —furtively he sought to steal or borrow just a bit of elusive, fleeting boyhood once again, second hand—he wanted to establish confidence, friendship, and to look well in the eyes of another man's son.

Boys are not much different than grown men or perhaps grown men are merely adult boys at heart. Ask any mother or wife! And given the opportunity, show us even the grown fisherman who will not tarry to wax eloquent and explain in detail technique, lures, stream peculiarities to another considered less wise or experienced . . . it is merely a subconscious throw back to the mystic stone age warrior when one elaborates his prowess and knowledge of the field or stream, the old ego or whatchamacallit. And sometimes leading to a come-on or trap by the coy initiated. Pretending to be a total stranger thereabouts and in need of advice, the probing older sportsman drew his little compatriot out.

Gravely the youngster displayed his flies —no worms for him, explaining the small wet 16's and 18's were best right now; tiny quills for clear water. Some were easily recognizable as the handicraft of Ray Bergman, the Empire State master; others bespoke of George Phillips and Alexandria; the shiny black ants hinted Bobbie McCafferty and Hershey's chocolate town; the remaining creations of Paul Young, great midwest sportsman.

Then, "that big one's a White Miller, best just at dusk, all unknown to so many adult fishermen; this a Yellow May and fairly successful two weeks ago as the small sulphur drakes hovered over the water; like the Pale Watery and California Coachman."

"Ummm-mm-mmm!" grunted Bill.

"There's a McGinty! Ever use it? Goes swell upstream a mile or so near the big apiary. This'uns a Royal Coachman, never seems lucky. Lost two Black Gnats, trying a Raven and not so good!" All positive . . . all cocksure! Differing from Bill, the youngster liked the fresh water shrimp in a little limestone streamlet not so far distant; agreeing both choose the Black Ant downstream some miles in a wooded section where these insects abound and erect their trade-mark in the guise of big cone-shaped domiciles close to the water edge.

The careful manner with which the lad fondled his outfit, the caressing way grit and dirt were brushed away, spoke more eloquently than mere words—without doubt here was life's most prized possession. And his equipment did not look altogether bad at that; the reel one commonly selling for a couple dollars, offering good ventilation, no sharp edges and of all things a nickel or chromium line guide; the rod, 8½ ft. bamboo, apparently costing somewhere around seven-fifty to ten dollars; line oil dressed,

(Continued on page 17)

THREE HUMBLE FRIENDS

Sunfish, Rock Bass, and White Chubs Are Hard Fighters—Give Them a Trial When Trout and Bass Go on a Strike

By DICK FORTNEY

THE stretch of stream on which I was fishing was perfect. The water had cut into the far bank, forming a shadowed bit of shore line. The current was just swift enough to carry a dry fly along at satisfactory speed. On my right a giant willow leaned out over the creek, dipping the tips of its brances against the surface, and just below the tree a jumble of small rocks poked up from the bottom.

The weather was perfect too. One of those late spring afternoons when the sun was shining brightly, but not too warm, with a light breeze blowing and the water feeling refreshingly cool against my legs.

And I was having the darndest time catching chubs.

Changing fly patterns did no good. Even careless fishing failed to put down the hungry little fellows. Every cast of the fly brought a vigorous rise.

It was too perfect a day for an angler to lose his temper, and besides, in a philosophical mood, I decided that the chubs were really helping me to sharpen my eye and wrist, for it was the first really good day of the season for dry fly angling.

Then, at a spot where I already had hooked a couple of chubs, there was a harder strike than usual, and the pull of the hooked fish was like none that had been felt before that afternoon.

It was a brown trout of fair size.

I don't know how many chubs struck the flies after that, for I kept on fishing with a bit of optimism, before a second trout took the lure and soon lay in the fern-lined creel on my shoulder.

Again the chubs resumed their feeding, but not another trout put in its appearance during the rest of the afternoon.

I went home with memories of some pleasant sport. I had enjoyed plenty of action, and the fact that I had caught the two trout spiced the afternoon's action.

I never have been one, however, to look down upon the panfish which inhabit our trout and bass streams. Too often they have produced interesting action during days which, so far as the bigger game fish were concerned, were wholly unproductive.

I don't mind if I go trout fishing and the chubs are on the prod, or if rock bass and sunfish are the only finny creatures to meet the challenge of my lures or bait in a bass stream. These humble denizens of the fishing streams have their good points—not the least of which is the heart for a game and tricky battle against the fishing rod.

Even so far as eating is concerned, the panfish can hold their own against any trout or bass ever placed on my plate.

All of us know chaps who throw panfish out on the banks of the stream to die if these humble creatures get to the lure before trout or bass make up their minds to strike.

"That one will never bother another fisherman," I heard the fellow say of a white chub of fair size which he hurled angrily into the bushes when it took his dry fly on a stream one afternoon.

He was fishing for trout, the aristocrats of the stream, you see, and in his disappointment he entirely overlooked the fact that the chub, better than a foot in length, had taken the fly with one of those smashing strikes that make an angler's heart thump, had raged through the water with fierce efforts to get free, and had been brought to the net only after expending its last ounce of strength and cunning.

If that fish had had brightly colored spots on its sides, he would have yelled in glee—he's that sort of an angler—but because its sides were silver, he hurled it into the bushes to die. As a matter of fact, my companion thought the fish was a trout until he had it close enough to scoop it up in his landing net.

Then I know another angler who has an entirely different reaction to a chub. He lands it carefully, removes the fly from its lip with gentle hands, and returns it to the water, usually with words that go something like this:

"Thanks for the fun, but it's trout I'm after. You get back in the water where you belong, and be more careful the next time."

Personally, I prefer the reactions of the second angler.

Panfish Characteristics

Panfish have almost the same characteristics as game fish with the exception of temperament, and that's all in their favor. All of them take artificial lures vigorously; many of them grow to surprising size. And whereas trout and bass are moody creatures that bite or strike only when they have a mind to, panfish are on the prod most of the time, driven by either hunger or curiosity, or perhaps by both.

The rock bass is one of the most common fishes in America. Thick-bodied and meaty, and armed with fins that call for careful handling, this species of panfish is found in all bass water, preferring a rocky bottom near a stump or big rock or some other hiding place.

Worms, crawfish, grubs, minnows, and grasshoppers are good baits, but not until the angler uses artificial lures does he appreciate the real sport of angling for rock bass.

Rockies, as they are called, are vigorous night feeders and, as such, are free strikers on bassbugs, floating hackle flies, and surface plugs. The fly and spinner is probably the best day-time lure, although rockies at times will also strike viciously at wet flies fished close to the surface. Those last couple of words deserve emphasis. Rock bass do most of their feeding close to the surface, day or night.

Here's another interesting trait of the rock bass. When dusk is at hand and it's time to begin using small surface plugs or bassbugs, the rock bass invariably feed vigorously for an hour or so. Then suddenly they stop, and the small-mouths begin feeding. In streams where I do a lot of evening fishing the fellows always say that when the rock bass strike well they know the bass fishing will be good a bit later.

Spot fishing with small cork-bodied bassbugs is lots of sport during this evening rise. The trick is to watch for a dimple in the water where a rock bass has taken food off the surface. Cast the bassbug, which should be of the smallest size available, to the spot, let it lie quietly on the water for 10 or 15 seconds, and then twitch it very lightly.

You will find that the rock bass still is hanging around and will take the bug on the first or second twitch. Watch the lure closely. Often the fish will take it with no commotion at all, and your only sign that the strike has come will be the fact that the lure has vanished. The strike may be so light that the surface of the water will not be disturbed. You can't afford to let down your guard for an instant.

There's another habit of rock bass that spinner fishermen should know—and that is the custom of the fish to hide under rocks. Spinners and flies should be fished with patience and care around rocky obstructions on the bed of a stream—and the experienced angler is not surprised when a rock bass comes racing out from under a rock, follows the lure a couple of feet, then takes it with a smashing strike.

There is no questioning the courage of a rock bass. He'll tackle a lure bigger than he is himself. One evening a rockie happened around while I was fishing a big black surface lure along the edge of a patch of weeds growing out from a creek shore. In a single retrieve of not more than 20 feet that rock bass struck at the lure three times, finally getting one treble hook in his mouth. The fish actually was no bigger than the body of the lure. After I worked the hook carefully out of his lip, he dashed away as cockily as ever.

Sunfish Good Sport

Another favorite panfish is the sunfish, which is to be found in all quiet, shallow waters.

Like the rock bass, the sunfish is fond of worms and grasshoppers, but it also takes small wet flies readily and occasionally will strike floating dry flies.

Sunfish have a habit of feeding in schools, and it is possible to hook ten or a dozen of them in one spot by careful angling.

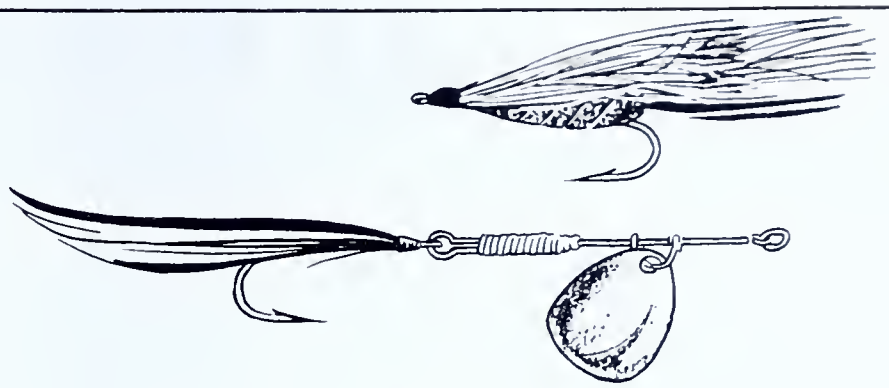
Sunfish, too, are capable of producing surprises.

I was fishing for bass with a stone-catfish one afternoon when I had a strike that sent visions of a lunker bass through my mind. One instant I could just feel the catfish working jerkily around the bottom of the pool—and the next moment the line



SMALL, CORK-BODIED BASSBUG

FIG. A



FLY AND SPINNER; TWO TYPES OF FLIES

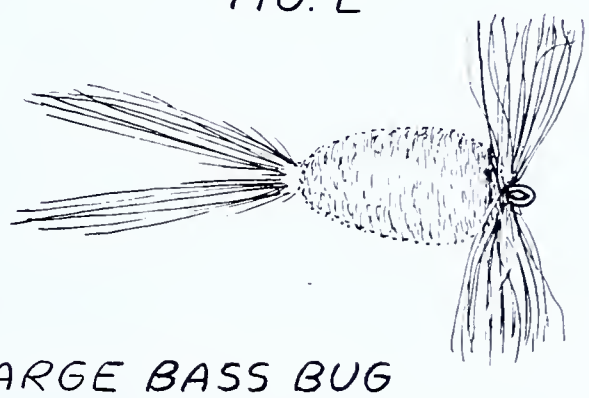
FIG. B.



FIG. C

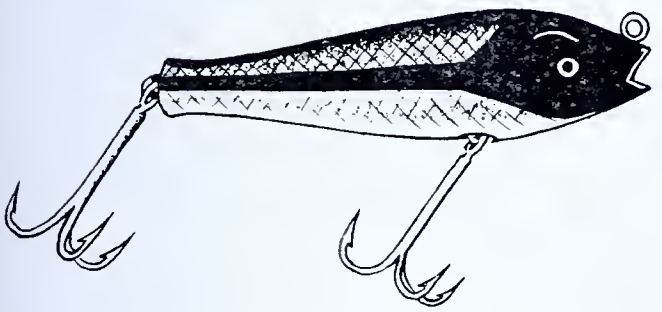
SNOWBALL, BIG DRY FLY

FIG. E

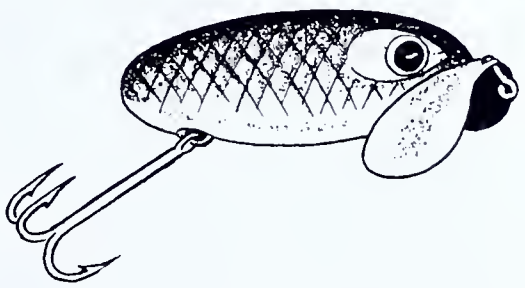


LARGE BASS BUG MADE OF DEER HAIR

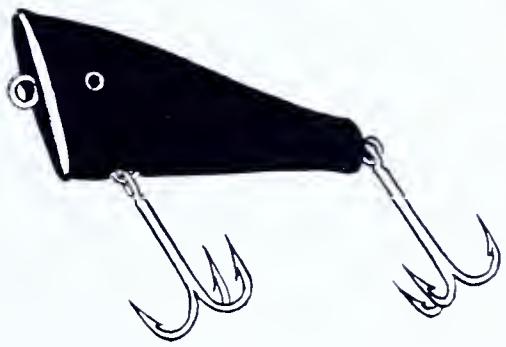
FIG. D



MIDGET DARTER



SMALL JITTERBUG



MIDGET PLUNKER

SOME TRIED AND TRUE LURES FOR PANFISH BUSH

was running out through the guides of my rod at a pace that had me hustling to get more slack in order not to interfere with the run.

The hook finally was set solidly, and the rod tip dipped low under the strain. Back and forth over a goodly area the fish dived and flashed, occasionally turning near the surface and making the water boil.

By now I was sure that I had a nice bass, and I was even more certain when I decided the struggle had gone far enough and began reeling the fish into netting distance.

You can imagine my surprise when I glimpsed through the water the golden sides of a sunfish that later proved to be nine inches long.

The illusion of weight and size in this case resulted from the habit the sunfish has

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FOR JITTERY WAR NERVES--GO FISHING



Sam Weitz, ardent Philadelphia angler, steps into a pet spot. One of the joys of the inveterate trout fisherman is to watch the development of outdoor life during the early spring.

FOR JITTERY WAR NERVES--GO FISHING

By SAMUEL WEITZ

TO put that old pep into your system, spend your day off in the great outdoors. This year, with restrictions on travel keeping us near home, we will have to rely on the recreational facilities of our own State. Our lakes are well stocked with all kinds of game fish, and some of our trout streams are famous throughout the land. Truly, we are blessed with "Acres of Diamonds."

It was on one of the lakes in the Pocono Mountains, that I received the greatest thrill in all of my thirty odd years of fishing. A four pound large mouth bass that just wouldn't give up. T.N.T. . . . Plus!

The action took place one hot mid-summer day, a few years ago. My nephew Dave Stybel and I had planned a little diversion as the fishing lagged. Tree stumps, lily pads and submerged logs were chosen as targets and we were to cast our lures as close as possible without touching. A hit counted zero, and the loser would have to row the boat.

We were thus amusing ourselves, when we came to a boat landing filled with vacationists from a nearby bungalow colony. They were enjoying the swimming and sun-bathing. One fair damsel was doing some fancy diving, in which we became very much interested.

Probably to show off his casting ability, Dave proposed the far end of the wharf as a target. The distance was approximately 100 feet. "Age before beauty" chirped Dave, "you can have the first shot." Taking careful aim, I drew back my arm and let go. The frog colored "Jitterbug" I was using at the time, sped through the air with a graceful arc—and dropped a couple of inches from the corner.

"Looks like you'll be rowing the boat," I teased Dave.

I gave the line a light jerk before reeling in; suddenly a shadow streaked out from under the wharf . . . then . . . Wha-a-a-a-amm!! What a strike! With a savage rush that took him a foot out of the water, a large mouth bass struck at the lure, hooking himself solidly. Spla-a-a-ash!! He landed on the surface in a shower of spray, that awakened the sun-bathers from their siesta.

Immediately, that scrapper tried to get back to his haven under the wharf and I realized, if he ever succeeded I would be licked. My rod almost bent double, as I put on the pressure. Everything held tight and "Mr. Bass" gave way. Changing his tactics, and almost catching me unaware, he came for the boat like a torpedo!

Under the boat he charged and emerged on the other side! Frantically I retrieved the slack line! Again and again he broke water, dancing on his tail and viciously shaking his head, as he vainly tried to shake the hook loose! The mermaid on the wharf, must have learned some new dives.

The steady pressure took its toll and as he gradually weakened, I was able to draw him closer to the boat. Dave grabbed the net and tried to slip it under that "Dreadnaught" but . . . the gamey old battler wasn't giving up so easily. In desperation, he made one final leap—and tore loose!

Fortunately, the net was directly underneath and I had another trophy for the camera. Close examination of the photo, will show the torn mouth that almost gained him freedom.

Trading punches with the scrappy "Bronze Back" will test your skill to the limit, if you will use light tackle. For real *sport fishing*, try artificial lures. Get them in various color combinations and you will be well prepared for the whims of these wily battlers.

Some experts claim the noise of the big plugs scare the fish, therefore, they favor the midget size lures. I believe the splash is an added attraction. I have repeatedly made a killing, with a plug that weighs ⅞ of an ounce. The late Zane Grey once said, "It takes a big bait to catch a big fish."

If you can cast a long line with fair accuracy, your percentage of strikes will be increased. Retrieve slowly. The stop and go method will give your lures a most deceptive motion. The spark of "life" it imparts to your phoney bait, goads the big ones into action.

In recent years, the tendency to use a leader in bait casting has become popular. I find, that it increases the efficiency of the plugs, saves the wear on the line and its sinking qualities, make it ideal terminal for the popping lures. Use the *improved* Nylon leader and tie it on to the line with a barrel knot. It will slide through the guides without any trouble. The correct length can be determined, by reeling in the line until you feel the knot. The end of the leader should hang about three or four inches from the tip of the rod.

In night fishing, you will find this a valuable aid, for no matter how dark it may be, you will be sure the plug is in position for the next cast. Use a small swivel pin for the quick changing of lures. Some surface baits have their action hampered by the weight of the smallest swivel, so snip it off and just use the pin.

When fishing from a boat, place a board on the gunwales and it will make a splendid auxiliary seat. In addition to being higher, you will have more leg room and comfort. If the craft is unsteady, disregard this feature. Use a canoe paddle for the silent maneuvering of the boat.

Years ago, I learned to fry fish over a camp fire using a tin sauce pan for a cover. The ashes from the fire were kept out of the frying pan, and the fish steamed and fried at the same time. There is a pan on the market that has a close fitting cover and it is known as a chicken fryer. This improved utensil will make a welcome addition to your equipment.

In conclusion, I would suggest you take a camera along and record the high-lights of your various trips. Later, when telling that fish story at your club or lodge meeting, the photo will be silent proof of the big one that *didn't* get away.

WELL, WHY DO YOU FISH?

By BILL WOLF

Sometimes persons ask: "Why do grown-up human beings like to go fishing, especially in fresh water?"

In such a case, you don't like to admit your ignorance and reply, truthfully, that you have no idea. Instead, you look pityingly upon the feeble-minded persons who ask such fool questions and try to think of some logical reason for wanting to go fishing.

There aren't any logical reasons. You don't need the fish for food because it is cheaper to go down to Dock Street and pay market rates for food fish. You don't need the exercise. What exercise can there be in swatting mosquitoes, falling in ice cold water and staying up all night drinking stimulants so you will be awake when daylight and fishing time arrives? You don't need the peace and contentment—there isn't any such thing when your fly becomes caught on a rhododendron leaf or the plug is lost on the bottom. This only encourages cursing, high blood pressure and hatred.

So, you cast about for some sensibly illogical reasons and one of the first you encounter sounds good: Men go fishing, perhaps, because they like the lovely eyes of fish.

Did you ever look a fish in the eye? Their eyes are steadfast, true, never varying. The eye of a fish looks the same when it is in the stream or when it is very dead in a creel. Constancy lives in their eyes. They never blink when they look at you, their eyes never say one thing while their mouths say another. Fish don't ever talk, which is another virtue.

There is a slightly vicious look about the eye of a trout. There is a mean look about a bass. A sucker, on the other hand, has the look of a kid from whom you are going to steal candy—a trusting, confiding, naive look. The eyes of sunfish are playful.

OTHER REASONS. The eye of a trout, for instance, is far more constant than that of any woman. You can depend upon a trout. It will look at you always with the same expression. It doesn't tease, it doesn't lie, it doesn't lead you on and let you down. You just look at a trout and say: "Ah, it's lovely. Give it to me."

A trout, however, is coy. First you must catch it before you can gaze into its dear, inexpressive eyes. This makes a game of it. You are one antagonist and the fish is the other. Sometimes you win and sometimes you lose. If you are like me, you lose most frequently, but this only makes the game more interesting. You aren't going to be beaten by a poor, dumb fish so ignorant that it doesn't know enough to keep itself dry.

Fish really are dumb. Indeed they are so stupid that I often wonder why I can't catch more. If they are dumb and still evade my efforts, then I must be—no, no, that way lies humiliation. Perhaps instinct saves them. A fish can be dumb and still have instinctive reflexes to certain situations.

Certainly, no one goes angling because fish are dumb. There must be some other reason.

Maybe some persons go fishing for the same reason a friend of mine does. He is

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VICTORY LAKES FROM STRIP-MINING HOLES

By FRANK J. FLOSS

WITH tire and gas rationing now in effect, fishermen throughout the state of Pennsylvania are from necessity looking for a place to go fishing that is within walking distance of their homes. Or at the most not any farther than the end of their local bus or trolley line. Of course I'm not talking about you keystone fishermen who live within fishing distance of Lake Erie or the Allegheny River or any other body of fishable water in Penn's Woods. If you are one of those lucky fellows who have fishable water in your vicinity, read no farther, this article is intended for those fellows who have no place to go fishing that is close to their home, but who are willing to do a little work in creating a place where he and his family can go fishing.

Where could such a place be found? Well I know many of you have seen those old abandoned strip-mines that are to be found in practically every section of the state. Of course you have seen them; Remember? In those days when you could get all the gas you wanted, but you, when you saw them in those days just passed them off with the remark, "Something should be done about those awful looking spoilbanks!" Well something is being done about them! Conservation-minded sportsmen for years have been leasing them and stocking them with fish, in view of the fact that experts claimed that it was impossible to rear fish in such places. They have been so successful that it is not unusual to see the banks of these ponds on Sundays lined with fishermen ranging in age from five to fifty. And they don't come for just a few hours, they come prepared to spend the day with lunches, beach chairs, and baits of all descriptions. So you can readily see that these old abandoned strip-mines that were once an eyesore can be made over into something that looks alive, is pleasing to the eye, and is a place where you can go fishing—and catch fish.

Although there are a number of groups who claim to have been the first to stock strip-mines with fish, I think this conversion from fishless water to fishable water can be credited to mother nature. For I can recall memories from my boyhood and see myself setting on the bank watching a big steam-shovel as it scooped up the dirt, then dumped it in large piles along side the hole it had dug, thereby leaving a place where water could collect. And I recall going back to this same strip-mine when the stripping had been completed and it had laid in its useless state for a few years, I then caught catfish measuring up to eight inches. And I know for a fact that in the ensuing years from when the coal was stripped and I went back there fishing no one put fish in that pond. At least no human did, birds could have by carrying fish eggs that had become lodged on there legs as they waded the shallow water of a nearby stream in search of aquatic life. Or they could have dropped small minnows into it that they had caught for food from their beaks as they flew over it. But as far as anyone claiming credit for originating the idea that is out, our Creator did that.

Since the first time that I went fishing in one of these ponds many changes have taken place and many sportsmen's clubs have stocked these ponds successfully and improved them throughout the years. Living in a vicinity that is dotted with numerous ponds that have sprung from strip-mines, I have had the opportunity to study the fish that have been stocked and to help plan the improvements that have been made to the grounds. Therefore from these experiences have come at a time when fishermen need a place close to home to go fishing the idea for calling them Victory Lakes, because until victory does come they will suffice to satisfy, that for which victory stands for in our country, freedom to do the things we love.

The ideas that I'm setting down here have been thoroughly tried and proven, they are the gleanings derived from many years of experience, they are not the outcome of a writers vivid imagination, as so many articles are!

Of course to start your Victory Lake you must first locate your strip-mine. If you have that located you can begin by contacting the owners and leasing or buying it. That's up to you? As a rule these spoilbanks can be leased or bought very



cheaply, for they are of no earthly good for anything except something of this nature. If and when you lease it, lease it for a period of five years with an option on another five if you care to do so. This will protect you in case someone sees what a great thing you have and decides to buy it with the idea of charging people to fish in it. Also include in your lease a clause whereas the owner cannot sell without first giving you a year's notice.

Once you have the lease signed or the grounds bought you can really go to work. If your strip-mine runs true to nature it will be fed by underground springs, as a rule this water is fresh water, but don't take any chances have the water tested to be sure there is no sulphur in it. For it would be a waste to put fish into water that would kill or stunt them. The underground springs will keep the water level of your pond constant the year round, so you won't have to worry about that, but you will have to take into consideration the possibility that if you have a heavy rain fall, your pond will overflow its banks. This is caused in most cases by having too small an outlet for your water to escape. To correct this build your outlet so that it



is three times the size of that which you would need normally. This will give the surplus water lots of room to escape. Then over the outlet place a screen so that no fish can escape, a quarter inch mesh will be about the right size.

When you have your outlet completed the next thing in order will be to provide or build hiding places for the fish, for as you know the bottoms of these strip-mines are as barren of hiding places for fish as the sands of the Sahara. So create hiding places at different intervals in the pond by throwing in old brush, tree stumps, large rocks, and anything else that will be large enough for a fish to hide under. Oh, I know that some of you are probably saying at this moment, "Why throw that stuff in



the pond, all you'll get will be snags?" Sure you'll get snags, break leaders, lose hooks and maybe lose a good plug now and then. But what the heck, that's where you always catch fish too! I've done a lot of fishing and I've always found that where the fish are the hardest to catch, that's where the most fish are. This only goes to prove that fish as well as wildlife must have cover for protection if they are expected to reach a legal size limit. Anyway after you hook into and land a nice one all the snags you ever had will be forgiven and forgotten.

Next so that the fish will have a place to perpetuate its species, you will have to build a place where the fish can spawn, and as fish cannot spawn in deep water you will have to build spawning beds, by digging part of the bank away and throwing the dirt and rock into the water, thereby building up the bottom so that it is not over two feet from the surface. You can make these beds as big as you like providing that they are not over two feet in depth.

Now you have the water ready for the fish, your next step will be to contact your local fish warden and ask his advice on how to go about getting your Fish Commission to stock the pond for you. If you



have no local fish warden who can take care of these matters for you, then write to your Fish Commission direct, asking them for enough fish with which to stock your pond. But remember, do it as a group not as an individual. After you or your club have made all the necessary arrangements as to getting the fish there is very little to actually stocking them. Except that when the Commission's truck arrives at your pond with the fish, you have enough men on hand to carry the fish from the truck to the pond where they are dumped in.

When you have the stocking completed turn your attention to the shore line and go to work on it. Along it you can plant cattails, as they are popularly called in most places, so named I suppose because the stalk that bears the seed reminds one of the end of a cat's tail. They are to be planted in the water at the water's edge. When they take root they will help reinforce the bank and keep it from caving in. Then back about four feet from the water willow trees are to be planted. The willow is easy to plant and takes root readily. To plant, gather a bundle and cut into three foot lengths, then plant them by just sticking the sprout in the moist ground, they should be planted about 20 feet apart. They will provide shade for those that fish on hot sunny days, and what's more important they will provide food for the fish as these trees

Then if you want to cover the barreness of the spoilbanks you can plant them with evergreen and fruit bearing trees. The evergreen trees will add color to the spoilbanks and provide shelter during the winter months for small game and birds. The fruit trees will provide some food for the small game and birds. And there you have it, not only a place to go fishing but a small game reserve as well and what more could one ask for close to home.

It will take a couple of years for your Victory Lake to produce really big fish but in the mean time you will be catching small fish, returning them to the water, (don't forget to wet your hands). Keep your fishing sense alive and teach yourself that it's the sport that counts, not the fish you carry home.



PARACHUTE DRY FLIES

(Continued from page 2)

effect on the riding quality of these two different types of flies has not been tested under laboratory conditions, it seems quite certain that the floating ability of the parachute fly is materially increased because of its unique construction. Because of its unusual construction, the tendency to drown is eliminated, or should we say conservatively, considerably reduced. As the hackle fibres on the parachute fly are tied parallel to the shank of the hook, it presents a greater surface to the water, resulting in greater buoyancy. When it falls on the water from a cast, it strikes the water in the same manner as the leaf falling flat on the surface, as described above. Because the area covered by the hackle fibres in the parachute fly is greater than that in the traditional dry fly, it has a greater resistance to drown and a longer time of floatability. These two features should make the parachute fly a required lure in the fly box of every progressive and enterprising angler.

Method of Tying the Parachute Dry Fly

In describing the method of dressing this fly, we will explain the construction of the ever popular dry fly, the Royal Coachman, as it will show how the wings as well as the hackles are tied on this fly. It is suggested that the hook required be one with an upturned eye, with a trifle longer shank than is commonly used, say a 2X fine Sproat.

The materials should be made ready in advance. Pick out two dry fly white hackles for the wings, the length depending on the size of the hook. Then set aside two dry fly brown hackles to act as the parachute; also red silk floss and peacock herl for the body, a wisp of golden pheasant tippet for the tail. The tying silk should be well but thinly waxed.

First, the two white hackles are tied on so that the tips extend in front of the eye with the stems towards the bend of the hook. You will find that with a little extra pressure on the tying silk that the stems and tips will raise above the shank of the hook. Now the tips and the stems are raised perpendicular, winding the silk around the connection and between the hackles as you would the wings of the regular Royal Coachman. See Figure 1.

Now you place the two brown hackles on the hook so that they rest in between the two white hackles. Tie them in with the same criss-cross tying method used in tying the white hackles. See Figure 2.

The third step is to attach the golden pheasant wisp for the tail, peacock herl for



Fig. 1. Hook with metal projection.

the butt and silk floss for the body. They are also tied in as you would the regular Royal Coachman. See Figure 3.

After the tail, silk floss and herl are placed and tied in, the stems of the brown hackles are given a few extra turns of tying silk. The stems are then cut off.

You are now at the stage where the ordinary dry fly is transformed into a parachute fly. With hackle pliers take one of the brown hackles and wind it around the



Painting of the parachute or gyro dry fly.

base of the wings as shown in Figure 5. The direction chosen will depend largely on the structure of the hackles and the way they are tied on the hook. After you have completed the winding of the first hackle and have securely tied it in with a whip finish knot, proceed in the same manner with the second brown hackle, but in the opposite or counter clockwise direction. After both hackles are tied in, snip off the stems of the white hackles, leaving about a quarter inch on each. You are now ready to put the finishing touches on this unusual dry fly. Place a pin point of varnish at the base of the wings and also underneath the head where the whip knots appear. By pressing down on the stems you can make them mingle with the hackle fibres. See Figure 6. Now your fly is ready for its job. You will find that it is one of the best riding flies and at the same time one possessing the quality of durability. Figure 7 gives you a top view of this fly.

After tying a few, good results will convince you that it is not as difficult a fly to tie as it seems at first. There is one word of caution, however, to be pointed out. When winding the brown hackles around the stems of the wings, keep the hackle as close to the shank as possible. That is, when the hackle is wound, bring it down a trifle on the sides so that the hackle points lie in the same plane.

You will find that this fly cannot fall in any other way than barb down. We have placed as many as a dozen flies of this type in a box, and after shaking, threw them in the air. We found that they all landed on the water with the barb down, without exception. This experiment was repeated several times and with the same result. This may not prove anything but it does indicate that this type of dry fly has the tendency always to fall in the same manner, with the barb down, parachuting as gently as the famed fanwing.



Fig. 2. Parachute dry fly showing leader linkage without metal projection.

BEAVER FOR WAR FOOD

Still another wild food is being considered as an adjunct to a diet sadly depleted by war. Out in Michigan, where, in the past, as much as 100,000 pounds a year of beaver meat has gone unused, except by occasional trappers, the Food and Nutrition Department of Michigan State College, in cooperation with the State Conservation Department, has been testing standard northwoods beaver recipes.

The Province of Ontario is well pleased with the winners of the 1942 prize fishing contest of *Field and Stream*, pointing to the fact that seven of the ten brook trout winners came out of Ontario waters, ranging in size from 9 pounds 6 ounces to 7 pounds 1 ounce.
—*New York Times.*

NEW METHODS DEVELOPED IN POISON IVY TREATMENT

The itching caused by poison ivy dermatitis and insect bites can be quickly relieved by the application of finely powdered benzoyl persulfide, recent investigations indicate. The treatment is intended only for the purpose of relieving the itching, and there is no bacteriostatic effect.

Benzoyl persulfide is prepared by the following procedure: 200 cc. of a 10% solution of potassium hydroxide in absolute alcohol is saturated with dry hydrogen sulfide. 25 cc. of benzoyl chloride is added slowly and the mixture allowed to stand for several hours. The mixture is then filtered, and a saturated solution of iodine in absolute alcohol is added to the filtrate until a persistent yellowish color results. The persulfide can be collected on a filter, and washed with absolute alcohol, dilute alcohol, and water.

THREE HUMBLE FRIENDS

(Continued from page 7)

of turning its body broadside against the pull of the line. Almost never does this panfish come to the net in a head-on position. It curls its rather flat body and thus is able to offer the maximum of resistance.

Those White Chubs

Even more democratic, to my view, are the white chubs, or fallfish, for while rock bass and sunfish inhabit bass water almost exclusively, white chubs also are found in trout streams.

They always are ready to feed, on bait or artificial lures, and they put up a good struggle once they are hooked. They have been caught up to 20 or more inches in length—and you can bet your boots that a white chub of that size will make even the most experienced angler hustle to keep things under control.

There is a stream in Central Pennsylvania which is famous as much for its white chubs as for its trout. Anglers have come from as far as Philadelphia and Pittsburgh to try their skill at angling with the dry fly for the monster fallfish that live in this creek.

It is so easy to catch white chubs with bait—hellgrammites, grasshoppers, worms, and grubs—that I prefer artificial lures, including the dry fly, a fly and spinner, and bassbugs at evening.

Light Tackle Best

The secret of getting a genuine thrill out of angling for panfish lies in the use of small lures and light tackle. With the exception of the white chubs, panfish do not run large, but it does not take long to discover that a rock bass or sunfish caught on a rod that weighs only three or four ounces really feels like a big fish.

In all types of artificial lures, too, lightness and smallness are preferred, and this theory applies equally to floating bugs, flies and spinners, wet and dry flies, and plugs of all types.

Incidentally, the same rule applies to bait. The panfish in most cases have small mouths, and when bait is too large they will either ignore it or, in the case of worms especially, nip off pieces without getting in contact with the hook.

A leader should always be used, and it should be as light as is consistent with the type of bait or lure that is employed. Remember the fact that although panfish feed freely they are as suspicious as are trout and bass of crude and bulky tackle, clumsily handled.

You can add still more to the sport by using barbless hooks, suggests my old fishing friend, John L. Young.

"It's harder to hold a fish with a barbless fly, especially when the fish twists and darts around in the water and hasn't much weight to help keep the line tight," John explains. "On top of that, barbless hooks make it easier to release panfish which the angler wishes to return to the water."

Thrilling Days Ahead

During the months to come you can have many fine experiences with panfish if you will take them out of the nuisance class and promote them to the station of fish that really are worth your time and effort. Let them fill in those days which might otherwise be devoid of thrills because the trout and bass are off their feed.

You may even wish to do as I do—to get together some lures that are especially good for panfish angling, with the deliberate purpose of doing this kind of fishing now and then to relieve the tension of seeking out the elusive game fish.

With the idea that you may be interested in some suggestions along this line from a fellow who has a high regard for rock bass, sunfish, and white chubs, some of my own favorite lures are shown in a panel of drawings accompanying this article.

Figure A is a cork-bodied bassbug, tied on a Size 6 hook, with the body painted black and the wings made of hair from the tail of a black squirrel. This lure is tops for interesting big rock bass.

Figure B is my favorite fly and spinner combination—a fly tied with mixed red and white hackles or hair and a silver-ribbed body. The spinner is small, with a silver finish preferred. This combination has proved successful for many years in catching all kinds of panfish.

Figure C is what I call a Snowball. It is a bushy hackle fly tied on a Size 6 or 8 hook, about seven feathers to the fly, and white is by far the most productive color. Rock bass and white chubs really go for this lure at about the time of day when the light is fading fast. Some nice bass also have been caught on it. It also has proved effective for big brown trout, at night.

Figure D shows three of my favorite casting rod lures for surface action—No. 1 is the Darter, No. 2 the Jitterbug, and No. 3 the Plunker. All are preferred in the smallest size in which they are made.

Figure E is a deer hair bassbug, tied on a Size 1 hook, with brown, gray, and black the most productive colors, and plain white being effective occasionally. Huge white chubs have been caught on this type of lure, and so have some nice rock bass, when it is worked carefully on the surface of some quiet pool.

I have not illustrated any particular patterns of wet or dry flies. You will find it a good rule to use the same types as you employ in trout fishing, with emphasis on the bright colors and with sizes 16 and 14 the best producers.

WELL, WHY DO YOU FISH?

(Continued from page 11)

a newspaperman and once or twice a year he goes fresh water angling simply to feel rugged. It does something to his masculine pride when he dresses in bright (and practically unworn) fishing clothing, puts on big boots, sticks some flies in the hat band and breathes fresh air for a day.

When feeling particularly virile on such infrequent occasions he has been known to wonder where he could get a chaw of terbaccer. Any other time he would say a chew of tobacco, but the fresh air really affects him and makes him flex both his muscle and his English.

STILL OTHERS. Such an inordinate desire to lead a healthy outdoor life for two days a year is pretty expensive, however, and it is not advanced as a very good reason for going fishing. For 363 days and nights a year this friend spends his youth and his money living the butterfly existence newspapermen are supposed to live. Then he puts on a hundred dollars worth of Esquire fishing clothing and for two days inhales nothing but the purest air and gets his year's exercise casting to fish which won't look at his lures. It isn't worth it.

It reminds me of some women who go fishing just because they look cute in waders, loud shirts and cunning hats. That is a very good reason for going fishing if the girl is angling for more than fish—but there are some women who can manage to look every bit as nice and, yet, know fishing better than the poor men who go with them and are humbled each trip. A woman who fishes almost always catches more or bigger fish than the man with her—darn it.

There are men who go fishing to escape their wives. They have learned that no woman will chase a man over several mountains, down rocky glens, through briars and laurel jungles simply to give him hell—although they do look back every once in a while to make sure she isn't following. Usually, it is just thunder in the distance that they hear. They are the sort of men who would brave tigers, lions and dinosaurs (if such things existed along the streams) rather than face their wives.

Conversely, there are women who go fishing to get away from their husbands. These, however, are somewhat masculine types who would rather catch a good pugnacious trout than watch the poor male sucker at home washing the dishes or changing the diapers. Fortunately, there aren't many of them.

AND MORE. There are men who are natural-born tramps and bums, who think that life is much too short to waste in a town, a shop or a home. When they were children they would get out into the country and rob the farmers. When they became older they took up fishing. You meet them along the streams, loafing, drinking a bottle of beer, eating a lunch, fishing from a rock ledge, the last survivors of primitive man who did nothing but fish and hunt—and when they see you they say: "Hi, pal. What luck?" Don't know why they should recognize you as one of their breed.

There are still more reasons why persons go angling.

Sometimes, when alone on a stream in the evening just before night comes, the angler finds himself in tune with the infinite. In all the world there is just himself, the gathering dusk, the calls of the night birds, the first star of evening and the stream. The creek stretches out before him like a bed of platinum which has been polished a bit to give it a dull gleam. The quiet air is perfumed with the scent of flowers, the smell of the cooling earth and of the water.

This is the hour when many of the summer insects hatch because they are so delicately-made, so gauze-like and fragile that they can't live in the heat of day. They are over the surface of the water, dimly seen as they live a lifetime in a few brief hours, being born, maturing, engaging in the nuptial flight, depositing fecundated eggs in the water and dying—all in a little while.

At moments such as these the angler feels

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Ferns, flowers, and foliage are a welcome sight to the fishermen.



Trout Run. The growth rate of brook trout in this stream averages two inches a year.

BROOK TROUT IN KETTLE CREEK

(Continued from page 4)

tory period there is a marked increase in the difference between the temperatures of Kettle Creek and the colder tributaries.

A maximum-minimum thermometer placed in Kettle Creek at mid-summer in 1939 revealed the temperatures as recorded in Table 2.

It will be seen at once by observing anglers that the water of Kettle Creek in the area studied is too warm at midsummer for the survival of brook trout.

Table 2.—Maximum-minimum water temperatures in Kettle Creek, 1939.

DATE	HIGH	LOW
	°F	°F
July 7	89	65
8	92	67
10	91	73
11	83	66
12	86	65
14	85	64
18	84	63
26	89	63
31	92	71
Aug. 4	88	72

Maximum-minimum thermometers placed in Hammersley Fork were likewise revealing in indicating much lower and more suitable temperatures for trout and also marked differences at the four stations on account of the influence of springs and shade or lack of shade.

Table 4.—Maximum-minimum water temperatures at four stations on Hammersley Fork, 1939.

DATE	STATION	HIGH	LOW	RANGE
		°F	°F	°F
July 13	Road Hollow	80	56	24
	Elk Horn	82	58	24
	Cow Run	70	57	13
	Beech Bottom	69	61	8
19	Road Hollow	75	51	24
	Elk Horn	74	54	20
	Cow Run	67	54	13
	Beech Bottom	69	56	13
20	Road Hollow	77	56	21
	Elk Horn	72	54	18
	Cow Run	68	57	11
	Beech Bottom	72	58	14
28	Elk Horn	76	63	13
	Cow Run	69	56	13
	Beech Bottom	72	61	11

It is interesting to note in Table 4 that the warmest water was found on the upper sections of the stream where there is inadequate shade.

Many observations were made to determine the temperature of pools at various depths. These differences at midsummer between top and bottom temperatures varied from one degree to five degrees in pools with a range of from 1.5 feet to 3 feet in depth. The greatest difference between top and bottom temperature was five degrees in a pool 3 feet deep. No doubt springs at the bottom of pools often materially influence temperatures.

The well-known canonading pool of Kettle Creek presented some interesting temperature figures on July 11, 1939, when the sun was shining and when the air temperature was 73. The surface temperature was 82 while at the bottom, 6¼ feet below the surface, the temperature was 76.

More marked differences were recorded on July 10, 1939, in the Kettle Creek Dam, lower recreation park as presented in Table 7.

Table 7.—Temperatures in Kettle Creek Dam, Lower Recreation Park.

LOCATION	TOP	BOTTOM	DEPTH	DIFFERENCE
	°F	°F	Feet	°F
Lower left	86	78	4	8
Lower right	86	77	4	9
Center right	86	69	8	17
Center left	86	77	4½	9
Upper left	86	79	3¾	7
Upper right	86	77	5	9
Float	86	71	6½	15

The lower temperatures in the deeper pools are partly responsible for the opinion held by some anglers that a few trout survive the hottest summer in lower Kettle Creek. The number must be very small and cannot be regarded as a significant factor in the fish life of this stream.



A shallow area in Hevner's Run which produces food for trout in the pools below.

Kind Lady: "What are you crying for, little man? What's your name? Where do you live?"

Small Boy: "That's what's the matter. I don't know my name or where I live. We moved yesterday and mother was married again today."

WELL, WHY DO YOU FISH?

(Continued from page 15)

that he is the most fortunate of all individuals because he can be part of the evening. You can feel the night closing about you, enveloping you, flowing into you. Then you know that you and your picayune troubles and those of your neighbor and those of the world mean nothing. The night knows nothing about such things and wouldn't care if it did. It is merciless and merciful at the same time, touching you with impersonal fingers that somehow are tender.

There are other times when fishing does things to the soul. Not the fishing, you must understand, but just being out where there is fishing. There are days when the streams and lakes sparkle under the sun and are joyous. The infection of this obvious happiness can't help but spread to you. There are days when the water, the woods and the fields are sombre and you become solemn, too.

They are always beautiful, but occasionally they are like human faces. A face can be lovely at all times, but sometimes you see it in repose and sometimes you see it smiling, sometimes sad, sometimes angry. Well, the streams and woods are like that, too.

There is pleasure in the way a hot sun beats down on your back. Even the storms that come up are not always unpleasant, even if they do halt all fishing. The earth and all it holds is green and sweet-smelling after a cleansing rain. There are cool mornings which give 'way to warm noons. There are evenings when no air stirs and every sound is clear. There are times when you sweat and bugs stick to your face and arms.

Another reason for going fishing may be this: For city dwellers and office workers it is a way to become so tired naturally that sleep comes in the night like a balm instead of something that must be done reluctantly.

YOU GUESS. There probably isn't one single sensible reason why we go fishing. Certainly, it is fun to catch fish, but on those days when none are taken the angler becomes quietly furious and resolves never to go out again—only to return to it at the first possible chance.

All I know is that there are 12,000,000 of us who buy licenses each year for fresh water fishing and an indefinite number who need no licenses in addition. We just like it—and only a damned fool would try to find a sensible reason for liking it. Does anyone ever ask himself why he likes wine, women and song?

Philadelphia Record

The Department of the Interior says that people must eat mare carp. Many people think carp, which thrives in sluggish, muddy creeks and rivers, tastes like mud. But the department says you can give the fish an excellent flavour if you cover it with a cup of salt, one cup of finely crushed onion, one teaspoonful of black pepper, one-eighth teaspoon of mace, and two tablespoons of vinegar.

Mace, in case you don't know, is the dried covering of nutmeg.

John C. O'Brien

BLESSINGS ON THEE LITTLE MAN

(Continued from page 5)

but to all appearances not enough of it, likely a salvaged section from some friend or relative's cast-away, perhaps a taper with ends clipped, or even a new level cut in the middle and divided equally with another. The wet fly leader in active use seemed to be synthetic Jap, but he had another carefully hoarded away in an aluminum box, a Sears & Roebuck taper, 7½ ft. genuine Spanish gut, tipped out to 9 or 10 feet.

Gesticulating as they prepared to part, motioning with a grimy left paw, again wiping his dripping nose and looking Bill straight in the eye, earnest and direct, the youngster tried to explain which were the best pools above and how to fish the rippling channels. Then as an afterthought he naively observed:

"Don't kill any little ones, Mister! More fun when they grow up!"

Outrageous! Bill felt himself coloring up; did he look like that and to a kid young enough to be his grandson, almost? Old stream-battered Bill! . . . veteran of a couple thousand or more jousts with the spreckled warriors, and who prided himself with trying to be a sportsman, thus suspected of harboring a yen toward less than man sized trout . . . it was an experience to feel oneself shrinking to Lilliputian dimensions and to see every darn fish under a foot long ever to die at not altogether guiltless hands rise up to parade through a shocked brain in never ending ghostly reverie. But then at this easily accessible, hard fished spot, no doubt already those sharp marveling youthful eyes had detected too many apparently intelligent old fogies, ditto financial wizards, industrial barons, what-nots and the like, loaded down to the gunwales with a couple hundred dollars and more worth of equipment, pounce upon and heartlessly kill six or eight inch trout as if those poor hapless little creatures had been precious, priceless fragments of the Mother Lode.

After the first chill of horrified amazement passed, the two separated, Bill chuckling to himself, the lad fishing carefully and thoroughly, investigating every swirl, each overhanging bush, all inviting roots. Slyly the oldster watched the kid working along until intervening brush came between them. Bravely fishing alone, asking little and apparently finding it mostly waiting there, just as Bill would have wished a little boy of his own to do . . . but Bill's little boy was dead . . . dead without ever seeing his daddy!

Somehow or other the bonnie stranger was to haunt a blase stream worn fisherman's thoughts a whole week and yet the second. Then came the day they were to meet again, fish together and the oldster at least to enjoy one of those brief glimpses into Heaven which a benevolent God sometimes reserves to his more favored out-of-door children.

The afternoon had been hot and sultry. Cattle sought the shade; dry dust rose above the nearby sprouting corn fields. Then with Old Sol scarce an hour yet above the western rim, the eventide turned somewhat cool, lazy, drowsy, dreamy. Insects buzzed and dipped, birds cooed, cows lowed in the meadow, and occasional trout investigated nicely placed lures. Wearing waders, the old dreamer all at peace with the world stood midstream, again fishing dries over the swirls and whirls, and about the hidden submerged rocks of the pool . . . along the bluff!

Then sensing a disturbance, an added presence on the far shore, the brush parted —a brown peaked little face peered through, a wiry agile form worming after. Carefully the lad slipped into the stream, quietly, noiselessly, like an apparition. Furtively he wiped his dripping nose.

Glad to see the boy, perhaps the old grouch already there surprised the little chap with an almost too effusive ring of welcome. Flashing all his teeth with an ear to ear grin, the youngster chirped "Hello" in his low musical drawl and forthwith began to patiently work those wets, always wets and wets and wets. Deliberately he fished deep and shallow—over, up and down, always on his side of the stream, never trespassing Bill's domain. Fish plopped here and there . . . no strikes . . . the lad batted nary an eye . . . only angling the more careful. In him one sensed time inexorable; the patient wisdom of the ages; the waiting warrior poised to kill.

And still rising fish plopped and swirled; greedily the brownies sucked at winged tidbits.

"Try a dry!" implored the oldster.

"No oil," returned the other.

"I'll wade some over!" from the anxious adult.

"No! No!" protested the lad, "You'll scare 'em!"

Thenceforth with what should have been bitter monotonous contemplation, the boy watched his elder rival take and release half a dozen eight to ten inch trout. And had not the ultimate climax resolved itself later to such an utterly and pleasing conclusion, old Bill would be kicking himself still for not insisting upon a loan of a couple dries. Subsequent and less hurried review of the situation still insists one definite theory . . . the kid had no dries! Likely he did not own a battery of dries . . . perhaps too expensive . . . and while such conclusion could conceivably be incorrect, searching adult analysis of the adventure retails there were no visible surface lures in the box at the initial meeting. And perhaps akin to the stubborn, highly sensitive proud veteran standing so near—when and if he is caught in a similar situation—rather than admit the lack of foresight or wherewithal to provide the equipment, the boy hid behind that overworked smoke screen "I don't wanna" or more literally "No oil!" Nonetheless intuitively the lad must have guessed Bill would just as readily have supplied the deficiency in flies as he had offered in dressing. No doubt the independent minded little fellow did not choose to be beholden to anyone, a trait not uncommon to those rural born.

Then it was almost night, not easy to follow a dry any longer, a faint ghostly fog beginning to dance over the surface in company with the slight chill to the twilight air. It became time for big browns to desert daytime hide outs, forage bent!

Acting on some sudden impulse, the elder dug into his tackle box, fished out one of Bobbie McCafferty's famous Yellow Breeches Marabous, hurriedly wrapped the lure in a fluff ball of waxed paper, souvenir of an uneaten lunch, and then tossed the package lightly to the lad, calling "try it, Sonny." Sonny snapped the missive out of mid-air, smiled broadly, eyes dancing enthusiastic approval, then bent the streamer to the leader point with deft, hurrying digits and resumed his searching, searching, searching of the swirls and nearby brushy banks.

Suddenly—perhaps Bill merely felt it—perhaps he caught the flurry from the tail of a watchful eye—the boy's rod tip dived toward the water, the line whistled straight and taut downstream and over with express-like velocity. With an audible startled gasp, the little fellow set the hook sharply and the rod arced viciously in a smashing wracking surge. Momentarily the water rolled and boiled, then the fish bored down and toward the old man's position. A long dark bullet frantically dashed hither and yon, twisting, turning, slapping in an effort to throw the biting barb—those eight or ten inch infants Bill had been catching and just as regularly releasing paled into insignificant nothingness.

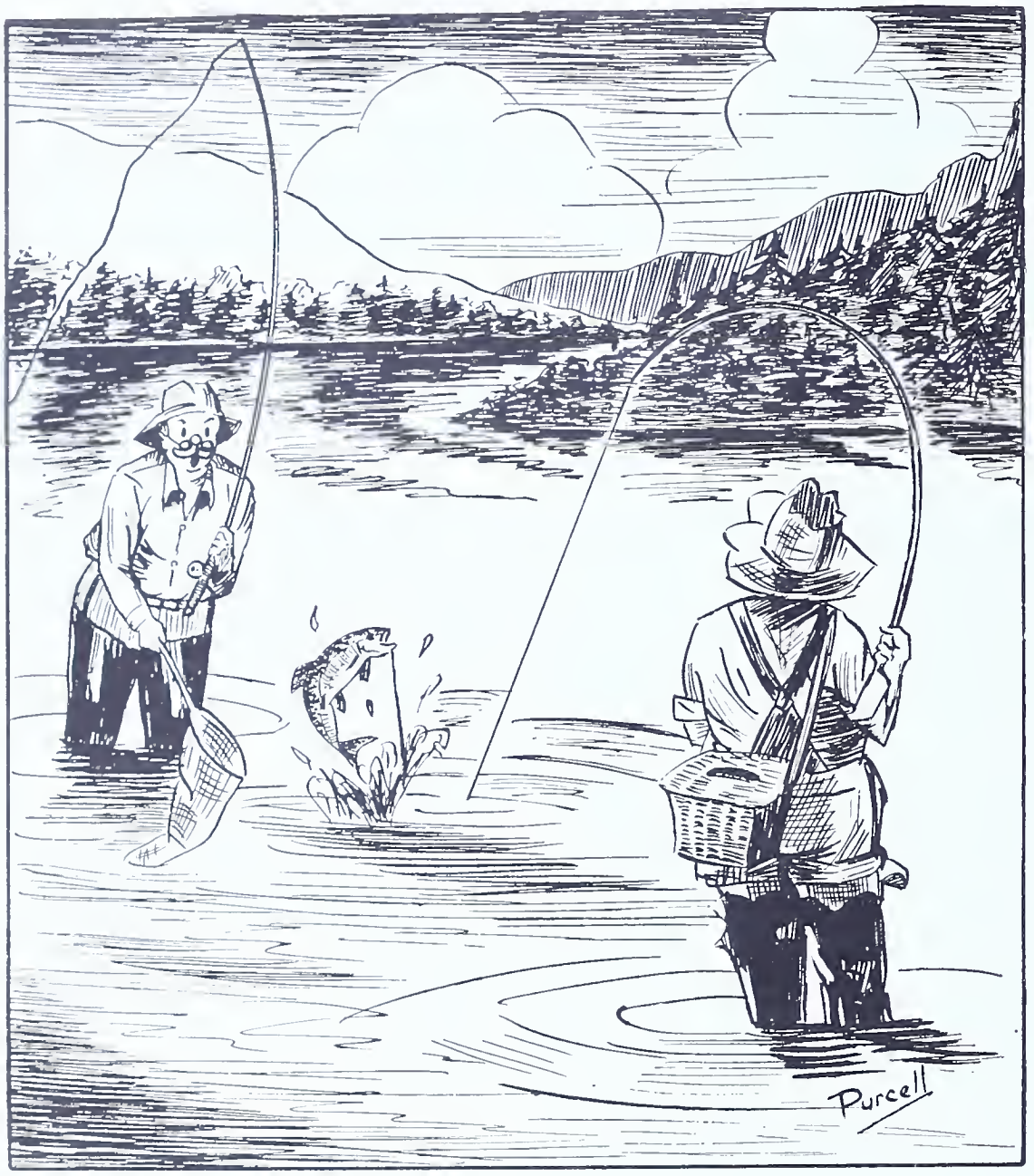
And now there was agonized concern on the lad's face—desperate fear in every move as he inched further and further out into the current, endeavoring to wade after the fish in water too deep to traverse. Only then did the veteran remember the skimpy line and tardy realization dawned that all or almost all of the throbbing, whistling strand had spun off the burning reel. For once an old grumpy, who always thinks of a good verbal comeback or what he should have done an hour or so too late, decided fast enough and acted sufficiently quickly to be eternally grateful for the foresight e'en unto this day. And perhaps the act might not have been altogether orthodox, likely not even advisable, but as results were to prove unreproachable what more should one ask?

Some who read this article will recognize the pool. It isn't big and there are few roots, only stones. Splashing around below the fish, the now thoroughly excited veteran succeeded in turning those boring tackle straining downstream surges, the lunges gradually becoming shorter and more easily confined to deep water. Luckily the big fellow did not seem to wish a venture into the tough water above the pool.

In unison the embattled anglers continued the struggle, ganging up unfairly on old Salmo fario, three, five, perhaps ten minutes. Already it had become quite dark, gathering shadows of a summer eve always seeming to turn quickly into complete blackness along those tree lined creek canyons. Bill's compatriot was now handling his task like a champion, meeting each weakening dash with complacent poise, now taking up a little line, now giving a bit on the downstream pulls. Finally the youngster maneuvered the frantic desperate brownie up and on one of those lessening rushes, the big battler slipped into Bill's anxious net.

Hurriedly the strangley assorted pair worked to the shore and there on the damp dew moistened grass taped the prize—19¾ inches of well marked, fine conditioned brownie. Still there was no elation on the quite serious little face, no sign of braggadocio, merely matter of fact common place dignity far beyond those youthful years. Courteously the lad thanked his helper and offered in return the precious Marabou, and for which he probably would almost have given an arm; gravely he explained

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the size, pattern, body, the materials of the self-tied slate colored wet with which he had first fished, saying it was the nymphal adaption of a small mayfly hovering over the water in goodly number the week past, eagerly he presented one to Bill, then as a distant whistle became more insistent said his friends would be worrying, turned and hurried upstream. Quickly the inky gloom swallowed the slight retreating form.

Sadly, quietly, subdued, the sometimes a-tiring veteran rapidly becoming no younger, turned downstream, in his heart a vacant void—there was no self-reliant, youthful Ike Waltonian ever waiting at Bill's car, he had no son to fool big browns. And somehow or other the lone wolf felt very, very old, very futile, very insufficient, not unlike the lonely storm tossed bark on a boundless angry sea. Suddenly he was face to face with stark, cruel reality, a dormant something hitherto always suppressed but lurking about nevertheless, the pitiful vision of the last son of a last son of a last son, the sole remaining root of an old Scottish family entwined a couple hundred years in the making of America. Now finally the clan had run the full course. He, Old Bill, the last!

Lost in momentary reverie the tired fisherman watched the whole panorama of the dark, almost legendary past parade by . . . that long ago. traditional fighting man who in plaid and kilts followed Duncan Campbell's pipes across the bloody, sulphuric Plains of Abraham, a glorious day which saw the sun forever set on France's dream of New World Empire; another at Saratoga, yet the third and his brethren braving their breasts with Anthony Wayne's green clad Pennsylvania Line to the redcoat mercenary and Paoli's bayonet massacre; more recent and more concrete he who followed Winfield Scott into Mexico; later the two immediate grandpater's with a proud Keystone State regiment of volunteers in the Army of the Potomac, then himself an humble private in the days of '17 and '18, Old Black Jack, Woodrow and an army that never lost a battle . . . and now at long last the end in sight . . . no sapling to follow after—to love America —to fish!

Perhaps better so . . . the All Wise willed it . . . everything must come to an end sometime, all families, and man in himself is so futile—so helpless—so unimportant . . . the Universe so permanent, so ageless . . . so difficult to understand. And too perhaps the old Scottish strain leans to over-concern . . . the tempo has stepped up . . . it's a different world, a different Universe, family clans not the same, mayhap after all the old-fashioned ideals are as outmoded in modern times as their counterparts, the rusty flintlock and the mildewed powder horn. But the God is the same!

Sitting on the lonely running board, the dreamer took note of his surroundings. With the coming of darkness, the apparently deserted creek bottom gave voice to the scuttling and scampering of tiny feet, breezes whispered the vibration of mysterious muffled wings, tiny squeaks bespoke terror and death . . . myriads of small sun shunning creatures had awakened, slipped away from daytime retreats and were going about the business of living, loving, mating, reproducing . . . eating and being eaten!

The night air became more chill! Distant sound more clear and distinct.

From far over the hill toward the blinking candles of an almost hidden farmhouse rose the howl of a restive dog. Close by Hooty, the owl, gave vent to his hunting call. Down along the dusty winding road echoed the tinkling, musical roughish laughter of a happy maiden . . . one almost knew her to be dainty, beautiful and vibrantly pulsating youthful effervescent joy at merely being alive . . . one also might vision her heartless coquettery . . . the probable bashful adoring swain loitering thereabouts to grovel at her feet . . . the artifices of womenkind, young and beautiful, ageless as the dawn of time!

Darker and darker, and up above the the sky spreads fanwise o'er hill and meadow, dale and plateau, blanketing all in soothing peace. Stars twinkle and glint through the murmuring canopy of verdant tree tops . . . then far away the first pale glimmer of a yellow planting moon peeps above the inky rim, and thus dies another day, fleeting time now belonging wholly to night and the history known to mankind as eternity.

Contritely, humbly, the fisherman stores his duffel, takes one last look at the phosphorous moon dust gleaming in an endless wake on the water, sighs and kicks out the clutch. Another link in the race of life has ebbed to a dramatic close . . . another interlude astream with God, His people and His wonders! Yes, it's the same Old God, and some men may walk nearer unto their Heavenly Master a day astream than many another cloistered within costly painted temple walls!

Bill never saw the little fisherman again—neither does our friend know who the lad might have been, whence he came, how he fares. Nowadays the boy should be grown to full young manhood, perhaps much changed, likely the oldster would not recognize his one time companion, although the latter might say "Hello!" were they to meet astream. Often the veteran still fishes thataway, and always his eyes search each face for the most pleasant little gentleman ever encountered on the waterways . . . just a lonesome, courteous, brown faced youngster with a gaping hole in his boots, a ragged fly decorated hat, a million dollars worth of smile, a knowledge of wets far beyond those tender years and an outdoorsman four square if there ever was one.

But it's ten to one with the old soldier that the lad is a part of the army . . . mayhap at Bataan, at Midway, maybe Guadalcanal or the Coral Sea . . . perhaps New Guinea—and as a volunteer—and wherever it may be Old Bill hopes the lad's lines are always tight!

TAKE YOUR MEDICINE

(Continued from page 8)

what's more, I'm beginning to get a yen to be back at those old familiar spots to see how they compare with years gone by. I know full well that that part of the medicine is going to be good for me because, already, I'm not feeling half so badly as I did.

Now that we've got a place to go and know how to get there, it's time to look over the tackle situation. I guess most of us will approach that with a lot of fear and trepidation. We all were sort of caught with our waders down on that score.

In our neck of the woods, the fellows are beginning to get together and talk fishing prospects or lack of them. One old timer, Mac, was bemoaning the fact that he had plenty of flies but practically no leaders. Bill had discovered his casting line was now a relic to be retired and pensioned since its days of usefulness were over. Ray had plenty of leaders and good lines but the moths had sabotaged his box of flies. He can't understand how he had been careless enough not to put them away in a safer place. Bob, who ties his own, had traded off his available stock and now he couldn't get any hooks to tie more. Pete's rod was a wreck, he needed a new one. Doc had extra rods but needed other types of tackle.

In general, that seems to be the story in most sections. At first thought it looks pretty hopeless. As a matter of fact, it isn't bad at all. There's plenty of tackle for everybody if the fellows will only get together and cooperate.

Maybe cooperate isn't the exact word, at that. Swap is much better, for we are on the verge of becoming, once more, real Yankee traders. A revival of the days of David Harum and the Connecticut Nutmeggers.

Of course there is a certain amount of new tackle left in the stores but it's going rapidly. In my neck of the woods there isn't a new wet or dry fly trout hook to be found nor any leaders. The stores were cleaned out last year. That's some more medicine that's going to be good for us.

During the years of plenty we sportsmen were spendthrifts, hoarders and wasters. That's one of the things that made for prosperity because it keeps business booming. It will be great when we can be that way again. And it can now be one of the things which should help us through the lean years.

It's a rare fisherman who hasn't more junk around than he could ever use. Rods, reels, lines, lures—all kinds of jimcracks that idle fancy made him buy during the spring fever days before the season opened each year. Some of it has never been used, some tried and then discarded and some has seen good service and been replaced by other newer favorites. But all of it has been boarded because, some day it might come in handy.

Brother, it's time for you to empty that closet or den or attic or wherever you pile that stuff. A lot of that junk may be of no use to you but somewhere there's a guy who is in real need of it. And chances are he'll have something you want. So, it's up to you to get together and trot out the old horse-trader instincts. Just remember the stories Grandad used to tell of how he outsmarted Squire So-and-So back in the good old days and see if you are as much smarter than the hicks of yesteryear as you have been thinking you are. You'll find this swapping game calls for real technique—it's an art all in itself.

Of course you don't have to take it all so seriously if you don't want to. All you have to do is to say—"Hey, Tom, I hear you've got a lot of old leaders without any tips. Well, I've got a lot of tippets. What say we divide 'em and we'll both have some good leaders?" I'll admit that is crude and lacks finesse but it does solve the leader problem. That's how I'm doing it this year because I was lucky enough to have plenty of tippets on hand.

While we're on the subject of leaders, I'd like to make a suggestion of a stunt I tried out last year and that now is a set policy so far as I'm concerned. Just like other animals, we mortals are creatures of habit. Somebody starts something and we all follow along for years until some one, either through a dream or inspiration or stark necessity, discovers a simpler or better way. All these years I've used leaders in the same old way.

Last year pure necessity drove me to figure out how best I could make my leaders last for the duration. I believe long leaders tapered to a fine point are necessary for consistently good success. When casting big lures, such as bucktails and streams, in early heavy waters, the leader should be 7½ to 8 feet long and tapered to about 1X For clearer and not so heavy water and with small wet flies, 2X tip is tied to this leader, making it about 9 feet long. Then, for large dry flies or smaller wets, a 3X tippet is added to form a 10 to 11 foot cast and for really fine dry fly work, a 4X is added, resulting in a 12 foot leader. Often two 3X or 4X tippets or, in cases where very small flies, down to 18 or 20's are required, also a 5X is added, producing a leader 14 to 16 feet long.

In this setup, the heavier part of the leader is always the same. Only the finer sections are used up when changing flies and they are the parts which usually break. The heavier sections rarely break unless, in the case of real gut, they first dry out and split near the knots. With nylon leaders, this trouble is practically eliminated.

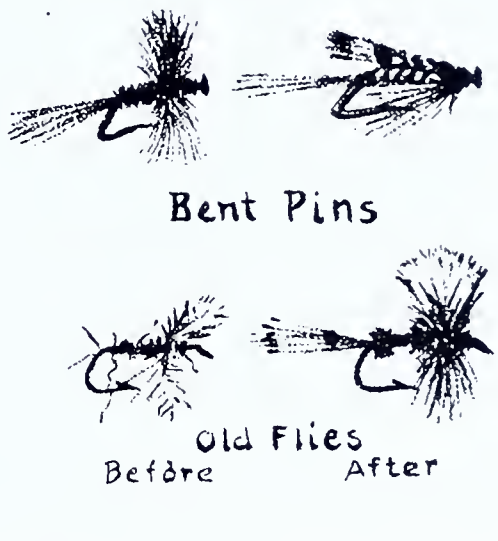
Based on these facts, last year I divided my leaders into two sections, one—the heavier section down to X and the other from X on down to the size required for the fishing at hand. This made the heavy part about 6 feet long and the other varied from 2 to 8 feet long, according to the number of points tied on to it.

If made of nylon, the heavy section can be spliced permanently to the end of the line and reeled up with it when not in use. If made of gut, then a loop may be spliced onto the line and one tied in the heavy end of the leader, in order to fasten the two together. In either case, a small loop is also tied in the X end of this leader. Last year, two of these sections lasted me from earliest trout fishing right through fly and bug casting for bass. In other years, I used up from 6 to 10 leaders by wearing out the finer sections and discarding the rest.

To connect the finer section to the heavier one, a small loop is also tied in its X end, so that the two loops, both of X weight, will make a smooth connection which, being near the middle of the leader for dry fly work, will have no bad effect on either the casting or the value of the leader.

In an ordinary year a fisherman will use up at least a dozen or more 3X and 4X tippets and nearly as many 2X. The rest of this part of the leader, the X and 1X, will last much longer. Therefore, if one can start out with 2 or 3 heavy sections, a half dozen X and 1X, about 6 to 12—2X and a dozen or more 3X and 4X tippets, he would be all set for a heavy season of fishing.

Some fly casters could make their tippets last 2 to 4 times longer if they would take more pains to tie the flies as close as possible to the end of the tippet and then cut it off right at the eye of the hook instead of breaking it off and sometimes losing inches at each change. Also, if gut is used, the tippets should be thoroughly soaked. I wet my leader box pads at the beginning of the year and never let them dry out until the season is over. The leaders do not rot, as many suppose, and they are pliable at any time I need them. In the fall I dry them out and next year use them over again, being sure to test for worn or split parts.



Now, how about those flies? I'll gamble most people will find an average of three things. They are short of most of their favorite patterns; they have a bunch of patterns they've never gotten around to use much, if any; and there's a mess of old flies not fit for use but which have been hoarded, either in the fly box or in some safe place. Maybe they have been trimmed down, over the years, by the moths.

I'd like to wager that the only thing that worries you is that lack of favorite patterns. If so, here's some more medicine that will be good for you. Just sort over those unused patterns and give them a few thoughts. That one is so-and-so's favorite; the dark one was foisted on you by What's-his-name because he swore by it; and this one and that one are the pride and joy of Tom, Dick or Harry.

So what? Just this. If others can have so much luck on those flies, so can you! The only reason you haven't is because you stuck to your favorites and never gave these patterns a fair trial. Now then, why not get out of the rut, take advantage of the urgency of this year and use those flies? Once you really give them a workout, you'll be tickled to death at finding new favorites.

Or, if you just can't bring yourself to do it, then look up those other fellows. Chances

are they, too, will be out of their favorites and have plenty of yours that you persuaded them to add to their assortment and they never used, either. A swap would be an easy matter and you can return to your rut with your old favorites.

There's one more thing possible. That mess of old flies. If you tie your own, you probably don't need to be told it's possible to scrape off the old feathers and tie up new ones. But if you buy your flies, then these old ones are of no real value to you. Take them to someone who does his own tying and make a dicker.

Not long ago an old friend of mine, to whom I pass on a few of my own make of flies now and then, handed me a box.

"Look at what I scavenged out of my cubby-holes and from among my conglomeration of tackle. Any good to you?"

The box was full of the sickliest looking bunch of old flies you could ever hope to see. It took me nearly two evenings to scrape them clean. But, as a result, I gained nearly 150 hooks of all kinds and sizes. From another friend I reaped a hundred more. As pay, I tied a dozen or two of their favorite patterns. With flies $4.00 a dozen, you can see they were not only well paid but now have a supply of their heart's desire, at no cost. And I can fill my box and maybe trade flies for other things which I sorely need.

These are only a few samples of the way we can take our medicine and the good it will do us. I sincerely believe that the emergency will benefit us in many ways. We have had things all to easy and we were losing our appreciation of the real blessings that this Country holds for us and our way of life.

Now we've got to buckle down and take things seriously for a while. We've got to use our ingenuity and make the best of what we have. A fishing trip will have to be earned and it will be not only for fun but also for food. It will be business as well as pleasure.

There will be fewer on the waters, so that those who are lucky enough to get there will have much more room and a better chance to fish the favorite spots and catch more and bigger fish. Each trip will hold greater potential joy and results. Conditions will be more like the good old days before untold hordes swarmed over the streams.

Are you still sick about your fishing prospects for this year? Or, on second thought, has the medicine already begun to work? This old world isn't going to be so bad, after all.

It's going to be a great fishing year!

MODERN TROUTING

(Continued from page 9)

skater flies. Trout in ponds take them as well as the trout in unbroken stream water.

Like all other methods of angling, skater fishing is not effective all of the time but it does have its big innings. There is no such thing as an infallible method or an infallible lure or an infallible combination thereof. Skater fishing, when it works, is our nomination for the most interesting, exciting, and spectacular of all fly fishing. Here is the cream, for which we are indebted to Mr. Hewitt.

THE ADAMS COUNTY FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION AUXILIARY

By Mrs. Monroe Dellinger

In 1938 the wives of the Shooting Match Committee of the Adams County Fish and Game Association held a 50 cent turkey dinner. Profits for the committee for the buying of Game. This proved so successful financially and socially that we were asked by the men's organization to form a woman's auxiliary.

The Auxiliary was formed in April 1939 with 14 Charter Members. Officers were elected and plans made for a Strawberry Festival on the lawn of one of our members and our first bank account was then started.

We held covered dish luncheons to which the husbands were invited, and plans were made for monthly meetings. These meetings were held each month at the different members' homes with two additional members as Associate Hostesses.

Our membership grew until we had about one hundred members, so the need of rooms was felt. September, 1941, we rented four rooms consisting of a large club room about 40′ x 20′, a service or committee room, bath



Mrs. Monroe Dellinger, a conservationist.

and kitchen. We now had the rooms but no furniture and our bank account not large enough to buy all the furniture. An S. O. S. was sent out among our members for lawn and porch furniture. We had enough money for two gas ranges and enough to buy dishes, silverware, tumblers, etc., for 75 people.

In the spring of that year all furniture had to be returned and we were then able to buy our own furniture as well as lend the men's organization, The Adams County Fish and Game Association, money towards purchasing of the Sportsman's Farm.

At present we are the happy owners of four well furnished rooms. Five large banquet tables (which we use for our Christmas Parties, given by the club, to which each husband or sweetheart is invited and which we have held each year since 1939), fifty folding chairs and a very nicely equipped kitchen in addition to our comfortable club room.

We meet on the first and third Fridays of each month with very well attended meetings. The third Friday is Party Night and five members of the Auxiliary furnish and serve the food, after which cards and bingo are played. At this meeting one member brings a $1.00 gift which is chanced off at 10 cents a chance. Money made from this is placed in our treasury.

We also rent our rooms to the Men's Organization for their meetings, helping us in this way to pay our rent.

At our January, 1943, meeting the club members decided to do more Red Cross Work. We had offered our rooms and gave a nice donation towards the making and filling of 445 soldier's kits. We will now make garments for the Red Cross. Some of our members have offered their sewing machines to be left at our club rooms and we will be found busy at Red Cross work each Friday evening—sewing instead of playing cards and bingo and in this way we will again be helping the Red Cross and doing our part with the war work.

The annual Christmas party of the auxiliary of the Adams County Fish and Game association was held with 70 members and guests present. The president, Mrs. Monroe Dellinger, served as toastmistress. Included on the program were readings by Mrs. S. E. Kapp, a talk by John Ogden, Adams County fish warden; a history of the club given by Mrs. John Sheffer and short talks by other members. Group singing was led by Mrs. Roy Zinn. An exchange of Christmas gifts was held in addition to which Mrs. Dellinger was presented with a handbag by the members in appreciation of her services.

GOOD EVENING!

We know it is decidedly lowbrow to fish with worms but in this neck-'o-the-woods flies do not hatch for three or four weeks after the opening and a lot of fellows just can't bear to keep the trout waiting.

The angle worm is a most delicate creature and must be handled with care. In removing the blankets which have covered him all winter long great care must be taken not to disturb his nervous system. Nothing is so distasteful to a trout as a neurotic angle worm. Having tenderly and solicitously removed the worm from the ground, transfer him to a box in which is well prepared rich soil. Vitamins must be provided by the addition of coffee grounds and sweet cream and the top should be garnished with celery or carrot tops.

Having done this, place the box in a room where the temperature is even and not too hot. The living room is preferable if you do not have a cat. The dining room is desirable but you may have a wife. The longer the coffee grounds and cream remain, the fatter the worms. Members of the household may complain for the next four or five weeks but after April 15th, when you return with a full creel of the most delicious ration point savers in the world they will fall on your neck and call you wonderful!

G. Albert Stewart

TROUT THEN AND NOW

By ED F. BASSEUR

IT WAS just at dusk in mid-June and the hum of myriads of insects hung pleasingly on the calm evening air. The smoke from the evening fire, which flickered in front of the low wedge tent, slowly eddied back and forth, as it seemed to hang suspended in the air. A pleasingly sweet odor of pine and birch mingled with the wood smoke and a fair-sized trout stream gurgled and laughed nearby on its downward journey to the sea. What else could complete this peaceful solitude better than a group of happy trout fishermen at the close of day?

The trio which lounged around the camp fire seemed at peace with the world. One could not tell by looking at them that they had spent an unsuccessful day astream in quest of trout. Two of them, the old man and the younger one, were experienced with the fly rod but the third, a youth of fifteen, was a complete tyro. The old veteran, who we will call Dad, had mellow wind tanned skin and the clear piercing eye of the born outdoorsman. The younger man had the build of an athlete but the recently acquired sun-tan could not conceal the fact that he was a city dweller. A freckled face, a pug nose and unruly hair, stamped the youth as a real American boy.

Dad sat with his back propped against a pine tree and contentedly smoked his pipe with the soul-satisfying look of a man who has just finished a hearty meal, after a tough day astream. The young man, who will henceforth be known as Dick, sat and dressed his tapered flyline, in the last flickering light of day. Billie, the youth, sat munching on the last remains of the day's catch, with that I-wish-there-were-more look on his face.

The three anglers were conversing in low tones, earnestly illustrating a point now and then, with a wave of the hand. Let us steal silently in on the shades of night and eavesdrop. Perhaps we can find out why the trout were not hitting that .day.

"Dad," questioned Dick, "how do you account for the trout not working today? The weather was ideal, the water nice, and yet I threw everything at them that I had in the box, to get the two keepers I creeled."

"I've had forty years of trouting," sighed Dad, "and each year it seems that you have a day or two just like we've had today. I don't know the answer, in fact never met anyone who did."

"But there must be a way to take them, I can't understand it," replied Dick thoughtfully, rubbing his line all the while.

"Gee," chimed in Billie between bites, "I thought I had the biggest one of the season today, but he threw the fly on the second jump, a peach of a rainbow too. I'll bet he would go 14 inches," he said with a look of youthful exaggeration. But at a reproving look from Dad he said, "well he'd go 12 or 10 anyway."

"I had several dandy ones roll and flash on streamers too," said Dick as he threw several more sticks of wood on the fire, "but they didn't seem to want them, just followed along behind and finally turned away."

Dad loaded his pipe, reached over to the fire for a blazing splinter, lit it and replied. "My wet flies didn't work today either and when you can't take them on wet's, with the water like it was today, you might as well go and pick flowers or something, because I worked mighty hard for the three I caught."

Billie pushed the last piece of fried trout into his mouth and said dreamily, "Boy! I'll bet it sure was sport when you were a kid, wasn't it Dad?"

"Well I don't know," replied Dad. "I had days just like this twenty-five and thirty years ago too. It seems to me though, that I get more kick out of trout fishing each year, much more than I did when I was a lad."

"But how could that be!" expostulated Dick. "Weren't there a great many more trout then than there are now?"

"Yes that's true," said Dad, "and I think that was the one big trouble, there were too many trout in those days. They were too easy to catch and naturally it wouldn't be as much sport."

"Holy smokes!" cried Billie. "I'd like once to see a place where there were too many trout. Maybe I could get the limit once, at least before I die."

"Don't you worry," said Dad with an amused twinkle in his eye, "you just keep at it and one of these fine, fine days you'll get the limit, and wonder afterwards how it happened."

"Gee!" said Billie, with hero worship in his eyes, and lapsed into silence.

"But what I would like to know," said practical Dick, "is why you claim trout fishing is more sport than it was when trout were plenty, say 30 years ago?"

"Well," replied Dad as he settled himself more comfortably against the tree, "I'll try and explain what I mean. When I was a boy, in these Pennsylvania hills, I went trout fishing with a ball of twine and a fish hook in one pocket of my overalls, and a can full of worms in the other. When I got to the stream I cut a pole, tied on the twine, baited up the hook and started to catch trout, lots of trout too. In those days there was no legal length or creel limits and you could keep anything you caught. A good fly fisherman in those days could have cleaned a trout stream out easily, because the trout were not bothered much."

Dad then leaned over to put the final few sticks of wood on the fire, and to light up his pipe which had gone out.

"Yes," said Dick expectantly, "go on."

"As time went on," Dad proceeded, "roads got better, fishermen became more plentiful, and my cut pole and twine method did not produce so well. So I cut enough wood one winter and hauled it to town, and bought my first bamboo rod with the money which I received from selling the wood. As I grew older the automobile appeared on the scene, more fishermen came in the car and my tackle had to grow increasingly better as the trout grew smarter. Then I began to realize that trout fishing was getting to be more of a thrill each season. Instead of going out with the thought in mind of getting a creelfull of trout, I was getting a greater thrill out of pitting my wits against a trout that was a lot smarter than his grandad had ever been."

Dick was too absorbed to notice that the fire was nearly out, but Dad reached over and pushed the unburnt ends of the sticks into the fire, so that they would burn up by bedtime. Billie was fast asleep, probably dreaming of that limit catch Dad had promised him.

Dick broke his reverie by saying, "I think I know the answer, Dad, but go on I won't spoil a good story."

"When I go trout fishing today," resumed Dad, "the clumsy pole has been replaced by a fairy-wand of bamboo, the twine line has turned to a woven silk one twice as strong for its size, and in place of the rusty hook has appeared a length of tapered transparent gut called a leader, to which is fastened a hook buried in feathers, silk and tinsel. To top it all off I catch bigger trout with the modern outfit than ever I did with the one of my youth. I have learned to play a fish, not yank it out of the water like a derrick. Yes! I get much more kick out of trout fishing today than I ever did when I was a lad. I would not want to go to the old style of fishing. When streams are full of trout, which are not wise to the ways of man, your sport suffers."

Dad arose a little stiffly and rubbed the backs of his legs. Dick tried to awaken Billie but gave up the attempt and carried him into the tent. Dad then went to the stream, dipped up a bucket of water, came back, and poured it on the fire. The fire hissed and crackled, for a minute or so, and finally the red glow vanished.

"Well Dad," said Dick, "I'm glad you told me that story tonight, I'll never kick again about a poor day."

"Tomorrow's another day," replied Dad as he crawled into bed beside Dick and Billie. "Tomorrow is our last day and I have a hunch, in my old bones, that tomorrow the trout will work. You seldom find two poor days in a row," he said with fisherman's optimism.

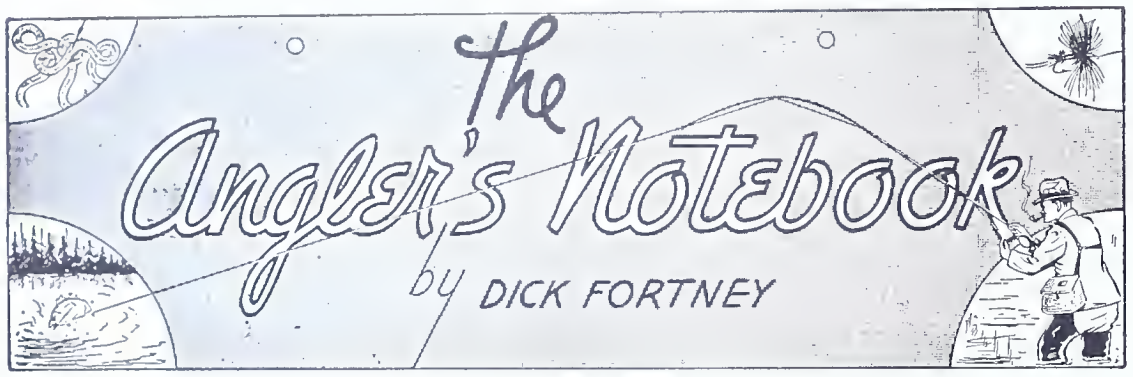
As we fade from the scene the stream is still gurgling and laughing, and the wind is sighing softly through the pines, while the three desciples of "Isaac Walton" are dreaming of tomorrow. For as Dad says, "Tomorrow's another day."

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find a two year subscription to the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER for my son, Frederick Hipp, Jr. He is in the Service and at the present time stationed in Alaska but I know he would say renew it, Dad. We are saving all the copies for him. The 17th of this month it will have been twenty-one months he is with the Armed Forces.

Yours,

FREDERICK HIPP, SR.



The weight of leaders that are used must be matched with the stiffness of the rod, if breakages are to be held to a minimum. It is obvious that the stiffer the rod the heavier the leader should be, yet many anglers overlook this important fact.

In a small, brushy mountain stream you can save a lot of time by passing over the small eddies and pockets. In this type of water trout usually are to be found in greater numbers in the larger pools.

Beware of a knot in a gut leader. It pays to soak the leader and then carefully to pick out the knot. A leader often will break at a knot when subjected to a sudden strain.

May and early June are the best times for perch fishing. Not only do these gamesters strike better at this time of the year, but also their flesh is at its tastiest best now.

Mist color is about the best in leaders. This is approximately its natural shade, and in water it takes on the color of its surroundings to a large degree. Stained gut is more conspicuous in clear water.

Trout that are feeding on insects just under the surface always are a real problem. Here's a suggestion. Fish with a small wet fly, with a large dry fly attached to a short dropper strand about two feet up the leader. The floating dry fly will keep the wet fly high in the water and also will give the signal of a strike which the angler may not be able to see.

Spinners are not so good for trout fishing. They frighten timid fish, although there is something about the flash of a spinner that enrages rather than alarms a bass or pickerel. Experts use spinners in trout fishing mostly when all other methods are unsuccessful.

A swivel between the leader and the snelled hook or harness is necessary in that method of angling known as spinning a minnow. Unless the swivel is used, the line will curl and kink and the minnow cannot possibly develop that twirling motion that makes it so deadly a bait for large trout.

Sections of streams shadowed by bridges and by bridge piers are good fishing spots, for their deep shadows provide shelter for game fish and pan fish alike. There is a very definite technique in fishing such locations, however. One side of the stream will be found more shallow than the other and with a slower current. This is the side to fish from —not in.

Most anglers will agree to the theory that an east wind means poor fishing, but few have any practical idea of why this may be a fact. One theory is that an east wind, more than one from any other direction, is likely to cause an unusual drop in the temperature of the water at the surface. To this drop, fish respond by going deeper into the pools to feed. The natural strategy is for the angler, when confronted by the problem of an east wind, not to give up his fishing at least until he has tried sending his bait or lures to the depths of the stream or lake.

Pay particular attention to holes under overhanging banks, small gouged-out pockets near rocks, and obstructions. Those are natural hiding and feeding places for fish.

Hooking a trout with a wet fly and with a dry fly is difficult for the beginner to learn. An old-timer makes this suggestion: In wet fly fishing, strike at the suggestion of a fish flash near the fly; do not wait to feel the fish pull. With a dry fly, see if you can strike before the trout gets to the fly but not until after you have seen the fish start for it.

It's not worth worrying about the color of a fishing line, for experience will show that fish strike equally well whether a line be green, yellow, mottled, or black.

Two well proved receipts for the tackle kit: To make dry fly oil, dissolve a quarter of a cake of paraffin in half pint of gasoline or benzine. Place the gasoline in a glass jar in a pan of hot water and shave the paraffin into it. Beware of open flame. To make a leader soak and preservative, mix four ounces of distilled water, one ounce of glycerine, and a quarter teaspoonful of baking soda.

We read some place that a couple of hairs from the tail of a cow, tied double, make a good emergency fishing leader. The double hairs will have a strength of about eight ounces, or in other words will hold a trout nine or ten inches in length.

A teaspoonful of mustard dissolved in four ounces of water makes a good solution for getting worms out of the ground. About a tablespoonful of this mixture is poured down a worm hole in the ground, and Mr. Nightcrawler soon pops out on the surface. It is necessary to wash the worms at once to prevent mustard burns.

Carefully return the little ones. They will be the big ones some day.

TYING TRICKS

By Bob Frederick

WE all at one time or another get the urge to tie flies. It doesn't matter whether a tyer is a failure or a success, both types run into snags or rough spots. Here are a few tricks which I hope will make your tying more successful.

Often times jungle cocks have a tendency to turn when they are tied on as shoulders of streamers or bucktails. A simple solution for this problem is to apply a little, clear head lacquer on the inside of the jungle cock. Tie in your shoulder while the lacquer is still wet and the shoulders will adhere to the wings and lie flat. This works well on bucktails and feather streamers but is not recommended for marabous.

Tinsel can be made tarnish-proof by applying a thin coating of clear lacquer. Ribling tinsel must be treated before it is tied on, but all tinsel bodies, as on the Mickey Finn, can be treated after they are completed.

Neck and saddle hackles often have excessive curvature thus making it difficult to tie them on as streamer wings. This curvature can be eliminated by pressing them under a damp cloth with an iron, much in the same manner trousers are pressed.

Sometimes we receive mussed feathers from dealers. These can easily be restored to original shape by steaming them at the mouth of a tea kettle. This trick is often used to bring flies back to their original shape.

The beginner often has difficulty in keeping his wet and dry fly wings from splitting. This can easily be solved by applying a thin coating of clear lacquer along the edge of the feather fibers before the wings are cut. Care must be taken not to apply the lacquer too heavily.

A small magnet should be kept handy around the tyer's bench to pick up spilled hooks. Some supply houses have magnetized dubling needles which affords a two-in-one tool.

When new hooks are purchased they should be treated with a few drops of oil to prevent rust.

An excellent substitute for head lacquer is model airplane dope. It can be secured in any model shop in clear and various colors. It handles the same way as head lacquer and is waterproof.



This frog is not winking. C. R. Gutermuth of the Indiana Conservation Dept. had this frog in his possession for four months after a peculiar metamorphosis of the eye occurred. Photo by Mr. Gutermuth.

OUTDOOR NEWS AND VIEWS

FIELD AND STREAM

By R. E. Angst

One thing we are sure about. The following article will not appear in the Pennsylvania Angler, where they had three of our articles last month. There is something rotten and it isn't in Denmark. Last Thursday a group of sportsmen, including a special fish warden who doesn't get paid either, were forced to drive their cars over muddy, rough roads, work in icy water in freezing temperature in order to get some trout distributed over part of the courses of Sweet Arrow Creek and Fishing Creek. No doubt, the picture was duplicated near Mahanoy City. And it's mighty lucky that we have sportsmen who will use their cars and give of their time for the job. In many cases such men are not available. Anyone can picture what happens then.

And that isn't the worst of the story. Fishing Creek is a brown trout stream. From the point where the state highway crosses the stream down to where it enters polluted water is a short distance. Brown trout usually run down stream when stocked. Where do you imagine those brownies went? But Fishing Creek is a fairly long stream and don't blame the fish warden for putting the fish where he did. He put them where he was told to put them.

Even then the story is not all told, Fishing Creek, at least in its lower course, is a brown trout stream exclusively, yet we have it from Dick Hochgertel of Pottsville that possibly 40 per cent of the trout stocked were brook trout. Somebody is going to have some pre-cooked brookies this summer when the water warms up.

Sweet Arrow Creek, and this isn't the Little Swatara, as the Fish Commission insists, since the Little Swatara runs by Stanhope far across the hills from Sweet Arrow Creek, unless it jumped its banks since we saw it last—an important difference since we also want to try to get trout for the Little Swatara some day. As we started to state, Sweet Arrow Creek is most emphatically not a brook trout stream, if it is any kind of a trout stream—which we sometimes doubt—yet again 40 per cent of the shipment put into the stream last Thursday were brook trout. In other years mostly rainbow trout were stocked in this stream. The anglers seemed well satisfied with the rainbows. This year, as far as we can learn, no rainbows were stocked.

—Tamaqua Courier.

The Fish Commission is stocking streams heavier than ever near the populated centers this year in order to give everyone a break and there is every likelihood that mid-season stocking also will be in order.

What real fishing one may get on the favorite streams in distant counties to which he traveled almost every week-end in other years will now have to wait until vacation time. But even in vacation time, unless you start saving your gasoline now, you may be unable to find transportation to those favorite places.

—Pottsville Republican

FEDERATION ADOPTS RESOLUTIONS AND ELECTS OFFICERS

At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, the following resolutions were adopted:

1. Recommending an increase of 50 cents for fishing licenses, such increase to be ear-marked for stream improvement, mine sealing, building dams, lakes or ponds or acquiring them, and acquiring and maintaining public fishing waters.
2. Recommending that the Commission be empowered by Legislature, or a Reversal of Attorney General's opinion, to expend funds for enforcing the Pure Streams Law and eliminating pollution.
3. The Federation reaffirmed its Resolution No. 26, adopted in 1940, requesting the Commission to appoint a regular Fish Warden for every county.
4. Recommending that the Commission assisted by the Federation create lakes and ponds for stocking large mouth bass and provide ample shade trees around these areas.
5. Requesting the Commission to resume the practice of netting fish from Lake Erie for stocking purposes.
6. Recommending Legislature give the Commission discretionary power to close a trout stream that is stocked during the regular open season for a period not to exceed 5 days.
7. Recommending that the Commission increase the number of fish bait and bait fish permitted licensed dealers because the present quota is inadequate to meet the demand.

Game Resolutions

8. Recommending that the skunk season remain the same as in 1942.
9. Recommending that Article 6, Section 694 of the Game Laws be amended to read as follows: "In any county of this Commonwealth, the Commission may, through their salaried officers set aside certain Beaver colonies, and prohibit all trapping within their dams and immediate vicinity, upon lands open to public hunting and trapping, by prominently posting said Beaver colonies during any open season for Beaver trapping in this Commonwealth. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be subject to the penalties hereinafter provided."
10. Recommending that the sale of hides of legally killed deer be permitted.
11. Urging the Commission to supplement its game feeding program by planting game lands and other State owned areas with nut trees, berry bushes, etc., for wildlife.
12. Requesting the Commission to establish wild turkey propagating areas in those counties where there are wild turkeys but as yet no propagating areas.
13. Requesting the Commission to supplement its game food program by paying farmers to set aside and plant areas to game food with seed furnished by the Commission.
14. Recommending that the season on snowshoe rabbits be open for a period of 15 days during January.
15. Requesting the Commission to continue the use of vulcanized fibre hunting licenses after the war.
16. Suggest the Commission adopt a policy whereby officials of County Units will receive notification of any intended change in the Commission's field personnel.
17. Requesting the Commission to discourage newspapers from including reports of fatalities not directly caused by firearms along with news reports of those directly attributable to gunning accidents.
18. Recommending the planting of more food plots on State-owned lands.
19. Recommending that if there is a 15 day season on woodcock that it be from October 10 to 24 inclusive.
20. Recommending that bear season for 1943 be November 24, 25, 26 and 27 and that deer season open November 29.
21. The conference rejected a recommendation that the Commission discontinue all importation of rabbits and spend the funds formerly used for this purpose to increase rabbit propagation on the Game Farms and to extend trapping operations in over-populated areas.
22. Concurring in a recommendation of the Cambria County Sportsmen's Association favoring an open season for quail and grouse for 1943 identical with that of 1942.
23. Recommending that salaries of the field forces of both Fish and Game Commissions be increased 15%, or to the maximum, whichever comes first.

Other Resolutions

24. The Federation voted to promote the following measures:
    1. Recognize the urgent necessity of providing additional help to our normal forest fire protection services.
    2. Ask all local clubs to secure volunteers for the Forest Fire Fighters Service of Civilian Defense.
    3. Urge each County Federation to encourage all local clubs to aid this program.
    4. Ask each County Federation to assist the County Chief of the Forest Fire Fighters Service in making contacts with the local clubs and the individual volunteers.
25. Opposing the present method of logging in some parts of the State by the Department of Forests and Waters and requesting that timber be disposed of in a more workmanlike and safe manner and that proper provisions be made for reestablishing a new forest on areas so cut.
26. The conference approved that copies of all resolutions acted upon by the Board of Directors the day before the general convention be mimeographed and handed to each delegate in order to insure proper consideration of, and expedite voting on, such resolutions.
27. Recommending that in view of the discontinuance of WPA that the Federal Government continue the mine sealing program in Pennsylvania using conscientious objectors for labor.
28. Recommending that hunters and their dogs keep out of unharvested fields of soybeans.
29. Recommending that the Legislature appropriate sufficient funds to continue the mine sealing program in accordance with the joint plan to be adopted by the Federal and State Governments.
31. Recommending that the Sanitary Water Board adopt a finding of facts and policy that there is a practical means of preventing culm and coal dirt from entering the waters of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.
32. Recommending that the proper legislative steps be taken to make sure that the war effort is not used as an excuse for stream pollution.
33. Recommending that the Federation, by some means, give recognition to the officers of the Federation, Divisions, and County Sportsmen's organizations who are now in the armed forces of our country.
34. **Recommending to the Governor that Hon. Charles A. French, Commissioner of Fisheries, be reinstated at the close of his present term.**
35. Recommending a change in legislation that would enable the Game and Fish Commissions to issue free hunting and fishing permits respectively to members of the armed forces stationed within the Commonwealth, and to any Pennsylvania resident member of the armed forces stationed beyond the State boundaries, but in the State on leave.
36. Reaffirming its position on Resolution No. 44, 1942 convention, recommending that a Dog Law Enforcement Officer be appointed in each county.
37. Recommending that the Constitution and By-laws of the Federation be amended to adopt an additional rule that would require that charges against members or personnel of the Game, Fish, or Forestry Departments, be made in writing signed and verified by affidavit of the complaint before the representatives of the Federation proceed with an investigation.
38. The Federation placed itself on record as opposed to any club or group leasing hunting or fishing rights for themselves only.
39. **The Federation opposed the recent activities of the new appointees to the Game Commission, to wit: Messrs. Gipple, Harwood, Fisher, Phillips, and Hanes, and they approved the withdrawal of all these names by Governor Martin and recommended that none of them be reappointed. It also went on record as fully supporting Ross L. Leffler, Robert Lamberton, Colonel Biddle, and Seth Gordon, Executive Director of the Game Commission, and the present Fish Commissioner, Charles French.**
40. Recommending that a Conservationist be included on both National and State Planning Commissions.
41. Recommending that Section 22 of the Pennsylvania Dog Law be amended to make it illegal to destroy or kill any licensed dog except when such licensed dog is caught in the act of worrying, wounding or killing livestock or poultry or attacking human beings.

Dr. Darlington R. Kulp, Reading, First Vice-President during the past year, was elected to the office of President succeeding Merrill C. Merritts of Altoona. Colin Reed, Second Vice-President during 1942, was elected First Vice-President with the understanding that he assume the duties of the President in the absence of Dr. Kulp, who is now in military service. Upon Clair Groover, of Lewisburg, was conferred the Second Vice-Presidency, and upon Dr. C. A. Mortimer was again bestowed the job of Secretary-Treasurer.

Here and There In Anglerdom

Dear Sir:

As a Christmas Gift two friends of ours sent us the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER—a gift subscription. We are thrilled with it, and have already begun awaiting each issue anxiously.

Enclosed is an account of an experience we had last summer. Naturally, I'm hoping you use it—but if you don't care to—tear it up. Don't bother to return it. It was exciting to us and every word is true. However, I can well understand that you might well decide you can find no general appeal in it.

Good luck to the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER.

Sincerely yours,
KATHLEEN B. WARD.
(Mrs. John W. Ward).

Four of us had been on many fishing expeditions together, and hope to go on many more, but the following experience topped any we have ever had or hope to have.

We had not had a very lucrative day, in various spots, but being in high spirits, and it being a mid-summer day, we decided to take advantage of the expected moon and do some night fishing. After a grand outdoor dinner, we parked the car well in off the road, and in hip boots, made our way across the meadow, carrying rods, reels, creels, tackle boxes, and worms. We also had our flashlights. The stream is a branch of the Octorara Creek, that runs between Chester and Lancaster. The exact spot is known as Willis' Bushes. We talked, fished, and generally enjoyed ourselves until close on to midnight. We then decided to go back to our place, and get an early start in the morning, heading for the same spot. Deciding thusly—we picked up our stringer, on which by this time, we have six or eight sizable Fall fish, and a couple of bass, legal, but nothing to brag about. As my husband picked up the stringer he said, "Hey, what have we got here? Looks like an uninvited guest."

Naturally we all crowded around, and played flashlights on the business end of the stringer, which had been dragging in the water of course. "Oh, another eel," said I in utter disgust. They had given us messy entanglements all evening. "Too big for an eel," said Doc, "and anyway look closely."

We did, and found ourselves looking into the very unfriendly eyes of a water moccasin. Half-way down the body of the snake we could see clearly outlined our best Fall fish. Half in and half out of the snake's mouth we saw another of our fish. But that was as far as the water moccasin had been able to go. Naturally the stringer was still in the mouth of the already devoured fish, as well as being strung through the gills of the second victim. Mr. Snake had decided about this time that his free meal wasn't all he had hoped when he started on it. And he didn't like the situation anymore than we did. But he was stuck with it, and we felt wary about doing anything about the situation, especially since the formerly bright moon was obscured by clouds by now, and our batteries had been used about as much as they could stand, and it had turned decidedly colder.

On taking stock of the situation, we decided to leave the whole business lying in the grass, feeling sure that the snake could not get away. We decided to return on the morrow, because we wanted to see the snake by the light of day to be sure about what we really had on that stringer.

I, for one, wasn't too sure that it still wasn't just an eel.

We returned the next morning before six o'clock, and sure enough there he was. The fish were dead of course, but not so the snake. He was all of four feet in length, and three or four inches in girth. He set himself for attack, and even in the light of morning, caused us to keep our distance. Doc was all for shooting him. But we decided against this, as the very friendly farmer had given us permission to cross his land, and wade his creek for the purpose of fishing, and we didn't like to take a chance on his rescinding the permission if he heard a gun. And besides that, about eight cows—not the timid variety—had congregated at the spot to investigate. Finally my husband found a rock—a large one—and after smashing it down three times with all his might, the snake ceased struggling. We now retrieved our stringer and, by the simple expedient of cutting the water moccasin open, also the other fish, which we promptly disposed of. We used a spare stringer to tie the snake up with, and dragged it with us for the rest of the day. We had to take it back with us for all the doubting Thomases back where we were staying.

The gentleman whose home was and has been our quarters on many fishing trip was laying a cement walk, and if it is ever dug up, the remains of one water moccasin and a good fish story will be found there.

Dear Sir:

The sucker fishermen have really had their innings in this section this spring. We did not have any ice jams to take them out and the streams opened up with the first few warm days and the suckers started to bite with a vengeance.

Favorite holes was the mouth of Conewango Creek, Wetmore Eddy, in Conewango Creek, all along the Allegheny from Cobham to Tidioute, the mouth of West Hickory Creek and Tionesta Creek from the tunnel outlet to the Allegheny River.

The fish are averaging a little larger than usual with a large number running from 4 lbs. up to 6½ lbs.

Very truly yours,
R. C. BAILEY,
Fish Warden.

WOMEN ANGLERS TURN TO TYING FISHING FLIES

Women are getting to be better customers at sporting good stores—they're buying fishing flies. Not only that, but they are tying flies, too. Perhaps they saw that touch of color in the unusued flies their piscatorial husbands stuck in their hat bands. Anyway they're tying flies—and the only drawback at the present time is the shortage of fishhooks and certain kinds of feathers that have been previously purchased abroad.

However, Pennsylvania fishermen—and now the ladies, too—are trying to find substitutes. They are trying to produce flies that look like the Royal Coachman, Grizzly King, Silver Doctor and a lot of others. The only handicap is lack of proper materials, but ingenuity will find a way, no doubt.

And more fishing licenses are being sold to women anglers in the State each year.

—*DuBois Courier.*

TRUCKLOAD OF TROUT DESTROYED IN CRASH

Eighteen hundred rainbow and brown trout which were being taken to Venango county for distribution in streams of that district were lost when a large truck of the State Fish Hatchery of this city was wrecked just below Spartansburg Thursday. The accident occurred when a rear wheel sheared off. Ted Mulvin, of Union City, driver of the truck escaped with cuts on two fingers and a shaking-up but the entire load of trout was destroyed. The truck also was considerably damaged.

Local anglers are having quite a time for themselves right now, according to all reports, and the catch—suckers. There is no official season for suckers, but died in the wool anglers take them only from January until the opening of trout season.

In the past several days there have been reports of some nice catches—we never thought suckers got that big—but last night, we saw one in the flesh, or scales or what have you, and it in a way verified the tall tales our friends have been telling us.

George Crouse, 140 East Gas avenue, employe of the York Postoffice, last night brought to The *Gazette* and *Daily* office, what everybody who saw it, said was the largest sucker they had ever seen. Crouse's catch measured 21 inches and weighed more than four pounds. He registered it with Stewart Lehman at the Lincoln Highway garage, who did the measuring and weighing, so don't contradict him when he tells you of the big fish he caught. Crouse was accompanied by Paul Ruck, 126 North Howard avenue, who had no luck. The big catch was made at the mouth of Kreutz Creek and the bait was an ordinary worm.

—*York Gazette and Daily*



Alderman C. Leroy Wanner of Reading had his hands full with this huge snapper. Upon request he gave us the following information.

I caught the 30 lb. snapping turtle on August 14, 1942 in Voshell's Pond in Delaware while fishing for yellow perch. The leader was 6 lb. nylon and the hook a small eagle's claw type.

It took over 45 minutes to work him up to the boat and I finally grabbed his tail and pulled him over the side, after which the fun really began.

I was alone and was wearing tennis shoes, and I was afraid of that gentleman. His head and jaws were big enough to take all the toes in one bite. Try something like this sometime and see what fun it is.

Mailed in conformity with P O D. Order No. 19687

IF

you have a fishing friend in the service why not see to it that he receives the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER.

Let us all practice and sell conservation

Carefully return small trout even if they are over the legal limit, and give them a chance to grow.

"Sow that ye may Reap"

Open Trout Streams Need Willows

In idle moments along the stream plant willow shoots. This is valuable conservation work, and it is interesting to watch your trees rapidly develop from year to year.

Simply shove a cut and trimmed branch into moist ground in an open place exposed to the sun, yet in a spot where it will not be trampled.

A fine booklet entitled, "Fishing Accommodations in Pennsylvania," has been published by The State Department of Commerce. Copies free of charge are available from The Fish Commission or The Department of Commerce, Harrisburg.

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EDWARD MARTIN
Governor

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

VOL. XII. No. 6 JUNE, 1943

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Here and There In Anglerdom

New Legislation Affecting the Fisherman

HOUSE BILLS

No. 155. This bill was introduced by Representative Turbett, Juniata County, passed the House and Senate and was approved by the Governor May 21, 1943, and is now known as Act No. 145.

This Act amends section 220 of the License Law providing that for the duration of the present war any person who has the qualifications under this section and who is in the service with the Armed Forces of the United States will be issued a fishing license upon application to any county treasurer within the Commonwealth without the payment of the fee.

The application for the issuance of a license in such case shall in addition to the other information required give the serial number of the branch of service to which the applicant is attached, together with the applicant's rank, company, battalion, regiment, division and other military organization.

The necessary applications will shortly be in the offices of the county treasurers. From the information we now have the Act applies only to residents of the State.

No. 172. This bill was introduced by Representative Boies, Allegheny County, passed the House and Senate and was approved by the Governor June 1, 1943, and is now known as Act No. 335.

This is an Act providing that the State of Pennsylvania may enter into a compact with any one or more of the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida and with such other states as may join to promote the better utilization of the fisheries, marine, shell and anadromous, of the Atlantic Seaboard and to create the Atlantic States Marine Fisheries Commission.

Under section 6 the sum of Two Hundred Dollars ($200.00), or as much thereof as may be necessary, is appropriated out of any moneys in the State Treasury not otherwise appropriated for the expenses of the commission created by the compact.

No. 286. This bill was introduced by Representative Boies, Allegheny County, passed the House and Senate and was approved by the Governor March 31, 1943, and is now known as Act No. 14.

This act amends the Fish Code, section 265, by providing that it is lawful to take pickerel and perch through the ice with not more than five tip-ups during the months of December and January.

No. 316. This bill was introduced by Representative Boies, Allegheny County, passed the House and Senate and was approved by the Governor May 21, 1943, and is now known as Act No. 133.

This Act was passed in order to cooperate with the coastal states who are endeavoring to prohibit the taking of undersized lobsters, and the law as passed in this state provides that whoever captures, takes or has in his possession any lobster measuring less than 3⅛" from the rear of the eye socket along a line parallel to the center line of the body shell (carapace) to the rear end of the body shell (carapace) shall upon conviction thereof in a summary proceeding to sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding $50.00 and in default of the payment of such fine and costs shall be sentenced to imprisonment not exceeding thirty days.

No. 758. This bill was introduced by Representative Mahany, Crawford County, passed the House and Senate and was approved by the Governor May 7, 1943, and is now known as Act 115.

This Act amends the Fish Code by authorizing the Board of Fish Commissioners to adopt appropriate rules and regulations governing the taking of fish by trolling from a moving boat electrically propelled or propelled by an internal combustion motor; such rules and regulations to specify the waters within the Commonwealth in which such trolling may be engaged in.

No. 1066. This bill was introduced by Representative Imbrie of Butler County, passed

(Continued on page 10)

THE BOSS BASS OF MAPLE BEND

by RICHARD ESLER

IT was hot that summer at Maple Bend. The sky had the bluish luster of hot metal, and the vista of marching mountains shimmered in a haze of heat. The forest was as still as death, the leaves hanging motionless under a film of dust.

In the shade of an ancient sycamore, the Old Master and I were also motionless. Even the river was still. The steady sound of the riffle at the head of the eddy seemed a part of the pattern of silence. Trees at the water's edge stood watching their reflections in the big mirror-smooth eddy. The Old Master lay stretched out on a rock overhanging the river, also apparently gazing at his reflection in the water. I was watching a bald eagle which, high overhead in the limitless vault of the sky, hung like an image painted on blue canvas. Life above the water seemed asleep, dozing through the dusty summer silence.

But in the cool green depths of the river, life went on. Far upstream, where the muttering riffle merged with the deep eddy, Long Tom, lord of the bronzebacks of Maple Bend, lay in a pocket of water behind Hathaway's Rock. On either side of him the river hissed past, its surface interlaced with slick bulging currents which flowed into one another like powerful muscles. Flecks of foam, swirling around the rock, paused momentarily as they swung into the quiet backwater between the racing currents.

Once a helgrammite, loosed from the underside of some upriver rock, hurtled down the channel and swirled within Long Tom's vision. A shaft of living lightening split the water, flashed dark bronze, and disappeared. Then Long Tom slipped like a sea raider back into the shadow of Hathaway's Rock. The big smallmouth lay almost motionless, the broken black markings and bronze ground color of his body matching the river bottom perfectly. Although he bulked large in the little patch of smooth water—almost unbelievably large for a river smallmouth—a casual glance would never have seen the outlines of his thick powerful body.

Far down the river, in the shade of the sycamore, the Old Master was mumbling to himself.

"What stirs," I asked, "in that massive brain today?"

"I'm trying, Professor," he said dreamily, "to put myself in a fish's place."

I snorted. "One good kick will do that. And if you insist—" I lifted my boot.

"You don't understand," explained the Old Master with the air of a bored primary teacher. "I'm trying to imagine where I'd be on such a hot afternoon if I were that fish."

"What fish?" I asked.

"In this eddy," he said impressively, "is the whoppinest biggest bruiser of a bass that ever flipped a fin."

"So?" I said skeptically.

"So I'm figuring out a good spot to lie in. I'm deciding where I'd be if I were Long Tom."

"If you were who?" I wasn't sure that I had heard aright.

"Long Tom is the name," said the Old Master, "the boss bass of these parts."

"If you're talking about that mythical monster I heard about at the crossroads store," I said, "you don't have to figure out a good spot to lie in. You're lying right now. Don't tell me you believe those tall stories we've heard about Long Tom."

"No, I don't" admitted my pardner. "But there's a fish behind all the tales we hear. He's probably not as big as local legends tell, but if he exists at all, he's an uncommonly big bass."

"Long Tom," I lectured, "is to the river country what Paul Bunyan is to the timber country—a folk story. All the natives around here are fishermen, and word of any big fish spreads pretty quickly and stays spread for a long time, for years in fact. Even if the old lunker is caught, he lives on in the tales he inspired. For all you know, Long Tom might have been dead meat ten or twenty years ago. River folks will be telling about him for the next three generations, and the longer they tell about him the bigger he grows. I tell you, Long Tom is 90% imagination."

"Kin imagination," said a dry matter-of-fact voice from among the trees behind us. "rip the hooks out'n a feller's plug jest as easy as you or me pulls the cork out'n a bottle?"

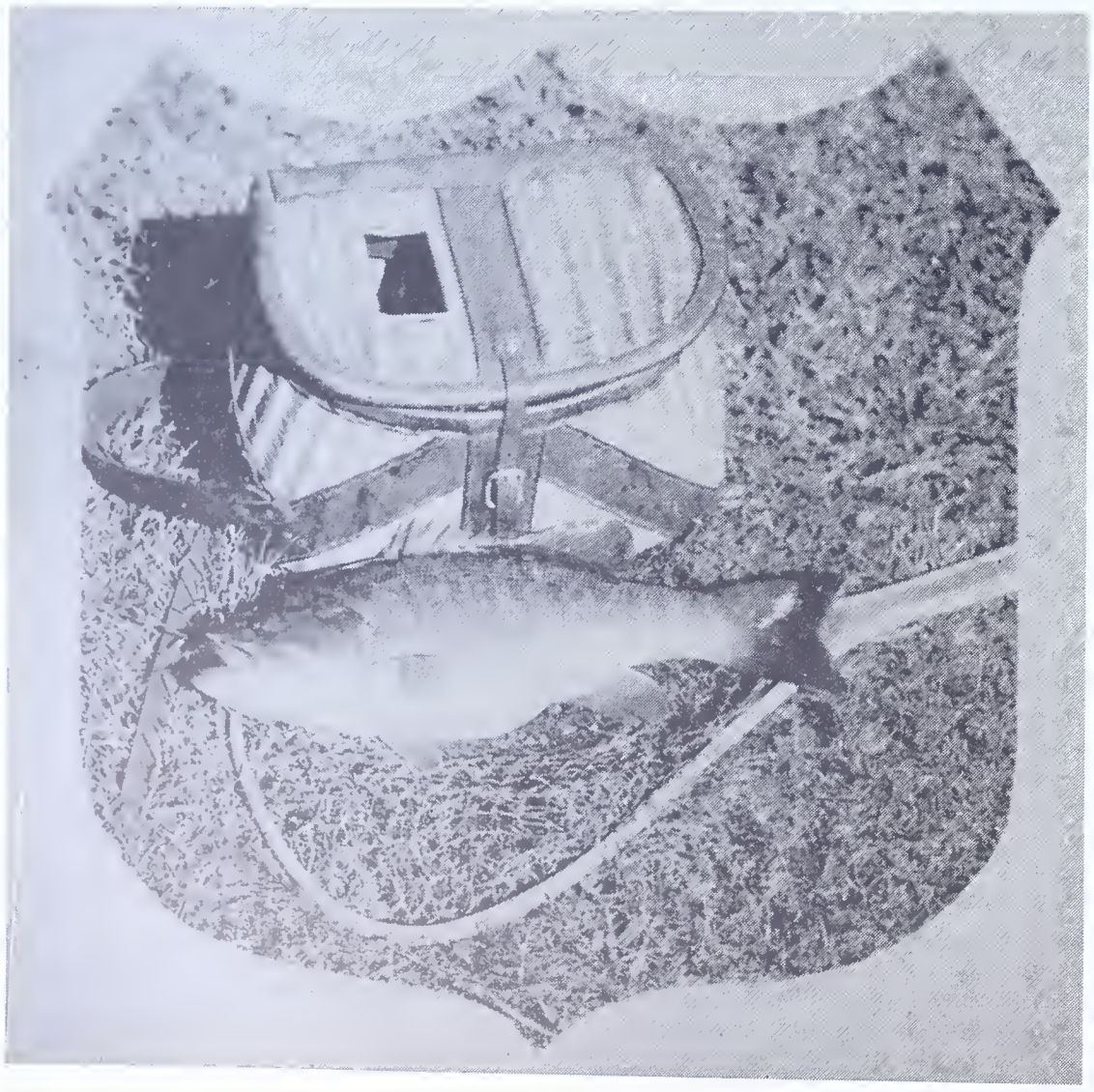
Dad Martindale dropped down beside us on the rock where he unlimbered joint by joint like a rusty rule. He was as hard and gray and weatherbeaten as the rock itself. For sixty years he had fished and hunted in the upper Allegheny River country until he had soaked up the very color and texture of those stony hills.

"I'm askin' you, Perfessor," he said quietly "kin imagination smash a steel castin' rod all to smithereens and bust a twelve pound line like it was a spider web?"

"Did all those casualties occur at one time?" I asked.

"You're dang tootin'," said the old native "Last season I was pluggin' downriver from Big Bend. Got nary a strike till I hit the head of this eddy. Long Tom come a-bilin' out from behint a rock and took off with my plug atween his jaws. He run my line all out, he did, and all I could do was hang onto my old castin' rod till she busted or at the handle. Then the line busted, too

(Continued on page 16)



A fine 19 inch Susquehanna small-mouth, which placed in the big fish contest of the Millersburg Sportsmen's Club, was taken by Park Campbell.

THE FEM AND THE FISH

by JACK ANDERSON

OLD Oss Dotter had been around in his time, and his eyes twinkled as he stroked his chin and asked, "Leavin' the lake so soon? It's the best time coming up now for bass, and that big fella back in Grey Birch eddy might feed!"

He was leaning against the porch railing of his little inn along the Pinchot Trail in the Pocono Mountains. I was sitting in the front seat of my Chevrolet, dressed for town from the keen-edged brim of my campaign hat to the sparkling toes of my garrison shoes.

"I'm going to leave the mountains till tomorrow," I said grinning. "I'll be back."

"The bug's gotcha," he announced.

"Bug? What sort of bug?"

"I've known you two years, by gad," said he. "In them two years I've never seen you leave a fishin' lake at sunset. Nor have I seen you dressed in Sunday-go-to-meetin's exceptin' Saturday nights or Sundays. It reminds me all of Davey Krauss's son Bill."

"How's that?"

"He fished all his life. His mother tried all his years to yank him away from the crick. He stayed closer to water than a bull frog. He'd miss a Sunday roast beef to sit on a meadow run and catch shiners and eat salomi sandwiches!

"And then came the day! He tossed aside his overalls and can of worms and got him some flashy ties and blue serge pants. Everybody's eyes popped, including mine. I hadn't seen the bug so often then."

I grinned. I said, "See you later!" and off I went, across the mountains toward Allentown, sixty miles away.

Mosey Wood Lake was the favorite bass lake that I was leaving. Many seasons had I plugged its glacial waters, casting along the shallow shore-lines in the shadows of thick-growth rhododendrons and grey birch trees, feeling out the weedy eddies and water lilly growths. Usually, I was alone; alternately, I had a male companion. I'd sit often in the grey morning, silent as the forest, gliding alone through the smoke of dawn in my rowboat, welcoming the grey arms of mist that wrapped about me. I'd glory in the gentle gurgle of water on the bow of the boat, the gentle throb of trolling rod and line in the stern, the feel of cold clear mountain air on my skin. Now and again I'd catch a glimpse of a beaver, swimming off into the mists, or a white-tailed deer standing along the water's edge. I was ever content, ever at peace with the world. Life seemed complete.

And yet now, while on short furlough from the army, I was still leaving the lake—and as Oss said, when the big fellow might feed! There was a strong north wind blowing, too, moaning through the crown of the forest. This meant that the lake was rough. Clumps of brownish foam would be bobbing around the sandy shoreline on the southern lip of the lake. Pieces of moss would have been brought from the lake-bottom and would be drifting about in the water. The lake would be a dark color, almost black. And with this, I knew, had come the ideal time for bass plugging.

But the lake was no longer complete. It had not changed. It was as beautiful, wild, peaceful as ever. It was— well—

I arrived back at Mosey Wood early the following morning. As I pulled up to the lone cabin on the south end of the lake, the sun cleared the tall pines of the western skyline. The light wind characteristic of early morning in the Pocono mountains had



"Take it away," she cried, as the fish wiggled.

stirred the surface of the lake to myriad tiny ripples.

"Well," I said, "here we are." And I pointed. "Over there's the cabin."

The cabin was of rough-board, with a large stone fireplace appended on the south end. It stood on a bare knoll thirty feet above the boat-dock on the lake. In the primitive setting of pine, grey birch and lonely lake, it looked wonderful.

"Did I exaggerate?" I asked of my companion.

She shook her head. "Never! It's a dream!"

I showed her the cabin and several views of the lake, then tackled the job of unpacking, while she changed from skirt to jodhpurs.

And as I worked, I did some thinking. How quickly man changes! At one time I could not associate my fishing tackle and favorite lake with woman. A woman's place was in the city, talking fashion and visiting motion pictures. And yet here was I, assembling Mabel's tackle and wondering if one cushion was enough to keep the bite of frost from tender skin!

It was almost noon before I headed our boat toward the north end of the lake. Secretly, my hopes were low for a good catch, but on the surface I was overflowing with enthusiasm. I trolled with a red-and-white bass plug on the way out, steering the boat about fifteen feet from the shoreline. My destination was Grey Birch eddy, where Mabel could catch a mess of yellow perch and bluegills.

I was going wrong, and knew it. To catch bass at high noon, I should try the channel, with a deep-diving plug, or try live bait with a light weight. But somehow, fishing seemed complete without the fish.

We anchored in Grey Birch eddy, in four feet of water. I dropped our rocks near a stick of grey birch that jutted from the water about forty feet from shore. One of my friends had marked the spot years before as ideal perch fishing. Then I baited Mabel's

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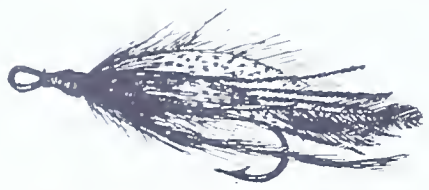
Jack Anderson spent his furlough on Mosey Wood Lake.

EXPERIMENTING WITH ARTIFICIALS FOR TROUT

by ED BRASSEUR

FOR the past decade, it has been my good fortune to fish the streams of Pennsylvania quite extensively, and being the observing type of angler, I will attempt to catalogue some of my findings. If by any chance some angler can benefit by the following streamside observations then I feel that it has been worthwhile. My note book is always in my fishing vest and if any noteworthy incident happens, it is jotted down before it is forgotten, thus it has helped immeasurably in the preparation of this article.

In the first place it might be well to take up the different methods of fishing artificial lures, meaning of course artificials on the fly rod, of which I am a devotee to the exclusion of all other types. To my mind there are three basic types of fly rod lures, namely wet fly, dry fly and streamer and spinner methods. The first is an imitation of the insect as it lives its life cycle beneath the surface of the water, before it hatches into a full winged flying insect. The second type, the dry fly method, imitates the living insect after it has hatched and starts its cycle of propagation, which in some instances, lasts but a few short hours. The third method, streamers and spinners, represents in some forms imitation of live baits, as found living naturally in trout streams. In other forms it presents glitter and sparkle which seems irresistible to trout at times. While other lures, which fall in this classification, represent nothing under the sun but the creators imagination. There are various methods practiced by some anglers, but I believe that when this particular method is stripped down to the fundamentals, it will fall into one of the threc above mentioned catagories.



STREAMER (GREY GHOST)



WET FLY (CAPTAIN)

The word "experimenting" is used in the title of this article, and I believe it is the most important word in the fisherman's vocabulary so please bear with me if I appear to use it too often. For years I have adopted the policy of experimenting if in doubt or if the trout were not working and it has certainly helped me out of a tough spot on many an occasion. To my mind too many fishermen have just one method of approach and they use it through thick and thin, good days and bad, when by just changing their method a trifle, a successful day astream would be their reward. Some of the methods or tactics described a little later on may be frowned on by the purists, but I believe that at heart every fisherman wants the joy of feeling the fight of a trout, not just the joy of knowing that he is casting and angling according to "Hoyle."

Many an accredited and sometimes self styled expert, has suffered the humiliating rebuke of being practically shut-out by some country yokel, who has in his own way, the art of experimentation down to a fine point. After all, expert fly fishermen are made and not born, and are the product of either their own or someone elses, ability to apply the old thinking cap when it is needed.

But getting back to the three basic methods of fly fishing, I will treat them separately and try to point out a few successful tips which can be used in each, tips that have helped me have real sport in past seasons.

You are remembering of course, that this material is taken from my field notes, and is not wishful thinking but on the contrary has worked for me many times.

Taking up wet fly fishing first, it might be well to say that nymphs are also included under this heading, although some fellows contend that nymph fishing is an art in itself. But to my way of thinking the nymph is the imitation of larva, and as such should be included under the basic method of wet fly fishing.

The most common method of fishing wet flies is to cast up and slightly across, letting the current carry the fly down stream, and when the fly has reached the end of its journey and is close to the bank on the side which you are fishing, it is retrieved and cast again. This is the conventional manner and it has taken tons of trout, but there are days when this method will not work. If you happen to hit a day when the conventional method will not work, that is the time to try some of the following variations.

Using this method especially when the water is high, the fly is usually near the surface, due to the speed of the water. Try putting on a split shot or two and sinking the fly a little deeper. Sometimes putting the fly down just a few inches deeper will spell success. If that does not work, attach a dropper fly and with your split shot holding the bottom fly underneath the water, lift the rod tip up and down slightly, so that the dropper fly dabbles in and out of the water. This works best when the fly is fished directly down stream, and is being worked directly up stream, against the current. I have had big browns almost scare me out of my boots taking a slap at a fly fished in this manner.

This by no means exhausts the possibilities and if you want to go a little farther, put on enough shot to sink the fly to the bottom, then raise and lower the rod tip so that the fly rolls around on the bottom, much like a natural insect. Nymph fishing done in this manner, with conditions being right, is a deadly art. This kind of fishing produces some snags, but sometimes the snag turns out to be a lusty trout, so don't be prone to jerk too hard or too quick.

So much for the conventional method of wet fly fishing but there is another method not so widely used which is great sport, and I mean up-stream fishing with wet flies. This is really a lot of fun and resembles dry fly fishing a good deal except that the fly is beneath the water. The nice part of



WATER NYMPH

fishing a wet fly up-stream is the fact that one can regulate the depth and the speed pretty much by raising or lowering the rod tip. I have made some dandy catches by using this method, when all other methods failed. Try it sometime and you will be pleasantly surprised if conditions are right.

Well I have spent so much time on wet fly fishing that there is not much space left for a discussion on dry fly practice, which is really my pet of all methods. There is something about a dry fly, gaily dancing over the ripples and waves on a free float, that is facinating. Many times I have persisted on fishing a dry fly when conditions were at their worst for that type of fishing, never the less there is always that hope deep in the heart of an experimenter, that to do the opposite may fool some old lunker.



DRY FLY (ADAMS)

There isn't much that I can add, to what all ready has been written about dry fly tactics, except to give you a few pet tips.

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NIGHT OWLS IN HIP BOOTS

Big Trout And Bass Are Feeding, And There Is Rare Sport To Be Enjoyed By The Light Of The Stars

by DICK FORTNEY

THE creek looked anything but good as we sat on the grassy bank and munched our sandwiches. Great patches of loose moss were floating lazily with the current. The water was so low and clear that we could see every rock on the bottom from our shore entirely across, although the stream was rather wide at this point. Even though the sun had set, the heat was oppressive, and the air was still.

"This is going to be a fine night for it," mumbled Brooks with his mouth half filled by a generous bite.

"Better soak your neck with bug dope," advised practical Jean, puffing clouds of blue smoke from his pipe.

We didn't stir until the bats began swooping out over the placid pool—that's always our signal to begin night fishing—although our tackle was all prepared while the light still was good.

It was 7:30 o'clock (pre-war time) when we slipped quietly into the stream. And when we quit reluctantly at 1 o'clock the next morning—quit because dazzling flashes of lightning and the first spatters of a growling thunder storm had beset us—we had a record of fourteen black bass and eight panfish hooked, although most of them had been released.

A lot happened in those intervening five and a half hours.

We swatted winged creatures that refused to be awed by our bug dope—that lapped it up, in fact, as if it were cold beer.

In the dark before moonrise we felt and heard fish smash our surface lures and later we were able to see the strikes by the light of a pale and watery moon.

We marveled at bass that continued to feed even when rumbling thunder drew nearer and nearer and the outline of the hills downstream in the distance was clearly visible in flashes of lightning.

Jean hooked into a whopper bass that all but bent his fly rod double—and lost the fish because it was smart enough or lucky enough to dive deep into one of those floating patches of moss.

Brooks lost his footing on a slippery rock, skated down and out into the pool until his boots were filled to the top—and turned his ill luck into good fortune by standing where his sliding feet had stopped and casting his bassbugs to a distant ledge of rocks that he had not been able to reach before. And from that underwater ledge he took one bass 15 inches long.

We got soaking wet before we could make the distance from the creek to our car—and we drove through a blinding storm to a cabin we had rented for the night from a farmer. The patter of rain on the roof quickly lulled us to sleep, and we didn't stir until the rays of the morning sun shone through a window on our faces.

Then we packed our tackle and returned home. Yes, we returned home bright and early in the day. Not one of us would have wasted time fishing by daylight with the stream in the condition it was that August week.

That's the practical point about night fishing. Any veteran night owl in hip boots knows that, come the time of the summer when stream conditions are at their very worst, the protecting cover of darkness serves a two-fold purpose—it impels big trout and bass to begin feeding, and it enables the angler to approach pools that he would not dare to disturb in the light of day.

Yet the night angler is not particularly interested in the practical side of the sport.

Rather, he is under the magic spell of a trout or bass stream at night. It's impossible to describe that spell. A novice probably would not experience it even the first time he went night fishing, or perhaps not even the second or third times. Some fellows simply never succumb to its charms, in fact. But it's there, free for all men who seek it and earn it.



Night fishing obviously is more difficult than angling by daylight, and if it has its compensations it also has its price.

Its price in fog that is quite likely to develop at dusk, following an afternoon shower, and cause the fish to stop feeding.

Its price in insects that bite every exposed portion of the human body, no matter how liberally bug dope is used.

Or in leader knots carelessly tied in the darkness that come undone at a critical moment.

Or in a sudden wind that comes up and ripples the water, making the use of surface lures ineffective.

Some other wandering night angler, unaware of the fact that you are in the pool. may turn the rays of his flashlight out over the water just as you are trying to locate in the darkness the rise of a good fish whose sucking splashes assail your ears with sweet music.

Summer lightning, or heat lightning, as it is sometimes called, may flicker enough to frighten the wary trout or bass.

Or you may run into an outburst of northern lights—and I've experienced them so brilliant that I could read the printing on my fishing license at the hour of midnight.

And you might not even get any fishing done!

One summer night two years ago (before gas rationing) a friend and I drove 60 miles from Williamsport to a mountain stream which was the home of some really big trout that had mocked our daylight efforts a couple of times. We had hope of catching them at night.

Just as we arrived at the stream it began to rain. We were not disturbed at first, for it was late in July and we figured the storm would end soon and it might even pep up the appetites of the trout. We settled comfortably in the car to await the end of the rain and the coming of darkness.

It got dark all right, but the longer we waited the harder it rained. We were at least 20 miles from any human habitation, so there was nothing to do but to stay in the car. Fishing was out of the question. The rain literally thundered on the steel roof.

We dozed off a couple of times during the night—and when dawn came it still was raining. The stream was muddy by now, and we had to abandon our plans.

We ran out of the storm area half way home. By the time we got back to Williamsport the sun was shining, and we observed that one stream we crossed was in perfect condition.

The details are not pertinent, but the fact is that we went home, slept a good part of the day, and then went to that close to home stream that night and had some fun catching bass.

We like night fishing!

You know what they say about olives; that you have to learn to like them? That's true, also, about night fishing. The first time I tried it, many years ago, I spent a devilishly uncomfortable night.

I was afraid to walk around for fear of stumbling into a hole. I was afraid to sit down and run the risk of snakes. Strange night noises in the woods kept me turning my head until my neck was sore. I hooked my flies into the seat of my pants and into three branches and bushes. And I didn't catch one single, solitary trout.

The others in the party were veterans and gentlemen. They didn't poke fun at a jittery kid. They told me about their own first experiences. They didn't amble off in the dark and let me alone. They invited me to go along on another night trip. I

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SURFACE MAGIC, FROM THEM TO YOU!

BY

E. LLOYD KING

THE development and perfection of effective fishing lures suggests a mighty interesting hypothesis and most generally for the inventor a long trail fraught with trial, tribulation, disappointment and hard work.

This is planned as the first of several articles detailing a bit of the inception, history, purpose, manufacture and whenever, and if possible identifying the angling genius originally responsible for the more favored midget plugs pretty generally in use on Keystone bass water. Few fishermen give a thought to all this; fewer still even give a hang! Nonetheless there is more to the sport of bait casting than merely picking up a gaudy bauble or two from the nearest store window at one buck a throw and then expecting a bushel of fish for the investment.

As a matter of fact many of the so-called successful anglers invest a little time in the lure, following the back trail a bit, the case history, the origin, the purpose, not because they are so-called successful anglers, but for the reason that they like to understand and know the why and whereof. And knowing the why and whereof breeds confidence, which makes for successful angling. In short confidence in a lure and proper application spell bass.

Seldom does the experienced veteran buy the big, lunky gaudy bauble of the store window, so easy to throw; more often he'll select the insignificant little job of subdued shade, a black or yellow, or green bronze flecked . . . not always the easiest to cast and frequently requiring reasonable ingenuity of manipulation. It is not always possible for the manufacturer to build action into a plug, the fisherman himself being equally responsible for good or bad success. Most fishermen know of instances where two fellows worked the same water, using identical lures, only one managing to make a good showing. Apparently one fellow knew how to take advantage of possibilities and where to place the lure; the other either indifferent or too lazy to try. One thing certain, on an average, day after day, astream, Lady Luck plays little share in fishing success. The biggest joke on the bass stream is the phrase: "What luck today, Mister?"

Owing to the understandable limitations of space, these first paragraphs shall deal merely with topwater stuff; perhaps deep riders and sub-surface within the next month or so. Black bass love to strike at anything that is cluckingly lively, all of which explains why surface lures are becoming increasingly popular with each passing year. Fishermen like action; bass like action! Many of the truly great bass are taken on topwater chuggers or poppers and kindred relatives . . . plugs perhaps most interesting of all to fish, enjoying the not to be discounted attraction of being nearly always within plain sight of the manipulator.

Quite generally acceptable, the topwater plug averages high with the surface conscious bigmouth of the champion class . . . not all bassers seem to acknowledge its all-over score rates as well or perhaps even better, fish for fish, pound for pound, with the lunky smallmouth, the prize frequently and erroneously considered a poor top prospect. With reason varied, likely however the human element enjoys a part, the latter reflected in the greater fishing ease and adaptability of surface plugs during sub-sunset twilight and early night when cagy big smallmouth are on the hop, all of which nonetheless does not account for daylight successes. Let's toss off the latter contradiction with the not to be disregarded theory that all hefty bass do not take a Rip Van Winkle siesta and that a big fish needs a considerable mouthful to sustain his energy or match his pugnaciousness—and that with conditions right in the daytime, undisturbed or unfrightened, on the feed or if in a playful mood, *Dolomieu* in common with cousin *Salmoides* casts about looking for something gamey, tender and juicy and quickly learns to watch the surface for swimming tidbits . . . baby snakes, small squirrels, crippled birds, bats, large bugs and the like. Incidently no less an authority than the Acting Editor of this magazine retells an incident wherein the greatly distended stomach of a freshly killed bass was found to contain a recently swallowed baby house cat, a kitten. *And thats not a fish story!*

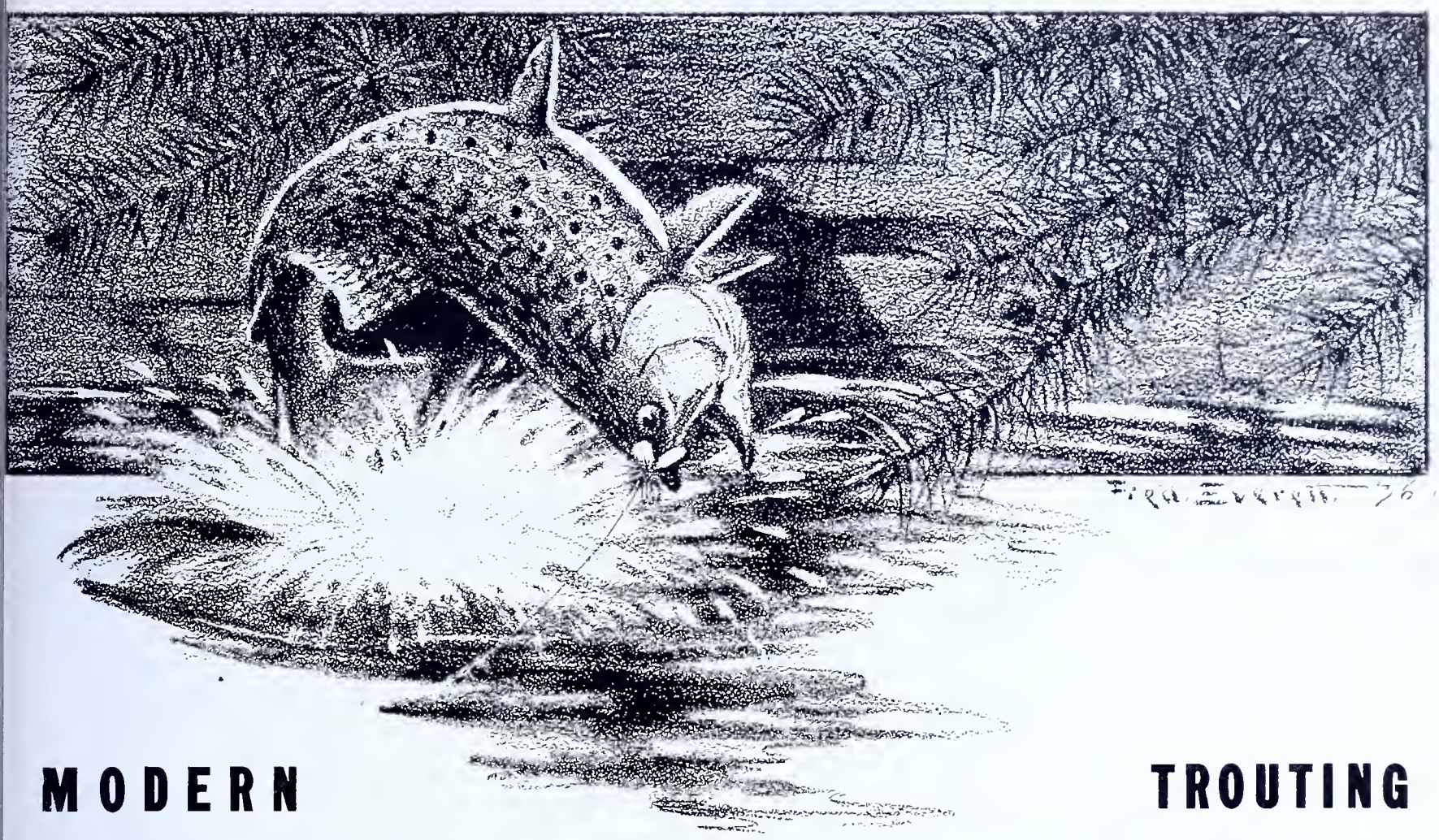
Equally odd and illustrative the tale of a second angling pal. It seems he was plugging a famous south central creek in the late evening and a bat fluttered down to skim along a foot or two atop the water. Almost instantly there occurred a prodigious splash and a mighty bronze back came out in avid pursuit. The big fish chased the birdlike mammal perhaps fifty to seventy-five feet, repeatedly hurling itself from the depths in unsuccessful efforts to tag the winged tidbit. Incredibly the little beastling did not seem to mind the sport in the least, not bothering to change direction, hasten speed nor increase irregular altitude. And ten minutes later an encore, somewhat lesser!

A second similar interlude happened with a friend in the Susquehanna. This time a big baby came out in sunny mid-afternoon to hit a low flying bird, spilling the luckless creature into the current—only to let the crippled mercury drift away drowning on the broken water.

Then as a mere boy, your correspondent watched a not too kindly relative toss a half grown chipmunk down a steep almost perpendicular cliff onto the known haunts of a big bass. As the little ground squirrel hit the deep eddy at the shoulder of the cliff, a lunking shadow struck and then repeated the aggression, the baby squirrel disappearing. Of course, the forager might have been a huge catfish, which grow big in the Monocacy and Potomac and sometimes wander upward above the Mason and Dixon Line. But my bet still rests with the big bass.

Now all of the above may seem a bit unusual, all of the forage differing from the routine ordinary, but it serves to illustrate the point . . . large bass will strike freely at erratic movement overhead, plugs being no exception. Even when retrieved at a steady even gait the topwater stuff registers many kills. But the correct essential is

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MODERN TROUTING

OUR TROUT SITUATION DESERVES CAREFUL THOUGHT AND ACTIVITY

by CHARLES K. FOX

NEXT to actual angling the chief interest of the inveterate angler is the matter of improving fishing. We are all trying to be constructive and we are all trying to do our small but vital part in conservation. Existing conditions must be studied and the judgment of others must be respected and carefully weighed. The search for improvement must continue and there is much knowledge to be gained. This June column of Modern Trouting is devoted to facts and fancies in a deep desire to bring about more angling action for all.

There is natural reproduction in some Pennsylvania trout streams, whereas there is little if any natural reproduction in other waters. Unfortunately, some of the biggest and most popular trout waters fall into the latter category.

Trout deposit their eggs in the gravel of the riffles in late October or November. Their hatching period varies from a month and a half to three months, depending upon the water temperature. If there is muddy water during this extended incubation period the fertilized eggs are covered with a silt deposit which causes decay. The result can be 100 percent loss.

The small mountain, free-stone streams are practically free from mud and, as a result, there is fine natural reproduction in these streams. All trout fishermen know of the abundance of "hemlock trout" found in the small feeder streams which flow through densely wooded areas. Many of these streams never were or never can be stocked because of their location.

The brook trout of such streams cannot grow very large because of the limited amount of food for trout in these tumbling, shaded streams. A fish over ten inches is a rarity from such waters. There are records of brook trout less than four inches in length bearing eggs. That means they were fish at least two years old. This emphasizes the fact that growth is slow and slight in this element.

The situation in the larger streams flowing through rich agricultural areas is totally different and must be treated as such. Generally there is a rain and a subsequent muddy run off during the late fall and winter incubation period resulting in great loss. The only way in which this can be offset is, of course, by a thorough stocking program.

We have three kinds of trout which can be stocked and each of the three are very different in nature. Brook trout, the only one of the three that is native, cannot even exist in some of our best trout streams because the summer temperature at times is in excess of 75°.

Rainbows, the most spectacular and strongest of the three, fit well into a few of our waters but they have a tendency to wander, more than the Nomads, in other streams. Many are the practical fishermen who feel that they are but a shooting star and furnish very little fishing for their cost. After the first or second week of May, they disappear from some of our waters. Possibly if they were not stocked on consecutive years some streams would be barren of them at times. Where they go no one seems to know. They furnish fine fishing throughout the season in cold, landlocked ponds.

In checking my notes I find that in 82 evenings of fishing the Yellow Breeches Creek during the last two seasons I caught none at all after May 7, yet earlier in the season half as many were taken as browns. Ross Buller, our Chief Fish Culturist, advises that there was one rainbow stocked for every 2½ browns in that stream. It is impossible that they could be caught out quickly because of the bigness and roughness of the stream.

Hass Lose, ardent Bellefonte fisherman, volunteered a similar report of Spring Creek. There seems to be a migration from the upper part of Spring Creek in May but they do stick in the Fisherman's Paradise where intense artificial feeding is carried on.

One friend who operates a eel rack in the Susquehanna below New Cumberland has taken a few in his eel basket during November.

On the other side of the ledger we know they stay in Falling Springs the small but wonderful limestone spring stream which flows through Chambersburg. Here the fishermen not only catch big hold-over rain-

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THE CASTING LEADER

by CHARLES K. FOX

THERE is such a piece of equipment as a bait casting leader although there are many plug casters who have never seen or employed one. Like many other items of the fisherman's equipment it sprang from necessity. Fred Arbogast, the maker of the justly famed Jitter Bug has had short ones on the market for five years or more.

My first thought or interest along this line goes back to the days spent on the Conowago and Bermudian Creeks in York County during one summer of draught when the water was very low and clear.

A friend and I fished these bass streams regularly. Usually they are on the muddy side of average, but not that summer. Probably the natives of this southern Pennsylvania County take York County mud for granted and when they see a stream so dirty that it appears that you could walk on top of the water, they think nothing of it. The reaction of a "foreigner" is something to behold. His observation will be to the effect that the fields have moved into the streams. Many is the discouraged and disillusioned bass fisherman who has made a trip to the Conowago only to find it a mass of mud. But that was not the case the summer of 1929. Have you ever seen gin? Well, that summer the water in the creek was as transparent as that.

The channels were reduced to trickles and all fish life was pushed into the holes which were nothing but small pools. Bass could be seen surrounded by minnows. The whole situation appeared to be hopeless.

A friend and I plugged away in the pools and riffles. We saw bass, really a great many bass, but all we could do was scare them. It was necessary to sneak up to the pools. If this operation was successfully engineered there were always some bass within eye sight. That is, bass could be seen until the first cast was made. As soon as the plug would hit the water and the line would cross the pool they would scurry to cover. Time after time and at pool after pool this occurred.

Finally my partner blew up. I recollect his words. "You talked me into bringing my plugging outfit. I should have the fly rod. Here we are, two fellows who fish for trout, casting bull ropes into low, clear, soupy water. Yes, it's bull rope tactics, I tell you, and we won't get any strikes."

"All right then let's work out something more refined," was my obvious conclusion. "Let's come back here tomorrow evening and experiment."

That was in the pioneer days of midget plugging almost two decades ago and we had purposely taken our bait casting outfits for experimentation.

That evening I secured a roll of dental floss.

The next evening we sneaked up on the same pools and looked at the same bass. We each tied on a section of dental floss about five feet long so that the knot almost entered the levelwind. My notes state, dental floss or at least this dental floss was twisted not braided and as a result after a little casting the strands separated. No fish were taken and our terminal tackle was unsatisfactory.

Later in the week a 30 foot coil of 10 pound test synthetic gut was secured and two five foot leaders were made from it. The scene of action was the same old retreat and the same condition prevailed. The five foot leader did not take fish, however, more fish were interested in the little lures when they were connected to the leader than when they were simply connected to the black line. Sometimes on the first cast into a pool a bass would follow the lure for a few feet then turn away. It seemed to us the bass almost took the lures but at the last moment they rejected them. But the day was still young.

There remained 20 feet of artificial gut soaking in the leader box so we decided to cut it in half and try 10 foot leaders. We expected the knots to jam in the level winds but they did not. Then we expected the gut to wear but that held up all right. The net results of the afternoon fishing were nine bass from the low clear stream. We felt we really had something in the new rig and time has proved that that assumption was correct.

Much unforseen grief was ahead of us though. We did not know what knots to use and we did not know what test line and leader to employ. Many a knot slipped or broke and many a plug, just like the arrow shot into the air, fell to earth we knew not where. It is amazing how far a plug will travel which has ripped free from the line. It is also amazing how high in the air these lures will soar. A towering fly from a baseball bat probably never approached the altitudes attained by an independent plug.

On one occasion I was fishing the Susquehanna beyond the mouth of the Yellow Breeches Creek. The gut leader was 10 lb. test and the lure was one larger than I generally use, weighing ⅝ of an ounce. There was a surface commotion some distance away but I thought it might be reached with a long cast. I promptly wheeled back and let her fly. The knot attaching the line to the leader gave way at the start of the forward cast and the plug was on its own. I scanned the calm surface for the splash of the lure but I could not see it hit. Well that one's gone, thinks I, and I get out the box to put on another. All of a sudden there was a plunking splash not 100 feet away. I waded

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NEWS FROM THE BLAWNOX SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

By ADAM J. SACHER

I HAVE been asked so many times, "If you were limited to a few lures what would you fellows at the Blawnox Sportsmen's Club use? We'll say what were your best lures for last year for bass?"

Being a papa I am the father of three sons who all fish, and love the outdoors. We would all pile in bed at 9:30. Dad would tell the boys hunting and fishing stories until 10 or thereabouts, then everybody would go to his own bed and dream it over. That is the way these lads of mine learned to love the outdoors, plus the Boy Scout Troop here in the village. When I was asked that question I thought, Adam, clean your own house first. May I say that this tribe of mine have their own pet lures. Also they do not all use the lures the same way.

The first place goes to the Shakespeare Midget Spinner, (G.P.), Green Perch finish, ½ oz. in weight. This lure comes from the manufacturer with two spinners and two treble hooks. The tail hooks are too small, that is, the shank of the hooks are not long enough to clear the spinner. We buy a double hook which is 1-5/16 inches long and grind the back treble hook off the plug. Unscrewing the hook makes the hole too big. Slide the double hook on the back and you are all set. We call this lure our Sunday lure. It will take Bass, also Muskies. Fish it in the riffles and deep eddies around the weed beds. It always will bring a bass before day is done. I have seen some very big bass caught on this little lure. Johnnie House of the Blawnox Sportsmen's Club caught an 18½ inch smallmouth on his first float down the Allegheny River. Seven was his total catch; the 18½ incher was the only one that he put on the stringer.

When fishing is really tough and the bass are not doing a thing, and when the fishermen are crying that the place is fished out, we like to put on this little lure. We go up to the top of a deep eddy, get out to where it is the deepest, and cast away with our five and one-half foot rod. Cast out from the boat, wait a little for the lure to sink, stick the rod down to the reel in the water, wind it in as you would if you were fishing above the surface. The smallest bass that we caught last August was 16 inches. Putting a lead ahead of the line does not seem to be as effective as putting the rod down deep. Bernard, the oldest lad who is now in the Air Corps, wised up the rest of the clan to that one. Pat Diller of the Crowfoot Club of Wilkinsburg has had lots of success with this lure on the Tionesta Dam with muskies when reeling fast. Charlie Fox, Alex Sweigert, and the rest of the small lure fishermen down east introduced to us big-lure-fishermen in the Western part of the State to the little ½ oz., ⅜ oz. and ¼ oz. lures with their articles in the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER.

One of their first pet lures was the Shakespeare Green Perch Midget Spinner. Charles Fox's article in the June number of THE ANGLER 1938 entitled "Gold Bricks" started us fishermen here in this part of the State on the small lures. I do not know how long those fishermen down east were using these small lures on bass, but since 1938 we fishermen here at the Blawnox Sportsmen's Club, on our floats down the Allegheny River, always start out with the little Green Perch Midget Spinner. Why does everybody use the same lure? That little plug has the warmest spot in our hearts. It's the Ace.

One place we like to fish it is in a deep boulder part of the river. Cast ahead of the rock. Let the lure float down with the current reeling in a little to keep control of the lure, the spinners turning all the while. When the plug gets to where the water is the deepest in back of the rock permit the lure to sink and reel it in very slowly. Donald, the youngest lad of mine, uses that one when it is getting late in the morning. Why late? The Allegheny River has a heavy fog some mornings. Sometimes it is eight o'clock before the fog lifts. As yet, we have not had much success until the fog lifts. That is the experience of one family. I do not remember if anybody started out on a float when it was very foggy. I know of fishermen who have had good success when there was fog on the river, however, we like to wait until the sun strikes the water.



John House with an 18½ inch Allegheny River bass taken on a plug.

There is another lure that I call my dinner time plug. It is a brother of the Shakespeare Green Perch. The only difference is the head is red and the body is yellow. From eleven in the morning until one o'clock in the afternoon we like to sit in a boat or stand at the foot of a riffle, cast up in the riffle and to one side. You say that is in the heat of the day? Yes, it is but we have had a lot of fun fiishing at noon time. (I mean Sun Time). How many fishermen have you seen on the water at high noon? We have not had very much luck with this red head yellow body in deep water. For us it is our foot on the riffle plug. A rubber pork strip will often do the trick when the fishing is slow on the double tail-hook. That one belongs to Raymond who is second in line of the boys in the family. We make our own rubber strips. The five and dime stores have baby panties of white rubber. One pair makes a lot of rubber strips. The daughter of the family buys that for us boys.

There is another lure in this Shakespeare Midget Spinner family that is popular with us fellows here in Blawnox. This one has a red head and white body. After the sun has gone down and it is twilight I like to put on this red head. The lure is the one we like to fish at the top of an eddy when the water is about eighteen inches deep. Not only is this plug good for bass at this time of the evening but it is a dandy lure for pike. Four of us caught three bass and four pike on one riffle in two hours while wading back to camp. All used the same lure. Fishing tackle is scarce now, but I see that there are a lot of these little lures stocked in the sporting goods stores. They sell for 70 cents. If you buy any don't forget to buy the long double tail-hooks. If one uses the lure the way they come from the manufacturer you will get strikes but the fish will not be hooked. The back spinner covers the hook too much. The manufacturer's number for these lures is No. 6601.

The Johnson Silver Minnow No. 1 weight ¼ oz. is another lure that has a place in our creel. With a rubber strip on the hook one can fish all the weedy places in the river. When the fish are not in the channels we float the weedy shore line. Cast back in the weeds, dance the spoon out through the weeds. One is surprised at the shallow water in which bass will lie. This spoon has a way of making bass strike while casting in back of the boat on the way down the river.

Mack's Minnow bug is another ⅜ oz. lure that the fishermen down east gave to us plug fishermen here in this part of Pennsylvania. It comes in three fine finishes, Yellow Sally, Black Sally, and the Silver King. The Yellow Sally is the one that we like to give second choice in the morning when the Green Perch is not taking. It is a weighted bucktail and spinner made specially for plugging. My bucktails are very frayed. I do not know how many times I have painted the head piece. It still takes its share of bass. It is a dandy lure

(Continued on page 14)

NEW LEGISLATION AFFECTING THE FISHERMAN

(Continued from page 1)

the House and Senate and was approved by the Governor May 26, 1943, and is now known as Act No. 281.

This Act amends the Act of April 13, 1942, which provides for the protection of property, prevention of sabotage, etc. The amendment reads as follows:

"For the purpose of enforcing and accomplishing the objectives of the Act herein amended and for so long a period as said Act shall remain in effect all Forest Fire Wardens, Foresters and Forest Rangers, all Fish Wardens and all Game Protectors appointed and serving as such under the laws of this Commonwealth are hereby vested with the same powers as are by law conferred upon Constables and other Peace Officers and such Officers may arrest on view without first procuring a warrant therefor, persons detected by them violating any of the provisions of said Act or detected under such circumstances as to warrant the reasonable suspicion that such person or persons have committed, are committing or are about to commit any offense or offenses against the provisions of said Act."

SENATE BILLS

No. 130. This bill was introduced by Senator Crowe, Monroe County, passed the Senate and House and was approved by the Governor April 15, 1943, and is now known as Act No. 33.

This Act amends the Fish Code, section 213, which makes it unlawful to sell or offer for sale any bait-fish or fish-bait taken from any waters of this Commonwealth when not artificially propagated and sold pursuant to an artificial propagation license granted by the Board of Fish Commissioners. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall be subject to a penalty of $10.00 for each bait-fish or fish-bait sold or offered for sale, upon conviction as provided in Chapter XIV of this Act.

No. 295. This bill was introduced by Senator Tallman, Lehigh County, passed the Senate and House and was approved by the Governor May 6, 1943, and is now known as Act No. 83.

This Act amends the Fish Code, section 254, by providing that the Board of Fish Commissioners may close any stream which has been stocked with trout during the open season for trout, or any part thereof, to fishing for a period of any number of days not exceeding five days after the same has been stocked.



The coon is a good shallow water shore line fisherman but we anglers must not begrudge this wonderful game animal his small share.

PLUGGING AWAY

(Continued from page 9)

over to the spot and there was the lure. I won't even hazard the guess of how long that plug was in flight or how high in the air it soared.

Sometimes the lure would fly away with a leader trailing after it. This happened if the line had a considerably greater diameter than the leader. For example, a knot connecting a 10 lb. test leader with an 18 lb. test line is a weak one. The difference between the respective diameters is too great.

Experience brought about the following conclusions. Synthetic gut is slippery and the knots must be the right ones and they must be tied tightly. Either a jam knot or a turle knot is suitable for connecting the plug to the leader.

The common blood knot or a double water knot will hold the line and leader in tact but like the others they must be tied tightly. There should not be great difference between the diameter of the line and the gut. For example, an 8 or 10 lb. test leader fits a 9 lb. test line and a 15 lb. test gut is approximately the same as a 12 or 14 lb. line. A braided line is of slightly greater diameter than artificial gut or nylon of the same test.

The length of the leader is entirely up to the individual. Some use a leader shorter than the length of the rod so the knot will not go into the level wind. For night fishing some of the fellows employ a leader slightly longer than the rod so that when they feel the knot come through it is time to stop reeling. This system prevents the banging of the plug against the tip guide Some of the rest of us like longer leaders for various reasons. I like the idea of making three from the standard 30 foot coil. This offers more camouflage than the shorter ones. The leader knot, the weakest point, is on the reel spool when a fish is being netted or picked up by the lower lip.

Another tremendous advantage in the casting leader is strength and endurance. Friction will cause great wear on a line near the lure. Constant casting will make the line frayed and rough where it first passes over the tip guide. When a leader is not employed it is necessary to periodically cut off this ever weakening spot. Many a fisherman has been reminded that the time for this operation was overdue when a fish smashed his tackle.

The largest small-mouth bass I ever saw or felt snapped his way to freedom decorated with a plug because the line had worn too much and I was lucky enough once to catch a 6½ pounder. The next day I found the plug floating 200 yards from the scene of disaster. I will always believe that that one that got away was one of the largest of his kind in the North Country.

When a leader is used there is no such thing as a weak spot caused by wear.

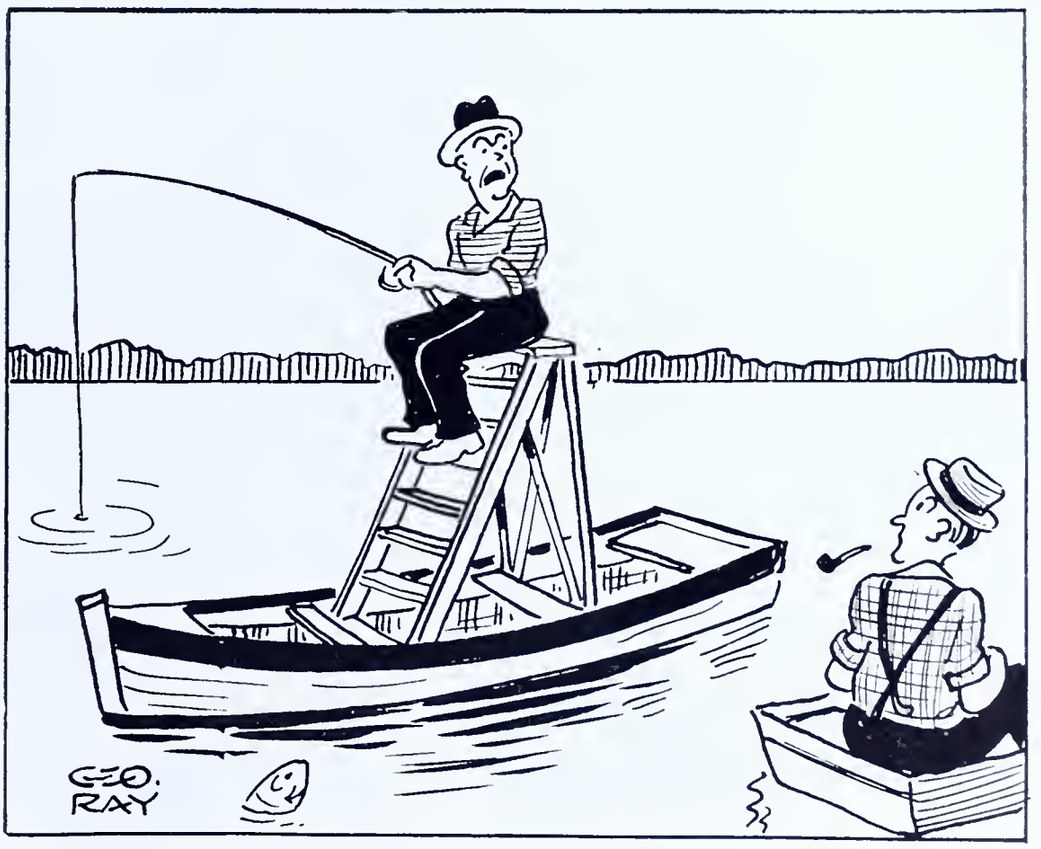
Artificial gut must be soaked before use but that is not true of nylon. Artificial gut, however, softens very readily, particularly if it is placed in warm water. After it is in water for hours on end or in the soaking pads in a leader box for days it becomes milky in color. When dried out it again assumes its transparency.



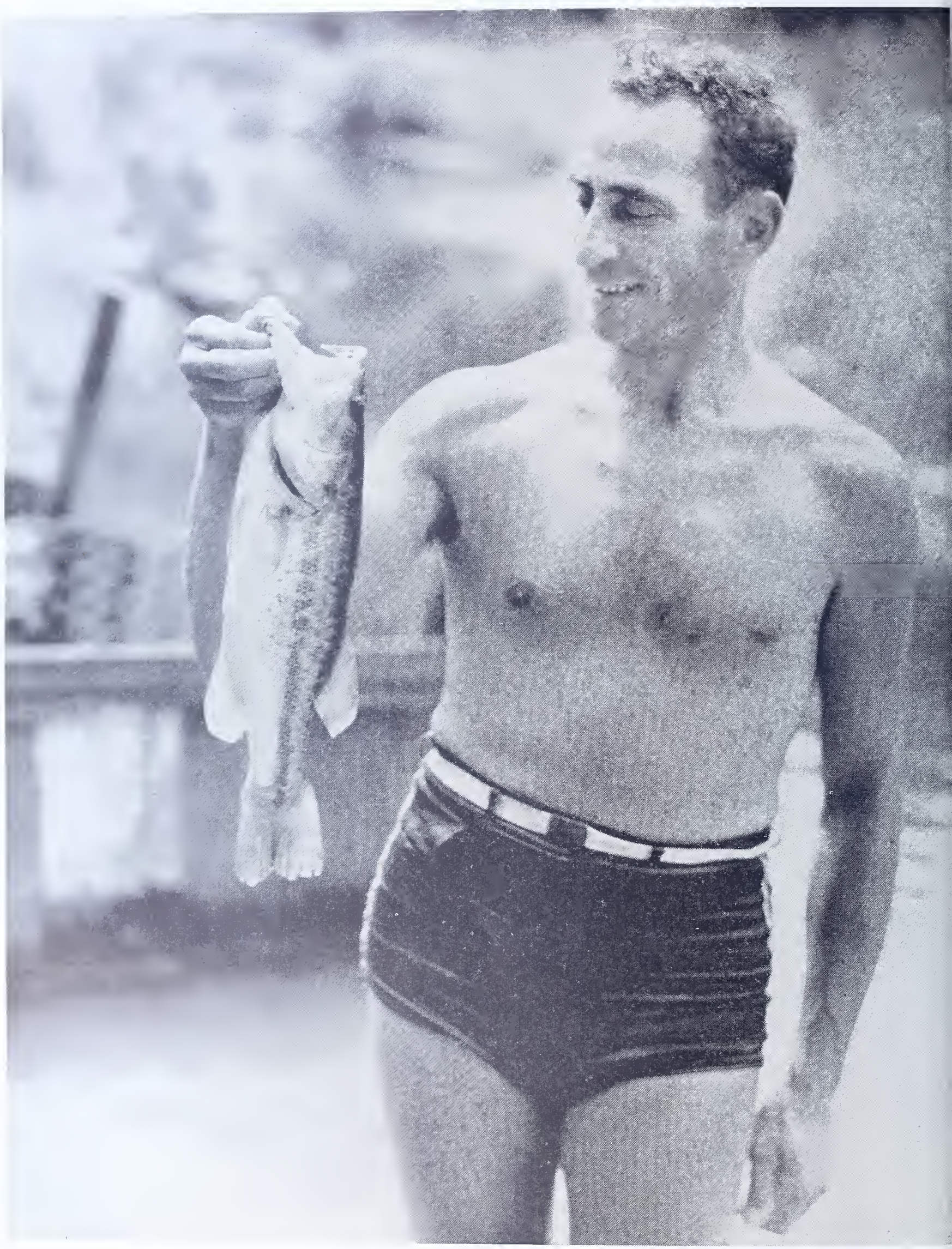
"Well, I caught my husband before getting a marriage license, surely I can do the same with a fish!"

The system I like best is to dry the line at the completion of fishing by making about a dozen casts and fast high retrieves so the line does not touch the water, then after removing the lure, reel the leader right on the spool. There it thoroughly dries and clears. Before fishing again I just hold the end in my mouth for about a minute. This makes it soft and pliable so that the lure can be tied on. Several casts make the coils in the leader disappear.

Many fishermen would not consider plugging without a leader and our prediction is that the day is coming when it will be standard plugging equipment. This is just one more of all those little things which when added together make for more productive plugging.



"Oh, I got tired bailing her out!"



Sam Weitz practices what he preaches.

Photo by David Stybel.

BROTHER--THANK YOUR LUCKY STAR

by SAMUEL WEITZ

MOTHER Nature smiles when her sons of toil go fishing, because, she knows the healthful recreation they will receive from a day spent in the wide open spaces. She rewards those who visit her regularly, with a great abundance of vim, vigor and vitality. These are the V's that eventually will bring us victory in the war effort.

Surely, fishermen must have been born under a lucky star, for they indulge in a sport that is tied up with a health program surpreme.

It may be your choice to wade a stream using the sporty fly rod, or to row a boat and lazily enjoy still fishing. The method used is immaterial. It is the mental relaxation you will receive while communing with nature, that is so beneficial to the nervous system. You come back to your job mentally alert, which helps to keep the injury list at a minimum.

With our country at war, it is important that we, as a Nation, become health minded. The full cooperation of everyone connected with the war industry, is needed to achieve the goal set by our President. We must remember, however, that the human body is like a machine and will burn out if overworked. Stated periods of rest and recreation are vitally important to keep the worker from going "stale." Go fishing for your health. It's a great rejuvenator.

The value of sun-bathing should not be overlooked. The active rays restore the vital energy to the body. This is natures way of recharging the human "battery." Don swimming trunks and let the essential vitamin "D" pentrate into your system. By starting early in the season and taken in moderation, you will avoid sunburn.

Most human ailments originate in the stomach. Be moderate with your food intake and eat only when hungry. The habit of eating just because the dinner bell rang, helps to load the body with excess nutrition that cannot be assimilated. This surplus matter is thrown off in the form of mucus and it is called a cold. The old saw "Feed a cold and starve a fever," should be buried whiskers and all. If you feed a cold you will acquire a fever.

The Holy Bible mentions "milk and honey" as a perfect food combination; therefore, take a tip from the Scriptures and streamline your road to health. Whole wheat biscuits, some fresh fruit in season, milk and honey—is a breakfast you can enjoy the year 'round.

You are as old as your spine. Upon arising, spend a few minutes each day with some bending and stretching exercises. Follow the simple rules of health and you will be an asset instead of a liability to the army of industry. Let me remind you, that it is your patriotic duty to keep the assembly lines rolling along.

LURE CONTROL

Plugging Information

by SAM CRAWFORD

I HAVE just completed the two articles written by your Mr. Charles K. Fox. Before I go one word farther in what I have to say let me warn Mr. Fox that Mr. C. A. French and the members of the Board of Fish Commissioners are going to be very angry with him. If all the casters in this Commonwealth take his advice there will be many more bass taken this summer than has been taken in any previous season. The Fish Commission will really have a job on their hands, attempting to replace all those that are taken, for rest all of you, in the assurance that the prescribed method of the "Silent Dive Cast" as the author puts it, will take many bass that would not be taken otherwise. I know, I have been using it for a long time, the only difference being that I never named it or gave it any particular thought. It just naturally seemed to me to be the best way to get them to hit.

As President of the Pennsylvania State Amateur Casting Association I am interested in anything and everything that has to do with casting, I have watched hundreds of casters perform, both from the casting platform and from the banks of streams and lakes.

Mr. Fox starts his article off with the following quotation, "There is a phase of angling which merits the attention of the plugging clan. It is the great importance of the silent dive cast. The flight of a plug can be controlled so that it can be made to hit the water surface gently and at the same instant swing into a lifelike action." That is true, very true, and you fellows who like to use the plugs will take more and better fish once you have learned the proper method of creating such action and entry.

We who are in the casting game have learned one lesson, one that stands forth from all the others like the proverbial sore thumb. To be a good caster, the first lesson is in the control, at all times, of the plug, from the time it leaves the rod tip until it reaches the target eighty feet away. It can be learned, and patience will do it.

In the casting game it is very interesting to watch the different men and women.



The Casting Club pool at Beaver Falls.



Sam Crawford is more than a highly skilled tournament caster; he is an ardent and successful angler, and a conservationist.

Everyone has his or her own methods of plug control or flight. Some use a very straightforward shot, the plug traveling very fast and in a perfectly straight line, smashing into the center of the rings much the same as would a bullet from the cartridge of a gun. This is a fine system especially

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NEWS FROM BLAWNOX

(Continued from page 9)

for a beginner as one can cast it away out to those hard to reach places. It does not snag very easily. The Shakespeare Company may still be able to supply them.

There is one plug that we still lug around with us. One that was a must in every tackle box. The big Jointed Pike in the Pike finish. I know a lot of fathers who started their sons with the Jointed Pikie. It floats when the beginner has a birds nest and it will catch its share of bass.

The Midge-Oreno will always have a place in the creel with us fishermen here. See Mr. Lee H. Diehl's splendid article in the February PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER. I, for one, do not know where one can be bought. After that article of Mr. Diehl's the Pittsburgh Stores did not have any. Being one of our pet lures we still have a few.

We like to fish at night. The Jitterbug in the small size we say is the plug that calls the bass all kinds of names. The bass being a real hard guy will not stand for anything like that so he takes a crack at this lure. Not always once but sometimes two or three times. The first time I saw this lure used I was emptying one of my boots (slipped on a stone) when a man came up along the shore casting. "How is the luck?"

"Just started in," he says. "You have any strikes?"

"No, I just started in myself, I am waiting on my partner. I got a new lure here and it is a dandy night plug. You talk to it and it talks to the fish." He made a cast and like a baseball player coaching at the base he started. "Call him names Jitter, call him names." After a little while he snags one. "See there, Mr., all you have to do is tell the plug to call the fish names."

Now we own one of these talking lures. There is lots of fun working them at night. Fred Arbogast, of Akron, Ohio, makes them. The stores still have them. Any finish will take bass. I found three different finishes at the Club and the boys all swear by their respective finish.

The Baby Popper made by the Shakespeare Company is another dandy night lure. It is another one of our talking plugs.



One fisherman told me that it is a simple, goofy looking lure but it does the trick.

The fishermen in this Ranch would not go out for night plugging unless they had a mouse. One that floats all the time. It is also made by the Shakespeare Company. We think that is the best ever. It will bring the big ones out. The Bass miss it a lot but it catches its share. Reel it very slowly. When there is a strike the bass jump and we jump with the fish.

There are a lot of pet lures that fishermen swear by and at. I do not want to get into anybodys hair for not naming their pets. I may have your pet lure in my creel, and like it well. I have asked a lot of fishermen about their pet lures. So if I missed you, Mr., I am very sorry. I mentioned CREEL. We plug fishermen here at Blawnox Sportsmen's Club put our lures in our fish creels. I can carry 22 small lures in my basket. "Where do you fellows put your fish," you may ask. On a stay alive stringer and they have to be a big fish. One outdoor magazine had an item in it FISH FOR FOOD. I know that did not go over well with the fishermen of Pennsylvania. What about these fine, young men that are giving their all in every part of the world. When they come back they will ask us, "did you take care of the fields, woods, and streams; were you an individual Conservationist?" I know that we want to pat them on their backs, shake their hands, and answer, "yes, partners, we did the very best we could. You will find it better than when you went away." One way to help is to buy a fishing license for a fisherman who is now in the service. Let us use artificials and more artificials. Take a boy fishing, your boy, if you have none of your own take your neighbor's. That goes for the gals also. That is an old song but the old songs are still the best.

Write that fisherman in the service. They all like to hear how they are hitting. We here at the Club take four sheets of carbon paper with five sheets of air mail paper (which is very thin) drum out five letters to the boys who like to fish and hunt. At the foot of each letter put a little note to each of the boys you are writing to. There are a lot of little things that happen at club meetings that they like to hear about. Typed, it does not take them long to read it. Most of them send the letters home to be saved for them until they come back.

When Alex Sweigart, the Editor of THE ANGLER was in camp for a couple of months, we sent him a letter telling him about a float that the boys made. He sent the club a nice letter in return. Said it made him feel good. There is not a member in the club that knows Alex personally—we are 500 strong. I hope this has helped somebody that will be starting out this coming bass season. Plugs are tops. May you have many, many tight lines.

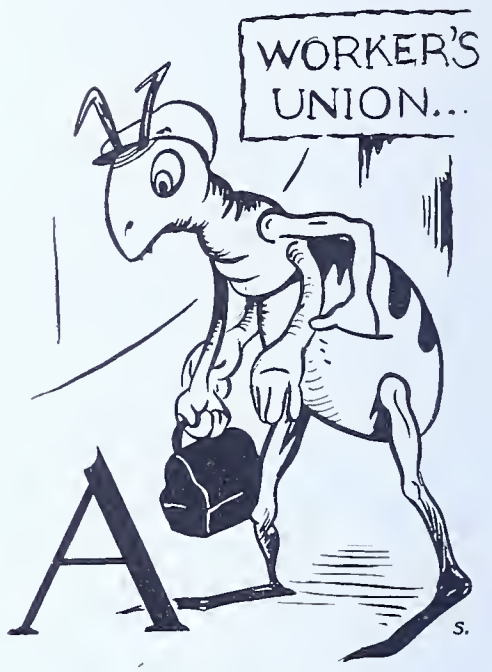
We here at the Blawnox Sportsmen's Club have a lot of good, clean sport JUST BASS FISHING.

The patient was recovering from pneumonia. He had asked repeatedly for food and finally the nurse served him a mere spoonful of rice.

A few minutes later the patient called her and said: "Now I want to read at little. Bring me a postage stamp."

INSECT ALPHABET

By CARSTEN AHRENS



FOR ANT

Ants are black or brown or red,
With abdomen, thorax, head;
No wings upon their backs are put,
They must locomote on foot.
Their busy mother is a queen,
A foe to anything unclean.
Each palace-hill, Doc Wheeler says,
Holds 50,000 princesses.
Let's take his word; let's just agree;
I hate ants running over me!



FOR BAGWORM

The Bagworm's life is not inviting,
It isn't in the least exciting;
All she can do is eat and spin,
(No wings for bagworms, feminine).
A fragile pair transports her spouse,
But not for long—Both drag a house
Wherever there are leaves for biting . . .
The Bagworm's life is not inviting.

"Has your baby learned to talk yet?"

"My, yes! We're teaching him to keep quiet now."

Doctor (inquiring after boy who has swallowed a quarter piece): "How is the boy today?"

Nurse: "No change yet."

EXPERIMENTING FOR TROUT

(Continued from page 4)

I have found that when trout are raising freely and breaking water all over a pool it is not always the dry fly man who goes to town. If this ever happens to you on an evening hatch and the drys will not work, try nymphs or wet flies fished just beneath the surface and very slow, on a long fine leader. This method has produced often for me.

My pet theory in dry fly fishing is to first try to match the color of the insect which is hatching. Much has been written about trout being color blind, but I do not agree with that at all, and I feel that matching the right color is one of the most important things a dry fly man can do. When my matching of color fails, I then go to the other extreme, and try to put on an opposite color to the one hatching. Sometimes this works, not often it is true, but often enough to be worth the trouble.

If both these tactics fail I try to match for size. Oftentimes there will be a hatch of well known flies on the water, say Light Cahills or Grey Drakes, and your first thought is that the trout are feeding on these flies. At the same time, although unnoticed by the angler, there may be a few midges hatching, and if the right midge is tied on it will take trout. In dry fly fishing the method is pretty hard to vary, but endless experiments can be made with different fly combinations.

I remember particularly one exasperating evening a friend and I spent fishing a pool in which the trout were feeding freely. After we had tried everything in our respective fly boxes, which was no mean task by the way, and stood with aching arms my friend said, "I wish I could buy a fly with a little motor in it, that I could make go up and down, up and down endlessly like those flies out there, maybe I could catch one fish on an evening like this." I laughed and agreed with him, but it's no joke fellow anglers, he really has something there. But if it were not for days and evenings like that, we would not have the good days, because the trout wouldn't be there to catch.

Spinner and streamer fishing is primarily early season sport, although some anglers use it extensively all through the season It has always been my experience, that whenever the water is high, regardless of the date, this type of fishing is worth a try. I think the main thing about streamer and spinner fishing is the leader, and it should not be too heavy, around 2X makes an ideal leader 7½ to 9 foot long. I am extremely partial to extra long light leaders for any type of fly fishing. Too often I have watched anglers with a beautiful streamer, tied on a piece of cable that would tow a barge, gripe because the fish would not hit. Some anglers use the jerk-and-pause retrieve and others use the steady movement. I use both and sometimes both work well.

Most of the wet fly tips referred to earlier in this article can be used equally well with streamers and spinners. There are many other variations which you can work out for yourself.

My pet method is to tie a streamer on the bottom of the leader and put a wet fly on the dropper loop. It always seems to me that it works better that way. I don't know if the trout think that the sreamer fly is a minnow chasing the fly, or whether the whole thing is a product of my own imagination.

Remember this: that the perfect fly, the one that will take trout under any and all conditions, has yet to be tied. And from my limited knowledge of trout, I don't think it will ever be tied, simply because trout are trout, and consequently have moods over which we humans, with all our intelligence, have no control.

In summarizing I think the old adage might be paraphrased to read as follows: "Experimenting is the best teacher," especially in regard to the artificials. Try it this season and here's hoping you have luck.



Pickerel don't come much larger than this one caught by Marty Ruzicka, of Palmerton. This was the largest of which we heard tell in 1942 and it was caught in Pepsi Lake, Pike County. Sandra Ruzicka poses with the 29⅝ inch 7¾ pounder.

THE BOSS OF MAPLE BEND

(Continued from page 2)

Couple days later I found it tangled up in a willer root with the plug still on, though one of the gang hooks was missin', and the hull thing was chawed up somethin' fierce."

"How do you know it was Long Tom?" asked the Old Master.

Dad Martindale shifted his cud from one cheek to the other and spat for emphasis.

"Ain't but one bass in the river that could do all that tackle-smashin'," he declared.

The Old Master and I were convinced, since Dad was an old-time bass fisherman who didn't have to invent his stories. He lived them.

"The boys down at the store," I said, "have a lot of yarns to tell about Long Tom."

"Humph!" snorted the old man. "They talk a good line, but they can't cast one."

"Eph Miller tells me," said the Old Master, "that when Long Tom comes up through the riffle during low water, six inches of his dorsal fin shows above the surface."

"And Charlie Calkins says," I contributed, "that the big flood in '36 was really caused by Long Tom when he got grounded sideways across a riffle and backed up the river for twenty miles."

Dad Martindale cackled like an ancient rooster.

"One night," he grinned, "Moose Kramer missed some cabbage heads out'n his garden. So next night, Moose he lays in wait fer the thief. Long about midnight, when the fog was a-rollin' in thick off'n the river, here comes Long Tom a-swimmin' up through the mist. He snaps off two heads of cabbage and beats it back to the river, but in tryin' to swim through Moose's rail fence, he scrapes off enough scales to shingle the back porch. There! That oughta hold you boys fer a spell."

It did. When we got through laughing, we listened to Dad without a murmer.



Bob Hayes and William Bird, Jr., check lures on the opening day on French Creek. Photographer Sam Weitz says, "we actually broke the ice and Bill caught the only trout. Brr, Brr."

"You fellers fergit them tall stories," advised the old native, his grizzled face growing serious. "Long Tom's navigatin' this river right now. But mark my words. You'll never ketch him. I'll never ketch him neither. Nobody'll ever ketch that fish. He's got the strength of the stream in his bones, and the river'll pertect him."

Without another word Dad Martindale stepped into the woods and disappeared.

"Professor," said the Old Master, "from now on I'm a one-fish angler. All other bass go back to the river."

"Where do we start?" I asked.

"Well." My pardner looked thoughtful. "It's hot this afternoon. I'd think that a sensible bass would be either in the deepest part of the eddy or, if he's feeding, up near the tail of the riffle where the water is aerated and where the current brings his dinner right to the table."

"Okay," I said, "we'll go up to the riffle and work down into the eddy."

As we talked over a choice of plugs, we walked far upriver and approached Hathaway's Rock which lay in the tail of the fast water about thirty feet from shore.

"There's a perfect spot," I said to the Old Master.

At that moment, unseen by us, a riffle-runner was wriggling his way up the race of water toward Hathaway's Rock. This sharp-nosed blue-spotted minnow had almost passed the rock when a big bronze body flashed in his wake. The runner knew that death was stalking him. Once, twice, three times he arrowed out of the water with Long Tom in grim pursuit, his dorsal fin cleaving the surface.

As the minnow darted desperately toward the shallows, the big smallmouth seemed to skate across the water like a skipping stone. Then, as he turned in the water and struck the doomed minnow, his broad side gleamed golden in the sunlight of late afternoon. His wide tail flicked above the surface as he slanted back toward Hathaway's Rock.

The Old Master, for once, was speechless. His jaw hung slack in astonishment.

"If I'm dreaming," I said, "don't wake me up. What a bass! What a bass!"

"That was the boss bass of Maple Bend." The Old Master sounded as if he were trying to believe his own eyes. "That was Long Tom!"

"It sure was, son," I said. "Let's go to work."

We tossed for the first chance at Long Tom, and the Old Master won. Carefully, he waded into the riffle about sixty feet above Hathaway's Rock until he was in position to lay his plug in either of the two currents that pushed past the rock.

He flipped the lure below the rock and started it slowly up the channel. His rod vibrated as the plug jerked crazily in the fast water. It neared the rock, something flashed under it, and it stopped. Long Tom hit it with a solid thump.

"Unh," grunted the Old Master as he drove the hooks home.

The river exploded. Like a miniature depth bomb Long Tom flung a column of spray skyward. The water heaved and boiled behind his sweeping tail. Then he ran downstream with the current for fifty yards and, turning sharply, bucked and plunged far out into the middle of the river.

The Old Master was worried. Long Tom's

unusual tactics had stripped off most of the line which now looped down and across stream in a huge belly, making it difficult for my pardner to control the boss bass.

Then the river took a hand in the battle. Down through the riffle floated a water-logged railroad timber studded with rusty spikes. Half floating, half sunken, it moved like the hand of Fate down the river *between* the Old Master and Long Tom. As it rolled lazily end over end, the jagged spikes seemed like claws reaching out for the slender thread of silk that held the boss bass captive.

I shouted a warning. Frantically, the Old Master tried to pump the fish in, but Long Tom's iron-hard muscles were still unwearied. Then my pardner tried to lift his line above the water, but it bellied too far downstream for that. Finally, as a last attempt to stave off disaster, he let the rest of his spool run out, hoping that the line would sink enough to let the timber clear it. Meanwhile Long Tom was hammering like a pile-driver at his end of the thin line.

We waited breathlessly as the heavy timber plunged at the center of the looped line. Then the rod in the Old Master's hand bent slowly but irresistibly almost to the breaking point, the line parted with a sharp *ping,* and Long Tom was free.

Far out in the river, the boss bass leaped again and again, the loose plug rattling in his jaw. As he cleared the water for the last time, the plug sailed away. For an instant the sunlight touched his bronze body with an unreal golden splendor, and he disappeared into the dark water.

The river had protected its own.

SURFACE MAGIC

(Continued from page 6)

eccentricity, shimmy, dart, wiggle, hesitatency, struggle . . . sometimes a slight pause after the lure hits the water . . . another time immediate retrieve . . . never fearing for a second the easily audible blurps and clucks shall frighten the quarry; seemingly the swimming noise only heightens the desire of the bass to smack that blamed "bug" fiddling around up there. All of which does not apply to the cast itself—the surface plug should hit the water with a gentle light spat, just about the same impact as a large spent bug pattering down. Anyway whatever the magnet, the veteran knows living, realistic action across the top will often wake and coax a five pounder from his safe retreat whereas only forlorn scorn had greeted the choicely tendered tho less fussy sub-surface darters and spinner medicine. Each type plug has its proper niche in the general scheme—its "must" moment—and more and more the newer midget size topwater stuff rates definitely essential, most practical and never disinteresting.

At the moment my personal favorites on surface lures are the Arbogast Jitterbug and the tiny Shakespeare Baby Popper, both comparatively youngsters, the former sometimes doctored to suit the occasion, the latter always as is. And turning back to the manipulation hazard I consider the two plugs just about the nearest thing to the foolproof lure that exists, the nearest thing to built in action one may cogitate. Further each has its distinct purpose and seldom do I consider the two wholly interchangeable. I do not choose either in extremely high, roily water. I particularly like the Jit while wading in river and other big water plugging, almost always when I must reach far out. It's a wizard along the shoreline and on the ledges after dark! Of the two, the slightly heavier Jit is the easier to cast. But the tiny Baby Popper can not be beaten in overfished water, shallow meandering flats, calm, windless glassy glides where it is imperative to get down with almost imperceptible disturbance and not necessary to reach far out. The Popper is equally deadly at night and much used. Being indolent and always seeking the easy way, this fisherman when fishing at night generally elects the lure most readily adaptable to the lengths of anticipated casts.

The Jitterbug is the brain child of Fred Arbogast, great Buckeye State angler and a fisherman who has given fellow sportsmen many highly effective lures. Most anglers, near and away, know Fred's line, the Hawaiian Wigglers, the Tin Liz, the Jitterbug, all good but with your correspondent at least the Jit is in a class separate and alone.

Fred Arbogast was born a fisherman. Friends josh about his first baby rattle having a plug body and set of trebles inside as the sound device; his first words "Lemme at them bass!" Personally we have no proof, but who knows! Certainly the Akron craftsman began whittling out plugs at a tender age—as a matter of fact just a few turns after the beginning of the century with Fred but a grade school youngster.

The basic idea of the Jit occurred about 1910 with Fred still in high school. For several years he worked hard on the inspiration, whittling, experimenting, trying, conjuring visions of champions. He built plugs for the immedate family and friends, listening carefully to well meant suggestions, ever improving and refining, and most agreeably finding his creation assuming more and more importance, and catching more and bigger bass.

And thus on and on. Finally only about six or seven years ago with the darker days of the depression apparently clearing up a bit, Fred thought it the psychological time to let the general public share the discovery. Incidently at this stage the plug did not as yet have a name. A bit of added dressing up, then a name, and the newcomer made its debut with the 1939 season, a full fledged Jitterbug, still retaining the original wooden body, a nifty headspoon, but otherwise not bearing much resemblance to the original model of approximately thirty years previous. *Thirty years in the making!*

With first season demand exceeding the original estimate by five fold, each succeeding year outstepped the one previous. Then 1940 brought forth the first plastic body, since improved. With all duralumin diverted to the war effort, early 1942 greeted the new tenite headspoon. Whether or not tenite shall permanently replace duralumin as the headspoon or if it shall prove as durable is yet a moot question, which only time and continued use shall determine. The writer has tested each material and likes either.

While for all-around Keystone work I quite positively prefer the ⅜ oz. job, I am never without the ½ oz. size. The latter come in handy when it is necessary to reach farther out than the sane fisherman of my ability might reasonably hope to cast; likewise a God-send against a strong head breeze.

The Shakespeare Baby Popper bows in as a real swaddling to the select line of favorite lures. Originally designed autumn 1939 in response to requests from the big bass Sooners down Oklahoma way, after a probabionary period of experimental testing running perhaps a full year, the new born babe assumed its rightful place as one of the champs at the head of the proud Shakespeare line. Unfortunately I can not positively identify the individual who should be credited with the discovery. If he happens to read this we wish he would write us.

Conceived as a popping type to be fished by the jerk and reel method, only ¼ oz.



Last season Lester A. Weissert caught the largest walley pike reported to this office. It measured 28½ inches, weighed 9½ lbs. and he took it in the Pymatuning Reservoir on a minnow.



Dr. Con Faller, of Harrisburg, lands one in a Potter County stream where he opened the trout season this year.

in weight, the tiny killer is quite naturally extremely sensitive to almost imperceptible movement of the rod tip. Although perhaps a bit light in weight or shall we say different at first, the plug is beautifully streamlined, almost non-wind resistent and designed to be easily cast by the careful angler. A curious failing of most fellows is trying to put too much wing behind the cast—perhaps the tiny size tosses the fisherman off balance and results in ill advised pressing, a fault easily corrected by the man who can take himself in hand and reason a mite.

Constructed of white cedar, which produces the more bouyant bait, the Baby guarantees the special Shakespeare waterproofing job, after which come base coats of enamel, the color design, all in turn dressed off with a bonding film of clear lacquer. Generally judging sales the midget and its double battery of barbed trebles has proven most popular in the "F" pattern, however, this fisherman elects the yellow finish trimmed off with a splash of dull red and black, or the black and white ribbed model. Yellow, daytime; always black at night! Incidently on the Jit, the frog and black patterns are my first choice, yellow a close third. Definitely environment and stream pecularities should dictate pattern, and this angle is best judged by the fisherman on the water.

So much for the Jit and Popper, who, when, where, why, how and what! With so many fishermen apparently not realizing the countless hours going into the development of favorite lures, perhaps the foregoing may serve as a little insight into inventive problems and the trial and error, sweat and blood, wisdom incorporated therein. Lures like time seldom stand still; most catch fish, properly used, at the right place and time, only some, more so than others. Incidentally do not overlook the "when" which is to say the right time.

And now we shall pause until the next issue and then conclude the discussion with some dipsy-doodling as to how your correspondent chooses to fish his pals: likewise a word or two on "doctoring" or shall we term it the art of screw driver and pliers with ramification in action as the ultimate!

THE FEM AND THE FISH

(Continued from page 3)

hook and gave her first instructions on line-casting.

Her line hadn't settled before it straightened and throbbed. She said, "Whew!" and I said, "Pull!" Her pull was so feeble that the hook was never set. One worm was gone; one fish was lost. She was terribly excited. Her eyes sparkled as she cried, "Oh! What was he, do you think? I'll get the next one!"

And this was the start. I couldn't do any plug-casting for I was kept busy baiting Mabel's hook. And hook-baiting is not sport; it's work. Still I enjoyed myself and regretted every fleeting second. I laughed with her over every strike, and every miss; my heart jumped with hers; and on dull moments I watched her, admiring the brown hair rippling in the breeze and the orange-tinted dimpled cheeks and tiny nose set against dark blue waters, wondering the while at her gentle ways, and girlish enthusiasm over things I had accepted as commonplace. I was happy, completely happy, even though the prospects for fish were very poor.

Then came the first fish! The strike was vicious, exciting a startled squeak. Mabel heeded my cry to set the hook with a gentle upsweep. The pull of the fish in the opposite direction really set the hook. But the fun was on when the line vibrated through the water and the light fly rod bent downward. She held the rod and looked at me with wide eyes and open mouth, mutely asking advice, while the fish swam under the boat and started the reel on a spin.

"Please!" she cried.

I only laughed. Believe you me, after long weeks of army life and constant male companions, here was enjoyment! The fish swam about as it pleased for several moments. Finally Mabel recovered enough to reel in line. The fish was almost done, played out by its own efforts, and when Mabel lifted up on the rod an eight-inch yellow perch came stiffly from the water.

"Oh! It's a big one!" she cried.

The fish slapped into the boat, and after it landed, began to thrash viciously about in the thin water of the boat-bottom.

"Get it," I said.

"Get it!" she pulled back. "You," she said. "I didn't catch it."

The perch lay still, gasping and wriggling its tail. I heaved my plug out, got a back-lash, and began to untangle. I watched Mabel from the corner of my eye.

Her hand moved slowly toward the perch. Her face was tense, her movements with effort.

"Watch the back fin," I advised. "Don't grab the fish while it's up. It's like a needle."

This declaration stopped her. "You get it."

"I have a job. Sorry."

"Oh—you!" She reached down quickly and grabbed the fish. As she lifted it up the wriggling resumed, and she held it at arm's length and closed her eyes. "Ugh—take it—take it away!"

I laughed. I solved my back-lash and retrieved my line.

She opened her eyes as the perch stiffened again. She worked the hook in its mouth, and soon her first big lesson as a fisherwoman was learned.

And then an unexpected thing happened. My line straightened! I felt a bump on my rod, and I set the hook. "A bass!" I said.

The fish worked toward the bottom, so that it was a silent fight, the struggles of the fish hidden in the deeps of the lake. Out where the fight was taking place, the water was about ten feet deep.

I reeled in slowly, pausing to steady the lunges of my fish. I said nothing, concentrating only on my job, and Mabel watched spell-bound. It wasn't a heavy fish, but it was a fighter. I searched the water for sight of the fish and eventually spotted him. He was light-colored in the dark water. "It's a nice perch," I said.

A few moments later I netted a fat, twelve-inch yellow perch, the first ever to fall victim of my red-and-white plug in Mosey Wood Lake.

But surprises were not ended. I looked up to see Mabel threading a squirming night crawler on her hook! Oh, she disliked the task, as evidenced by her crinkled nose and wry face, but she went on nevertheless! And after the hook was baited, she wound up and delivered a cast that, if crude, still got her line out in the water. She looked at me proudly.

And I was proud, too. Proud, and thoughtful. What I had been missing, alone on the lake! Enjoy those lonely hours? Of course I did! I loved every moment. But those were selfish hours.

I thought of how many men spend selfish hours. They do not give their wives or sweethearts a fair trial. Of course the girls say they don't mind sitting at home! But would they enjoy more to go and to learn to love the sport the men hold so dear to their hearts? Would they care to expose themselves to the magic spell of fishing?—Can not a woman glory to a wild and lonesome lake steaming in a sunset? A tumbling mountain stream? The breath of cold clear mountain air? The feeling of rest that comes with peace and quiet? The thrill of a strike and leap and splash of a hooked game fish?

Never had there been a more dyed-in-the-wool advocate than 'fishing for men'

than I. Yet, as Oss said, the "bug bit me." And quickly I saw how much more pleasure a woman can make a trip!

By dusk, Mabel had caught an even dozen yellow perch and bluegills. I had caught nothing more than a single perch, until on the homeward row. And then, down near the boat-dock, my rod leaped from its trolling seat in the stern and the reel began to sing.

Ah, the sing of a reel in the great quiet of the forest! The smell of spruce brought by soft cool woodland winds! The dying embers of sunset framed in a grey, smoky sky! The magnificent background was part of the thrill as I dropped the oars and gripped the rod.

It was a heavy fish. I could feel the savage twists of his body on my rod. Mabel was silent and I was silent; for a time the sole sound was the rasp of line through the guides of my rod. Our boat drifted silently along in the dusk.

"Oh! He's big! Isn't he?"

As if in answer, the bass was a white flash in the gloom, thrashing his body in the air. He returned to water with a great splash. White spray leaped as he disappeared again into the water.

I held him tight—too tight I suppose, for such is my habit—giving him play in his sudden lunges, bringing him toward the boat as he rested. And I could feel his lunges growing weaker. I said nothing, my mind intent on my sport.

"Is he off?" "Oh, don't lose him!" "Is he still on?" "Hurry, bring him in!" "You're so slow! I can't wait to see him!"—Thus was I bombarded with exclamations. But I worked on, heedless, until at last I had him on top of the water, his tail slapping the surface. Then I dipped carefully with my net, and in an instant more one smallmouth bass less preyed upon the smaller inhabitants of Mosey Wood Lake.

I rowed again for shore. When we reached the boat-dock, night had fallen. The night was a master of canvas of darkness, there being no moon or stars; all things were shapes and shades of grey. The lake was a dark void, out of which now and then some noise announced the presence of life—perhaps a gentle splashing, perhaps a gurgling sound. From far down the lake, a noise sounded that aroused a moment's speculation; then I dismissed the thought and went on with my task of carrying the paraphernalia up to the cabin.

"Fresh fish! I love them!" said Mabel.

"And I. Perch are especially good."

"How big is your bass? I'll bet it's no bigger than two of my perch!"

"It's about a two-pounder, I guess."

"Oh! Two pounds!" She was in the lantern-light, putting eats on the table, and her eyes twinkled. "A fisherman always stretches a little, doesn't he?"

I prepared to clean the fish. Now be it known, I do not like to clean fish. I'll go farther. I hate the job. But never, before or since, did I make the scales fly as on this night.

Somehow, the night was perfect. Softly, the sing of tree-frogs reached our ears; the wind whispered sweet cadences from the dark spruce and hardwood forest; the fire crackled merrily in the log-stove. The home fried potatoes were at their crisp aromatic best. And the fish! Ah, there was the treat. Mabel had prepared them, and perhaps her dainty little hands had added something to the taste. Perhaps that strange subtle aura of woman had permeated the fish. At any rate, never had I tasted such fish. I ate greedily, potatoes and fish and bread, washing down with hot coffee.

And then after the meal Mabel and I sat by the fire. As much as I had loved the forest and lake since boyhood, these loves had taken a deeper meaning this day. I hoped that Oss Dotter, who was to pick us up with his car and drive us in to his home for the night, would be late. Very late.

But Oss did come—soon. And he was grinning from ear to ear. He stood out on the cabin porch, face lighted by his lantern, grinning in at us.



A view of Mosey Wood Lake, the setting of this story.

"Come on in," I said.

"Ain't you ready to go in?"

"Sure. But no hurry." As I spoke, my eyes dropped. Oss had something in his hand. A fish! And even in darkness, I saw the fish was large, unusually large. "Come in here, you old fox!" I cried. "What you got there?"

Oss came in eagerly, eyes sparkling. "I got him, at last! I told you he'd be nabbed after sundown! I got him shortly after I saw you row in!"

And then I knew. The old bass had fallen. Quickly I visioned the countless eves I had witnessed his work—minnows fleeing frantically across the top of the water along the shoreline, giant swirls as he lashed angrily at his prey. I thrilled as I looked at him now, body limp and lifeless, held by Oss Dotter's hand. And a sadness crept over me as I admired him.

"The biggest bass ever taken out of Mosey Wood Lake—unless some Lenape caught a bigger one!" Oss boasted.

"Oh. Look at those jaws! And that broad body!" Mabel gasped. "How did you ever catch him?"

"He smacked a red-and-white, like most of the bass here. There really wasn't much to it!"

"It seems a shame," Mabel said. "He's such a strong-looking fish!"

"I guess strength has nothing to do with it. No matter how powerful, they fall. Remember that big bear down at Harmony? Nobody's seen him for three or four years. And that big buck down at Shingle Mill Run—where's he? They all must go—sooner or later. It's not a shame. It's good they should meet their ends as warriors.

Oss nodded. "Guess so. But come on now, I got to show this fellow off before I go to bed."

Oss and I stepped outside while Mabel changed from jodhpurs to skirt.

"I suppose you won't be out on the lake too early tomorrow morning," Oss said.

"No, I guess not. Not till Mabel's ready."

"Yeah, sure." Oss chuckled. "Oh boy, the bug's shore got yuh! If you hadn't rowed in early, the big boy would have been yours!"

"Maybe. But heck, Mabel was tired and —and—"

Oss chuckled again. "Teaching a girl to fish! Spending a furlough, teaching a girl to fish!"

Mabel came out then, ready to go. I was thinking as she came out that it was more than teaching her to fish—it was teaching her to be my wife!

Perhaps it was *that* day that settled both our minds!

NIGHT OWLS IN HIP BOOTS

(Continued from page 5)

went—and found myself a night owl in hip boots. I have been one ever since.

It's an experience every night angler has to go through.

And yet another lesson that he has to learn—and that is that night fishing is not as easy as some veterans would have him believe.

Granted that fish forage more widely and feed more freely at night and that the angler can work even the most shallow and clear stretches of water, there's a definite technique in night angling. Most of it has to be learned by doing, but there are some principles of the sport that the angler can learn in advance, such as:

1. Use surface lures. Night brings out the big, juicy insects on which game fish love to feed. Flies and plugs and bugs that make a distinct sound when they alight on the surface of the water and that can be made to splash and plop and gurgle over the surface on the retrieve are the most consistent lures. The larger sizes of all lures should be used, for they are easier for the fish to see and they are bulky enough to make them worthwhile to the lunkers. Live bait can be used with fair success for both trout and bass, but the artificial lure is the No. 1 choice of the veteran night anglers.

2. Know your stream. It's essential for the angler to be able to cover plenty of ground, for the splashing of a hooked fish will put down other fish just as readily

at night as during the day. At the same time, it is extremely dangerous to maneuver about in a strange stream or pool in the darkness. Serious results can come from stepping into a deep hole while burdened with boots or waders or from stumbling or slipping on a rock that cannot be seen.

3. Fish quietly and carefully. Of course, the fish is not able to see the angler as well by night as by day, but darkness does not dull his perception of vibrations caused by careless walking over rocks, gravel, or even hard-packed sand in the stream bed or along its banks.

4. Learn to fish by ear, not eye. Flashing a light on and off is ruinous in night angling. It is surprisingly easy to tie a leader knot or change lures or net a hooked fish after dark. It is just as easy, once you have the hang of it, to locate a feeding fish by its sound.

5. Use heavier tackle than for daylight fishing, for your chance of tying into a lunker are best after dusk. Actually, there is no point to night angling with finely tapered leaders, which are designed primarily to avoid bulk that would make fish suspicious by the light of day. Most night anglers insist on heavier rods that enable them to cover good distances in their casting. A well greased line is especially important when surface lures are used, for you soon will discover that a line becomes water-logged much more quickly at night, when there are no warm sun rays to help dry up the moisture which collects on it.

6. Fish in the shallows. It is a well established fact that trout and bass, when night comes, leave the deeper holes in which they take refuge during the day. Insects floating on the surface are more easy prey in the shallows. Night also brings greater activity from the minnows and chubs in the riffles, and fish know it.

One evening on a trout stream my curiosity was aroused by a constant splashing of fish in a shallow riffle leading into the pool where I was fishing. When I could no longer curb my curiosity I turned my flashlight on the riffle and saw an interesting sight.

Just as the light winked on a fine trout skimmed over the surface of the water and brushed against a small rock in the middle of the riffle. That rock was covered with tiny insects. The trout was obviously feeding on them—in water about two inches deep.

7. Forget the flashlight. Every night angler carrics a light for emergency use and to help him in traveling from pool to pool, but using one where the light will fall on the surface of the water is an unpardonable sin. If you simple cannot change lures in the dark, you must leave the stream, shield your light carefully, and change lures on shore. Even the dumbest fish knows that piercing rays of light are not natural during the hours of darkness.

8. Don't be afraid at night. I have yet to hear of an angler disturbed by snake, bird, or animal at night so long as he was minding his own business.

I heard of a fellow who went crawling along a ledge of rocks and stuck his hand into the mouth of a rattlesnake; of another who approached too close to the nest of an owl, and the bird knocked his hat off in an angry attack. But these are exceptions. Personally, I never encountered a snake or wild animal at night, and I have fished hundreds of hours between dusk and dawn. Night noises, incidentally, are just the natural cries of birds and animals; they are not to be feared.

9. Be alert for anything. One of the joys of night fishing is the endless variety it encompasses. All sorts of unexpected things happen, some funny and some serious.

A friend of mine spotted a nice bass in a deep hole and was angling for it, long after dusk, with a surface plug. He got a vicious strike and landed squarely in the middle of as wild a battle as he ever experienced.

The fish took him all over the hole, and he had to be cautious for he knew there were some dangerously deep pockets in it. He had no landing net (a rare occurrence for this veteran fisherman), and he had no one to give him a helping hand. He was forced to use both his own hands to control rod and line.



He just held on for dear life until the fish tired and he could get it coming in his direction. He led it eventually to a shallow neck of the pool and skidded it up on the sandy shore. Only then did he turn on his light.

His prize was a walleyed pike 30.5 inches long that tipped the scales at 8 pounds, 12 ounces.

His careful handling of the fish was wise. It had hit the lure so savagely that the treble hooks had to be cut out of its jaws. The only way he could have lost it would have been to employ rough-house tactics that would have broken his leader.

These nine are just fundamental rules. The real knack of night fishing you will have to develop through experience and practice. It will be tough at first; I can promise you that.

But just stick to it, and sooner or later you will get the feel of it and become a convert.

Brooks Garland and I spent three days one summer fishing Wyalusing Creek. It was cold all the time, with a weak sun and a nasty wind. Stream conditions also were rather bad, and we didn't catch one bass worth killing, even when we resorted to bait.

But it was different at night, although no warmer and only a little less windy. We solved the wind problem by selecting pools that had some natural protection, and we used surface lures.

And in the two nights we fished we caught an even 50 bass. Only a couple were big enough to take along home, but even the smaller ones gave us a lot of fun, and one of the many we returned to the stream was hooked twice within half an hour. We knew it was a repeater because it had a peculiar scar across its back.

Even at that, the night fishing had its limitations. We took bass only in the couple of hours between the appearance of the bats and the first glimpse of a full moon peeking over the hills that guard the valley through which the stream runs—roughly from about 8 until 10 o'clock each night.

But, if you ask me, two lively hours of night fishing are worth waiting and scheming for any old summer!

MODERN TROUTING

(Continued from page 7)

bows but also very small ones which have resulted from natural reproduction.

Joe Critchfield, member of the Board, spends a great deal of time on Western Pennsylvania's great stream, Laurel Hill Creek, which flows through Confluence. Joe tells us that rainbows stick in that fine, big, mountain stream. Jack Neiger, another Board Member, along with Benny Kane from the town of Susquehanna, have located some very big rainbows in the Susquehanna River away from any stocking area.

Dr. Burke, the great naturalist and artist who is responsible for the finest of fly plates, made the following statement: "It seems to me to be true that the better the angler the more he appreciates the brown trout."

Almost all of the inveterate trout fishermen of our acquaintance prefer browns. The only exceptions are those who like best the solitude of small mountain streams and they champion the brook trout, and those who concentrate on certain ponds and they prefer rainbows.

We do not wish to convey the idea that browns should supplant the others—far from it. No browns at all should be placed in the small mountain native brook trout streams. This would be trout murder. One or two browns of fair size will take over a pool and either devour everything which moves in or drive everything out.

Browns and rainbows get along well together in trout ponds and dams and the former furnished good dry fly fishing even on quiet waters particularly if the fly is given surface action now and then. It is necessary to consider the desires of all types of fishermen.

Stocking Periods

There is much theory, great disagreement and little proof as to when trout should be stocked in given waters. Some believe there is considerable loss due to starvation among those stocked in December and they recommend the discontinuance of it. Others

feel sure that these are the fish which furnish the late season angling. Some object to stocking several weeks prior to the opening of the season on the grounds that such fish are too easy a target for man and of little value on the table. They believe that streams treated in this manner are depleted before the season is very old. Another school of thought believes that this method insures catches for the fisherman without loss due to starvation, accidents, predators, and disease. Some of the fishermen particularly some of the fly fishermen are favorable to mid-season stocking.

Our Pennsylvania streams vary greatly in character from the limestone spring streams of fairly, constant volume and temperature to the rocky freestone streams of changeable character. Unquestionably, each must be considered as an individual problem. Generalities are dangerous because there are exceptions. This is just as true of stocking as it is of actual angling.

It is important that we get our feet on the ground, make a study of conditions, and that we do not jump at conclusions. No one is in a position to know as much about the facts as the inveterate angler and no one desires this knowledge more than he.

It is this scribes humble opinion that there is a crying need for facts yet the answers can be easily secured. If we instigated a thorough tagging program and if a thorough check on results were made much information could be gathered.

Suppose, for example, that a score of stream sections of different watersheds were stocked with tagged fish. Tags, of course, are numbered. Browns and rainbows identified in this manner could be planted in December. Another group of tagged trout could be placed in the same waters before the opening of the season and still another group planted in mid season.

Wardens, clubs, and interested fishermen could all work together and gather the data.

We would soon learn much about comparative losses, migration tendencies, growth, and another quality which we might call resistance to fishing pressure.

I have derived great pleasure experimenting along this line with my own tags but all the trout and bass that were tagged were fish caught and released during the open season. Tagging experiments have been conducted by Dr. Trembley, Dean Watts, and George Harvey all of State College, by Dale Furst of Williamsport, and by Bill Ritter of Mechanicsburg, and Bixler's Hardware Store of Carlisle.

To have greater trout fishing we must have greater knowledge. The best the Fish Commission can do is to stock 3½ legal size trout for every licensed fisherman plus fingerlings and there is little or no natural reproductions in some of our waters. Study and cooperation can be responsible for bringing about better all season trouting.

Isn't this worth the devotion of considerable attention and isn't it the case of nothing ventured nothing gained?

THIS IS THE SEASON FOR CHIGGERS

Chigger mites or "chiggers" are the larva forms of various species of mites belonging to the family Trombidiidae, commonly known as harvest mites. Many different species of chiggers are known to attack vertebrate hosts, but only two chigger mites attacking man have been recognized from the United States, one, the common North American chigger, and the other a closely related form found in the northern port of the Mississippi Valley.

Description and Distribution.

———The chigger or larva of the common North American species is oval, bright red, and as in the first or larval stage of all mites, possess only three pairs of legs. In the unfed condition it measures about 150 microns in width, and is scarcely visible to the naked eye. The legs and surface of the body are covered by numerous feathered hairs. The mouth parts consist of a pair of hooked and ventrally barbed fingerlike mandibles, and two five-jointed polypi, each of which is provided with a claw divided into two prongs at the tip. The adult is a large red hairy mite, with the usual four pairs of legs, and with a marked constriction in the anterior portion of the body. Unlike the larval form it is not parasitic, but is a scavenger, living largely on the fecal matter of arthropods and on woody decaying substances. Eggs are laid in the ground and the chiggers hatch in the spring soon after warm weather begins.

Chiggers have a widespread distribution in the United States, occurring from Long Island to Mexico and from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountains. They have been found in lowlands and well up in the mountains wherever there is rough growth of weeds and shrubbery. They may be encountered from the latter part of April until the last of October, depending upon conditions of temperature and moisture. In the southern United States they may begin to cause annoyance early in May, while in the northern part of their range they seldom appear before the middle of June.

The North American chigger is not only a pest of man, but it has been reported as attacking a wide range of vertebrates, including domestic animals, small mammals, birds, and reptiles. It is an important pest of poultry, frequently causing the death of young chickens.

Method of Attack. Chiggers attach themselves to the surface of the skin by means of their mouth parts and feed much as do ticks. They apparently feed upon epidermal tissue liquefied by a secretion which they themselves inject into the skin. When they become fully engorged they drop off. The localization of chigger attachment, to quote one author, is determined by two factors, the tightness of the clothing at certain parts of the body and the thickness of the skin. Experiments by the same writer have shown that chiggers attack by preference where the skin is very thin and the flesh wrinkled or tender. Because of their size, 150 microns in width before they have become engorged, chiggers are unable to enter the pores of the skin (which range from 20 to 50 microns in diameter), but they frequently attach at the mouth of hair follicles. Although it is widely believed that chiggers burrow into the skin and embed their entire body, this method of attack must be extremely uncommon; they would be unable to accomplish such an invasion except in instances where a large enough opening in the skin was already present.

Symptoms. An intense itching, apparently due to the liquefying secretion injected by the chigger, develops within the first 24 hours after exposure, and this is followed by a breaking-out of wheals or papules surrounded by an inflamed area. The papules may be surmounted by a pinhead-sized vesicle containing clear fluid. The itching generally reaches its maximum on the second or third day, then gradually subsides, though it may persist intermittently for several weeks. Scratching may be followed by secondary infection. If the lesions are numerous fever, headache, and temporary nervous upset may result, and the intense pruritis may lead to loss of sleep and digestive disturbances. In this country chiggers are not known to transmit any disease, but in the Orient an allied species has been shown to be the carrier of pseudotyphus or Japanese river fever.

Treatment and Prevention. If it is known that there has been exposure to chiggers the skin should be examined, preferably with a hand lens, for the active larvae. However, they are so minute and they move so rapidly over the surface of the skin before attachment that it is difficult to capture them. An application of kerosene or 95 percent alcohol will kill the larvae quite rapidly. As soon as possible after exposure, it is advantageous to apply a thick lather of soap to the affected parts, allowing it to remain for ten minutes or more before bathing. Even though the larvae may be removed or killed soon after attachment, usually enough secretion has been introduced into the skin to cause the characteristic itching lesion, and for this there is no known specific remedy. The intense itching may be temporarily relieved by ammonia or strong salt water, or a calomel phenol lotion. Collodion with metaphen applied to the lesions is recommended both to relieve the itching and to prevent infection.

In the summer and early fall, when it is necessary to go into fields of tall weeds or grass, into berry patches, or wherever there is heavy undergrowth, an efficacious measure to prevent attack by chiggers is the liberal sprinkling of the stockings and underclothing with flowers of sulphur. Some authors have stated that the spraying of the shoes, stockings, and trouser legs with one of the proprietary fly-repellant preparations is successful in warding off attacks by chiggers.—*Public Health Reports, U. S. Public Health Service.*

Due to the scarcity of paper stock it was impossible to publish the May issue of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER until the first week of June. Because of reasons beyond our control we may not be able to adhere to a regular publication schedule in the future.

LURE CONTROL

(Continued from page 13)

on very windy days, the plug consumes less time in its flight and the wind has less to do with the direction of the plug. However it would be no good whatever on the lake or stream. A plug that hits the water with that amount of force would drive away anything in the vicinity of where it hit. Mr. Wisloski of the Greensburg Casting Club is a good example of this type of caster, and he is good. At the Pittsburgh Sportsmen's Show of last season he turned in the amazing score of one hundred, in other words ten perfect bullseyes in the ten shots.

Another method some of the casters use in the looping shot, high into the air and dropping into the ring for the count. The logic for this type of casting is the same as that used by a basketball coach. The largest possible target offered the basketball player is from directly above the basket and the greater the angle of the shot the less surface he has to hit. It is the same with a ring laying on the surface of the water seventy or eighty feet away. The closer you are to the surface of the water the less of the inside surface you are able to see and, vice versa, the higher above the surface of the water the more you can see. Air conditions have a lot to do about the effectiveness of this type of casting, as the wind will play havoc with the plug. On windy days they are hopelessly lost. The same applies when fishing.

The most successful of the casters use a system that is just between the two aforementioned. Casts that are in a way that gives them sufficient height as well as enough force to carry them in a direct line to the spot desired. Nelson Lang of the Pittsburgh Casting Club throws the nicest plug of anyone I have ever seen, and he does it with the least effort.

How Mr. Lange works a stream I cannot tell you as I have never had the pleasure of fishing along with him but I will bet my new straw hat (if there are any this season) that he can take bass along with the best of them.

Aside from those types of casters that I have mentioned we have men and women whom I call choppers. Their system is to make the cast high enough to go over the rings, and at that instant they are over the ring, the thumb is quickly applied to the spool of the reel, causing the plug to stop instantly in its flight and falling perpendicularly into the space within the hoop. This cast comes the closest to the Silent Dive Cast of any of them and they are very effective. The only fallacy to this type of casting is that the caster must have exceptional ability to judge distance. Some have it and some don't, those who find they don't change to other types of casting quickly. This type of casting is hard to beat if the fellow has any ability at all as it gives him two advantages rather than one, he is taking advantage of the same situation as the basketball coach and the high caster and at the same time is getting the benefit of a small amount of wind resistance. The overhead cast should be the backbone of our casting.

I do not wish to imply that the sideswipe cast has no place in the casters stock in trade. There are times that it is impossible to do otherwise and it is well to be able to use the cast. You will have to grant that it is inferior. It is impossible to have either distance or any degree of accuracy with this casting method. We of the tournament casting game are not all laughing at this method of casting, we realize as well as you do that it has its uses. However we discourage the use of it as far as possible.

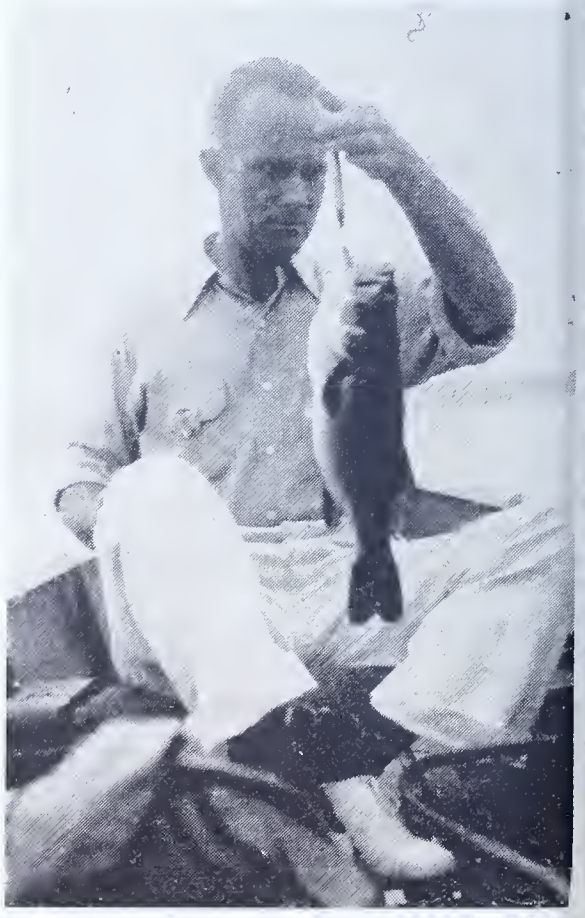
Accuracy of the cast and the delivery of the lure are without a doubt the most important part of the game of pluggin' for bass. Color and shape are not so important. If it is not presented in the right manner it will be a total loss. Fish are of a nature scary things and as a general rule are easily frightened, they are wary of any intrusion into their domain. Bass will hit plugs for one of three reasons, first, they are hungry, second, they are curious, and third they are just plain downright mad. Govern your casting accordingly.

I might suggest farther along this line of thought, if you feel that there is room for improvement in your casting, get in touch with some group near you who have a casting pool, go out to that pool and absorb all you can from the other fellow. All the men will be willing to give you a hand. A good caster has much more chance of filling his creel than one who has not developed that finesse that comes as the result of constant practice.

Yes, sir, Mr. Charles K. Fox, I will be anxiously awaiting the day when you and I might be able to get together on some stream, whether or not we take any bass will be beside the point. We will have fun comparing notes and casts. In order that you may know me some day astream, I am sending in a photograph with this article. If you ever run into this face by accident just walk up, let me know who you are, draw your rod and start casting, you better be good because, fair warning, I'm going to take more bass than you do if at all possible.



Sam Crawford takes time out to look over the equipment at Pymatuning.



W. L. Weber, newly appointed fish warden of Erie County, has taken his fishing seriously down through the years. "Will this one go over 4 lbs., Walter?"

HERE AND THERE IN ANGLERDOM

Early Season Trout Catches

Shivering, blue lipped trout fishermen, in smaller numbers than usual, braved the roughest elements seen in years to usher in the 1943 Pennsylvania trout season. There was snow and lots of it in parts and practically everyone who fished had the experience of the line freezing in the guides. Catches on the whole were poor but some fine fish were reported. Most of these were taken on garden hackle from high discolored water.

Hellertown

Albert Hoffert collected an 18 inch rainbow.

Avondale

A friend, Al Karr, tells about an 18½ inch brown trout which weighed 2½ pounds that he caught in White Clay Creek at Avondale. Took it on bait under the bridge and started nearly the entire town of Avondale fishing under the same bridge.

Brookville

Fred Stefl is believed to have established a local record thus far in the present trout season with a 20 inch brown trout caught in the North Fork Creek above Brookville. The fish weighed slightly less than four pounds.

Stroudsburg

Layton Rhodes, proprietor of Mountain Inn, Scotrun, landed a beautiful 19 inch brown trout in Cherry Creek. It weighed two and a quarter pounds. He also had a pretty 12 inch native brook.

Huntingdon

Kenneth Pearson caught a brown trout on the third day of the season from Spring Creek which measured 21¼ inches. C. E. Schreckengast of the State Motor Police hooked a 20 inch rainbow trout from Penn's Creek in Snyder County.

Meadville

Warden Carlyle Sheldon encountered a half dozen fishermen with fish between 18 and 20 inches in length on the first Sunday of the trout season.

Schuylkill Haven

Judge G. E. Gangloff who is one of the county's most modest fishermen doesn't talk much about it, but he has caught this season one of the largest brown trout of which there is record in Pennsylvania. It was 28 inches in length and weighed six and one-half pounds and was taken in Lake Wallenpaupack. Lure used was a spoon and minnow rig, fishing near the bottom of the lake. The Judge was accompanied on the trip by Charley Manbeck and they had three other trout, about 21-22 inches in length, two of them taken by Charley and the other by the Judge.

West Chester

Walter W. Ross, caught the largest fish entered to date in the big fish contest of the West Chester Fish and Game Association. It was a 19 inch brown weighing 2¼ pounds. Ross is a former Club President.

Bethlehem

John Birk, member of the Monocacy Field and Stream Association hooked and landed a 22 inch 4 lb. brown trout in the Monocacy on a worm.

The upper Saucon produced a 21½ inch 3 lb. 9 oz. rainbow for John Fink before the season was one hour old. A night crawler did the trick.

Other Bethlehem anglers who caught big trout are: Charles Hartzog a 20½ inch rainbow, R. H. Mack an 18½ inch brown, and Paul F. Frey a 19½ inch brown.

Philadelphia

The largest trout reported from the Wissahickon on the opening day was a 21 inch brown caught by Samuel Fote at Valley Green.

Russell Sherritt of Montgomeryville caught a 21 inch brown in the vicinity of the Bell's Mill bridge on the Wissahickon.

Abe Frankel, an ardent bass fisherman, caught his first big trout while fishing at the Canoe Club Dam on the Wissahickon. It was a fine 18 inch rainbow from the pool below the dam at the Canoe Club.

Sunbury

A 19¾ inch brown trout was caught by Palmer E. Wheeland while fishing in Penn's Creek between Spring Mills and Coburn.

Carlisle

"Toots" Miller of Boiling Springs enjoyed the best fishing of his life during the opening week of the trout season and possibly was the most successful angler in all Pennsylvania. During this period he caught nine rainbow and brown trout over 18 inches in length, along with many smaller ones which he returned to Boiling Springs. All were caught on fine leaders and wet flies.

Mack Pittinger, ardent and skilled Carlisle angler, almost kept pace with his fishing partner, "Toots" Miller. He hooked and landed some very fine trout but we won't embarrass him by telling his tale of woe.

Fishing near his home in Boiling Springs Melvin Kocher creeled a 21 inch rainbow.

Warden George James said he knew of five trout 20 inches or more in length being caught in Cumberland County during the first two days of the season. Ed Smohl of Carlisle landed a rainbow trout 21½ inches long in Letort Spring; Earl Peckert of Carlisle caught a rainbow trout 21½ inches long in Yellow Breeches Creek; William Albright of Huntsdale caught a 20 inch rainbow trout in the Yellow Breeches Creek.

Camp Hill

William Harling, a Camp Hill High School student, started the season with a bang by taking a 21 inch brown trout in the Yellow Breeches Creek. His mother reported that he came home soaking wet and cold but mighty happy.

Lancaster

The Octorario yielded an 18½ inch brown and a 16½ inch rainbow trout to Park W. Pfemagar.

Northampton

Charles "Dutch" Herman landed an 18½ inch rainbow in the Hokendauqua and Bill Gehret caught a 19½ inch brown from the same stream.

Altoona

Mrs. Charles Rath, an ardent anglerette, added another big trout to her list. This was a wonderful brown which measured exactly two feet. It was caught in Spruce Creek at her country home.

Pottsville

Four 14 inch brook trout and a 17 inch brown were caught in the Tobyhanna on streamer flies by Paul Williamson.

Coaldale

A 15½ inch brook trout broke the rod of Squire Joseph J. Unitis and caused him to fall and sprain his ankle but he got his fish. The Squire feels that the price he had to pay for this wonderful fish was not too dear.

Pottstown

Rev. Yocom used a worm to catch a 19 inch rainbow from French Creek, Chester County, and Harry Finkbiner took an 18¾ inch brown from the same stream on a worm. Some young fellow, whose name is unknown to us was seen trudging along French Creek with a 21 inch rainbow reports Jack O'Brien. Rev. Douglas I. Cloud enjoyed lots of action and his best fish was a 15 inch rainbow. Douglas Riegner caught an 18½ inch rainbow in French Creek. Isaac Swavely landed two 18 inch rainbows while fishing in the upper Manatawny waters.

Lock Haven

Fishing Creek at Lamar yielded one of Pennsylvania's biggest browns to William Bryan. He employed a small worm to lure the fish which has been entered in the big fish contest of the Clinton County Fish and Game Association. It measured 26½ inches.

Using minnows for bait, William Fulger of 523 Church St., hooked a 28 inch brown trout in the Narrows of Cherry Run above Lamar. The huge fish weighed 8½ pounds and was divided with his companion angler, Mervin Bottorf of Flemington.

Fulger wrestled with the fish at least an hour before he was successful in bringing it in. He reports his right arm got tired in an effort to haul the fish out of the water.

Since he is not a member of the Clinton County Fish and Game Association, the successful angler is not eligible for the association's trout prize. Two years ago his brother James won Ritter's prize with a 25 inch brown trout which he caught with a fly.

Leaders in the association's prize for the largest trout in the first month of the season are: William V. Dunn, Lock Haven, 22⅜ inch brown trout; Charles T. Hager, Flemington, 18¾ rainbow and Malcolm Forringer, Lock Haven, 14¾ brook trout.

Coatesville

Bill McCarthy has entered an 18 inch Octararo brown in the contest conducted by the Chester County Rod and Gun Club.

Allentown

Our new warden Harvey D. Neff sends us the following reports of big fish which he has checked. William Williams 13 year old angler took a 21½ inch brown trout on a worm from the Dorney Park Boating Lake. The Little Lehigh produced a 19 inch brown weighing 3 lbs. for Robert Aldinger. Cleave Yeahl of Emaus caught a 3 lb. 13 oz. 22 inch brown from Spring Creek at Trexlertown. Robert Kalb while fishing in the Litte Lehigh connected with a 19 inch brown which weighed 2 lbs. 6 ozs. A wonderful brook trout weighing 1½ pounds and measuring 15¾ inches was caught by Robert Schwoyer.

Harvey Neff also checked nine brown trout all 17 and 18 inches taken from one pool in Jordan Creek the first three days of the season. "Not bad," says Harvey, and who won't agree?

Mrs. Arthur Casteline used a dry fly to fool an old Little Lehigh brown which measured 21 inches and weighed 3 lbs. 2 ozs.

An 18½ inch rainbow was taken by Vincent Schnable.

Fishing's easy. And this matter of landing the big ones isn't too tough says 14 year old Richard Kuka of 514 E. Hamilton St. Kuka wasn't prepared for the big tug on his line shortly after he cast it into the Little Lehigh near the Linde plant. "It seemed like a whale," he said, "so I dropped the pole and began hauling the fish in by hand. The brown trout that grabbed Kuka's worm was one of the largest caught this season. It was 23½ inches long and weighed slightly more than four pounds. Kuka who said he did some fishing on the Great Lakes when the family lived in Syracuse got some help in pulling in the prize catch from Jimmy Krause.

Proving that you can still catch a good sized fish on an ordinary backyard worm, Boyd Walker, Muhlenberg junior, landed a brown trout which is believed to be the biggest local catch this year. The prize catch which measured 24 inches and tipped the scale at four and a half pounds was landed at the Dorney Park boating lake a little after dusk.

Boyd, the son of Joseph Walker, Lehigh County lawyer now serving with the United States Navy as a Lieutenant Senior Grade, was fishing with flies for nearly two hours with no luck. Finally, he thought that he would try a worm and luck was with him for on the first cast he landed the beauty. Walker has entered the fish in the Lehigh County Fish and Game Association contest and the Cedar Creek Fish and Game contest.

Johnstown

Twelve year old Harold Weimer of Laughlintown hit a new high when he landed a 21 inch rainbow. Carson Aukney, Oak Grove angler, netted a 20 inch brown trout in Mill Creek.

Somerset

Karl I. Hare, Deputy Sheriff of Somerset County and Harold Moyer a County employee made an amazing catch of browns and rainbows on Wills Creek on April 17. The four largest were 19½, 18½, 17 and 16 inches respectively and the biggest got away.

Easton

Harrison Fisher, of local athletic fame, hit a homer with the bases loaded when he made a remarkable catch headed by a 20 inch brown. He fished in the Bushkill.

Elmer Rush of Phillipsburg caught an 18 incher near Bloomsburg.

Columbia

Lyle Simmons, popular conservationist, landed a 19 inch brown trout in the Chickies Creek in Lebanon County.

Hubby: "I went to a stag party last night, dearie."

Dearie: "I thought that's where you had been. I heard you staggering in."

Science Prof: "What happens when a body is immersed in water?"

Coed: "The telephone rings."

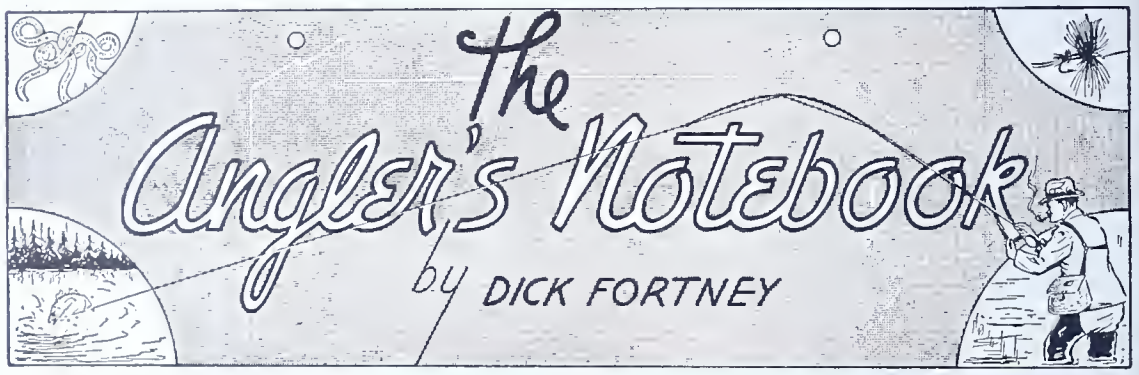
Sue (aged 8): "Mother, why did you marry father?"

Mother: "So you've begun to wonder, too?"



Photo by Warden Carl Wertz.

Pictured here is one of the largest rainbow trout ever caught from Pennsylvania waters. It weighed 6 lb. 1 oz., measured 26½ inches and was caught by Sam Haney of Williamsburg.



In buying a casting rod, be sure that it has modern stainless steel guides. They will not chip, causing the line to be frayed, as will agate guides, which are all too easily broken.

A full reel of line is recommended for use on the fly rod. About 30 yards of the average weight fly line will go on the reel with some clearance. The custom is to splice to the fly line a filler line of light but strong silk. This helps fill the reel, and the silk line comes in handy in playing a fish which makes a long run.

When the stream is low and the water temperature high, grasshoppers are the best bait obtainable for trout, and even bass.

You really have to be clever to "sneak up on" a fish. Due to the fact that the eyes of a fish are placed on the sides of its head, it can see almost as well behind it as it can to the front.

A strip of lamb's wool fastened around the hat on the band is an excellent carrier for flies. The wool is soft and absorbs moisture from the flies, and barbed hooks pull out of it easily.

There is a technique in angling for fish that travel and feed in schools—catfish, sunfish, and walleyed pike for example. Once one of these school fish is hooked it should be forced away from its feeding station, for the struggle it puts up against the angler's tackle is quite likely to frighten and scatter the other fish.

A cloudy morning, when a gentle wind from the west or south is blowing, is considered by many veteran anglers to be an ideal time for an angling trip.

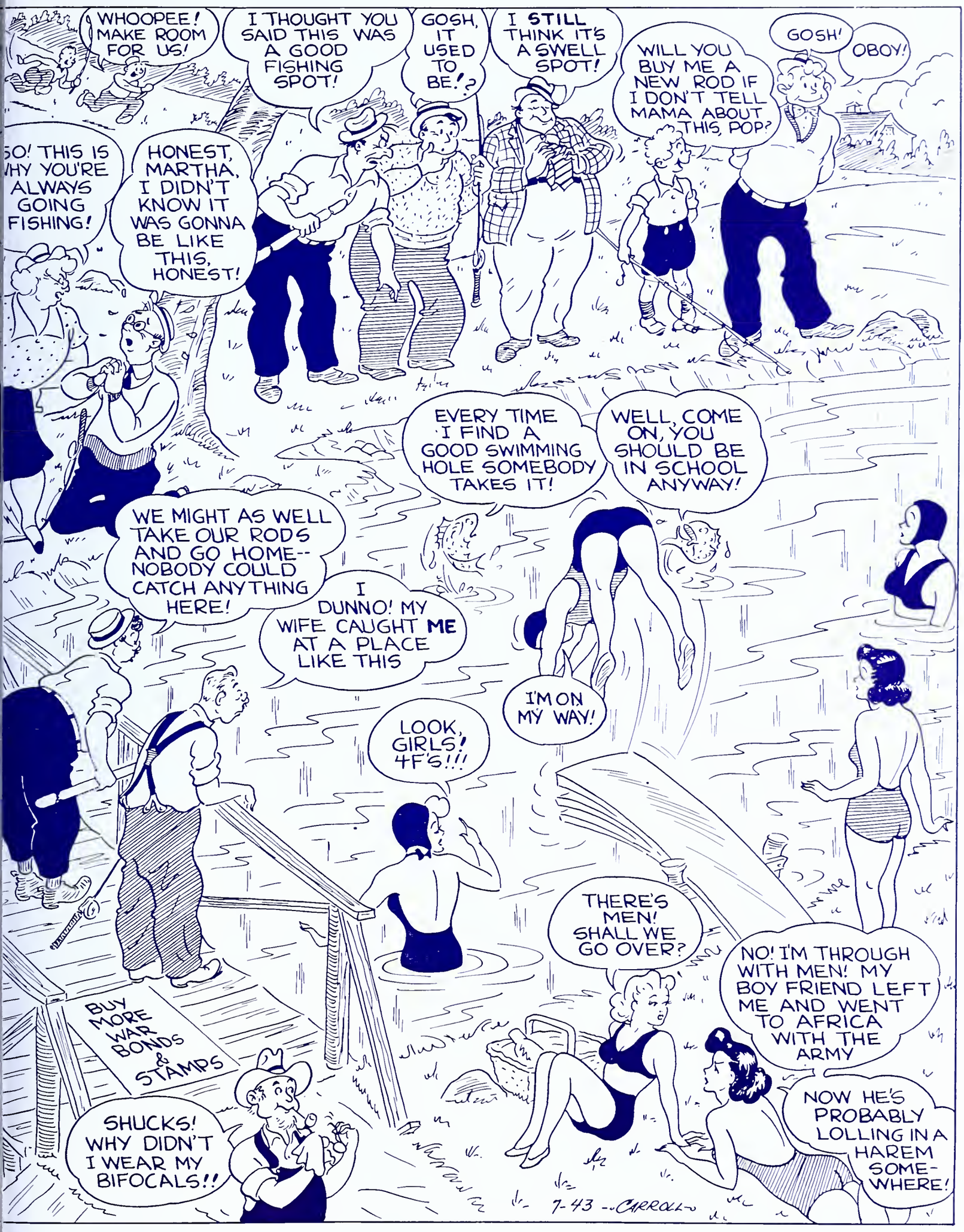
Here is a good time-table that will help you to determine where in a stream or lake to find fish. Fish are in the shallows in spring, work into deeper water as the days become hotter, and return to the shallow stretches in the autumn again. Remember, also, that during hot weather fish emerge from deep pools at night and feed in the shallows.

If you fish by barometer, remember that this instrument forecasts weather conditions rather than recording present conditions. If the barometer rises during stormy weather, a change to fair weather is indicated. If it falls during fair weather, on the other hand, a stormy period is indicated.

Avoid surplus line grease. The dressing should be applied by vigorous rubbing, and all excess should be removed. Surplus grease will scrape off on the rod guides and interfere with the free flow of the line in casting.

Hollow celluloid quills are the best floats. Others which are heavier and more bulky do not equal the quill when it comes to giving evidence of the slightest nibble.

Tackle, after all, is of secondary importance to the successful angler. Knowledge of stream conditions and of the hiding and feeding habits of fish is the primary requirement for success.


WHOOPEE! MAKE ROOM FOR US!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WAS A GOOD FISHING SPOT!
GOSH, IT USED TO BE!?
I STILL THINK IT'S A SWELL SPOT!
WILL YOU BUY ME A NEW ROD IF I DON'T TELL MAMA ABOUT THIS, POP?
GOSH!
OBOY!
SO! THIS IS WHY YOU'RE ALWAYS GOING FISHING!
HONEST, MARTHA, I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS GONNA BE LIKE THIS, HONEST!
EVERY TIME I FIND A GOOD SWIMMING HOLE SOMEBODY TAKES IT!
WELL, COME ON, YOU SHOULD BE IN SCHOOL ANYWAY!
WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE OUR RODS AND GO HOME-- NOBODY COULD CATCH ANYTHING HERE!
I DUNNO! MY WIFE CAUGHT ME AT A PLACE LIKE THIS
I'M ON MY WAY!
LOOK, GIRLS! 4F'S!!!
THERE'S MEN! SHALL WE GO OVER?
NO! I'M THROUGH WITH MEN! MY BOY FRIEND LEFT ME AND WENT TO AFRICA WITH THE ARMY
NOW HE'S PROBABLY LOLLING IN A HAREM SOME-WHERE!
BUY MORE WAR BONDS & STAMPS
SHUCKS! WHY DIDN'T I WEAR MY BIFOCALS!!
7-43 --CARROLL--

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



JULY, 1943

TEN CENTS

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

VOL. XII. No. 7 JULY, 1943

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GLENN L. MARTIN INDORSES OUTDOOR SPORTS FOR WORKERS

Says Such Activity Will Help Curb Absenteeism

By J. HAMMOND BROWN

(Pres. of the Outdoor Writers' Assn. of America)

The recreational outdoors has gained a great champion in Glenn L. Martin, well-known sportsman and war industrialist and head of the Glenn L. Martin Company, manufacturer of bombers for the U. S. Army and Navy.

Speaking before a large group of sportsmen and conservationists on the occasion of the annual dinner of the Outdoor Writers' Association of America, he declared that if he could have his way, every man and woman on the war production line would be compelled to spend every seventh day in the outdoors, hunting or fishing preferably, but out in the open where they best can recharge their mental and bodily batteries.

Cause of Absenteeism

He also charged that much of the present day absenteeism in war production plants is directly due to a failure of mental and physical energies brought on by too many hours and too many days spent on the job without the proper kind of rest.

He declared that there was actually a very small percentage of willful absenteeism in our war production and that this kind of absenteeism can speedily be checked by prompt and drastic measures such as immediate discharge following due warning and the turning over of the names of such men to their respective draft boards.

48-Hour Maximum

Getting back to the greater problem, that of keeping men and women on the job and at the top of their production energy, he declared that for the long haul no war worker should be permitted to remain at his job more than six days a week and except under very special conditions should not be permitted to work on that job at a maximum of more than 48 hours a week.

Only under such a plan, he asserted, can the top production of war materials be reached in this country.

Explaining further why absenteeism is sure to result if such a plan is not followed, he said that if men on the production line be allowed to work for many days on a stretch, they finally reach a point where neither mind nor body will function properly and as a result you can expect both mistakes, some of them costly to the war effort, and accidents brought on by reflexes that have been slowed up by fatigue.

Cites Overindulgence

Such men, he explained, must then take a day off and too often they use this period of freedom, not seeking renewed energies out in the open where they best can recharge both mental and physical energies, but in places of amusement where not only is the air far from pure, but where over-indulgence is brought on primarily by the very exhaustion of their mind and body.

Too often, he explained, when their day of liberty is over, they are unfit in either mind or body to return to the job. Not only do they fail to do a full job of work on the production line, but they actually become a menace to their fellow workmen and the whole war effort.

Because of this break-down in energy, the next step is extending their absence from the job to first two days and then three and soon they are wholly undependable and of little actual worth to the production at which they work.

Predicts New Records

In closing, Mr. Martin declared that forced to take each seventh day as a holiday from their war job and taught how best to utilize their time away from the job to keep them fit, these men would soon be hanging up new records for war production in their plants and absenteeism would cease to become a factor in war production.

Mr. Martin concluded his remarks by declaring that the Congress of the United States and the war machinery of the country had not yet learned this lesson, but that they must speedily do so if they are to see their manpower geared up for full production over the long period stretching ahead.

—Baltimore News-Post.

FISHING KITS FOR SERVICE MEN

By GIFFORD PINCHOT

HALF a century ago, when forestry was just getting started—indeed had only just started in a single forest in all America—I contracted a habit. And this habit was to take my pack on my back and my rifle in my hand, and go off into the big woods for a week or ten days, or such time as I could spare from other work.

The days so spent were by no means wasted, largely because I went by myself. Alone in the woods I learned far more than when in even the best of company. For when I had no one to talk with, it was far easier to fix my whole attention on the trees and their growth, the places where they grew, their relation to light and shade, and all the many questions that concerned the new generations and the old. All this I had to learn for myself in the woods and from the woods, because no one in America could tell me what I needed to know.

In order to keep down the weight of my pack I lived off the country as much as I could. To do that I had to catch fish no less than shoot game. So I carried a small pocket fishing kit in a little leather pocketbook, not much bigger than a silver dollar. It contained about twenty feet of line, two or three flies, and a few hooks, with a couple of BB split shot sinkers. It weighed practically nothing, and it caught, with a pole cut on the spot, plenty of fish that went into my miniature aluminum frying pan.

When a man is alone such a kit is a real help. When I showed one patterned after it to the U. S. Marines, they adopted it on the spot. It is or will be issued to paratroopers or other men who are likely to be separated from their commands in tropical jungles or elsewhere, and so have to look after themselves.

This was months after I had happened to discover that salt water fish are good to drink as well as to eat, a fact which has been investigated and confirmed by the U. S. Navy, so that instructions for drinking fish are being included in the fishing kits supplied to all Navy lifeboats, rafts and floats, and to all rubber boats carried on planes.

These instructions read:

"If you can catch fish, you will not die of hunger or thirst. The flesh of fish caught in the open sea is good to eat, cooked or raw. It is healthy and nourishing. Many tribes and some nations commonly eat fish raw, and like it.

"If and when you have caught more fish than you can eat, squeeze out or chew out the juice of the flesh and drink it. Fish juice tastes much like the juice of raw oysters or clams. It has been tested and found safe.

"To squeeze it out, take a piece of the flesh without bones or skin. Cut it up fine. Wrap it in some kind of cloth, leaving long ends, and let two men twist the ends hard. The juice will drip out.

"To chew it out, put a piece of fish in your mouth. Chew it small. Suck out the juice and swallow it, then spit out what is left. Keep it up as long as you are thirsty and have fish."

Even before the discovery of fish juice I happened to find that lifeboats of torpedoed vessels as a rule carried no fishing tackle at all, and if they had any, it was practically worthless. The collapsible rubber boats on airplanes had none whatever.

Now there are more fish in the sea than most people think, and the small fish especially are very apt to gather around and under a boat or a barrel or anything that will give them a chance to dodge the bigger fish and the birds that are eager to eat them up. Why shouldn't castaways do a little eating themselves, and drinking as well, with all this food and drink swimming about them? So I took it up with the Navy and the Army, with the result that not far from a hundred thousand sets of tackle were ordered.

This tackle was not as good as what I had recommended and what I recommended was not as good as it could have been. So when the Navy decided to order another hundred thousand sets and Captain Rhea, a splendid man to work with, asked me to recommend improvements, Dr. Alexander Wetmore of the Smithsonian suggested that I invite Michael Lerner, probably the most experienced deep sea angler alive, and Kip Farrington, a close second, to help plan a better kit. Lerner called in Julian Crandall, another expert, and his own fishing skipper, Capt. Bill Hatch, and together we worked out the kits which have been adopted by the Navy, the Army, the Coast Guard for its own ships and for all American merchant vessels, and the Maritime Commission, to a total number not very far, I am told, from half a million kits.

There are two types, one for rubber boats and one for lifeboats and rafts. Both are in cloth cases, the heavier one also in a waterproof tin can.

What is in these kits? Perhaps the best way to answer that is to give you what the official instructions say about it. These instructions are printed on waterproof paper with waterproof ink. I am proud to say that, with much help from many men, I had the honor of writing them. They cover the use of fish for food and drink, general instructions about fishing, for men who don't know how, what to eat and what not, how to live on a desert island, and too much else to mention here.

The instructions are for kits issued to lifeboats and rafts (weight a little over 3 lbs.). Rigs Nos. 4 and 6 are omitted from the lighter kits carried on planes (weight a little over 1 lb.).

Here they are as far as the fishing tackle is concerned.

Fishing Tackle and How to Use It

"Put one man in charge of this tackle. Let him wear the cloth case as an apron when in use. When not in use, keep it all together in the case. Never let it get scattered about.

Rig No. 1

"Hook and Line. Length of line, 100 feet. Bait this hook with a small piece of pork rind (in the Kit), as wide as across the bend of the hook, and a little longer. If fish are very small, make the bait small too. If you have no bait left, slip or tie a white or pearl button off your shirt on the hook and keep it moving, sometimes slow, sometimes faster.

Rig No. 2

"Mackerel Jig. Length of line, 100 feet. Before fishing, scrape lead of jig until it is bright. Troll (drag) this jig behind your boat when in motion. It is intended to imitate a fish. Keep it moving.

"Use the jig first without bait. Let out 25 or 50 feet of line. But if fish do not bite, hook through one end a 2-inch piece of pork rind or a narrow strip of white or light-colored cloth or canvas, or make it fast to the eye of the hook. A narrow strip cut from the white belly of a fish is excellent. A small live fish may be best of all. Hook it through the back and let it run.

"When you have caught a fish or a bird, a small piece of fish or meat is usually better than pork rind bait. If you have no other bait, cut from your shoe a small, narrow strip of leather or canvas, an inch long for small fish, longer for bigger fish. Hook it through one end and keep it moving.

"When your boat is not traveling through the water fast enough to keep the jig near the top, let it sink to different depths and keep pulling the line in, either steadily or with jerks. Try both.

"When the boat is moving too slow to keep jig near surface, take hold of the line about four feet from the jig, whirl the jig around your head on the short line and cast it far out. Then pull in as fast as you can, either steadily or in jerks. But first see that the end of the line is firmly held by another man and that no one will be hit by your whirling jig.

"The jig can also be used for deep fishing with pork rind bait or a piece of fish or bird. Try different depths.

Rig No. 3

"Feather Jig. Same as for Rig No. 2.

Rig No. 4

"Hook, Line, and Sinker. For bait fishing near the boat or deep down. Bait with pork rind, fish, or meat. If you let this line down full length and get no fish, tie another line of about the same size to it securely and try deeper. If the lead now on the line will not sink it, use extra lead also.

Rig No. 5

"Grapple for snagging fish. Very useful if you have no bait, or if fish will not bite. When fish are around or close to the boat, throw this grapple beyond or among them, or drop it near them, and jerk it sharply to hook them.

(Continued on page 14)

GRASSHOPPERS AND TROUT

Long-Legged Insects Make Mighty Good Bait for Wary Trout If You Know the Art of Using Them

By DICK FORTNEY



CONSIDER the grasshopper.

A lowly creature is he, with long and knobby-jointed legs and stubby wings. He spits tobacco juice on anybody who picks him up. He frightens little girls by jumping on their dresses at picnics. He enrages farmers by gnawing at their precious crops. He is drab and unattractive in color.

Any jury of his peers would condemn Mr. Grasshopper as a darned pest.

Yet legions of men lug grasshoppers around the countryside in comfortable containers after picking them out of the weeds with gentle fingers and tender care. They admire the sleek body of the 'hopper and also the long legs which are capable of kicking up a lively fuss.

The Friends of the Grasshopper are men who have learned that this common American insect is one of the most deadly baits that the trout fisherman can use, and when fishing is the most difficult.

We're not writing about those western 'hoppers that chew the handles off wheelbarrows and gang up in clouds in the sky. We are concerned with the much smaller eastern species of the insect—the ones that prowl around in the fields and along streams.

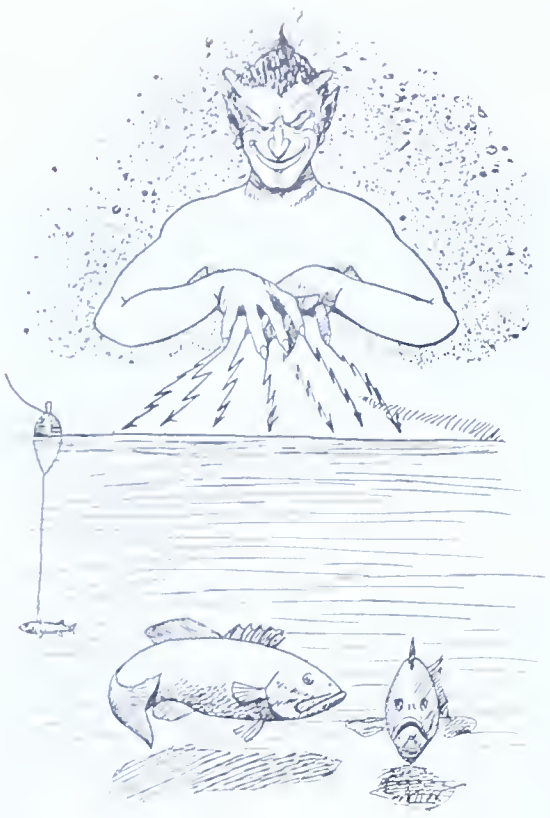
They're not impressive to look at, in contrast to many other creatures of the insect world, but they have their good points aplenty.

I fished one hot morning last summer in a brawling mountain stream which has a reputation for its brook trout. The fish were extremely active, sailing into dry flies

(Continued on page 16)

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED ANGLING?

By WILLIAM R. WALTON



Satan stills the bass

WHEN, on that tremendous and fateful sixth day of the Creation, "God formed man of the slime of the earth," and implanted in his nascent bosom an irrepressable and ineradicable desire to go afishing, doubtless he did this with tongue-in-cheek. For, as gazing omnisciently down through the ages, He envisioned there the myriad of absurd human antics which were to result, one can hardly avoid feeling that He did so with at least a tolerant smile.

That humor is an attribute of the Creator seems certain since He endowed humanity with that saving quality which, in the bewilderments and trials of existence, frequently preserves man from utter despair.

As one peruses further that grand and solemn first chapter of Genesis, presently there appears the decree "let him (man) have dominion over the fishes of the sea."

Now, "dominion" according to Webster's Unabridged means "sovereign or supreme authority, power of government and controlling." So, if our present somewhat imperfect control of the behavior of the fishes seems inconsistent with this grant of power, it must be remembered that the subsequent unfortunate episode of the apple, the serpent and the women resulted in upsetting Adam's control of the fishes as well as other less important things.

Hence, when the fish are recalcitrant about biting we must recollect that Satan is still grinning over the primary *faux pas*, and lay the blame where it belongs. In case of doubt, any married man may have this dispelled pronto, by submitting the question to the judgment of his wife.

The word "angling" seems at first sight, to be merely a literary expression for that obsession which the man in the street calls "fishing." Properly written however, it should be preceded by the dollar sign, for the angler requires not only a rod, but various and sundry expensive appurtenances thereto, while the fisherman needs only a pole and line, and a can of some form of animal life lower, if possible, in scale than himself.

Some have contended that angling is merely a high-brow phase of fishing but this is indignantly denied by a coterie of anglers who cling to the shibboleth that: "it's not all of angling to fish" or "'tis not all of fishing to angle" or something to that general effect. If any of them really knows just what they mean none has taken time out of the game to explain.

If one should take literally, the writings of some purist fly casters, he would conclude that their art *per se*, had no connection with fish, in point of fact, there is a whole lot of angling that falls in the same category.

The more radical of these honest-to-goodness fly casters would leave us with the impression that angling consists essentially in being able to cast, in a hifalutin manner, a microscopic fly attached to a gossamer filament and that all else is mere sordid and brutal fishing.

Strangely enough, however, even the elite among such anglers seem to exult in the title "disciple of Izaak Walton," who, sad to relate, was a mere bait fisherman who never during his long, long life, was known to cast an artificial!

Now, despite all pretense to the contrary, the final and supreme objective of both fishing and angling is to catch fish, although it might be inferred from the writings of some, that the ultimate desideratum was to cast a fancy fly, to a great distance, in a hifalutin manner. But one may observe that when such anglers occasionally return from the stream with a full creel, they do not immediately and forthwith, conceal such bulging basket under a bushel or even under a pint.

It has been pithilly remarked that "the way to catch fish is to give them what they want, when they want it." But the heck of it is to determine what they want, when they want it! Alas, the sad, dank truth is that, taking the season as a whole and under all conditions of water, the creel of the despised and sordid bait fisherman is observed to attain consistently more avoirdupois than that of said hifalutin angler.

Although bait fishing for such fish as brook trout and black bass, on any large scale, is to be deplored from the standpoint of conservation, there are extenuating circumstances which tend powerfully to excuse this practice on the part of many. For, the great majority who fish indulge in this incomparable recreation not when they will, but when they can, and then only occasionally. It is therefore, not surprising or reprehensible that they should choose that simpler method of fishing which is most likely to fill the pan.

On the other hand, the professional angler or the man of wealth who can indulge in this sport when and where he chooses, I fear, often fails to appreciate the previously mentioned salient facts and thoughtlessly condemns all bait fishermen for a practice which in his own case, would be patently *inexcusable.*

The poor man must fish public waters in competition with the mob, whereas his plutocratic counterpart has recourse to private waters and territory inaccessible to others. He therefore has no right to complain when his less prosperous brother adopts a perfectly legal if crude method that is better calculated to bring home the bacon.

Catholicity of taste is one of the precious privileges of *Homo semisapiens piscatorius,* and angling or fishing—as you will— appeals to all sorts and conditions of men. "What is one man's caviar is another's emetic" as the old lady said when she osculated the bovine animal of feminine persuasion. There are those who content that limburger cheese is food, while to me it is just something which one should avoid stepping in. We strive to survive in an incongruous and miscellaneous world—so, what the heck?

In brief, after dallying with hook and line, anglers and fishermen for more than fifty summers—and some dang hard winters—I begin to suspect that the only recognizable character that distinguishes the angler from the fisherman is a thin coat of polish often badly chipped at the corners. One conclusion which stands out in bold relief however, is that the fellow who fishes and takes more than his righteous share is neither a fisherman or an angler—he is just a *hog.*



A fish hog's coat of arms.

BUY WAR BONDS

We are going to pay for our share of this war one way or another. The easist way is to buy War Savings Bonds and War Savings Stamps. The best way to be sure that every man and woman is doing his or her part is by the War Bond Quota System.

It's the Selective Service method of our civilian army.

COME HELL OR HIGH WATER

by FRED EVERETT

Illustrations by the author

INSECTS and diseases are closely related. Science has proven that mosquitoes spread typhoid and other fevers. And flies cause many forms of sickness, even being suspected of transmitting infantile paralysis. Medical science, over the years, can solve and prevent such infections.

But there is one baffling disease which seems incurable because it is periodic and inter-transmuted. That is, it is created or transmitted by insects, especially flies, and, at the same time, the disease creates the very insects that spread it.

Strangely enough, the first faint symptoms appear shortly after New Year's day. In the beginning it grows very slowly but, by March, it has recreated itself into a full-fledged malady that affects the mind in devious ways. At this stage, it is contagious to a special group of individuals. It is seldom fatal.

The symptoms are easily recognized once one becomes familiar with them. The patient at first shows an increasing desire to read and talk fishing. As his restlessness increases he begins to create insects, mostly flies. He becomes dreamy and visionary, often talking to himself or some unseen being. He lays impossible plans and makes unkeepable resolutions.

Each year the crisis is reached about Opening Day. Once the patient comes into actual contact with the cold waters of realilty, casts away his insects and hooks his first fish, the fever breaks and he rapidly returns to a state of normal reactions and reasoning.

There is no accepted name for this disease. It occurs too early to be classified as one of the spring fevers. Because it recreates itself periodically, it could be given some such scientific name as periodicus intertransmuticus piscatorialisis. Some of the common, local names are fishitis, bugitis, flyitis, fly nut, fishing nut, and so on. You probably know a lot of the names and the victims of the disease.

This year promises to be a very serious one in which the malady will be more critical and, no doubt, more fatal. This prediction is based on the restrictions which, at present, are placed on fishing this coming season, due to the war. The very fact that fishing is to be so much restricted has already reacted to cause the disease to start earlier than usual. As time goes on, it will build up to a higher degree of fever. Yet that fever will not be allowed to burn itself out on the creating of more flies or reach a satisfactory crisis on opening day, as in the normal course of the affliction.

There is bound to be an abnormal kick-back in the mental cavities of the victims. There will be more brooding, talking and thinking of an ingrown nature that will breed unhealthy mental attitudes and unrest detrimental to our war effort. The war workers, subject to the disease, will not produce efficiently because their physical capabilities will be seriously impaired. Without the necessary relief, both mentally and physically, that is to be found only in the recreation of fishing, the disease will continue throughout the year and may have a permanent bad reaction.

The tragic import of the situation was brought strongly to me last evening as I sat alone in my studio, relaxed and sort of day-dreaming. I'm not sure just what I was thinking about, if anything, when I grew conscious of the fact that I was arguing with him. So I can't say just when or from where he came. Nor can I tell you what he looked like because, as I think back, I don't believe I opened my eyes any time during our talk. Don't say I told you, but I imagine he was an advanced phase of the disease.

I became conscious of him when he



blurted out, "So, fishing is out for the duration, is it"?!

"Well, I wouldn't say that, exactly," I said, "but, for the majority of us, I guess it is."

"Why, I ask you? No—don't answer, I'll tell you. Just because some ignorant stuffed shirts who don't know the difference between a rod and a pole claim it is an unnecessary luxury which only slackers would indulge in, that's why!"

"After all, there's a war on and we've got to forego luxuries," I came back at him, not sure I liked his tone.

"Luxury my eye. Fishing is one of the essentials that, among millions of us, is vital to the war effort."

"Aren't you putting it pretty strong? I'd say you're prejudiced."

"Oh, yeah? Well, let me ask you something else. What is it, during the last ten years—the most nerve-wracking and strenuous years in our history—that has helped keep our President mentally and physically on top of his job? Fishing! And why? Because it's a relaxation that's worth more than all the doctoring in the world. It's a potent force to build up both health and morale.

"Think of the stupidity behind many of the dictates in our war effort controlled by some who act first and maybe think afterwards. They are dictates of extremes; on the one hand for the armed forces and on the other, for the home forces. With blind unreasonableness they over-lavish those in the services and over-stint those on the home front.

"It's a well known proverb that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. The authorities believe in that and are spending millions upon millions of our war funds to provide the boys in the armed forces with every possible kind of entertainment and relaxation. And they should because it's vital to the health and morale of those boys.

"Yet, for some reason beyond the power of us ordinary mortals to comprehend, those same authorities consider the workers on the home front as a different species of animal. More and more they are denying us all forms of relaxation or entertainment and demanding more and more hours in work, either on the production line or in civilian defense efforts. The latest edict has been—'If it's fun, it's out!'

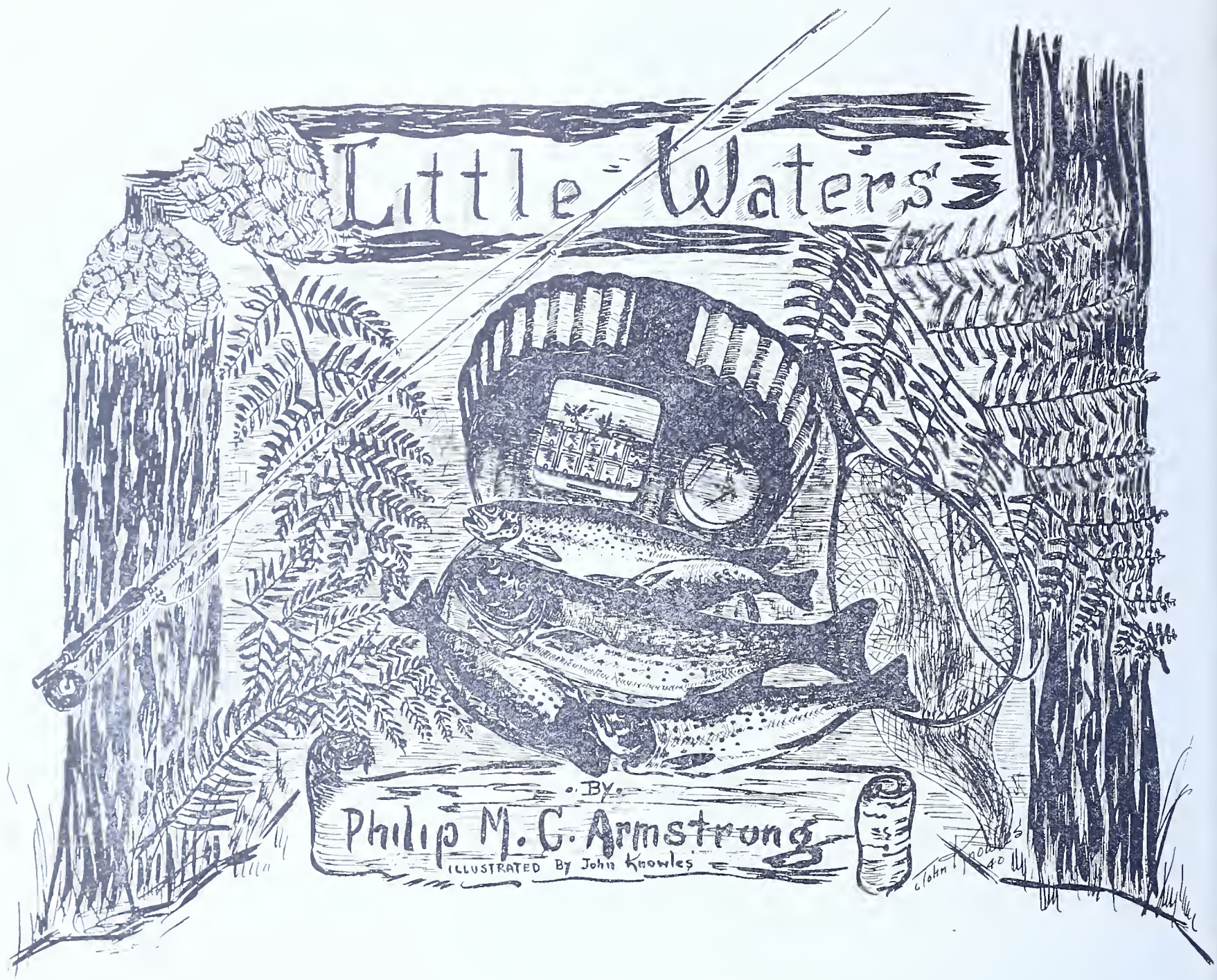
"It's not that we begrudge the extra time and effort; we're glad to get in there and do our utmost. But, we're just as human as those in the armed forces. Donning a uniform doesn't change one's physical or mental makeup. We, as they, need health and morale if we're to be able to meet the demands for greater production. That means we, too, must have relaxation and surcease from repeated, tedious toil.

"In many ways, we stand in greater need of it because we are living the same old humdrum lives while those in the services are buoyed up by new adventures and excitement. They receive the best of everything, are better fed, built up physically and, except for those under battle conditions, relieved of the extra burdens of existence which beset us at home. To our extra work are added all kinds of mental worries, lack of foods and other essentials for life and financial burdens in ever increasing amounts.

"We have an acute shortage of doctors.

(Continued on page 19)





THE River, beer colored and swollen, hurled itself wrathfully against the concrete abutments of the bridge, foaming breast deep and menacing where yesterday a rubber booted boy might have waded unconcerned.

Ward and I boosted ourselves up on the parapet where we could observe the rushing waters without standing on our toes. It was most depressing.

Ward spat reflectively into the torrent.

"I thought it rained a bit last night, but who'd have thought we were having a dam' cloudburst?"

Only a man with the nerves and detached consciousness of a mummy could have failed to be awakened by the celestial artillery which had shattered the night, let alone the terrific pounding of the rain, but I was not surprised. When Gabriel sounds "First Call" on Judgment Day he will have to use something better than a mere trumpet if he expects Ward to "Take Reveille."

"Well," I ventured, "not much use fishing the river today, I guess. The trout will be stuffed to the gills with worms and other junk. And they couldn't see a fly two feet away in this water." Ward shrugged his shoulders, but made no comment. "If we want to fish today we'll have to hit one of the smaller streams."

My partner agreed, scrambling down from the parapet.

"Where do you figure we'd better go?"

I had no answer to that one, nor had Ward. We both like fairly big waters, and only fish the brooks when, at rare intervals, we crave a change.

We strolled back to the house for breakfast, gloomily rejecting this possibility and that, with reproachful words for the traitorous River, and decided nothing.



But a full stomach always promotes repose, so with lighted pipes, chairs tilted backward at a perilous angle and feet comfortably hooked under the porch rail, we regarded the world through glasses somewhat less darkly tinted. In fact the dustless green with which the downpour had endowed Nature's children, what with the fleecy clouds and pale spears of sunbeam filtering through, made a picture so clean and restful that we were content to sprawl there and indolently take it in. Why worry about high waters?

But this mood is a passing one, as every angler well knows, as Ward, stirring uneasily in his chair, presently bore evidence. To be specific, he removed his hat and gravely scrutinized the outlandish collection of alleged flies which dwelt there.

"I heard awhile back about a lot of big brown trout in the branch," he suddenly announced.

Abruptly I too came back to Earth, material concepts displacing idle mental wanderings.

"Browns there all right," I conceded, "but as to there being any big ones, I'm from Missouri. Fished it once or twice last summer, but never got anything over nine inches.

(Continued on page 18)

BROOK TROUT IN KETTLE CREEK AND TRIBUTARIES

by R. L. WATTS, G. L. TREMBLEY and GEORGE HARVEY

Second Article

Migratory Movements

AS indicated in the first article which discussed objectives, methods of study, stream descriptions and water temperatures, a complete report of these investigations made by the Pennsylvania Argicultural Experiment Station in cooperation with the Pennsylvania Board of Fish Commissioners, may be obtained by requesting a copy of Bulletin 437 from the Director of the Experiment Station, State College, Pennsylvania.

For more than three decades the senior author of the bulletin has made yearly observations of the fish life in the Kettle Creek region. It has been definitely known that there are annual fall migrations from the tributaries into Kettle Creek and also spring movements from the larger stream into the tributaries. Information has been lacking concerning the time, extent and conditions effecting such movements and the studies were made with a view to obtaining data that would be helpful in stocking and stream management programs.

Spring Migration

At 12:30 p.m., May 17, 1939, 389 seven-to-nine-inch brook trout tagged at the Bellefonte hatchery were released in Kettle Creek about two and one-half miles below the mouth of Hammersley Fork, and one hour later 380 tagged trout of the same size were released in Kettle Creek about one and one-third miles below the mouth of Hammersley Fork. The sun was shining most of the day and the highest water temperature recorded was 69 at 2:00 p.m., and at 5:40 p.m. The flow of water in Kettle Creek was normal. At noon on May 18 the water temperature of Kettle Creek was 66 and daily evening temperature advanced fairly rapidly, being 70 on May 24, 77 on May 26 and 78 on June 3. Many fishermen were on the stream and it was apparent that practically all the trout moved upstream instead of down and that the movement began immediately after stocking. Although migration began at once, many trout remained at or near the points of stocking for ten days or more, nineteen having been caught eight days later at the lower stocking area. The data indicate that movement into Hammersley Fork was complete before June 1.

On April 3, 1940, 2887 tagged brook trout with the left pectoral fin clipped were released at four different points in Kettle Creek. The trout were large, many of them 10 to 12 inches long and some even larger. At the opening of the season, April 15, some snow remained on the watershed so that the water was cold and the stream very high. Anglers had learned of this fine stocking and hundreds of them were on hand to enjoy the sport for several days after the season opened. Under the circumstances it was impossible to get a satisfactory record of the movements of these plantings, because nearly all the fish were caught before they had a chance to move very far from where they were released. However, records were obtained on 487 tagged and fin-clipped fish. Of this number 375 were caught below the points of stocking, 102 above, nine were recovered in Hammersley Fork and one in Trout Run.

To obtain more accurate information relating to the spring upstream movement a weir was installed in Hammersley Fork three-fourths of a mile above the mouth of this stream. "The weir was installed April 12 and the first trout to enter from downstream was April 21; the second, April 30; and the third, May 11; three, May 17; and one, May 21. When the large number of stocked fish below the weir was taken into account, it is apparent that these movements were not significant. A definite upstream migration did not begin until May 23, when 31 brook trout were removed from the cage at 7:20 a.m.; 16, at 11:30 a.m.; 18, at 3:30 p.m.; and 28, at 6:20 p.m.; making a total for that date of 93 fish. The catch also included a 14½-inch brown trout. The morning water temperature of Kettle Creek on May 23 was 72°; the evening water temperature, 70°. It was believed, however, that heavy rains on May 23 were largely responsible for this important upstream movement, which continued through, May 24, when 41 trout were captured in the upstream migration. On May 25 there was a marked drop in the temperature of Kettle Creek water to 58 in the morning and to 62 in the evening.

Table 12—Fall downstream migration in Hammersley Fork, 1941.

Date		Number
Oct.	15	3
	18	1
	22	1
	28	4
Nov.	1	40
	2	20
	7	8
	8	26
Total		103

Only three trout were captured, on different days, between May 25 and June 1. On June 2, after rain, when Kettle Creek registered 59 in the morning and 78 in the evening, there was another outstanding upstream movement of 37 brook trout, and there were 9 on June 5, which, with very few exceptions, were the last.

The total recorded spring upstream migration to and including June 5 was 183, many of which were stocked trout planted in Hammersley Fork or Kettle Creek. During the entire spring migratory period only six trout were captured in the cage placed to catch the fish moving downstream."

Fall Migration

An occasional fish from upstream moved into the Trout Run weir by October 30, 1940 and the total before this date was 27. Table 10 shows additional migrations. It will be seen as in Table 11 that migrations were particularly marked on certain days following rain and with a rise of water. Of the total of 152 only 56 were of legal size (six inches) or over in length and many of them were less than three inches.

In 1941 the downstream movement in Trout Run began October 4 and ended November 12 as indicated in Table 11. Of the 169, 79 were 6 inches or over in length, the average being 7.1 inches. Thirteen fish were nine inches or over in length. There were also 170 trout under 4½ inches which moved downstream into the weir. All water of the main stream and of the three branches were closed to public fishing from December 28, 1937 to April 15, 1942. Considering the fairly large population of legal fish in these closed streams, it is significant that more fish did not migrate down into the open water of Trout Run and Kettle Creek.

The story of Hevner's Run may be told in a few words. In the fall of 1940 a total of 15 fish migrated down into the weir located 50 yards from the mouth, but only four of them were of legal size. The catch in 1941 was even smaller for only three fish of legal size were captured and there were no trout of smaller size. It is seen at once that this so called feeder stream, closed December 1937, made practically no contributions to

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Our native hemlock is an attractive feature of Kettle Creek watershed.



A shallow area in Hevner's Run which produces food for trout in the pools below.

SURFACE MAGIC, FROM THEM TO YOU!

BY

E. LLOYD KING

PART 2

A FEW weeks ago, we began a discussion of the several favorite surface lures as most commonly employed by the author and his choicest pals in the quest of smallmouth bass, going briefly into the origin, case history and development of the Arbogast Jitterbug and the Shakespeare Baby Popper. Incidently the plugs rate pretty much tops throughout the Keystone Commonwealth and the self-same pals are mostly well known to the readers of this publication—with some several thereof freely acknowledged experts —both in the art of presentation and the more tangible evidence of lunkers brought to net.

In concluding the opening paragraphs, I promised a further word or two on stream tactics, which as practiced by myself and pals the good Better Half likes to call "dipsy-doodling." Ditto I hinted a mite on "doctoring" with screw driver, steel file or plier, the latter sometimes conjuring added eccentricity of action, likewise vehemently protested by the aforesaid feminine authority as only proving the eccentricity of the genus homo, male, and in reality ruining good plugs for everything but eccentric bass, which really indicates fish to be as eccentric as fishermen. And eccentricity being only a polite term for craziness, saith the wife, who would want to take unfair advantage of loony bass?

Tut! Tut! Tut! Utterly irrational. Even back unto the day of Mother Eve herself, the femmes have talked too much, and if growing up to three or four or five pounds, and then slugging an erratic plug, indicates the eccentric bass, I for one surely adore eccentric bass, and if it's part of the act I too am willing to seem erratic as a loon while angling.

Anyway by now we know the Jitterbug to have been the inspiration of Fred Arbogast, master angler out Akron, Ohio, way, and that the Shakespeare's of Kalamazoo, Mich., claim the Baby Popper as their own. Likewise, that Mr. Arbogast spent perhaps a quarter century in the development and perfection of his Jit; that the original request for the popper meandered into the Shakespeare laboratories from the big bass sharpshooters safely hidden away amid Oklahoma's Sooner sons. And now space being what it is today, we shall proceed with the dipsy-doodling.

Unquestionably the peanut Jitterbug stands out as almost the foolproof plug. It is the smallest of the Jits, most practical for all-around Keystone work, and to begin fishing the amateur finds all the needed directions printed on the box. However as time rolls on, so will the practical angler's bag of waterway tricks . . . experience will teach added eccentricities: shimmies, darts, hesitates, rolls, or in other words the simulated antics of a playful or struggling half drowned insect or beastling atop the current. Ditto, the jerk-and-reel description just about calls the turn on the Shakespeare Baby Popper, and this too may be varied, staggered and controlled at will and with experience. The keynotes are patience, study, observation, application, calm deliberation . . . and adapting one-self to local possibilities.

Upstream fishing is sometimes considered the exclusive province of the dry fly man. Not always! Wading against the current may also be the stock in trade of the topwater plugger on the alert for big smallmouth, particularly so with the midget Jit. Your correspondent prefers to work both river and creek upstream, rifling the eddies, logs, stumps, shoreline, sometimes in long searching casts, sometimes in short choppy spot target, sharpshooting. At times on big water he will vary the cast and toss the plug far upstream, always so on weedy flats and boulder strewn channels. If bass are surface taking on a given day, trial and error will generally prove one or the other method productive, and with that knowledge it is time to settle down to some sport. Seldom in river work will nice bass hit both close inshore and way out in the heavy channels at one and the same time . . . though during dragon fly season twelve to fourteen inch flyers will pop most anywhere. All the foregoing does not mean the lazy orthodox downstream quartering may not be indulged upon occasion, and what angler doesn't for a rest now and then, but it does insist the big ones average bigger working up.

Angling upward offers its separate challenge in the hooking of a fish. Never do I find the smallmouth to hit a topwater lure as solidly as one riding beneath the surface. With the plug riding downstream toward the fisherman, it is necessary to retrieve a bit faster than the flow, and to have the line taut and the outfit under complete control. A sharp positive strike in answer to the rise rates an absolute necessity. Then the fireworks! How those surface babies will come out of the water and do the cakewalk!

Generally speaking I frequently alter the hook arrangement on the Jit. On some I reset the forward hook as close the headspoon as possible, the added weight farther front intended to dip the lure deeper at the head, particularly advisable on flat, currentless water or for wading upstream, angling with the flow. Besides for myself at least, the bigger fish seem to strike at the belly hook, well forward at the headspoon. On the Jit I consider the forward hook the more important.

Contriwise to the slightly weighted front, several Jits are always in the kit with smaller screws, filed skeleton fixtures and smaller hooks than originally equipped, these to ride higher and lighter on the broken riffles.

Then several in the kit always boast double upturned hooks, these for daylight work amid the pads, algae or anchored bits of debris. Big bass lurk beneath protective covering ready to dash out and snatch any unwary edible happening that way. Un-

(Continued on page 22)

PLUGGING AWAY



By CHARLES K. FOX

CHANCE IS IMPORTANT

ANGLING is the greatest game of chance of them all, however, this does not necessarily mean that all fishermen are gamblers at heart. At any rate our game is blessed with the element of luck or chance and as a result it is interesting and even intricate instead of disinteresting and easy.

The God of Chance smiles and frowns as we cast our way along. We are always tempting the great unknown. Our problem is to rise to the occasion and adopt some method or system whereby our chances are increased.

Bill Tilden, the greatest of the tennis players, advocated his own iron clad playing rule, always change a loosing game. Anglers might do well to follow this policy. When tactics are ineffective we can always try something different. This, the most absolving of all pastimes, offers great possibilities for experimentation.

The hand of retribution is swift and sure. Fish are usually willing to meet us half way and "take" if we hold up our end of it. There are times when none of them will feed or strike at anything, but these are the exceptions.

There was a day on the Susquehanna when our old reliable light lures would not interest the bass. The dependable Midget Spinner, would not draw a strike. Midget River Runts, Mack's Minno-Bug, Jitter Bug and Baby Poppers suffered the same fate. Three of us had not touched a bass for hours yet there was feeding activity in the shallows. Finally, one of our group was in a position to see just exactly what was going on.

The bass were cruising around in schools. Now and then they would corner a school of minnows in the shallows. The result was the greatest commotion imagineable from fish life. The bass snapped and lunged at the minnows in water less than 12 inches in depth. The pursued minnows jumped in sprays and crowded into water which would barely cover them. Some even landed on the rocks and on the bank in their mad flurry of escape. This wild chase occurred only along the shore line.

Instead of concentrating on the deeper water and casting into the pockets, eddies, and glides among the rocks we centered our attention on the shore line of the River. These commotions occurred frequently but they were short in duration.

The three of us assumed positions on the gently sloping bank about fifty yards apart. Indiscriminate casting did not interest these feeding bass. In a short time it was apparent that the only chance was to cast into the very shallows when the schools of bass entered and were actually on the attack. Our idea was to cast right into the commotion.

The water was very shallow and rocks protruded everywhere. The lure had to be one which either stayed right on the surface or one whose depth of travel could be controlled so that it could be skimmed over the rocks and through the shallows. Two of our triumvirate turned to the ¼ oz. Johnson Silver Minnow, a casting spoon, and the third selected a Creek Chub Baby Plunker, a surface bait.

There was a commotion along the bank above me and I looked up to see Lambert scrambling over the rocks as fast as he could go to get within casting distance before it was too late. He paused and flicked the little lure about 90 feet amid the school of striking bass and fleeing minnows. When the lure hit the water and started on its way back to the caster several wakes moved toward it from different directions. Lambert came up sharply with his rod in answer to the striking fish and the result was a hooked bass. By the time that bass was landed all was quiet again. Following this Lambert cast indiscriminately in the vicinity but no more strikes were forthcoming.

He sat down on a rock and watched the shore line. All of a sudden the action once more commenced in a different place. Again the fisherman hot footed it to the scene and retrieved the spoon through the area of activity. Again there was a strike and a landed bass which, as before, was followed by a placed shore line.

This repeated spasmodically for the remainder of the afternoon and we enjoyed good but peculiar bass fishing. Our system was to sit on a rock and watch for activity, then when it occurred we would get a lure to the spot as quickly as possible.

The third member of the party could do nothing at all with his surface plug and was forced to switch to the spoon to get in on the action. The bass apparently had one track minds. They were interested only in the silvery minnows. The Johnson spoon was a fine imitation of the natural in size, color and possibly action, and it had a great advantage over most lures in that it could be retrieved among the rocks and even over those which protruded above the surface without fowling on them very often.

When dusk arrived we switched to surface baits as is our usual custom at this spot. As day is dying the plunking, popping, gurgling lures are usually the most effective of all types in this rock strewn area. Aside from their taking qualities they are certainly the easiest to fish because they do not readily hook up.

During the next two hours each one of us hooked several fine bass which were better in size than the ones we had seen and caught chasing the minnows. Incidentally, we each used a different surface bait. The peanut size Jitter Bug, the ⅜ oz. Plunker and the Baby Popper all performed well and fished on even terms.

These are three fine surface baits but there is still another type which has great possibilities. It is the common injured minnow with a propeller fore and aft. The

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DAVID AND GOLIATH

by WILLIAM J. ELLIS, SR.

A tall, tall story of a much taller eel as related to the writer by the self-styled "eel champ" of the Dover Fishing Club.

ALMOST everybody is allergic to some particular subject of conversation. It's like mentioning somebody's name in a discussion while that party is dozing off in a far corner of the club room and seems to be completely unaware of anything but his own immediate comfort. At the first mention of his name, even in a whisper, he'll start blinking, snap out of it and suddenly become very alert.

With men, it's apt to be next Saturday's football game, the chances for the small business man in the nation's defense program, or the trout that made you snap that favorite fly rod last spring. Ladies are susceptible to a much wider variety of subjects . . . anything from a new kind of permanent wave to the reason for the appearance of overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder. The reaction varies with the subject.

With Dave Mazzoni, it was eels. Just let that magic word "eel" drop in any conversation and Dave would come to life in a jiffy. Everything else took a back seat, and he'd remove the cigar from his embracing bi cuspids just long enough to say, "What's this about eels?"

Jake Busch was Dave's particular pal, but he wasn't above taking advantage of an eelomaniac's weakness for the sake of a little fun. As he entered the clubroom on this meeting night, he looked at me, winked, and thumbed over his shoulder saying, "What's this I hear about Bob Mills catching a record eel?"

Glancing in the direction indicated by his thumb I saw Dave just entering the room, the usual cigar in its accustomed place and an expression of tranquility that indicated the termination of a successful day in the banana business. Catching on. I answered, "Yes! Biggest eel ever caught by anyone in this club!"

Immediately Dave became alert. The lure was perfect and he swallowed the hook. "What are you two talking about?" he asked.

"Oh, Jake was just telling me something about catching eels," I replied.

"What's Jake know about eels?" he he snapped. "I'm the champion eel fisherman of this club."

"Oh yeah! How about Bob Mills and that eel of his that went around dancing with water snakes?"

"That's nuthin, my eel was musical. When I pulled him into the boat—"

"Don't you mean when he chased you into the boat?" I interrupted.

"Looka here, who's telling this eel story?"

"Hold on Dave. You're not going all over that eel story again, I hope. Why, everybody knows it by heart."

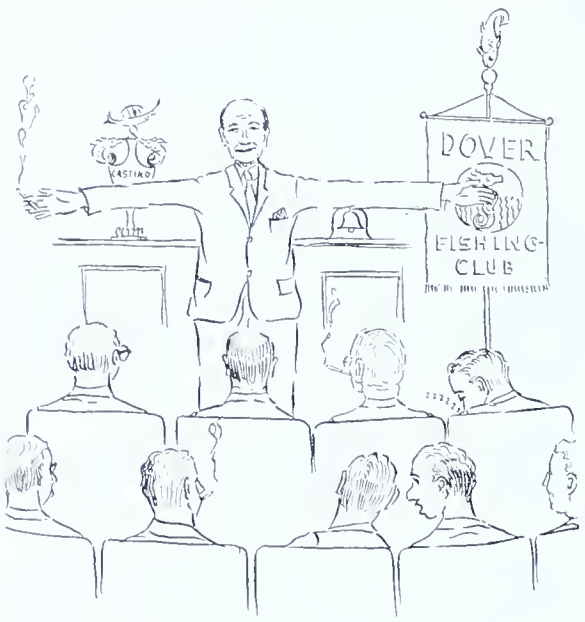
"Well, it's a good one."

"Yes. But why do you insist on telling it so often?"

"If you want to know, I like to hear it myself."

There wasn't any stopping Dave when he started on that eel story. So, we just sat back and gave him the floor. Aside from winning him a life membership in the Ananias club, it had helped elect him to the presidency of the Dover Fishing Club for four successive years, the second longest term ever served by one man, put Sea Isle City on the map as the eel center of the Atlantic coast, and given him a place on the board of judges for the Cape May County annual fishing contest. Yes, that eel story had done a lot for Dave.

It seems that Dave and Jake Busch were down along the south Jersey coast looking



for a place to spend the summer. First, however, they wanted to assure themselves that they would have plenty of fishing. So, they hired a small boat and started out . . . Jake rowing the boat.

According to Joe O'Byrnes' version, especially adapted to radio, the day was chilly and Dave, fearing that Jake would catch cold, made him row the boat for the exercise. Anyhow, Jake *was* rowing and Dave, seated comfortably in the stern of the boat, allowed his line to trail in the water. The bay was calm as a lake. The trailing line made a faint ripple on the surface, which, for no good reason, was commanding Dave's attention when—

Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-ing! Out went the line from the spool of his reel like nobody's business. That is nobody's business but Dave's for he was fishing. Then the fun began. Dave couldn't check it. After making use of every ounce of strength and every bit of angling technique that he had ever used, he decided to give up before all of that brand new cuttyhunk had been stripped from his reel.

Then, all of a sudden, Jake started to whistle, unconsciously he was whistling the refrain of the Dover Fishing Song, and the effect was miraculous. The tremendous pull on the line ceased and the fish, or whatever it was, started to glide with a rhythmic action toward the boat. When its head first came to the surface Dave thought it was a sea-serpent, but Jake kept on whistling and the eel, for that's what it was, came right up to the boat smiling.

Without waiting to be invited, the eel wriggled right up the side of the boat, over the top, and coiled up on the bottom like a hypnotized cobra with its head raised and swaying to the rhythm of the Dover Fishing Song. Jake was afraid to stop whistling, for that eel was larger than he, so he whistled harder, louder, and faster. The eel kept right in tune and just to show his friendly spirit he started beating on the bottom of the boat with his tail and rapped out every note of that famous song.

Jake couldn't whistle and row the boat at the same time, so Dave had to take the oars and head for the shore. Jake's whistle was starting to get dried up, but he was still afraid to take a chance and stop. Finally, just before they landed, the eel, completely overcome by the charm of the melody, went off to sleep.

This gave Jake a chance to rest and they decided to put the eel in the basket. Fortunately Dave had made a mistake and brought along his wife's clothes basket instead of his regular creel, so there was plenty of room. To make sure that it wouldn't wake up too quick, Dave unwrapped his lunch and extracted a nice, ripe, mellow limburger sandwich. Holding this under the eel's nose for a few seconds they were soon rewarded by seeing its entire body quiver and then relax into total unconsciousness.

With the eel comfortably tucked away in the basket and a piece of canvas fastened over the top, they got out of the boat, and, each taking a handle of the basket started for the bus terminal. Frequent rests were necessary, due to the tremendous weight of that eel, and also because the town of Sea Isle had provided convenient tap rooms enroute. So, it wasn't long before everybody in town had heard about the eel. In fact, they weren't sure that it wasn't a dragon.

Jake was starting to get hungry, so turning to Dave he said, "Wadda ya say we celebrate our catch with a little chow before we take the bus—got nearly an hour to wait."

"Little chow, my eye! That eel calls for a steak dinner.

A steak dinner it was, and for the next hour everybody in the little dining room at the bus terminal was kept entertained with Dave's description of the now famous eel. Already the addition of a tug boat had been necessary to explain how they got it to shore. After buying everybody there a drink, tipping the waiter a nickel, and lighting up a cigar, Dave settled back in his chair to enjoy a smoke, and perhaps, tell the story again.

Bang, bumpedy bump—BANG! The swing-

ing door of the restaurant was nearly broken off its hinges by the impact of a little colored boy rushing in. His eyes bulged like teacups and his complexion would have done credit to Snow White.

"Snake, sna-a-a-ke," he yelled. "Boss der's a boa-constrictor loose out thar in thu waiten room, and he's sure heddin this way."

A glance through the open door showed everybody clearing out faster than a school of mullet leaping over a drag net. Only Dave and Jake understood what had happened. The pungent effects of the limberger had finally worn off; the eel had removed the canvas cover from Mrs. Mazzoni's clothes basket and made his escape.

They investigated and, sure enough, there he was with the terminal waiting-room all to himself, even the bus drivers and the girl at the candy counter had left. With fire in his eyes, the eel was lashing about looking for sumpin' to smash up, or possibly to eat, or sumpin'. Spotting a bunch of bananas hanging over by the fruit stand he started for 'em.

Then Dave really got mad. That was too much. Why, they weren't even Mazzoni's bananas!

Somebody turned in the fire alarm. The Fire Company woke up, grabbed his axe, and ran. The Police Department grabbed his club and followed. There was a council meeting at the Mayor's office, but when they heard the news, they dropped their cards, the Mayor grabbed the pot, and both started for the terminal.

Pandemonium reigned in Sea Isle. Something had to be done—and in a hurry. Suddenly Dave had an idea. He often gets them in spite of himself.

"Whistle Jake, Whistle!" he yelled. "Whistle as you never whistled before!"

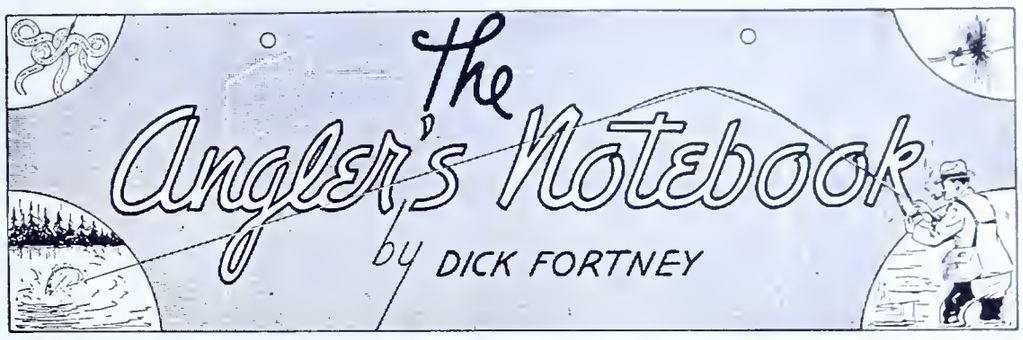
Jake whistled. Puckering up his lips, he started on the soothing strains of the Dover Fishing Song. The eel was just about to grab a banana when the refrain reached his sensitive ears (this eel had ears). He hesitated, turned his head, then he recognized Jake standing by the basket and whistling for all he was worth.

The charm of those bars had more effect on that eel than all of the bars that Dave and Jake had visited that afternoon. His slimy lips parted in an eely smile. His body swayed to the enchanting rhythm. His tail, once more, began to rap out the musical notes of the Dover Fishing Club, this time, in that space on the bus room floor.

Meek as a kitten, he glided back into Mrs. Mazzoni's clothes basket, pulled the canvas cover back over the top, and went off to sleep. Jake kept right on whistling. Just to make sure that he wouldn't come to in a hurry, Dave pulled a flask out of his pocket and sprinkled him with a little Philadelphia drinking water . . . a perfect anesthetic. The situation was well under control.

By this time Sea Isle Protection departments and the high city officials had arrived on the scene. A town meeting was called right there in the bus terminal and it was unanimously decided that the eel must die. Dave was beginning to feel the same way, he was still peeved about that eel's selection of bananas. So, grabbing the axe from the

(Continued on page 14)



Size 8 and 10 are the most practical for dry flies for bass fishing. Smaller sizes, such as are used for trout, will not usually hook bass. A plain white moth, in size 8, is a favorite pattern.

Wet flies in the patterns used for bass fishing are especially effective on hot summer days if they are cast to shore cover where bass are lying and then retrieved with short, gentle jerks just a few inches under the surface of the water.

It is true that soft-braided lines are easier to cast, but they will not give the length of service that can be expected from a hard-braided line, the manufacturers say.

The minute a helgramite gets on the bottom it makes a beeline for a rock or snag under which it can crawl. This type of bait often is used with a light float or bobber so attached to the line or leader that the bait will hang from six inches to a foot off bottom.

Most species of panfish feed on the surface in July and August, and in late afternoons and evenings they can be taken with dry flies. Bushy hackle flies are recommended, in plain gray and brown colors. Some anglers also get good results with white flies.

Fine leaders are "must" equipment at this time of the year, when waters are clear and trout at their most wary best.

Soft-shelled crawfish must be kept chilled or their shells will begin to harden. Some bait anglers keep the soft-shells in an ice refrigerator (a mechanical refrigerator usually maintains too low a temperature) when they are not in use on the stream.

Be careful in picking up casts when spinners, spoons, and heavy baits are being used. An abrupt lifting of the lure puts a strain on the rod that may result in a broken tip. The proper method is to bring the lure or bait to the surface of the water carefully, then pick up the line with the rod.

A light hand will work best in disentangling a backlash on a casting reel. Loosen the line wherever possible, and use only light pulls. Yanking the tangled line will only make the snarl tighter—and may even break the line.

Green and red color combinations in streamer flies are worth trying for pickerel.

Rock bass usually are to be found fairly high in the water, rather than feeding on the bottom.

From sheet cork, cut squares to fit in the bottoms of the compartments of the tackle box in which plugs are carried. The cork keeps the metal surfaces from marring the fine finish of the lures and also protects the points of the hooks.

The crawfish is generally hooked through the tail from the bottom up.

Minnows about three inches long are ideal in size for walleyed pike angling.

The darker the day, the larger the lure, is a general rule in fly fishing for bass. Also, gray or whitish flies are best under these light conditions.

Don't try to jerk a fish "off its feet" when it leaps into the air after being hooked. The proper way is to hold the rod at an angle above the horizontal with a tight line. Then when the fish leaps the rod will act as a spring and maintain the tension so that the fish cannot throw the lure or bait.

Here is a rule for line length in trolling from a boat: In shallow water with a slow-moving or surface plug, 75 to 100 feet; for deep-running lures in deep or murky water, about 50 or 60 feet.

A bit of pork rind attached to almost any spoon will improve its action and bring more strikes from bass and pickerel.

A fish that just nibbles and plays with the bait indicates that the bait being used is too large. A fish will take the right kind and size of bait, give it a couple of sharp tugs, and then begin a steady run with it.

Half a dozen lively redfin minnows can be carried in a medium-sized jar, with a screw top, in the pocket of the fishing jacket. If the bottle is shaken vigorously at frequent intervals, the minnows will live for a good while.

Minnows must be alive to be of any value in still-fishing. Since there is no action in the rod or line, the bait itself must be able to move about in the water to attract fish. While a minnow fished with a spinner may be dead, the still-fisherman must be prepared to change bait every time a minnow dies.

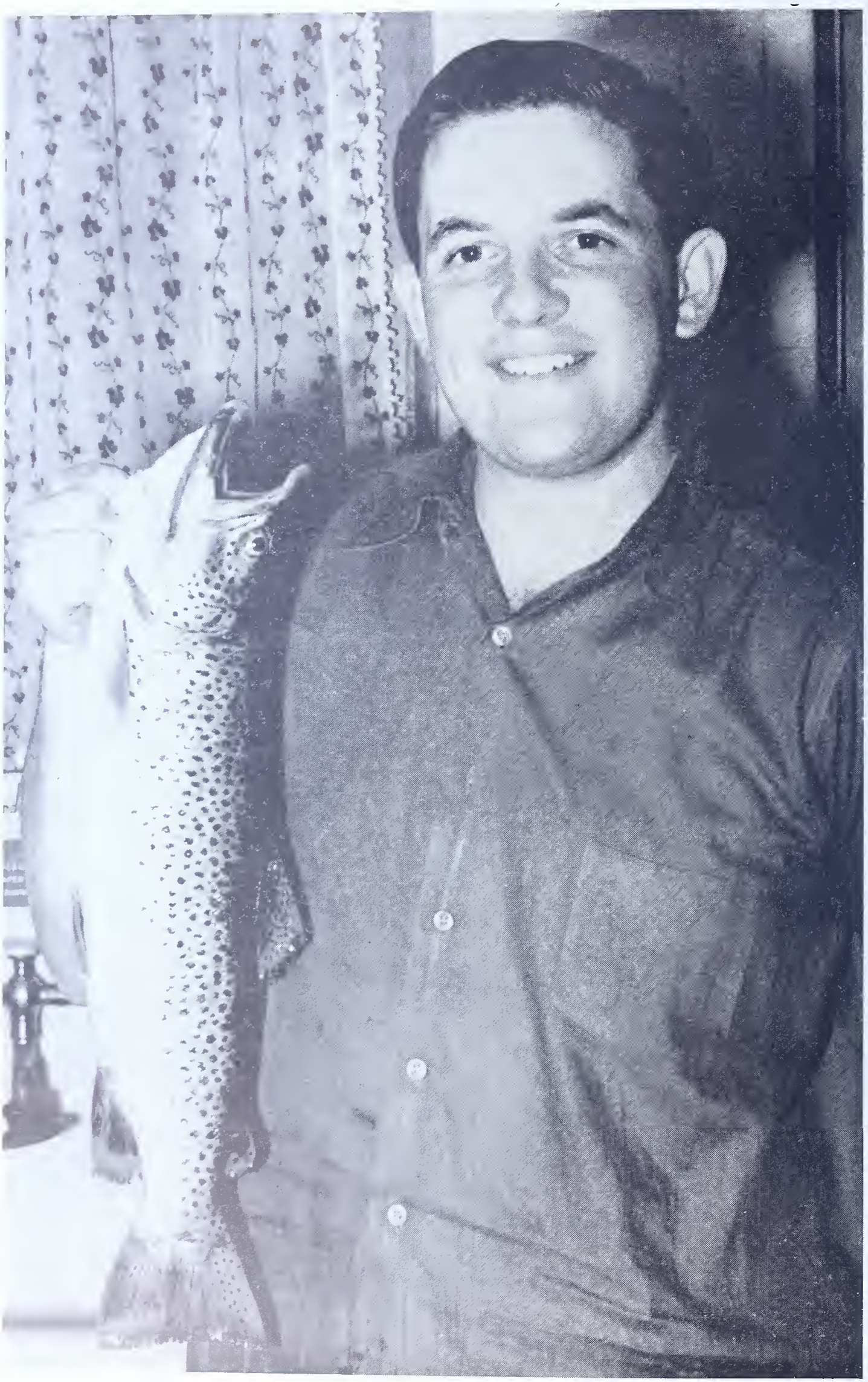


Photo courtesy of Allentown "Call-Chronicle."

Milton Rackmaker with his 21 inch, 4 lb. 3 oz. brown taken from Cedar Creek, a tributary of the Little Lehigh.

SNAPPY STREAMERS

By Bob Frederick

One of my biggest drawbacks in bucktail fishing is failure to hook fish. During the course of a season I have only about one out of every five good rises. I think I have found a solution which has increased my percentage of hooked fish and I hope will do the same for you.

On Sunday morning, May 30, I fished a two mile stretch of my pet stream, The Little Lehigh, and rose five fish and missed them all. This same thing had been going on the previous week and by this time I was a bit disgusted with myself. In despair I went home and started thinking. The wings on an average streamer extend back over the hook about half an inch or more and the fish were grabbing it short, why not tie an average sized streamer on an extra long shank hook.

I went to my fly tying table and found a number 8 limerick with an extra long shank. On this I tied a small yellow tiger with the hair wing just barely reaching parallel to the point of the hook.

After this lure was completed I fished the same water I had fished the previous morning without a rise. Later I fished down the stream and arrived at a swell falls in which I took quite a few nice fish this year.

On the second cast, in this particular falls, I rose and hooked a fat fourteen incher. This fish was hooked rather lightly and I am sure had I been using a regular bucktail I would have missed the strike.

Since that day I have used this type of lure on occasions when I couldn't hook fish on the usual run of bucktails and nine out of ten rises proved to be hooked fish on this type of lure.

(Ed. Note: Bob Frederick has taken time out from his duties on the editorial staff of *Canary and Blue*, the excellent publication of the Allentown High School, to write the above information for the readers of the Angler.)

THE LEWIS SYSTEM OF CLASSIFICATION AS APPLIED TO CASTING TOURNAMENTS

Reprinted from The TATTLER, publication of the N.A.A.C.C.

The system was originated by James Lewis, a trade representative and was designed to encourage trapshooting by providing an equitable division of the awards, regardless of the ability of the contestant.

The only criticism of the system has been that the element of luck enters into the distribution of prizes in the "B" and "C" classes only. This factor, however, appears to have no effect upon its use, being one of the most popular systems in use by the trapshooters. The use of the Lewis system also eliminates the possibility of the same contestants winning all the time.

Inaccurate records or lacks of records has created misunderstandings in clubs and at tournaments where the old method of assigning classes was in use. The Lewis system will prevent a Championship class caster from competing in either the "B" or "C" class or a "B" class caster from competing in the "C" class. All this is avoided and the further need for classification cards is eliminated.

The system divides the casters into three classes, i.e. Championship, "B" and "C" and no contestant knows in what class he will compete until after the event has been cast. By the use of this system a caster is automatically classed in each tournament he enters. There is no need of keeping records of any previous games in order to classify a caster. What he had cast prior to his entry does not affect his standing in any way.

To illustrate the division into classes, let us assume that there are thirty contestants in an event. After the event is cast, list the contestants and their scores in the order in which they finished, with the highest score first, next the second highest, then the third and so on until all are listed. Then divide the thirty contestants into three equal sets, which in this case would be ten in each. The highest score would lead in the Championship class, then the eleventh would lead in the "B" class and the twenty-first would lead in the "C" class.

Should there be only twenty-nine entries instead of thirty to start with you would then have ten in the Championship class, ten in the "B" class and only nine in the "C" class, and if there were only twenty-eight entries you would then have ten in the Championship class, nine in "B" class and nine in "C" class.

To further illustrate the dividing of the number of contestants into three classes and to show how the winners are determined, let us assume as before that there are thirty entries and that their scores are as follows;

Example No. 1	*Example No. 2*
98	98
97	98
96	97
95	97
92	96
92	95
91	95
89	94
89	93
87	93
87	93
87	91
86	90
86	90
84	89
84	88
83	87
83	87
83	86
82	86
82	86
81	86
80	85
80	84
79	84
79	83
78	82
76	80
75	79
70	78

The two lines to the *right* of each column are the *original* divisional lines dividing the number of casters into three equal groups,



Photo by Hugo R. Herden, Hornell, N. Y.
Typical Pennsylvania brook trout water.

but due to the fact that very often tie scores appear at the divisional lines, they are adjusted to meet the different emergencies. The lines to the *left* of each column are the class winners of the thirty casters that were entered.

Here is how the matter of ties is taken care of; In *Ex. No. 1* in class "C" there is a tie on each side of the original divisional line, therefore the two 82's are assigned to the head of class "C." In class "B" *Ex. No. 1* there are three ties at the original divisional line but as the majority of ties are below the divisional line then all of the 87's are at the head of class "B."

In *Ex. No. 2,* in class "B" there are three ties but as the majority of the ties are above the divisional line, all 93's are assigned to the bottom of the Championship class. Still in *Ex. No. 2* there are four ties at the divisional line of class "C" and this is taken care of as in *Ex. No. 1* in class "C", where there was one tie on each side of the divisional line, therefore all 86's are assigned to the head of class "C."

Should the majority of ties be either above or below the divisional line, then all so tied are assigned to the class in which a majority of ties exist.

Cast off for ties only in the Championship class, ties in "B" and "C" classes are decided by the largest number of "Perfects," if a tie still exists then be the largest number of "One" demerits, then "Two" demerits etc., until tie is broken. If a tie still exists then they cast it off.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

(Continued from page 11)

fire company, he chopped his eel up into many sections.

A large number of fishermen had assembled, most of them were returning home empty handed. So, Dave gave 'em each enough eel meat to fill their baskets, left a large portion with the restaurant owner, put the balance in his wife's clothes basket and they both jumped on the next bus home.

* * *

The club meeting was a little late getting started that night for the chairman wouldn't dare interrupt Dave's eel story, old as it was. Jake Busch had stood there during the entire recital without saying a word. At the conclusion of the story, I turned to him.

"Well Jake! You played an important part in this eel story. What have you to say about it?"

"Not much," he replied, "But I was darn glad that eel didn't know the Star Spangled Banner. You know its tough to stand up and row a boat."

NOTE: *None of the characters or places in the above story are fictitious, and any resemblance to a similar eel is entirely coincidental and a darn lie.*

"My home town is so tough," boasted the bold, bad man to his crony, "that the canaries all sing bass."

"Huh, that's nothing. Where I hail from they had to shoot a man to start a graveyard."

Doctor: "Have you told Mr. Brown that he's the father of twins?"

Nurse: "Not yet. He's shaving."

FISHING KITS FOR SERVICE MEN

(Continued from page 2)

Rig No. 6

"Feather Jig. Same instructions as No. 2.

Rig No. 7

"Small Harpoon or Spear. Very useful for taking small sharks, turtles, and fish that will not bite. Also for birds that light on the boat or swim nearby.

"Let another man hold the end of the line tied in the eye at the end of the shaft. Hook the offset in the middle of the shaft over the end of an oar blade. Hold the line tight in one hand to keep the harpoon in place. Jab with this harpoon. Do not throw it.

"With a knife you can shape either end of an oar or paddle, or a boathook, or stick of wood, to fit this harpoon.

"When you have struck and a fish is fast, be very sure to throw the oar, boathook, or other handle, back into the boat. Otherwise you might lose it. Then fight your fish with the line.

"If a big hooked fish is fighting the line near the boat, harpoon it quickly. You will have a double chance to save it. Be very careful not to harpoon sharks or other fish too big to handle.

Other Articles in the Kit

"Pork Rind Bait. Very important. It will turn white in the water. Do not waste or lose this bait. Use it as directed.

"Dip Net. Very useful to catch small fish for bait or food. Unfold and open out. Move net slowly under the fish, and then lift. Do not untie either line. Hold line at front of net in left hand and use it to pull net through water while holding handle in right hand. If it falls overboard, this net will not float. Do not eat small crabs and shrimps that you may catch with this net, unless you have plenty of fresh water. They are salty and will increase thirst.

"Knife. Keep lanyard fast to knife. Tie other end when in use. If it falls overboard, this knife will float.

"Whetstone. Keep your hooks sharp. Dull hooks catch less fish.

"Spare Hooks ready to tie on line, and Extra Lead.

"Gloves. To protect your hands from being cut by the line or when handling fish in the water or in the boat. Otherwise the line may hurt your hands badly. Many fish have sharp fins. The safest place to hold a fish is just behind the head or just above the tail. Gloves omitted from kits on planes. And so are Rigs Nos. 4 and 6, in order to cut down weight."

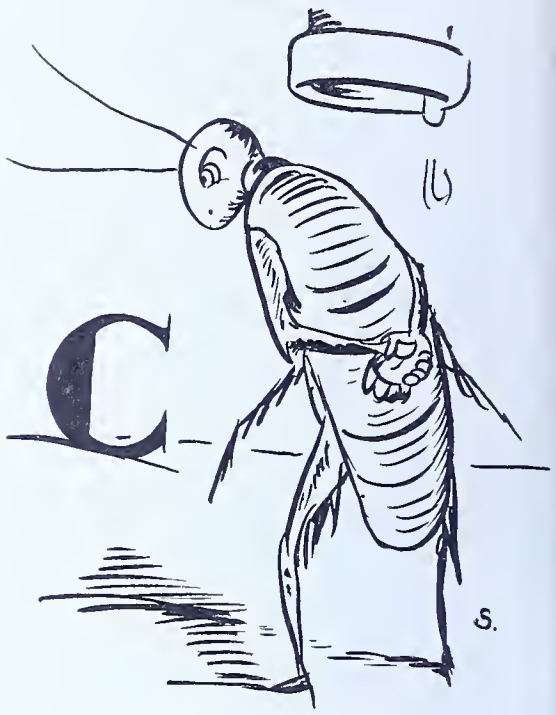
These kits will help, I hope, Americans who may need help. I hope also that they will help men of the United Nations, for I have been in touch with the diplomatic representatives of all our Allies here in Washington, and they too seem to think well of our American plan for eating and drinking fish. It seems likely to be of use all around the world.

"I had a surprise this morning," said the optimist. "I put on a last summer's suit and in one of the pockets I found a big roll of bills which I had entirely forgotten."

"I'll bet none of them were receipted," said the pessimist.

INSECT ALPHABET

By CARSTEN AHRENS



FOR COCKROACH

No other insect, you'll agree,
Has such a wondrous pedigree.
His line goes back pre-history,
He's insect aristocracy!
Surely he is a rare antique, a
Creature born in ootheca!
He's never seen when it is light,
But how he travels every night!



FOR DRAGONFLY

You figure eight
In countless rings,
Grace and speed
On silver wings.
An aerial Don Quixote
In multicolored mail,
Who wouldn't hesitate to ride
Against a windmill's sail.
You seem to think all moving things,
Whether slow or fleet,
Are tidbits sent by Providence
For you to catch and eat.
You loop the loops
In countless rings,
An appetite
On insect wings.

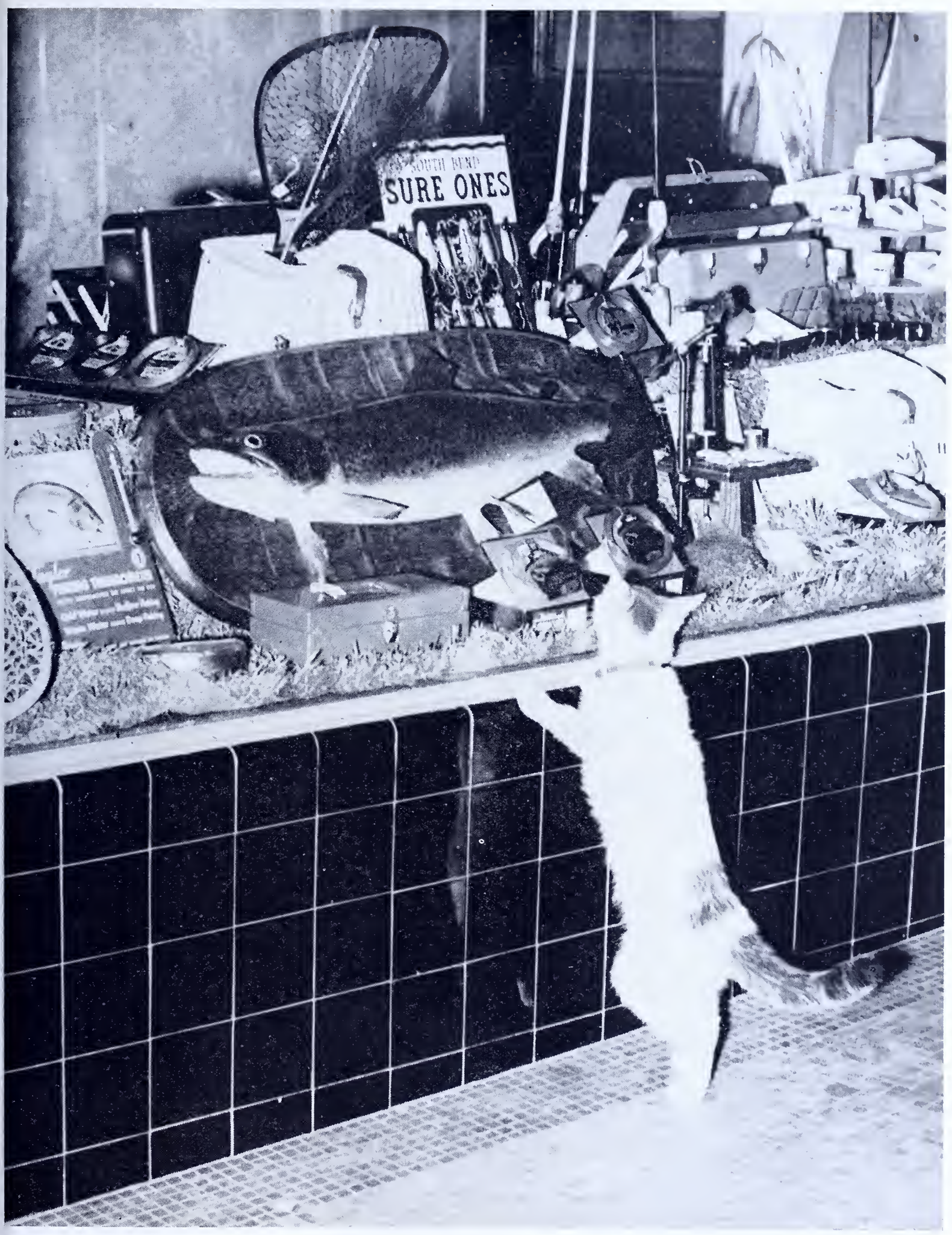


Photo Courtesy of Allentown Call-Chronicle

Certainly this great brown trout taken by Jack Houser, of Allentown, last year in the Cedar Creek is one of the largest ever taken from Pennsylvania waters. It measured 30½ inches in length, 17¼ inches in girth and weighed 13 lbs. 5 oz. This picture was made by John Hess, photographer of the "Allentown Call-Chronicle."

One day John Hess accused his friend Jack Houser that it was all luck that he caught this tremendous trout and he couldn't get another big one, whereupon Jack stated that he would catch another big one providing John would eat it. It was a bargain. The result was that Jack Houser went to his dependable Cedar Creek, where he always has some big ones located, and he hooked a large trout at the western limits of city line. After 20 minutes of careful playing he had his fish, a fat 23¼ inch brown, one ounce shy of six pounds. John had trout over the holiday week-end of July 4th.



GRASSHOPPERS FOR TROUT

(Continued from page 3)

with great enthusiasm, but they all were little fellows of six or seven inches.

Rounding a bend in the brook, I came upon a pool where the rock formations diverted the flow of the stream into a narrow, deep run against and under the washed-out roots of a big pine tree. I approached the pool literally on hands and knees, standing erect only when I could take advantage of the cover afforded by a clump of tall brushes.

Twice in the next few minutes a handsome trout emerged from the cut-under shore of the stream, picked some food out of the passing current with a flashing turn of his lithe body, and returned to his refuge. Obviously my presence had not alarmed him.

A tiny Light Cahill had proved particularly effective that day, and naturally it was the first lure floated past the feeding trout. The fly attracted his attention, but he did nothing more than stick his nose out in the open for a split second, then disappear.

He gave the same treatment to a Honey Dun.

Then he ignored completely two or three more patterns. But since my casting was done slowly, with time between casts to let the trout settle down a bit, the fish did have the opportunity twice to dart into the riffle and pick up a couple more natural morsels.

It was apparent that a dry fly would not catch that fish. And while pondering what pattern of wet fly to try my eye fell on a small, yellow-bellied grasshopper on the ground at my feet.

I stripped the dressing off a Size 14 dry fly, impaled the 'hopper on the hook, and cast the bait to the head of the riffle, allowing it to float down with a slack line. The fish emerged as quickly as the 'hopper got within its vision, seized the bait, and turned back into its hiding place. I set the hook and netted a brookie ten inches long.

The grasshopper and hook were almost out of sight in its throat. That's how enthusiastically the bait had been taken.

Finding more grasshoppers in a badly parched hay field near the stream was a hot and difficult job, but I picked up half a dozen eventually and caught a couple more big brookies before I quit.

It seems to me that grasshoppers deserve some sort of a classification all their own in angling. They are not artificial lures, of course. And they can't be put in the same class as worms or minnows in bait angling, in my opinion, because they definitely require a special technique in order to produce consistently good results.

I have in mind one stream in Central Pennsylvania that is very good for grasshopper fishing—provided the 'hoppers the angler uses come from that immediate vicinity.

The 'hoppers in this particular locality are smaller than average and considerably darker in color, appearing almost black in many instances. They are by no means plentiful either, for in the eight or ten miles of the stream in which trout fishing is best there are only a few stretches which do not pass through thick woods.

Near the mouth of the brook, where it flows into a large creek, is a clover field, and the natural temptation is to gather some grasshoppers in this field before moving upstream. But every angler who has fished this brook will testify that grasshoppers from the field are absolutely worthless, and so are insects carried in from any other place.

Only 'hoppers captured along the course of the brook through the woods will interest the splendid brook and brown trout which live in this water.

There comes to mind another stream in Central Pennsylvania where some anglers of my acquaintance have encountered—and solved—still another problem of grasshopper fishing.

This brook is a roaring, deep water stream. Some of its pools are as much as 25 or 30 feet in depth, and its course is marked by beautiful waterfalls.

The biggest trout taken in this stream are caught on grasshoppers on hooks that are specially prepared by having long, slender white wings—like those of a wet fly—tied on them.

Of course, nobody ever saw a grasshopper with a pair of long white wings sprouting out of its shoulders, and I can't explain why the trick works, except that the lure has something of the appearance of a minnow when it is kept moving in fast water.

The question of whether a grasshopper should be allowed to float freely in a stream or whether it should be weighted to make it sink always is good for a debate. A majority of experienced 'hopper anglers will take the position that each method is proper, under certain conditions. My own idea is that the sunken 'hopper is the most effective, for a number of reasons.

One of these reasons, incidentally, is borrowed from a friend who has enjoyed many hours of this kind of angling. He feels that a grasshopper is particularly effective when fished deep in a stream in which there is an abundance of large insect larvae and nymphs.

There is considerable resemblance between a sunken grasshopper and the nymphs of the big may flies and dragon flies. Even in streams where trout seldom see grasshoppers, my friend contends, the insect may be used with good results because it imitates the fat nymphs which are found there.

Probably the best place of all to fish a grasshopper, and a place where the angler need not worry about the problem of whether to sink the bait, is the churning, foaming water of a pool just below a falls of sufficient height to cause the cascading water to carry its force well below the sur-

face. A grasshopper cast into such a spot and allowed to be drawn down deep is almost sure to bring action.

For one thing, the 'hopper gets down to even the deepest feeding fish. Another factor in the angler's favor is the broken surface of the water, which obviously limits the vision of the fish.

I cast a 'hopper into such a pool one afternoon and watched it drift (as indicated by the floating line) to a spot within a foot of where I was standing at the extreme lower end of the pool in a riffle certainly not more than a foot in depth.

The grasshopper must have been literally at the toes of my boots when the line suddenly stopped in the current, then began moving back up toward the falls. I set the hook and felt a good fish. Aided by the current, the trout put up a spirited battle, but eventually it was netted. It was a trifle more than 15 inches in lengh.

The deduction is that the waterfall carried the bait deep, that the trout spotted it and chased it down the current, so intent upon the tidbit that it did not notice me.

The grasshopper is an excellent lure with which to reach those difficult pockets and runs of brooks which trout love so well. The technique is comparatively simple. The 'hopper is cast into the water well above the hiding place of the trout, and the current is allowed to carry it to its destination. A well greased line is essential, for the angler must strive for the least possible interference with the free movement of the lure. Some anglers hold to the theory that the floating line also helps in detecting the strike of a fish. That is true, but it is not important, for usually a trout takes a 'hopper with a rush and swallows it without much deliberation.

I watched a chap the other summer do a real job with a couple of grasshoppers in a trout pool that was a real problem to fish. The pool was not more than 20 feet wide and probably six feet deep. At its head was a narrow, deep riffle between two huge slabs of thick rock. Shelving rock extended along either side of the water, and there wasn't a shadow to cover within 20 feet of the water's edge.

My friend and I knew this pool existed and felt sure it was the home of at least one good trout. We approached it well up on the side of a steep hill to one side of the pool, where there was enough underbrush to hide our approach and from which, in the afternoon light, we were able to look down into the depths of the water.

Sure enough, there was a good trout in the pool.

While we quietly watched he emerged from the shelving rock on the far side of the stream, nosed around in the current for a couple of seconds, and then returned to his hiding place.

"Go get him," I said to my friend.

"I think I can do it," he replied.

He was using a 12-foot tapered leader, with a 3X point. To this he attached a light wire hook, on which a grasshopper was impaled. Then he sneaked away in the brush. A few moments later he reappeared along the bank of the stream in about the middle of the riffle at the head of the pool.

He dropped the grasshopper delicately into the water, stripped off about 20 feet of



line, then crouched down and let the current do its work.

From my point of vantage I could see all that happened. The grasshopper came floating down, probably a foot beneath the surface of the water, and just as it arrived opposite me the trout darted into the current, took the bait with a graceful swirl, and headed back for its place of refuge under the rock.

"Strike!" I yelled.

But my friend already had felt the fish and even before I spoke he had set the hook. He hustled down along the edge of the stream, fought it out with the fish in the lower end of the pool, where the water was more shallow and quiet, and creeled a brown trout 17 inches long.

This fellow had done that many times before, especially on a trout stream in the Catskills of New York state where he is fortunate enough to be able to spend his vacation every summer.

He describes his method as "fishing off the seat of my pants." He'll go a whole day without getting his boots wet.

And the tougher fishing conditions are, the more effective he has found the grasshopper for catching trout.

Here's the way he describes his method:

"The more difficult the conditions, the better it is for the grasshopper angler. It's an ideal set-up, I mean, when trout are staying deep and not surface feeding during a hot summer day, with the water low and crystal clear.

"Trout hide under rock ledges and in other natural places of safety in times like that. The skilled 'hopper angler gets his bait down deep into those hiding places, under the very noses of the fish. And rarely can a trout resist a tempting morsel so presented.

"The 'hopper must sink deep. And the angler must know what he is doing—he must be able to spy out the hiding places of the fish and be able to handle his tackle to get the 'hopper where he wants it."

There are five kinds of grasshoppers in Pennsylvania, so far as the fisherman is concerned. The best of all is the 'hopper that has red legs and a yellow body. The black and white 'hopper, the smallest of the five, ranks second. Third is the medium-sized green species. The brown grasshoppers—the flying type—rank fourth. The fifth is the big green 'hopper, and it is virtually worthless as trout bait.

In any type, a 'hopper of medium size is best.

There are a variety of ways to use grasshoppers for trout.

A grasshopper makes a good terminal fly for a cast of two or three wet flies (in sizes 4 or 6) for night fishing, and then heavier tackle than usual should be used.

For day fishing, a size 10 long-shank hook is ideal, although hooks as small as twelves and fourteens may be used if the 'hoppers are smaller than the average.

The hook should be buried in the body of the insect, so that no part of it—least of all the point—can be seen.

The 'hopper leader should be the same as for a dry fly, tapered down to even 4X when conditions warrant. The value of a fine leader, as a matter of fact, cannot be stressed too much. The first thing experienced anglers do is to change leaders—light for heavy—when grasshoppers are slow in producing results.

The matter of weighting the leader to get the 'hopper down deserves a couple of paragraphs. The angler must realize that spit shot or other devices clumsily attached can offset attractive bait, the proper size of hooks, and the correct bulk (or lack of bulk) of leader. At the same time, the

weight must be applied in such a manner that it will not prevent the grasshopper from moving about with the current.

A short strang of gut, lighter than the leader, should be attached about a foot or foot and a half from the point of the leader. To this strand split shot can be attached. About two light shot usually are enough to turn the trick. Bottom fishing results in many snags, by the shot since the grasshopper covers the hook, and the idea of the extra strand is that it, and not the leader, will break when pressure is applied to release the bait.

Grasshoppers are delicate insects and must be handled carefully. One that is sodden and drowned is no good; nor is one that has been mutilated. (I once saw a bone-head carefully yanking off the long jumping legs of his grasshoppers so they couldn't get away. He didn't realize that those legs kick around in the water and help to deceive the trout).

Early morning, when it is chilly and wet, is a good time to catch grasshoppers. Sometimes they can be captured at night with a flashlight as they cling to tall grass and weeds. They have a habit of getting down to the ground in the daylight, and a few judiciously placed kicks at a clump of thick grass usually will start them moving.

The 'hoppers should be carried in a cage or some other well ventilated containers where they can get plenty of air. Leaves or grass may be put in with them. The container should be carried in the creel—not in a jacket pocket, where the insects will smother.

Grasshoppering for trout is a tricky, interesting way of fishing. Because it tests your skill and knowledge, and also provides fish, it is a worthwhile method of fishing for you to master.

LITTLE WATERS

(Continued from page 6)

It's a pup of a stream to wade; deep, fast, brushy as the devil and chuck full of old cedar stumps and logs, criss-crossed like jack-straws. Runs through a deep ravine, so you can't cast from the bank, most places. Drives you nuts."

I paused for breath, and tried to recall details. "But at that it might be our best bet today, as it's too short to get very high, and clears up pretty quickly. What do you say we give it a whirl?"

"How much of a drive is it, and how far do we have to walk?" Evidently my account did not inspire unalloyed enthusiasm.

"Not over half an hour, and we drive right to it. Don't have to walk at all."

Ward brought the front legs of his chair down with a bang. "Fair enough," he declared. "Let's go."

It was rather less than the estimated half hour later when we disembarked from the car. We were at a point about a quarter of a mile above the junction of the main stream and the branch. At a cross trail we could see from the car a crude bridge crossing the Houghton in one direction, and an even cruder one over the smaller stream the other way. Evidently the road ahead must cross one or the other soon, which checked with my recollection of the lay-out.

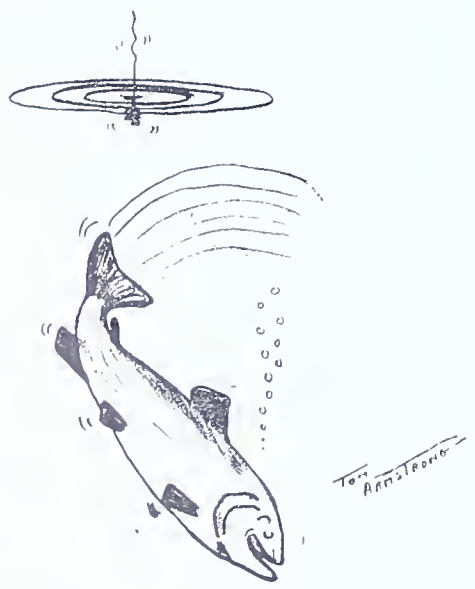
I told Ward what little I remembered about the water and we separated, he heading for the fork to "try 'em wet," at the hole I recommended there, and I to essay the dubious task of fishing with a dry fly in the brush above.

After the rain the clouds had vanished completely, and the July sun was a blazing fury, so that I was soon drenched with perspiration. It was strenuous work, creeping through the brush and clambering over sunken tangles of ancient logs and stumps. Here and there was a comparatively open place where, by the exercise of extreme care, one might make an exceedingly short cast below the foliage of the arching branches, but for the most part all that was possible was to flip a fly ahead with the spring of the rod, slingshot fashion. A strike missed involved a sure-fire hang up in the brush. Tough going; be sure of that. Moreover, the mounting heat brought forth from retirement wave upon wave of carniverous mosquitos whose attentions were inspiring to blasphemy rather than to painstaking angling.

But by the same token the trout too were abroad, and scarcely a properly placed cast failed to interest a fish. The rub lay in the difficulty of hooking them. Fearful of broken tackle in the brush above or the snags below, my strikes were of necessity painfully timid, and my catch nil.

Once I actually did get a nice fish on, which promptly snagged itself around a sunken root, costing me half of an expensive leader and a lot of valuable profanity. Another time too vigorous a strike left the fly in the mouth of the fish, while the backlash of the parting gut tangled my tackle so damnably with the overhead flora of the county that I was constrained to abandon the leader rather than spend the time which obviously would be needed to free it.

By this time, however, the lesson was learned, and hoping that a heavier leader would prove not to alarm the fish, I continued my way, head bowed beneath the branches, rod extended before me as far as I could reach, and with only a foot or two of leader dangling from the tip an almost microscopic "Adams" tied on the end.



Moving upstream as quietly as I could, I stopped whenever I came on a likely spot, waited awhile for the trout to become used to the sight of the rod suspended overhead, and then lowered the fly gently to the surface of the water. If a rise did not immediately follow, the fly was jiggled by twitching the slack of line, with the rod itself held steady lest the fish take fright at the moving shadow. It was the one maneuver I could contrive in such restricted quarters.

And it worked!

A flaming phantom whirled up from the bottom, thrusting itself head and gills out of the water as it plucked the moving fly from the air an inch or two above the surface.

No need to strike that fish; he attended to that detail himself. The slack of the line burned through my fingers for an instant, then I grabbed it and raised the rod as high as might be without involving it in the tangle of branches which roofed the tiny pool. Not enough to lift the fish out of the stream, but sufficient to hold him close to the top where he could not snarl my leader among the roots. I let him circle a few turns, and then backed out of the hole, towing him after me until I found a place clear enough of obstructions to horse him out on the bank. Netting was quite out of the question. A nice eleven inch fontinalis.

The problem was solved, as the weight of my creel, gradually increasing, testified convincingly. There were soon enough for supper, and more; rainbows, brooks and browns; all three were answering roll call. No real tackle-busters—maledicite—but a half dozen seven to eleven inch palate ticklers which would taste most delectably anon.

It wouldn't have worked every day, of course, that form of piscatorial strategy, but on that day it was perfect, as it has been on many an occasion since, in the same and in other waters.

Dibble, dabble, dancing the fly, now on the surface of the water and now in the air just above it. Maybe even letting it sink now and again. Alert little pirates, snatching at the tantalizing insect which so foolishly fluttered within reach.

Once a Gargantuan rainbow lazily floated up and gave the intruder a leisurely inspection, but his experienced eye readily detected the spurious nature of the strange bug, and the single flip of his powerful tail which returned him to the dark depths from which he had come expressed his contempt for the imposture.

So engrossed had I become with the fascinating quest that I had failed to mark the passage of the hours, and could scarcely believe my ears when a series of imperative honks from a distant motor horn caused me to look at my watch. Ward must long since have returned, and was evidently getting impatient.

With a sigh of regret I tore myself away from the magnetic spot I was working on, and fought my way out to the road through the brush, wondering if Ward, too, had discovered the secret.

"Nice stream, but isn't it a pup to fish," I commented as I reached the car.

Ward cheerfully testified to the canine parentage of each stream, having essayed both. Good omen! I had a fine catch, and was prepared to gloat for once.

But it was not to be, as usual. Ward, that child of fortune, had chanced to observe a green grasshopper leap to sudden death on the surface and had profited by the suicide. Not only had he contrived to secure as many



pan feeders as I had, but, to my chagrin, he produced from the depths of the mangy basket he miscalls a creel the most portly brown trout I had seen in many a day. Not much over eighteen inches long, but so fat that it was a marvel how his skin contained him without rupture. Some fish!

Same old story. No matter how well I do Ward almost always manages to beat me. I asked the conventional questions.

"One of Ken Cooper's Green Grasshoppers. In that hole at the fork you sent me to. And he sure did have me guessing," he replied, answering all the questions at once.

He then proceeded to relate the details of a Homeric battle, wherein the big fish, with all the advantage of position and nearby cover, had tried every trick in his ichthic repertoire, only to yield at last to Ward's superior endurance, strength, good-luck and, though I hate to admit it, skill surpassing my own.

Ward is, as all of us know, the luckiest son of a gun who ever wore waders, but you have got to admit that his technique in bringing to creel a recalcitrant fish is beyond criticism.

One bit of good fortune in this instance, however, saved a heartrending situation, when Mr. S. Fario leaped over a projecting snag and then obligingly swam downstream a few feet, enough to clear the line again, just as the day seemed hopelessly lost.

"Got to take that baby up to the club tomorrow, and see if any of the bunch up there can match him," he ended up.

"Surest thing you know," I agreed, "but let's photograph him first, just in case of accident."

A brief search brought to light a wide piece of board, on which the prize was laid out with three other nice fish for purposes of comparison. They were quickly recorded in the vitals of my graflex, and we made our way back to the village where the fish was accorded due homage and reverently embedded in ice.

Before long we were in bed ourselves, and dreaming of more miracles to come on the morrow. And strangely enough those dreams actually came true.

But that's a story for another day.

END

COME HELL OR HIGH WATER

(Continued from page 5)

We need more and more strength for greater production, food is growing more scarce. Fishing would help preserve our health and at the same time produce food, thus helping to relieve the shortages in doctors, workers and food. Yet, because fishing is fun, it is labeled a luxury that should be out for the duration. Of all the cock-eyed reasoning, that takes the cake!"

"Well, old man, if you feel so strongly about it, why don't you do something?" In spite of myself I had to agree he was right.

"I intend to—we all should. If enough of us would make our demands for commonsense loud and long enough to be heard, we'd get some kind of action. At least we might force the authorities to treat those in working clothes as human beings, the same as those in uniform."

"Supposing they won't react to reason? They'll probably fight it as propaganda by the sportsmen who aren't willing to forego their pleasures."

"No doubt there will be those who won't realize that morale on the home front is just as important as on the battle field. But, we're human and must have hours of resouling. If we don't, our efficiency will die. That applies to all workers and the type of relaxation each one needs to fit his requirements.

"To a fisherman, the surest way to rebuild his inner soul is to spend a few hours on the waters, fishing. The authorities should recognize that as one of the necessities for production and make it possible for those who need it. If they don't, they will be adding to our health and morale problems and denying us a source of essential food and so, in effect, be sabotaging the war effort."

"You make it sound as though they'll have to change their policy and allow us the tackle, gas and right to travel to the waters. But—what if they don't?"

"Come hell or high water, Buddy, it's up to us to go fishing. If we're denied the healthy benefits of gaining new experiences, then we'll have to do the next best thing—relive experiences we've already had. While that won't cure our disease, at least it will help relieve the suffering."

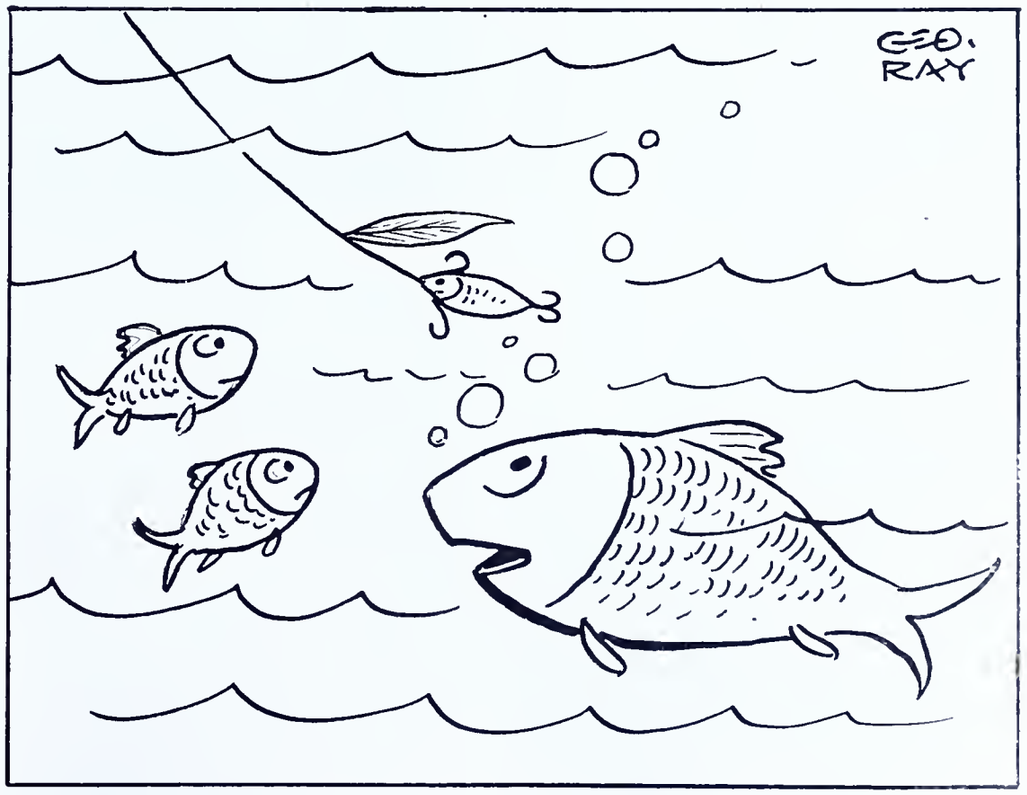
I don't remember when the argument ended because his last idea set me to thinking about trips I had taken and how some of them stood out above the others. Every once in a year or so there'll come one of those days you dream about but don't dare expect will actually happen and, forever after, you keep on dreaming about over and over. And each time you wonder, could that really have happened to me? The kind of a trip you want to write about and share with others, not as a matter of conceit but through an earnest desire to share it with them and give them the hope that some day, they too, will have such a day when their turn comes.

Right now, this year, more than ever, is when such stories should be told so that they will help relieve the fever which nothing but fishing can cure.

So I got to thinking about that day I went fishing with Bill and Pete. If I were going to write about a trip, that's certainly one of those I'd choose.

It's funny how I happened to go. Just as I'd done a couple of times before and thanked my lucky stars I did, I went against my better judgment. I had work to do and couldn't afford the time. But Bill and Pete were going to one of my favorite streams and wouldn't take no for an answer. So, finally, I gave in and ran smack into one of those days of days. Boy, am I glad I have my weak moments when I can be persuaded! A few such experiences play the devil with one's good resolutions.

It would be hard to pick out any one thing that made the day so exceptionally



"That, My Dears, is What is Known as a Fifth Columnist!"

enjoyable. The surprise of going on a moment's notice and being in one's second heaven; the ideal day; the good companions; or the variety encountered in the actual fishing and the fact that the trout were there and willing—if you could keep pace with their fickle moods. They were big and, like true artists, exceptionally temperamental. It must have been the combination of all these things which made the day perfect.

This story runs true to form because it started off all bad. I'd walked about a mile downstream to new waters in order to give Bill and Pete their favorite pools, this being their trip. As a result, I ran into beautiful looking waters that I had heard about but never tried. What a fool I had been all these years for sticking so close to known waters!

You can imagine how I felt as I looked over those beautiful runs and pools. The sun was just coming up and it gave promise of a gorgeous day. Even deciding just where to first enter the stream was a joyous problem. Each spot looked more inviting than the other.

Impatient to get started, I sat on the bank and rigged up, all the time looking here and there for any sign, no matter how small, that might tell me what fly or method to use. Seeing none, I tied on a dry fly, a light cahill, one of the old standby favorites on the waters. Then in I went, tingling with anticipation.

One might think I was a rank beginner, so far as optimism and excitement were concerned, instead of an old hand with decades of experiences behind me. That's the real appeal of trout fishing. May the day never come when I don't burn with expectancy at the start nor want to holler every time I hook a good one. If it does, I'll be so dead I should be six feet under instead of casting a fly.

If I had any conceit that morning, it was soon knocked out of me. There may have been trout in those ideal pools but not so far as I could find out. Yet each pool ahead looked so good, at first, that I didn't mind failure on the one I was fishing. I'd start hitting into them in that next spot, sure.

Not one strike up 'til the time I had reached the big pool, which was about 100 yards long and plenty wide and deep; with overhanging trees on both sides. Better looking pools just don't exist. And this morning it was exceptionally beautiful, for the trout were beginning to rise. New hope surged through me and I went to work in earnest on the nearest rise.

An hour and a half later I was a beaten man. I had cast over trout after rising trout, with every type of dry fly I owned, and had been completely ignored except by one little chub. How I hated that thing when I saw it wasn't a trout!

I was now half way up the pool. At my right, not two rod lengths away, a couple of medium sized and one really fine trout were feeding leisurely. The big fellow rose about once or twice a minute, sometimes at longer intervals. A fluttering May fly landed and floated directly over his feeding spot. I sort of held my breath and waited. Nothing happened. That fly floated by one feeding trout after another as far down the pool as I could see it—all in perfect safety. No wonder my dry flies were useless.

Then a nice juicy green leaf-worm dropped with a little splash, floated a few inches and seemed to dive headfirst into the center of a dimple, never to rise again. So that was it!

I cut off my dry fly and searched frantically through my wet fly box. What could I use to imitate a floating worm? Maybe some green nymph fished on the surface? Or—ah—there it was—something given me by a friend and hoarded, unused, for nearly eight years! Why I had carried it all this time, I'll never know, but in desperation, I determined to use it at last. A green chenille-covered cork worm, so tied as to have a realistic bend, with the eye of the small hook at the tail, so that the fine leader acted like the web most worms hung by over the water. A 4X tippet was required for a good imitation.

Once more I was breathlessly tingling with anticipation and praying I would make a decent cast. Luck favored me and the lure landed with a small splash close to the bank, about a foot above where the trout lay. Instantly the dark form detached itself from the shadow of the bank and poised motionless as the artificial worm floated down to it. One moment I was eyeing the worm, the next I was gazing spellbound at that long shadow. My arm was rigid with suspense. Would he or — —



I looked back for the worm. It wasn't there! The shadow hadn't moved, yet that artificial had disappeared—maybe it had sunk. The leader pointed straight at the trout's nose just a leader's length from the tip of my rod. Instinctively I raised the tip sharply.

For the next few minutes I was in heaven. With a 4X tippet I had to go slow and easy and that trout seemed to know it We messed up the pool from side to side and up and down. I gave line easily—he begrudged me every inch. Yet, slowly but surely, after a couple of real leaps for a brownie, he came closer and closer and his rushes grew weaker. At last he lay quiet beside me. Since I don't use a net, I get full measure out of every fish I fight. I could have netted him a minute or two earlier but now he was ready to be picked up by hand—every inch a real brown trout —the biggest for the day.

My hoodoo was now broken. To rest that part of the pool I went back to the foot and started over again. I fished the entire length where trees overhung the waters. The trout were willing and so was I. By noon I had caught better than ten, many over a foot long, of which I kept two to take back to camp to show Bill and Pete. That would allow me to keep three more in the afternoon to fill my personal creel limit of five.

At the shack, Bill and Pete had come and gone so I ate a lone lunch and returned downstream. Everything was changed. The bedraggled artificial worm had lost its appeal. So I turned to wet flies and found pay dirt again. Every hour or two seemed to require new methods and new lures. I don't know when the trout have been so finicky. At one time only small wets would work, then bucktails, then something else. Even the dry fly had its hour during the middle of the afternoon and just at dusk.

It was a great day. Perfect weather. And one had to be wide awake and alert, ready to interpret every little sign. Not once during that day did trout respond to orthodox fishing methods. They were in odd places. And they wanted the flies dragged or something other than just floating down to them. It made one feel like a virtuoso constantly playing with changing technique to fit the mood of the moment. A day when you felt master of the situation and confident of yourself because you were keyed up to a high pitch, or, as the saying goes, fishing over your head.

When a day like that comes to you, Boy—grab it! You'll pay for it dearly later, many times over, in humiliation and defeat. But when one of those day-of-days hits you, squeeze the last drop of joy and elation out of it for they are all too rare. Be king for a day!

Just before dark I had fished up to Bill's favorite pool, called the Big Rock pool. Bill stood at the upper end. He had quit long before and put away his tackle. Now the fish were rising steadily and he just stood there, thinking I know not what.

When Bill saw me, he waved frantically for me to hurry. He pointed out the rising fish and wanted me to try them out. He and Pete had had bad luck. It seemed, after all, that I had had the only good waters for the day for there had not been a hatch or rise in their section. I had stopped counting after catching 30, of which at least a third had been a foot or better in length. I felt guilty as I showed Bill the five I had kept.

I offered him my rod for a try at the brownies rising in his pool but he refused. He wanted to see what I could do. I have a hunch he felt it was useless and he didn't want to take a chance. So I decided to be the goat.

For a while it looked as though I would be worse than a goat. Try as I would, with a dry fly, I couldn't get a decent float across two sets of currents and back eddies. Twice a fish butted the fly out of the way and went on feeding.

Finally I raised and turned one good-sized fellow. This was a deep pool and most trout ran at least a foot in length. A few moments later, on a cast into the far eddy, I managed to pile up enough loose leader to get a few inches of float before the drag came. A fish took and I had one grand last fight in the semi-darkness. Just 12½ inches, making six fish for the creel, two apiece for Bill and Pete and myself.

That's how that day of days ended. Gloriously and in perfect contentment. It will be a balm for my wounded pride on those all-too-many days when I taste only defeat and humiliation. And it will take me back on the streams when lack of gas and time tie me to the old grindstone.

Come hell or high water, they can't stop

me from fishing that trip over and over again. New trips would produce better relaxation and health and provide needed additional food, thus helping relieve the shortage. But re-living that day is far better than nursing ingrown bad humour because I'm denied the right to select the type of relaxation I think most beneficial to me.

It's the American sportsmanship way to fight to the bitter end for what we think right and just; to holler long and loud for it; and then to make the best of what we actually get.

If ignorant authority denies us the sensible and logical benefit of fishing this year, let's do the next best thing—re-live those perfect days of the past, both our own, our friends' and those which find their way into print. That will keep the old disease from becoming fatal and we'll live to fish again when reason conquers the world once more.

PLUGGING AWAY

(Continued from page 9)

trouble here is that it is not made in a small enough size for certain environments.

We would certainly like to use a cripple minnow ⅜ of an ounce in weight and about an inch and a half or two inches long. Such a lure to float would have to carry light: propellers, hooks, and screw eyes but we believe it could be made. Our guess is that such a lure would come second to none as a stream small-mouth surface plug and as a shallow water big-mouth lure. This assumption is based on the fact that bass have the provoking habit of snapping at the ½ oz. size and rising to it without so much as touching it. The half and three quarter ounce lures seem to hit the water just a little too hard and are just a little too bulky to be at their best in comparatively shallow water. A smaller lure we believe would be taken solidly whereas the larger size just draws half hearted strikes and moderate attention.

But to get back to the River. Possibly it was chance that we enjoyed such a fine half day with the bass on this particular occasion but we like to believe we could very well have had a day of it void of action. But still and all it was chance that we happened along when the bass were chasing minnows in the shallows of the shore line.

Let's call successful plugging for bass one third chance, one third good judgment, and one third proper technique and make the most of it along this line.

The rifle fell from his unaccustomed hand; the drill sergeant approached with a steely eye.

"How long have you been in the Army?" asked the sergeant.

"Er—all d-day, Sir."

Scotchman (at riding academy): "I wish to rent a horse."

Groom: "How long?"

The Scotchman: "The longest you've got, laddie. There be five of us going."



Only a small percentage of the brook trout in the tributaries of Kettle Creek migrate during October and November, after spawning, into the main stream.

BROOK TROUT IN KETTLE CREEK

(Continued from page 7)

better fishing in Kettle Creek, notwithstanding the estimated catch of over 300 when opened to public fishing April 15, 1942.

The fall downstream movement in Hammersley Fork in 1941 was observed with special interest. The authors knew that the main stream and its branches carried a fairly satisfactory population of brook trout, but only 46 trout of legal size were trapped in the weir. The 46 legal trout averaged 7.1 inches, the same as the ones captured in the Trout Run weir. This small number would have little effect in improving the fishing in Kettle Creek. Table 12 shows that the downstream migration began October 15 and ended November 8.



Before the advent of heavy fishing in the streams under consideration, many anglers, including the senior author of Bulletin 437, can testify to the superb brook trout fishing in Kettle Creek during the spring and before the annual migrations into the cold tributaries. At that time there was an extremely dense population of this species in

Table 10.—Fall downstream migration, Trout Run, 1940

Date		Number
Before	Oct. 30	27
	Oct. 30	51
	31	4
	Nov. 2	48
	3	1
	12	15
	23	5
	25	1
Total		152



Trout Run. The growth rate of brook trout in this stream averages about two inches a year.

Table 11.—Fall downstream migration in Trout Run, 1941

Date		Number
Oct.	4	17
	5	1
	7	1
	8	1
	12	1
	14	37
	15	5
	19	1
	20	3
	21	2
	27	2
	28	7
	29	1
Nov.	1	34
	2	4
	3	7
	7	14
	8	3
	9	16
	12	12
Total		169

all of the smaller streams and the competition for food must have been severe, which very likely was an important factor in large numbers of fish seeking other foraging areas for the winter, and spring seasons. Furthermore, even a small percentage of the thousands of fish of legal size in the tributaries of former years would make good fishing if they migrated into Kettle Creek.

OTHERS

By C. D. Meigs

Lord help me to live from day to day
In such a self-sacrificing way,
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for—OTHERS—

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for you
Must needs be done for—OTHERS—

Let self be crucified and slain
And buried deep, and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again
Unless to live for—OTHERS—

And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in Heaven begun
May I forget the crown I've won
While thinking still of—OTHERS—

OTHERS, Lord, yes, OTHERS,
Let this my motto be:
Help me to live for OTHERS
That I may live for Thee.

SURFACE MAGIC

Continued from page 8)

alarmed, daylight, these bass are takable. The plug should be tossed lightly atop the mass, then twitched slightly to simulate tiny creeping footsteps . . . a few seconds later let it slip hesitatingly into the current aside the cover and immediately begin to struggle away. The upturned hooks generally prevent fouling as the lure alights amid the mass and then slips off. (Not always, darn the luck). Big bass love such antics and if one does not come out to smash the clucking intruder, you've either scared his nibs or he is not under there after all. Sometimes if the floating mass is merely a thick layer of green moss or algae, a big bruiser will attempt to strike right dead center at the tiny disturbance above . . . the old trick of the Orca in getting at living creatures trapped on the Antarctic ice floes.

On practically all Jits, I have set the tail hook farther back. Original Jitterbug hooks are good, however, while the personal supply permits I substitute bronze trebles and doubles in 4's and 6's. I like bronze hooks with a modified barb, a long clumsy barb availing little if the fisherman does not succeed in sinking it beyond the point of the barb. As a matter of fact on many plugs I consider an ill-advised heavy barb as the first suspect when a big fellow tosses the lure; carelessness on the part of the angler in neglecting the rip-rap as the second possibility, and thirdly in the absence of the foregoing perhaps lack of sufficient backbone in the rod as the reason. Incidently I do not like hooks reset with eyed screws . . . tangle too easily.

Now just so all the above may not prove misleading, I do not recommend any changes in the Jit as it comes from the manufacturer . . . unless for a specific purpose and by a fellow who knows exactly what the purpose happens to be. Positively I recommend that the plug be angled as is unless the fisherman has some well defined reason for fiddle-diddling a bit. Never forget the altered plugs suggested above angle a twenty to thirty mile stretch where big, rough, fast rivers break through a mountain barrier and thunder down onto the coastal plains; likewise the long shallow flats of a meandering countryside creek, ledged dotted, weed grown, algae infested, big bass famous . . . each offering widely contrasting hazards . . . either at times perhaps a bit different than that encountered by the statewide routine fisherman.

To myself at least, the Baby Popper offers a mite different working problem. It is not so easily winged a mile ahead for upstream traffic. While I employ the Popper going up, it is relished most across, jerk-and-reel, arcing outward and down, or even quartering down, same method. Seemingly across or quartering down, the little killer rates just as deadly as the Jit travelling the opposite way. It's a nice contrast to "jit" upward and "pop" 'em coming down.

A friend employs an unique technique, especially adaptable to fast water. I call him lazy, but he gets results. With a light well floating line, he'll toss the Babe as far down or across as possible, then twitch the lure several times. Next he strips a bit of line, then twitches again, and so on repeating the process time upon time as the lure slowly struggles downstream. And that's patience deluxe, Mister, and the big ones love it. Any moment a thundering waterspout may erupt from beneath. Hooks solid too. Suspect greasing the line might prove an aid to the practice.

Don't monkey with the hooks on the Popper. The lure is too tiny to chance any maladjustment of the hardware; besides from jerk-and-reel angle not practical anyway.

This fisherman first used both the Jit and the Baby Popper through the courtesy of his old and cherished friend, Charlie Fox, Acting-Editor of your magazine. Charlie dropped the original Jit, a ½ oz. frog finish, into my hand on a dark, dismal, cold foggy afternoon, so unpleasant that even he said "Nix!" when I suggested a twosome. And to those who know Charlie best a refusal of an hour or two fishing is "sumpkin," Mister.

Nonetheless, old man King had an hour or two off, and those were the pre-Jap days of the more abundant life, "fill 'er up" the accepted byway password and fishing every evening an angler's heritage. So upriver, praying each misty hundred feet other drivers would be equally wary of the pea-soup, then the Perdix cliffs for a try along the rocky onshore channel. A near gale blew from across river. Squalls of angry spray festooned and patterned the shoreline, defiant, choppy, almost whitecaps. Fog in a heavy penetrating blanket pressed down; cold, wet, drizzling, discouraging. First spinner jobs, spoons, darters, deep-riding stuff. No soap! Just a lousy fishing day and a d—— fool fisherman!

Not forgotten the Jit! Your correspondent seldom likes to pioneer; sometimes he carries new lures around a full season before trying them out. Reluctantly *and at last* he examined the new floater. It didn't look impressive, didn't appear much different than the others, no more potent, apparently wholly inadequate for that angry storm tossed channel. Further it just wasn't being done in polite fishing circles . . . to whit, angling surface plugs under such conditions. Nevertheless after first glancing sheepishly about to make sure no one happened to be looking, I tied on the new Jit then half-heartedly tossed the luckless stranger outward into the elements.

Somewhere out in the baffling gloom, I detected a slapping smack and came up fast, or at least surmised so. Angrily I jerked the rod tip upward and pronto the line jerked back just as angrily, or even more so. What the heck? A bass! Impossible! But I had met up with big stuff on the first toss . . . out thar he was and he didn't cotton to the general idea at all. He got away too!

Three times later in that fog, gale and mist the next hour or two, big bass and your correspondent battled, all well offshore, nothing along the bank. One come along home, and this fish alone made the day an occasion to remember. The same tactics have worked since in inclement weather, choppy water, and never does this fisherman miss trying his ½ oz. Jits when such conditions prevail . . . Not always worthwhile, not half the time, maybe not one quarter the time, but sometimes real bass, and fisherman it's a thrill . . . though mighty hard to get 'em to the net. Of course, the experts will say it just can not be, and that's all right for experts . . . I'm not an expert, just a dipsy-doodler. Generally anyone in his right senses can but admit calm, low, clear water is the ticket for surface stuff. But not always clear water either; nor low. And a slight ruffling breeze doesn't hurt! There's a whole passel of "But's" on topwater lures!

The Popper made it's bow of a balmy evening in late summer. The whole afternoon had seemed fishy, and still fish were not hitting. Insects buzzed of bass, birds sang of bass; the very zephers seemed to whisper bass. There was a bassy glint in the shiny eyes of the chipmunk as he scampered along the rickety rail fence; the pair of fat fox squirrels atop the old sycamore hinted of bass as they scolded and chattered. Even the red ball of the sinking sun looked bassy. Everything bassy but the fishing!

Tired and disgusted the fisherman rested on a sodden half submerged log along the shoreline. Smoothly, purring, glassy, the channel glides over the ledges . . . peace, wisdom, the song of the ages. From far across the meadow comes the low of an impatient Jersey, udder overflowing, begging the attention of the dairy maid; nearer at hand the "Baa-a-a-aaa!" of a half grown lamb. All nature in a riot of beauteous peace and mere man stalking fish! Drowsily the fisherman's head droops, once, twice, half a hundred times, and then his countenance snaps up! Out there over the ledges a boisterous slap, a big widening arc of circles. Frantically minnows leep and dash amid the ringlets. The water rolls in agitation, the minnows jump again. A big one on the hop!

The water runs shallow over those jagged outcroppings, shoulder deep between, an underwater lure almost sure to foul and frighten a wary fish. First plug in hand the new Popper; trembling fingers fumbled it on, the first cast a dud! Somehow or other the next attempt dropped just above the ledge, and then scuttled down over with the flow. Just at the edge of the deep shadows a mighty form came out to grab the bobbing floater and the battle began . . . the fish for very life itself, the other for what man chooses to call sport.

Some anglers may not consider a three pounder plus big; such a bass shall always be a lot of fun to me. Four more smaller over the next hour, a brace being fifteen inchers, and then complete darkness. No other lure in the kit would have turned the trick. Quiet water, bass atop the shallow ledges, a hard worked hot spot, cagy fish, something realistic, lifelike, non-fouling and small the only hope. Bosh! Wrong, Mister! I've battled those hot spots, cussed 'em, eulogized 'em, over that particular stretch of big bass water too often! Quarter ounce stuff is about the only ticket . . . at least during daylight!

Surface lures are generally dubbed night, early morning or twilight medicine . . . even my pal Charlie hints that-a-way. Generally right, but not always! Not always! When bass are not hitting—during a fog—or a wind—a light rain—late morning—early

afternoon—a beclouded sun—even muddy water, the Jit and Popper always rate a try. One never knows!

For instance two years ago, it became my rare good fortune to take a mighty smallmouth at a hard worked spot, three o'clock in the afternoon, sun shining, river muddy and rising, floating debris. Personally I've never said much about the fish, many another having said aplenty already. Anyway the bass was so big that my friend Jim Kell openly opined "You'll never get another like it in your lifetime" and now as soon as gasoline is more plenty, the Japs all liquidated and I can get there again, I'll have the additional worry of proving Jim wrong.

The big bass came on one of those "You never know days." Alex Sweigart, Editor on leave, your magazine, should have been in on the kill. Each knowing of the fish, late the first Friday of September we agreed to meet Sunday afternoon to continue a chase already two seasons old. But heavy rainstorms intervened and Sunday morning found the Juniata around Lewistown, Alex's home, angry, muddy and getting rougher minute by minute. Alex remained at home, and the King's all unaware of the mud journeyed upriver. As three o'clock arrived, the flow had come up a foot with masses of debris and uprooted grass merrily swinging along and the King entourage had garnared nary a strike as wet and disillusioned we drove to the appointed meeting place. Then as retailed, no Alex in sight!

Petulently I decreed to the wife: "Consarn that guy, Sweigart! Wish I had never seen him. I want to go home!"

"Hooie!" and "Fiddlediddle!" cooeth she, "You guys are like babies. You get fidgety if you don't see one another and swap tall stories about imaginary fish each day. Get busy, Mr. Lloyd King, gas costs money and I want that bass!"

"Further," orated she, "I'm plenty weary hearing you and Alex talk big bass. There ain't no big bass down there and there never was, and you both know it! If there had been, I guess I would have caught it, just like the wall-eye. So if there is a bass, go and get it! Now! Tee-Hee!!!"

And so on and so on as only womenkind will prattle. No sense of humor at all!

Anyway still wet and cold from the last wading an hour past, discouraged, weary, I meandered to the river . . . and found it higher, muddier, dirtier, and from all appearances more barren looking than ever before.

Three speculative casts from a vantage point on the shore, sub-surface plugs, brought back three loads of riffraff and weeds. Then from the tail of an eye I noticed the muddy water rolling over a downstream ledge, perhaps a hundred yards distant. Probably carp! Skirting the brush, tying on a surface job so as not to foul the hidden rocks, casting with a strong breeze riverward, the first toss arced far out and just feet below the hot spot; the next bracketing the ledge a foot or two above. Then the third sailed true and direct, perhaps 125 feet or more, and landed on the target.

With the retrieve travelling merely a foot or two, the plug disappeared, attune to a sucking hiss, the current dimpling, not unlike when a big brown sucks down a dry. Sharply lifting the rod tip, a light throbbing greeted the gesture. "D—— the flyers!" and I really rammed the hook home! Things happened and quick. The line whipped out in a direct line and stretched far and tight half way across the muddy river—glued there like an anchor. Rip-rap again, and the depths exploded! A mighty female smallmouth came up, time upon time, in a maddening, churning beat of splashing foam. And that's about the story . . . a jumping fish soon tires. The lure, a frog Jit, peanut. Only a surface plug could have fished that bass, any other might have fouled on the debris, weeds or unseen outcroppings.

And now all the immediate foregoing violates my premise as regards *high* roily water. In explanation, just remember again there is a whole passal of "But's" with surface lures.

Most big fish become big because they do not make mistakes. Most big fish are taken when they do make their crowning mistake, and not because the fisherman is so skilled or smart. Of course, an angler must contrive to properly choose and manipulate his lures. Reasonable application over the course of several seasons generally takes full care of the latter angle or at least should. Definitely surface plugs contribute mightily to the crowning mistakes of the big ones. Why? Maybe the bass do not see the lure as plainly as the underwater type. Maybe they've sucked down too many succulent tidbits from above. Surely they frequently do not sense the danger. All in all, then, surface plugging is for the fellow seeking the big ones, man size quarry in preference to mere number. The guy satisfied with twelve, thirteen or fourteen inch flyers likely does not possess the temperment or degree of application to work the topwater killers. It's a tough racket with a definite aim.

The difference between a bit of surface fun and just some fresh air may be such a finely drawn line . . . so difficut to identify positively or correctly! Just a few little quips or dipsy-doodles with the rod tip and retrieving, and so potential of pleasure or disappointment . . . just a few little shimmies, darts, wiggles, hesitates, pauses. Remember how that bass hit when a pal was picking out a backlash? Wasn't he shimmying just them? Practice it!

Recall how a bit of barren trout riffle will most always incite a strike when one slowly reels in the nymph preparatory to departure? That short jerky reeling movement with the click on is the trick. Bass, too, love those short sharp darts, jerks, too. Practice them! Rod tip style!

How often will the veteran basser confess the strike when he paused to shout to a pal nearby or to tuck the rod beneath an arm to light up, the lure bobbing on the current a hundred feet away? That's the best trick of all . . . but what did he do just then? Hard to say, isn't it? Well, he stopped the floater, jiggled it, darted it, shimmied it, perhaps rolled it, and chances are let it drift a bit in between. Why not have a fishing companion stage the act next time out and watch the antics? One thing almost positive, no bass within vision can resist that particular combination of finny poison. Practice! It's tough to deliberately simulate.

All the touch of realism, that's what; subconsciously acquired; perhaps subconsciously used, difficult to import, learned only by practice. Even the veteran will admit his cold sweat on the night before opening day; his blue funk of torment. Has he lost the touch? He swears he has! And as he lays there sleepless, suffering the tortures and travail of the damned, all seems lost. But when the first plug goes on next day, subconsciously our friend knows exactly what to do; strangely enough without knowing exactly what he is doing. Again just a few dipsy-doodles, subconsciously acquired by experience, never forgotten; almost impossible of retailing by word of mouth! Plugging is like that!

And now we near an already too long delayed conclusion. I hope these paragraphs have been accepted in the light presented, an effort to be helpful. Others know lots more plugging than your correspondent; only a few seem willing to share in writing. Above all and in all fairness, it is not to be overlooked for the moment there may be other lures just as effectve, just as practical, just as pleasant to use, perhaps even more so, on the water your correspondent chooses to finangle. Conceivably any thesis which engages demagogry or haranges an "only" lure or two may do someone or some great deceiver an unwarranted injustice. I personally choose nothing of the sort. I have just learned to have infallible confidence in my pals; seldom have they left me down.

Locally I do not recommend either of the two lures over the other. No kit is complete without both of them. The Popper will tailor things the Jit misses; contriwise, the Jit rises to great heights where the Popper might only spring a charley horse. These plugs were not conceived for the same job, nor to angle the same way. The two lures are not interchangeable, though at times the path may meet with their effectiveness practically identical. It is at the extremes of the orbit the angler needs both, remembering always the plugs were devised to lure the same quarry—big bass. The man who possesses the two and can not make them go should not blame the lure; first he needs examine himself. More likely the fisherman is passing the buck, hard though it may be to admit . . . probably he is not up on his waterway finesse . . . his dipsy-doodles!

Killers each, the Arbogast Jitterbug and the Shakespeare Baby Popper! Personally I would not be without either one!

Fish Cook Book

War Time Fish Cookery, Conservation Bulletin Number 27, is a Federal cook book which contains many useful and practical fish recipes. It can be secured free of charge from the Fish and Wildlife Service, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois.

A small boy was about to buy a ticket for an afternoon movie.

"Why aren't you in school?" the ticket seller asked.

"Oh, it's okay," the youngster replied, "I've got the measles."

THE ANGLER'S WORKSHOP

Nylon thread tippets for low clear water

by Philip McCutcheon Armstrong

IN his delightful "Handbook of Freshwater Fishing," Mr. Lee Wulff suggests the use of silk thread as a tippet when the drag on relatively stiff gut tippets appears to alarm the fish.

In July, or really at any time when the water is so low and clear that visibility is perfect, a tiny fly or nymph on a thread tippet will often take fish when even a very fine gut tippet will cause enough disturbance to put them down. I have found this not only a profitable but also a very enjoyable variation on the usual way of fishing.

Now that Nylon thread is available (Kresge Stores), anglers will find even greater satisfaction in substituting this material for silk thread. Nylon's tendency to twist and kink is considerably less, and it is much stronger as well.

The diameter of Nylon, size 56-3, by micrometer, is about .004 inch, the size of 7X drawn gut (L. & C. Table), or slightly less than that of "A" silk thread.

Many colors are available, if you want to experiment, as well as white and black. I have found that color 998, a light pastel green appears almost invisible in water, though possibly the fish see it differently.

Mr. Wulff recommends for silk the so-called "Blood Knot," (known also as the "Leader Gut Bend," "Mercator's Knot," "A. H. Chaytors Knot," etc.), but I have not found this knot very satisfactory in joining thread to gut on account of the great difference in the stiffness of the two materials.

Some form of sliding knot, where each strand is knotted only to itself, with the other strand merely passing through it, is not only more secure, but also much easier to tie under those conditions.

The Single "Fisherman's Knot," however, is not good enough. But the "Twofold Fisherman's Knot" (also known as the "Sliding Blood Knot," "Double Blood Knot," "Sliding Monkey Fist" and incorrectly as the "Double Fisherman's Knot") is very satisfactory.

The true "Double Fisherman's Knot" is also very secure, but is a little trickier to tie.

For tying the thread to the fly, the "Clinch Knot" ("Half-Barrel," "Tapered Knot," "Rolling Hitch," etc.) serves very well, provided that plenty of turns are made. An extra round turn through the eye, as in Figure 4, where the size of the eye will permit, relieves the shearing strain without impairing the security of the tie.

Another good hook attachment for thread, which cannot be used for gut on account of the bulk, is made by passing the thread through the eye, several times around the neck of the fly and secured by a couple of half hitches.

One of the delights of using Nylon thread is that the cost is so low, only a nickel for a fifty yard spool, that one doesn't have to worry about wasting it.

Henry Ward Beecher one time listened to a young man preach a sermon. After it was over he went up to the young clergyman and asked him how long it had taken him to write the sermon.

"Why," said the young man, "that took me about a day to write."

"I congratulate you," said Mr. Beecher, "for it took me nearly a week!"

Said Casey to Dooley: "Ye're a har-rd worruker; how many hods of morther have yez carried up that ladder to-day?"

Said Dooley: "I'm foolin' the boss. I've carried the same hodful up and down all day, an' he thinks I'm worrkin!"

A good old Georgia bishop was reading his bible while riding on a train. A man leaned over the back of his seat and said, "I don't believe a word in that book."

The bishop ignored him and continued reading, but the heckler persisted. Finally losing patience, the bishop turned to the interrupter and said, "My good man, will you please go to hell quietly?"

Dear Mr. Fox:

I have received your letter stating you received the Bread Crust flies. In my locality the Bread Crust wet is used very much. The dry also sees a lot of service. The wet seems to work best. I have used this fly in all of our major streams from the Project to Milford. I must say it lived up to its reputation. Of course, there are times when nothing can entice trout to strike.

I was on the Project two years ago watching some fishermen feeding doggie buns to make a few trout rise. Of course, this is unlawful at the present time, however, they were not very successful with their natural bread crust. After a while I managed to get a little room so I tied on a bread crust wet fly. On the second cast I took a very nice brown trout and about five minutes later I hooked old Liz. After a short battle she tore loose. A couple of fishermen asked me what kind of fly was I using. The answer was the real Bread Crust, so you see, it isn't a bad fly after all. Yours truly,

JOHN SHAPELLA,
1604 W. End Ave., Pottsville, Pa.



John B. Miller, of Lewisburg, employed a True Temper Rod, a Nobby Reel, and a Fish-O-Bite plug to lure these bass from the Susquehanna.



Photo by Sam Weitz.

David Stybel admires a small-mouth and large-mouth bass. The fish in the foreground is the small-mouth and it was the first prize winner caught by Samuel Weitz at the annual live fish contest of the Dover Fishing Club. The large-mouth was taken from the Susquehanna in September, 1942 by Dave Stybel.

Mailed in conformity with P. O. D. Order No. 19687

This, the July issue of the **Pennsylvania Angler,** is dedicated to our readers and the fishermen of the Keystone State who are serving their country in the armed forces.

These men along with their comrades are assuring for all: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We wish to assure those away from our streams and waters that after the war Pennsylvania will be a better place in which to fish.



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★

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VOL. XII. No. 8

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

AUGUST, 1943

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Looking Around the State

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By Dick Fortney

Here and There In Anglerdom

Dear Mr. Fox:

I have just finished reading from cover to cover the June issue of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER. There isn't another magazine that I enjoy as much as the ANGLER, and I always look forward to the next edition. I certainly wish to compliment you and your staff on your very fine publications. I have enjoyed your articles on Plug Casting, and was especially interested in what you call the "Silent Dive Cast". I have been casting for a number of years and was never aware of the fact that I was using this same method of casting.

Many of the articles in the ANGLER mention various types of lures and plugs, especially the smaller midget type of plugs. Have you ever fished with cedar plugs, both the natural and white? For years fishermen in this locality have used practically nothing else but this kind of plug. I have taken many fine bass, both largemouth and smallmouth as well as many pickerel on this plug.

Several years ago we had a very interesting experience while fishing Peck's Pond. I shall never forget it! It started out to be one of those typical days when the fish weren't interested in anything we had to offer. We tied on our cedar plugs and immediately started to take fish. We had caught well over fifty pickerel during the course of the day. All fish were returned except four. These four measured over two feet in length. We did much experimenting during the day. One of us would always be fishing the cedar plug, while the other fished with all the other available lures and plugs. We would alternate every hour or two in order to make sure that it wasn't the individual's method of fishing that accounted for the fish. Both of us took just about an equal number of fish on the cedar plug. The surprising thing was that only three fish had been taken on all the other combined plugs. This incident has been repeated a number of times since then on the various streams that we fish.

In the morning of the above mentioned day, a fellow fisherman fishing in a boat nearby became so disgusted and irritated in his failure to catch fish, while we, not more than 100 yards away, were taking fish consistently. Finally he couldn't stand it any longer. He rowed his boat right into the spot we were fishing and deliberately cast over my line and snagged the plug. He reeled in the plug, examined it closely, and with a grunt of disgust, smashed it into the water again, asking "What the h-e-l.. *-œ*:&æ$ kind of plug is it." You can bet your sweet life that my answer to him was short and snappy. Had he displayed any sportsmanship at all, I would gladly have given him one of my plugs.

This plug can be fished either on the surface or under the surface. By slightly bending the front attaching wire down, the plug will ride five or six inches under the water. The plug, because of its construction and weight, is very wind resistant and at times very difficult to cast.

Wishing you and your friends a good bass season, I am

Fishingly yours,
FRED W. EURICH,
Line Lexington, Penna.

Dear Sir:

I am not in a position to know whether I am speaking out of turn or taking too much for granted but I have been hearing rumors about discontinuing or at least cutting down on the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, and since I possess great interest in the ANGLER I would like to take the liberty to offer a suggestion that may be helpful in keeping the magazine on a paying basis.

Certainly I would not like to see too much money taken from the stocking program to carry on the publication of the ANGLER but there are other sources from which this money can be derived.

I have been thinking seriously about the fact that I as an officer of a sportsman's club have been receiving a complimentary copy of the ANGLER each month, in addition to the copy for which I have subscribed. I want you to take my name off of the complimentary list and I am sure that every officer of a sportsman's club would want the same thing done rather than see the ANGLER cut in any way.

At present, as you know I am subscribing for several copies as gifts to friends, and I am quite sure that if the so-called complimentary list were curtailed and a drive put on to increase the PAID circulation, this elegant little booklet could be made to pay for itself. If this attitude is of any value in keeping the ANGLER self supporting I am further willing to take some subscription blanks and make a canvass of my fishing friends, but first how about trimming down that free list and getting started on the right foot?

Very truly yours,
CLAYTON L. PETERS, Lykens.

Dear Friend:

The other day I was looking over some of the letters that I have been sending to you from month to month. And I found that I'd been so busy explaining how busy we were on war work that I'd drifted into a state of mind where it seemed as though I didn't expect anyone to do any fishing at all this year.

I think it's time I corrected that impression . . . and quickly.

As a matter of fact, I can't conceive of any recreation activity that fits into wartime living better than fishing. When you think of all the rivers and streams and lakes and ocean frontage with which our land is blessed, it seems pretty obvious that nearly everybody can find some kind of fishing pretty close at hand.

(Continued on page 21)

FISHING WITH OPA
OR
THEY CAN'T RATION DREAMS

By FRED EVERETT

THERE is no argument—the first few days of June were the hottest we'd ever experienced at that time of year. It just sizzled! (I like that word, it sounds just like what it means.) If I'd had some bacon, I could have fried bacon and eggs on the front steps—if I'd had some eggs. Man, wouldn't they have tasted great after a hard day's fishing?

Just imagine trudging up and down a boresome trout stream, toiling all day, having to fight and pull in those darned old big fish and carrying them slung over your shoulder until your back aches with the unwelcome burden. Then imagine how those bacon and eggs would have smelled and tasted even if they were cooked on the sidewalk. Wouldn't they sort of paid you for all your hard labor?

But don't fear or run and hide—you won't have to do that this year. For once you're safe, not a chance of your being forced to such slavery. So far as fishing is concerned, you won't be "cooking with gas" for a long while. You can be thankful for that. Just take it easy and rest in your victory garden. There's vitamins in them thar termaters!

Something happened the other day which I think you'd like to hear about. I was driving along peaceful like, going home for the weekend after a hard week at the war job I'm in, when all of a sudden I saw a mob of cars parked plumb in the middle of the highway. There were trucks and pleasure cars and taxis all bunched together and groups of people hanging out of car windows or standing around having all kinds of confabs. Some were serious and quiet; others were talking volubly with their hands and arms, and still others, with bright badges, were making notes on slips of paper.

No cars seemed to be going past that spot, so I got sort of uneasy, wondering how long I'd have to stick around. Then a bright idea hit me and I got out my policeman's badge, went right around that tie-up until a highway cop flagged me down.

I flashed my badge and said, "Hi ya Buddy—what's up?"

He grinned and said, "OPA's on a fishin' trip."

"Looks like they got some suckers," I came back at him, grinning as friendly as I could.

"Yeah," he chuckled. "But some of 'em are crabs!"

Well, I haw-hawed at that and stepped on the gas. It didn't work.

"Where you goin'!" he sort of demanded.

"Who—me?" I asked innocent like. "Oh—I got to get home and report for duty. Let some of these birds through so I can have a few to work on, too."

Well, the big fellow looked at my badge and decided I was harmless. So I got through and went up the empty highway to my home. Then I ducked into my victory garden to see how good (or bad) a job my kids had done on it. Not bad, for beginners. Good enough so I could take Sunday off. What a life. No place to go!

There was a time when city folks burned both ends of their gas buggies racing back and forth on the highways. Then I could go down to the corner, toot my whistle and listen to all kinds of fairy stories and once in a while write a little invitation for those with the biggest and best stories to come back and tell it to our hardboiled Justice. I've been looking for one he'd sort of believe or laugh at. So far I've been a failure because he never smiles but says—"Guilty as charged" and holds out his hand for something.

But even that pleasure is denied me because there just ain't nobody to stop and ask for a story. This lack of gas is more serious than one realizes until you understand how far-reaching it is. Us poor country cops just can't get any more customers.

Well, that night at the supper table (we call it supper in the country), I told the B. H. (Better Half to you) about that crack the big cop made about OPA fishing. Now, you may not suspect it, but I used to fish some myself, so I was interested in that remark. Sort of brought back memories of the distant days when a fellow could jump in the gas buggy and hit the highway to a trout stream.



The B. H. looked at me sad like, with a worried expression in her eye. And—believe it or not—she said, "Fred, you don't look top notch these days—you're working too hard. A fishing trip would do you a world of good."

Yeah, life's like that—for once I'm told I ought to go—the setup is perfect—all but. I couldn't imagine OPA feeling the same as the B. H. Why is it such people as OPA aren't like normal folks? I'd be willing to bet not one of them ever fished or hunted or went for a pleasure ride or anything us ordinary folks do—not even to a show at night. So what chance would I have getting by on a fishing trip? Between you and me, do you think B. H. had it figured that way, too?

Not that it makes a great deal of difference, because I fooled the whole gang. I went fishing up at the camp in the good old stream which had served me so well through the year. Yes sir—I went, I saw, I conquered!

That night, when I went to bed, I hadn't the slightest idea I was going. But I'll admit I was thinking of how great it would be up on the stream. Let OPA do his kind of fishing, I thought, I'd like to show him what real fishing was like—just what a dryfly properly presented could do to a willing trout. Maybe he'd have a heart and relax a little.

OPA was a big fellow, something like the cop I met on the highway. Yet he reminded me of my side kick Doc. The more I think about it, the more I think he was Doc. Anyway, that's what I called him. OPA is too hard to say—Doc is much better. So he was Doc.

We were sailing up the highway at a fast clip, about 60 miles an hour. Not another car was out. The gas ration certainly was effective. I was surprised at our speed but OPA was stepping on the gas and it wasn't my business.

"What's your hurry, Doc?" I asked.

"Got to get to camp and open her up before the morning rise."

"Lots of time," I said, realizing we had a full day ahead and that fishing on our stream started about mid-morning.

"Don't forget it's been closed a long time. We'll have to clean up and put things in order. We ought to go every week from now on while conditions are right."

"Streams ought to be down to normal, after this hot week. Boy, will that mountain air feel great!"

"You take the air, what I want is to feel that nice cool, clear water lapping around my legs and a ol' whopper slapping around on the end of my line."

(Continued on page 16)

FISH FOR FOOD FROM FARM PONDS

By VERNE E. DAVISON, Senior Biologist, and J. A. JOHNSON, Associate Biologist, Biology Division, Soil Conservation Service

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PART I

INTRODUCTION

FISH as food and fishing as an occupation have had tremendous influence on human lives throughout the ages. From the coastal area of the United States alone more than 3 billion pounds of marine fish are ordinarily harvested every year. These are consumed as fresh fish within 200 miles of the coast and in the larger cities and towns. Elsewhere they are available as frozen, salted, pickled, dried, and smoked fish. In spite of the large quantities of fish taken from coastal waters, the average farm dweller seldom has fresh fish on his family table and is not likely to unless he produces them on his place. By way of contrast, French farmers for centuries have eaten fish produced on flooded grainfields as part of a regular crop rotation.

Many farms have suitable sites for the construction of ponds. These sites, properly developed and managed for fish, will contribute substantially to better living on the farm; a single acre of pond can be made to yield 350 to 400 pounds of pan-size fish annually. Farmers in the Southeast alone could profitably produce on their own farms some 60 million pounds of fish each year at a cost of only a few cents a pound. Foods from field crops or livestock are produced no more economically.

Fresh fish in farm diets not only helps to promote development of growing children, thereby contributing to the strength and soundness of the Nation's rural youth, but also improves the health and capacity for work of adults everywhere. The annual consumption of meats, including red meats, fish, and fowl, in the United States averages 163 pounds per person. Of this total, only 15.3 pounds consists of fish. Something like 163 pounds of meat is needed to maintain health and vigor. In the Southeast, however, most farm people eat less than 154 pounds of meat, and this consists principally of pork and poultry. One acre of a fertilized pond will produce two or three times as much meat as the average person consumes. Fish, of course, should not replace all other meats but can be used to supplement them, adding pleasant variety and many essential food elements to the diet. Fish is a good source of proteins and fats. It is high in phosphorus and contains substantial amounts of calcium and iron. Niacin and vitamins A, B, and C also are present.

Under the stress of war production and during the period of economic and mental readjustment in returning to peace, as well as in normal times, families on the land need recreation. That afforded by a good fishpond is hard to surpass.

How To Manage Fishponds

The life and usefulness of a farm pond depends to a large extent on how it has been built and whether lands surrounding the pond are adequately protected by soil conservation measures. The work and expense of building the pond, stocking it with fish, and managing it will be wasted unless the watershed is protected against erosion. When silt fills a pond it becomes useless, and often the only suitable pond site on the farm is ruined. Now that effective erosion-control measures have been developed, silting can be held to a minimum.

Foods of Bream and Bass

Pondfishes depend for food almost entirely on the tiny insect that live within the pond itself rather than on those that fall into the water or are caught while flying close to its surface. Contrary to a common belief, pondfishes do not feed to any great extent on water weed that float on or are above the surface. The bluegill bream, for example, depends almost entirely on aquatic insects for food. The capacity of a pond to produce bream is limited, therefore, by the number of water insects present.

These insects, too, must have food, but where the water is muddy their food is limited. The tiny single-celled plants called algae, of which there are several kinds, furnish the principal foods of aquatic insects. These plants are so small that they can be seen only with a magnifying glass. Although algae have several colors the green forms are most important in fishponds. The abundance of algae in ponds depends on the action of sunlight in combination with the water and the mineral elements that are in the water. These plants grow faster when reached by sunlight than when the sun's rays are obscured, just as do cotton, or corn, or garden crops. While most land plants obtain moisture and minerals from the soil through their root systems, the algae obtain minerals and moisture directly from the water in which they live, taking them through their body walls. Sunlight and temperatures affect the green coloring matter (chlorophyll) and life processes in algae just as they do in cotton or trees. Since muddy water prevents sunlight from reaching the floating algae, it is evident that the basic foods for fish production are dependent upon waters that are largely silt-free.

Only bream, such as bluegill *(Lepomis macrochirus)* or other sunfishes, and largemouth black bass *(Huro salmoides)* are recommended for small ponds, because this combination is the simplest to manage. Some landowners would like to include catfish, crappie, and other kinds, but experience has shown that mixing these species with bream and bass seldom produces good fishing. Satisfactory combinations of these may be developed in the future, but in the meantime bream and bass may be relied upon for excellent fishing. The successful management of bream and bass, however, requires an understanding of their principal foods and how the fish grow, live, and reproduce.

It takes considerable food to grow a pound of fish—or a pound of cotton, or beef, or pork, for that matter. Bream, as previously explained, depend almost entirely upon aquatic insects for food. They eat few young fish and almost no leafy water plants. Moreover, since insects feed on single-celled algae and the abundance of these plants depends upon plenty of sunlight and mineral foods, it is necessary to increase the natural fertility of clear waters to produce more bream.

There is, however, still another important factor in growing bream for fishing. The number of fish must be regulated. Each female produces about 3,000 or 4,000 young a year, but it is impossible to supply food enough for all of them. Carnivorous species such as bass, which feed largely on small fish, take care of this in the wild. Likewise, the farm pond must have a similar check against overpopulation, and this is accomplished by stocking it with large-mouth black bass, regardless of how small it may be.

Every fisherman can recall ponds which contained thousands of bream little larger than a minnow. No matter how often the fisherman returned year after year, the bream seemed as numerous as ever but no larger. When fish are too plentiful they usually get only enough food to remain alive and not enough for growth. They may never reach a desirable size, as even a moderate overpopulation tends to retard growth. Yet, in properly managed ponds in the Southeast, both bass and bream attain pan size in a single year.

Ordinary ponds, according to investigations made by the Alabama Agricultural Experiment Station, contain enough food to produce and support from 40 to 200 pounds of bream and bass for each surface acre of water, depending upon the fertility of the watershed. Through experiments with the use of commercial fertilizers the station has been able to increase the amount of food in a pond, thereby increasing the quantity of fish a pond is capable of producing and supporting. The experiment station also determined the correct numbers of bream and bass for stocking new ponds that are to be fertilized.

Stocking the Pond

A successful fishpond will provide good fishing within 1 year of stocking and, with proper care, will continue to do so year after year. The initial stock of fish, both in kinds and numbers, greatly influences its chances for success as a fishpond.

Bluegill bream grow rapidly if they have plenty of food. Bream weighing one-fourth pound are produced in 1 year in fertilized ponds stocked with 1,500 bream and 100 largemouth bass per surface acre of water, whereas six times this number (or even more) of

(Continued on page 14)

PICKEREL OF THE WEED BEDS

Where the Fishing Looks Toughest Thrilling Action Awaits the Angler on Pond and Lake

By DICK FORTNEY

THERE was just enough breeze to keep the boat moving slowly along the western shore of the lake, yet not enough to disturb the surface of the water too much. With the sun high in the sky, we could see clearly eight or ten feet down into the depth and watch the fascinating panorama over which we were floating.

For a few minutes the boat would glide through a big patch of spatterdock, then it would move silently past an island of lily pads fifteen or twenty feet in diameter.

Between were dark pools of water, some with moss-like vegetation growing upward almost to the surface and others apparently clear of weeds although unusually shallow.

There were other boats on the lake, but all of them were being rowed or were anchored in the open water. Yellow perch and an occasional pickerel were being caught on worms and minnows. One chap was casting plugs with the regularity of clockwork, but so far as we could see he did not get a strike.

The dock and boat house were far behind when we passed this little flotilla of fishermen's boats, and the sight of their occupants sitting idly and somewhat dejectedly deepened a feeling of doubt that had been growing in my mind from the minute we started out.

"It's a bad day, boys," the genial proprietor of the boats had told us as we prepared to shove off from the dock.

Hot weather had put the fish down and sent them into the thick weed beds, he explained.

"The water is too calm today, and besides this is the season of the full moon," he further reminded us gloomily.

My friend Ernie Hille, who ordinarily is pretty fussy about wind and water conditions, seemed strangely unperturbed. He had just grinned and said goodbye to the chap at the dock, seized the oars, and turned our boat into the very thickest of the weeds.

Our tackle was all rigged—weedless spoons, with pork rind attached—but it had not yet been used.

"I'll tell you when to begin casting," advised Ernie. And, peering intently into the water from time to time, he worked the boat slowly half way the length of the lake. Finally he stopped the boat in the center of a vast field of spatterdock and shipped the oars.

"Getting tired of taking me for a ride?" I asked brightly.

Ernie just grinned.

"Yeah, but that isn't why I stopped," he replied. "This is the place to begin fishing. All around here—"

"What?" I interrupted, in amazement.

Ernie ignored my question.

"All around here," he continued, "you will notice that the water is clear under the floating leaves of the weeds. There isn't any moss down near the bottom, either. That means the fish can move around freely, slipping between the thin stems of the weeds."

That was clear enough, but I wasn't worrying about the weeds or their stems. I was wondering how in the name of common sense anybody could use even a weedless spoon in vegetation like this. I didn't have time to ask the question, for my friend sent his spoon flashing far out over the weeds, and I turned to watch him.

Reeling rather faster than normal, Ernie began his retrieve—WITH THE SPOON SLIDING OVER THE TOPS OF THE WEEDS.

My mouth opened to say something, but the words never took form. Weeds and water boiled up into the air, and the spoon disappeared. The light steel rod bent in an arc, and Ernie turned the reel crank somewhat more slowly, obviously against considerable pressure. Six or eight feet from the boat the water and weeds churned again, and I got a glimpse of the side of a big pickerel, the glittering spoon clearly visible in the corner of its mouth.

Smoothly Ernie quit reeling, turned the rod tip back over his left shoulder, and with his right hand reached down and netted the fish at the side of the boat. He swung the pickerel inboard and turned to me.

"Were you going to say something?" he asked.

I could only stare in amazement. The light was dawning.

There was no need to worry about getting the lure down through the weeds to the fish and about retrieving it among the slender stems of the spatterdock. The idea was to slide the spoon over the tops of the weeds and let the pickerel do the trail-breaking.

Ernie had learned the trick during years of pond fishing in the state of Ohio. He had found the method as effective for bass as for pickerel—as witness a huge smallmouth which hangs on the wall of his den.

The method is simple and logical when you consider it. The fish were in the weeds, due to weather and water conditions. They had to remain in sections of the lake not clogged by moss if they hoped to breathe and feed.

Pickerel and bass being the natural killers they are, they were sure to be attracted by any object moving over the round, flat spatterdock leaves which covered the surface of the water. The leaves, however, kept the fish from seeing clearly the object that was making the disturbance, and they struck savagely at its shadow.

Having gotten things straightened out in my mind, I picked up my rod and imitated Ernie's tactics.

I caught my first fish of the afternoon on the second cast—and no trout that ever arose to a dry fly gave me more of a thrill than did the pickerel which crashed up through the weeds and clamped its jaws on the spoon I was using.

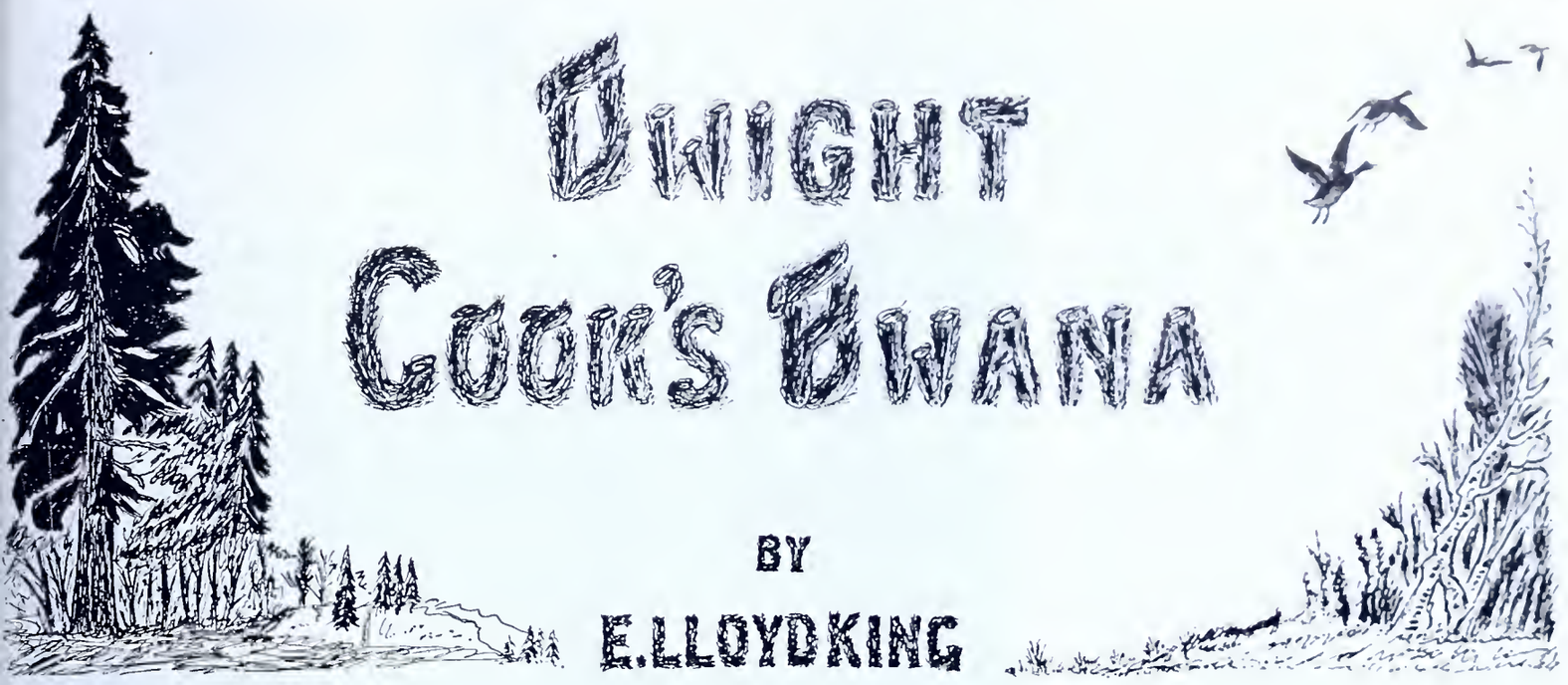
By actual count, we hooked 25 pickerel in the next hour or two. There were lulls in the sport while our boat drifted from one likely looking location to another, and I soon noticed that spots where the water was free of other vegetation under the spatterdock leaves were the only ones in which fish struck at our lures.

Occasionally a pickerel gave us an added thrill by making a flanking attack on the spoon. Ten or fifteen feet away from the lure, the fish would come close to the surface and make a dash toward it. The leaves and water humped slightly as the fish swam nearer and nearer the spoon, and the water then would explode with the strike.

Often a pickerel made a clean miss. Probably it miscalculated the speed or the posi-

(Continued on page 17)





DWIGHT COOK'S BWANA

BY

E. LLOYD KING

"SUPPOSE, for the sake of argument" I insisted, "the remainder of your fishing days you had to give up all your pet bass plugs with the exception of one certain model, which would you select?"

"You mean I could only have one kind!" protested my pal.

"Exactly! Only one certain kind."

"In as many finishes as I wanted?"

"Yep!"

"The Midg-Oreno, any time!" without further hesitation. A second fellow sportsman answered in like manner: ditto the fourth. The third, a steel rod river sharpshooter, dillydallied and hedged, finally electing the Shakespeare Midget Spinner as first choice, River Runt next, admitting he relished the easier casting with heavier plugs. The fifth likewise dictated the ½ oz. spinner job, but nominated the Midg as second bet. The sixth climbed all over the lot in eulogizing the Johnson Silver Minnow, the Punkin seed of varied manufacture, the Midg, a crippled minnow type or two and several others, choosing nothing positively and leaving me just about as much befuddled and undecided as himself. Incidently he angles the same way.

And so on and so on. A pretty fair batting average in pinning down the lure conscious Keystone short sticker, especially so when many of those interrogated are generally acknowledged topnotchers or nearly so, up on their waterway A. B. C.'s and piscatorial finesse, reasonably consistent takers of smallmouth pushing the championship class. Fishing and fishermen being what fishing and fishermen are, one finds it pretty difficult to get a quorum on any one lure or method. A range of perhaps six lures is generally accepted as the main battery of the streamwise Commonwealth bait caster. Fifty per cent first for any one plug approaches the phenomenal, a sprinkling of seconds making it ever more so . . . just about as near to unanimity among fishermen as the optimist might hope . . .

* * *

In a previous issue, this fisherman promised a series of informal chats retailing a bit of the inception, history, purpose, manufacture, and whenever and if possible identifying the angling genius originally discovering the more favored midget plugs generally in use on Pennsylvania bass water, most particularly smallmouth. Two surface greats have already been examined. Now we approach a third lure, a plug which may be fished both deep, sub-surface or even popped, the latter as gleefully appraised by enthusiastic Keystoners. I refer to the South Bend Midg-Oreno, subject of the opening paragraph dialogue. I do not contemplate finangling at length on how to fish the Midg, Keystone-style; when or where. Rather my story shall mostly concern the fellow who gave brother sportsmen the deadly little killer, of what and why!

The Midg-Oreno came out of the mid-west. The wonders of the great mid-west are legion; none greater than the applied creative aptitude of the native sons. Out there is the heart of America and out there too dwell great sportsmen, great not only for the fish they take, but because they think and devise and create, traits not always guaranteed to anglers by the mere possession of license and rod. Run down the list, the Heddon's, the Shakespeare's, the Weber's, the South Bender's, the Pfleuger's, the Granger's, the Young's, the Arbogast's, the Eppinger's and a host of others. And to the Keystone smallmouth angler, none more worthy of grateful appreciation than Dwight Cook, he of the great South Bend organization . . . he, the discoverer of the Midg-Oreno!

Some seven or eight seasons back Dwight Cook found himself plumb up against an annoying challenge . . . fish that could outguess an A-card holder trying to qualify for that elusive gallon and a half of gas which mere fishermen ain't rating as this paragraph is being written. Anyway the idea which resulted in the Midg was born of a desire for a particular lure for a special definite purpose, and there seemed nothing readily available on the market at the time to exactly fill the bill.

For many years the most popular fishing in Northwestern Iowa's lakes had been night bait casting for wall-eye pike. It was a tough racket. At that time the Great Lakes of Iowa were pretty much contemporaneous of the fishing many Easterners know—overworked water, often nicely cleaned out, offering little to the indolent, nothing to the hindermost—and practices which would have quickly befouled the skillet a few miles farther northward in Minnesota or Wisconsin drew only a loud squawk in the land of timothy, popcorn and rolling prairie. And so forget not, smallmouth bass, our pet heckler, were not the culprits this time . . . nor the challenge . . . rather a passel of contrary wall-eyes as only Northwestern Ioway's lakes may grow 'em.

Now a Tall Corn wall-eye can be an ornery cuss. While of the same ilk as the Keystone cousin, he's smaller and meaner and a dozen times more cagy. In the usual he doesn't grow to the fat five or six or seven pounds we Pennsylvanians enjoy; he doesn't even like to feed during daylight. The Hawkeye invariably insists upon dining in pretty inaccessible shallow water, blackest night, either along or amid the tangled weed beds, ditto the difficult rocky shores and grassy reefs. He doesn't hanker a lot of neighborliness with his groceries . . . say for instance evincing valid objections to ⅝ oz. spinner jobs and kindred stuff thundering through the finny stratosphere, tickling his mid-riff or landing athwart his google eyes. Who wouldn't? After all bombing is bombing, whether painted metal or lethal dynamite, be the victim finned or fingered! And as for scraping the rod tip along a gunwale or dragging a booted foot across the boat bottom, tut, tut, Mister, those banjo-eyed critters mostly sound a mile away from there and before the first tiny echo whispers back.

Dwight Cook knew the artificials in general use were not quite the ultimate. All fishermen get the same feeling at times . . . just good enough to keep a fellow working his head off, always threatening, but never exactly reaching bonanza. Dwight reasoned that an effective lure had to get on the water with a gentle spat, well light enough anyway that fish in the next county did not appraise the uproar . . . it had to be reason-

(Continued on page 18)

BROOK TROUT IN KETTLE CREEK AND TRIBUTARIES

By R. L. WATTS, G. L. TREMBLEY and GEORGE HARVEY

Third Article and Conclusion

Growth Rate and Stream Management

For complete report write for Bulletin 437, Agricultural Experiment Station, State College, Pennsylvania.

The rate of growth of brook trout in mountain streams is a highly controversial question. Some anglers believe that in the smallest streams the fish never attain the legal length of six inches. Under the most unfortunate food conditions it is unquestionably true that the growth rate is very slow, but in the larger streams of the free stone wooded areas the growth rate may be considered good though not equal to that of streams fed by limestone springs.

Several general conclusions may be drawn from the growth rate studies: (1) The rate of growth in all of the tributaries was extremely variable. (2) The rate of growth in any particular area of a stream or in the same pool was also highly variable. (3) There was always some increment even where environmental and feeding conditions seemed to be unfavorable. (4) The average rate of growth was more rapid in the larger streams than in the smaller ones.

All but four of the 300 recovered tagged fish ranged in length when tagged from four inches to 10 inches, though most of them were less than seven inches.

In Hevner's Run, from 1939 to 1940, 23 fish which averaged 5.5 inches in length when tagged made an average gain of only .7 of an inch in nine months. The next year 40 trout averaging 5.4 inches when tagged gained an average of 1.6 inches in 14 months.



Practically all of the fish of legal size stocked in Kettle Creek are caught before they have a chance to migrate up the tributaries.

When all measurements and both years were taken into account the annual rate of growth was certainly well over an inch.

In the Dr. Green Branch of Trout Run, 19 fish averaging 5.6 inches at tagging made an average gain of 1 inch in 11 months. In the main stream of Trout Run, that is from the forks up to the mouth of Dr. Green Branch, 15 fish which averaged 5.2 inches when tagged made a gain of 1.9 inches in 13 months. It is apparent that the better feeding conditions of the larger streams was responsible for the more satisfactory gains in rate of growth.

Attention is called to a statement in the first article of this series that Hevner's Run, Dr. Green Branch and the three branches of Trout Run were closed to public fishing in December 1937 and not opened until April 15, 1942.

All of Hammersley Fork and its tributaries were open to public fishing during the entire period of the investigations and for this reason a smaller proportion of tagged fish was recovered for measurements. However, for these waters it is conservative to state that the average annual increase after a fish attains about 4 inches in length is slightly less than two inches.

It is not the purpose of this bulletin to discuss at length the important subject of stream management in relation to the life of brook trout, but the data obtained and the observations made sugget that consideration be given to the following:

(1) The information obtained in these studies does not justify closing to public fishing the smaller tributaries of Kettle Creek for long terms of years. In the first place, the streams become overpopulated, which necessarily greatly limits the amount of food available for each fish, resulting in very slow growth; and in the second place, only a small proportion of the fish of legal size migrate.

(2) If entire tributaries on this watershed



Trout spawning in the Kettle Creek Watershed occurs during October and the first half of November.

are closed at any time, which is of doubtful expediency, short periods of a year or 2 years at most would probably yield the largest number of legal fish over a 10-year term. Closing on alternate years with the aid of stocking may merit consideration.

(3) Although the migration of brook trout from one small tributary to another is negligible, there is considerable short distance movement between pools, which suggests the closing of very limited areas as fish refuges. It is probable that the closing of about 200 feet in every 1000 feet of the stream would be beneficial, especially if the refuges provide ideal conditions for rapid growth. The most serious objection to this plan would be the difficulty of providing adequate policing.



The upstream migration in May becomes most active when water temperatures are over 60° and when rains cause at least some rise.

(4) Long sections of streams which have very limited shade where water temperatures rise to unfavorable heights at midsummer would be improved by the planting of trees. This would also increase the available food supply by attracting insects.

(5) Although the shading of a stream has unquestionable value, it has been observed that pools at least part of which are exposed to sunshine during the day are the most productive. The outstanding pools of all the streams studied testify to the value of sunshine, and this observation suggests that a certain amount of cutting along densely shaded pools would be beneficial.

(6) The most common form of stream improvement is the building of dams of various types for the purpose of increasing the total area of water above the structure and also for making a pool below. If the available supply of food and the rate of growth are determined primarily by the total area of water, then much may be said in favor of this method of stream improvement. However, such structures should be of a character that will not interfere with the upstream migration to suitable spawning ground.

(7) Every stream has pools amply large enough to accommodate a considerable number of trout, but in many instances they are lacking in satisfactory cover and, consequently, are often if not usually devoid of trout of legal size. Large fish will not remain in water that does not provide thorough protection when the fish are in danger from predators or fishermen. A few large rocks or, perhaps, a tree top would remedy the situation.

(8) The best pools are nature-made, and would-be stream improvers might show wisdom by endeavoring to emulate nature. Perhaps a stick of dynamite placed under a rock at the side of the stream would roll it into the current and form a permanent deflector and unexcelled cover. Willows are of special value and merit more general planting along trout streams. Economic methods and permanent materials should be used as much as possible.

(9) On the larger streams, such as Hammersley Fork, it is believed that a 7-inch legal size would help the situation by markedly increasing the number of fish reaching sexual maturity and consequently increasing the total population. It is probable if not likely that the rate of growth would decrease; but if results are measured in pounds of fish caught and in terms of satisfaction to anglers, the suggestion merits consideration.

(10) Predation may become a real menace on a trout stream and should be prevented as much as possible. The water snake has the reputation, and probably justifiably, for being the most destructive of all known predators of this watershed. However, a thorough study of the feeding habits of this reptile is essential to a better understanding of its predation on fish life. When the streams are very low raccoons also are charged with taking a heavy toll.

Summary

(1) Spawning occurs during October and the first half of November.

(2) An incomplete fishermen's creel census taken in 1941 gave unmistakable evidence of the importance of natural propagation in Hammersley Fork, for 2348 native brook trout were captured by fishermen from April 17 to June 20. From April 17 to June 2, 1034 trout caught by fishermen averaged 7.31 inches in length.

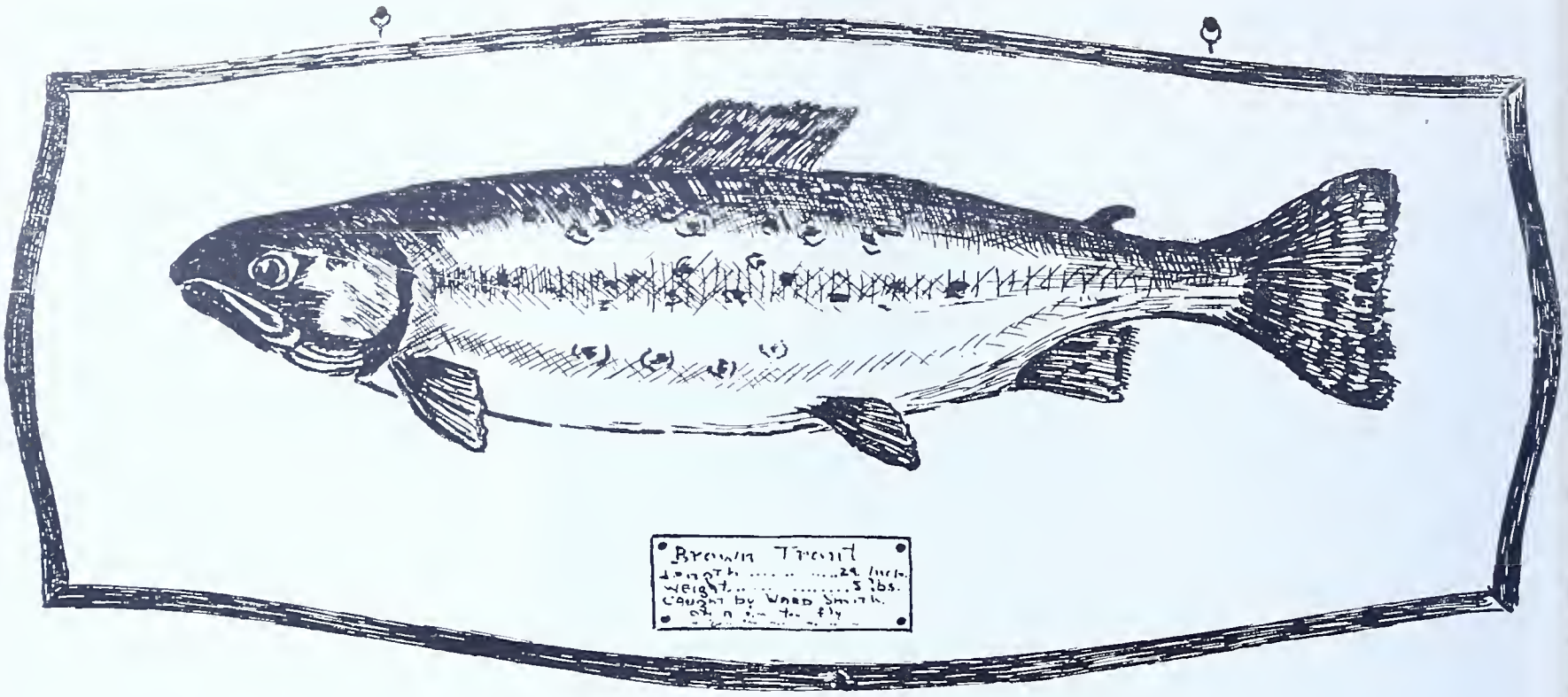
(3) Practically all of the fish of legal size stocked in Kettle Creek are caught before they have a chance to migrate up the tributaries.

(4) The upstream migration in May be-

(Continued on page 19)



There is very little movement of brook trout from one small tributary to another, but there is considerable short distance movement between pools.



Fisherman's Luck.

(OR WAS IT?)

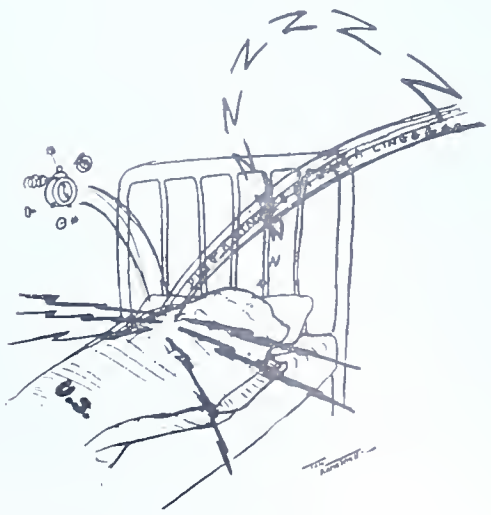
BY PHILIP M. C. ARMSTRONG.

DRAWINGS BY John Knowles.

LIMPID waters burbled among the rocks and distant church bells tinkled melodiously, but grew louder and louder in my tortured ears until I became suddenly awake and reached for the alarm clock.

As I fumbled for the mechanism to silence the fiendish thing a full throated snore resounded through the room, and I raised myself up in bed in wrathful incredulity.

Indignantly I cast the still quivering contrivance across the room, and registered a bullseye on the khaki cocoon which enclosed Ward's miraculously still unconscious form. The snoring ceased abruptly.



"May the fires of Eblis burn thee," approximately remarked Ward, and I replied appropriately.

"Oh yes, I remember now." Ward gradually gathered his faculties together. "I told Dick we would get up to the club on the Black some time today, and thought it would be smart to start early and fish some of the streams on the way up."

I still disapproved, and pointed out with Scriptural allusions that such early rising had gone into the discard in December of 1918, along with my uniform.

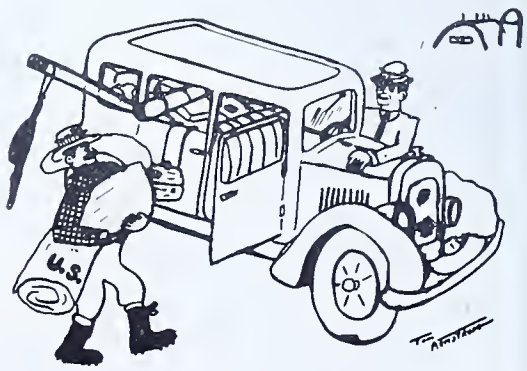
Ward merely chuckled and let me rave on. But the whirring of the cream separater and the rattling of stove lids in the kitchen below proclaimed the fact that others were already abroad, and presently the intriguing odor of frying bacon filtered up, ending the matter. A few minutes later we were burying the hatchet under piles of steaming wheat cakes and honey while we planned the day's trip.

Every scrap of equipment which either of us possessed had been brought up for the season, so there was considerable debate as to what should or should not be taken with us, but ultimately the controversy was settled without bloodshed, and the dunnage was by some feat of necromancy crammed into Ward's sturdy chariot.

Of course we forgot the fish in the ice box until we were a mile away, and had to go back for them; the triumph of exhibiting the big brown Ward had caught the day before could not be foregone. The big fish was repacked in a box of ice by himself, and his lesser companions rode comfortably in a big vacuum jar, the ideal way to transport fish in warm weather, by the way

Even on ordinary occasions Ward's conception of a proper rate of speed on the open road is somewhat at variance with that of the authorities, and on this particular day we had lost a lot of time which he thought should be regained. Fortunately one quickly becomes accustomed to a state of peril, so my sanity was seldom dangerously threatened, especially as it was still too early for traffic to be heavy, and we made very good time indeed.

Several times on the way North we stopped



to examine tempting waters we crossed, and could not always resist their magnetic pull. We unlimbered our tackle at the Bridge (of the Au Sable, a Michigan angler need not be told), and at points on the Pigeon and the Sturgeon. Luck was with us, so we had the satisfaction of adding specimens of their fish life to the collection in the Stanley jar.

It must have been about three-thirty when Ward skillfully tooled his protesting car down the last twisty, brush invaded track in the loose soil, and pulled up behind the club in a dusty fog of his own creation. Some of Michigan's woodland trails, known locally, purely by courtesy, as "plains roads". may adequately be described only with fireproof ink on asbestos paper.

We climbed painfully from the car and were greeted with a hail of welcome from a trio of men grouped about a small table in the shade of one of the cabins. Drawing nearer we identified them, and noted that they were playing cards, but waders still undiscarded and fitted rods draped on a nearby bush informed us that they had recently come in from the stream. We went through the usual ritual sacred to newly arriving anglers from time immemorial, automatically.

"Aren't hitting at all. Too dam' hot," we were informed by John, who added by way of mitigation, "Have a glass of ginger ale?" Two glasses and a bottle of familiar Caledonian aspect were shoved forward within easy reach.

Ward uncorked the bottle and sniffed delicately. "Doesn't smell like ginger ale to me," he ventured, pouring out about three fingers experimentally, and conducting it into his interior. I hastened to verify his diagnosis.

Of course Ward and I wanted to fish immediately, and attempted to persuade our friends to return with us to the stream, but all efforts to break up the poker game were futile. "Too dam' hot," "Tell it to Sweeney," and lewd instructions as to what disposal we might make of the fishing were the only answers forthcoming.

The noble brown we had lugged up from Selkirk was exhibited, however, and duly admired by all hands, though his nobility was somewhat discounted by the fact that he was merely a *Fario,* and not a lordly *Fontinalis.* To many anglers the speckled brook trout alone wears the coronet; other members of the family are accorded representation only in the minor aristocracy.

I have never been given a logical explanation for this preference; in fact I maintain that a brown trout will almost always outfight a *fontinalis* of equal size in the same water, and will back a healthy shasta rainbow to show greater class than either. Of course when it comes to sheer beauty and edibility the speckled trout, probably because he is a charr, stands out, but just the same, who is so choosey as to decline to eat a rainbow—or a brown either, for that matter? Fresh from the water there is little to choose, but brook trout do appear to have superior keeping qualities, from a flavor standpoint.

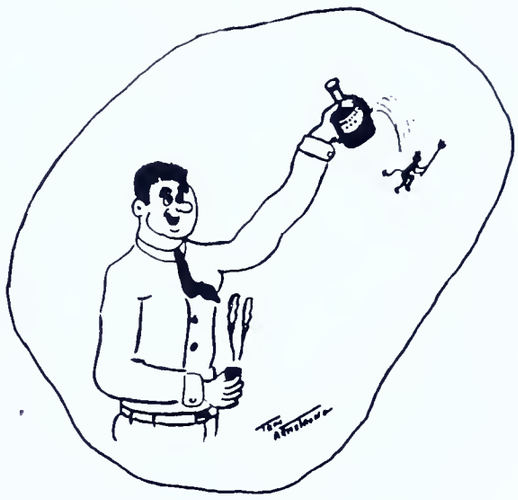
It was not long before I agreed with the gang that the trout were far from hospitable, but I was all rigged up, and had nothing else to do, so waded up and down in front of the club landing, practicing trick casts. Only three or four fish came to creel, barely the seven inch variety, but needed for the larder, so the clanging of the big dinner bell, shagged in the distant past from an abandoned schoolhouse, awakened no protest in my soul.

As the rest of the inmates trickled in from the stream I inspected the catches to see if anyone had, by any chance, brought in a fish better than Ward's fat brownie. Nobody had, so I strolled downstream along the path to summon him for dinner, and presently could see his beloved Dickerson flashing red in the rays of the departing sun. I cut across the bend to come up behind him where he crouched, screened by a bush, on the bank. He turned his head and held up his hand like a traffic cop to stop me.

"What's up," I demanded. "Didn't you hear the dinner bell?"

"Yes," he admitted, "but will you just look at that fish?"

I made my way gingerly to his side, and my eyes followed his pointing rod. Across



the narrow river, a few feet above us, a splendid speckled trout at least seventeen or eighteen inches long lay clearly outlined in the water, beneath an overhanging bank of a shallow pool.

"I'm going to show you how to catch that fish," Ward announced, and I nodded sceptically, as the lie of the trout was such that it was manifestly impossible to float a fly over him.

Ward glanced over his shoulder to make sure that he had ample open space for a long back-cast, and began extending his line, a few inches at a time, until he had measured the exact distance to the opposite bank, but without permitting the fly to touch or even come very close to the water.

As a rule Ward is a slap bang caster, but when a situation calls for delicate work his mastery of the line is something positively uncanny.

The little Adams finally settled daintily on the water, less than six inches from the bank, but a couple of feet or so to one side of the trout, whose lie in the undercut made it impossible to cast nearer, and some what upstream. As the fly drifted past the fish paid no attention whatsoever. A second, third and fourth cast identical with the first were similarly disregarded.

"Guess he isn't having any," I sympathised. "Wait," grunted Ward, "and shut up."

With my eyes still glued on the fish I sat down on the grass and watched cast after cast graze the farther bank, the fly following almost the same groove every time, so that it must have had the appearance from below of a regular procession of Adams Uprights. Still the big fish showed no interest in the LaBranche stuff. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, I saw that his position had changed slightly.

Had he seen us? It seemed unlikely, as we were well behind him, and pretty much concealed by the bush. Ward's casting was too close to perfection to cause alarm from that source. This was something else.

During the next two or three casts the fish backed downstream fully a foot and a half, and at the same time worked his way outward until he was directly beneath the path of the floating flies.

Ward turned to me with a grin, and nodded his head as he saw that I too had observed the maneuver. Then he cast again, and stood rigid, his rod half raised, lips parted and nerves tense.

As the fly came over an orange and silver torpedo clove the water, and instantly the whirr of the reel told me that Ward's almost imperceptible strike had been perfectly timed.

Why relate the battle? We all know how these big *fontinalis* fight, and how long they can keep it up in cold water. No jumping or tail dancing, but gosh how they do pull and race around.

No, he didn't get away. It was a nice open stretch of stream, and he was well hooked. Against Ward's superior strength and long experience he didn't have a chance. Ward even spurned my proffer of aid and landed the fish handily in his own cavernous net.

But I had absorbed a lesson in patience, and observed an exhibition of angling finesse and skill far beyond my own, though I would not for anything admit as much to Ward. No man is rightly entitled to have both Ward's skill and Ward's infernal luck. It isn't fair to the rest of us. Anybody who ever fished with Ward will tell you all about it. Half the time he fishes with tackle that would hold a shark, plunks it down on the water like a pile-driver, and retrieves it with a wild abandon so that it pulls up a quart of water with the fly—and makes them like it. Talk about luck.

He's just as good with bait too. Oh no, Ward is no purist; says he's always willing to fall back on a fly if they won't take a worm. He's just good; too dam' good for the peace of mind of the rest of us.

And yet—you've got to give the man credit—he can take fish when and where you and I can't; call it what you like. And some of the rest of us think we are pretty fair anglers, at that. But Ward is Ward. He could probably catch trout in a sewer, if he tried it hard enough.

The next day ended the season at the club, and all of us had banner catches, but to Ward, that child of fortune, as usual, came the ultimate triumph.

An ancient beaver dam backs the water up at a strategic point, and there is a wide pond, perhaps a quarter of a mile wide and half a mile long, approachable for the most part only through a cedar swamp. The initiated know ways to get into it, how-

(Continued on page 15)

WHAT TEMPTS PALATES OF FISHES?

By MARION TOOLE

Reprinted from the magazine, TEXAS GAME AND FISH

IF prepared food could be fed to fishes as it can be fed to livestock and poultry, fish culture would be much simpler than it actually is. Unfortunately, all fishes cannot be fed so easily, for the food requirements for some fishes are rather complex.

As fishes progress in their growth from the fry stage (newly hatched fish) to adulthood, many fishes require a constantly-changing diet. This is clearly shown in the accompanying illustration of what large-mouthed bass eat. The fact that their diet changes causes the likelihood of their survival to decrease; that is, the failure of some groups of necessary food organisms to materialize will cause a famine which results in the death of many small fishes.

The basic foods for fish food organisms are chemical substances such as nitrogen, carbohydrates, etc., that we think of as fertilizers. Carbohydrates are necessary for the multiplication of bacteria that, in turn, are able to break down organic matters into many types of nitrogen such as nitrates and nitrites. Algae (pond scum) use some of the released chemical elements for their nutrition. Algae occur in many forms as diatoms (cigar-shaped cells), filamentous strands, and individual cells. These tiny plants contain a substance known as chlorophyl, which, since it is usually green, gives the plants their color; it also is capable of manufacturing food for the plants. In turn, algae are eaten by protozoans (one-celled animals), rotifers ("wheel" animals), crustaceans, water-fleas, copepods, ostracods, etc., and larger animals such as insects and their larvae, crayfish and fish.

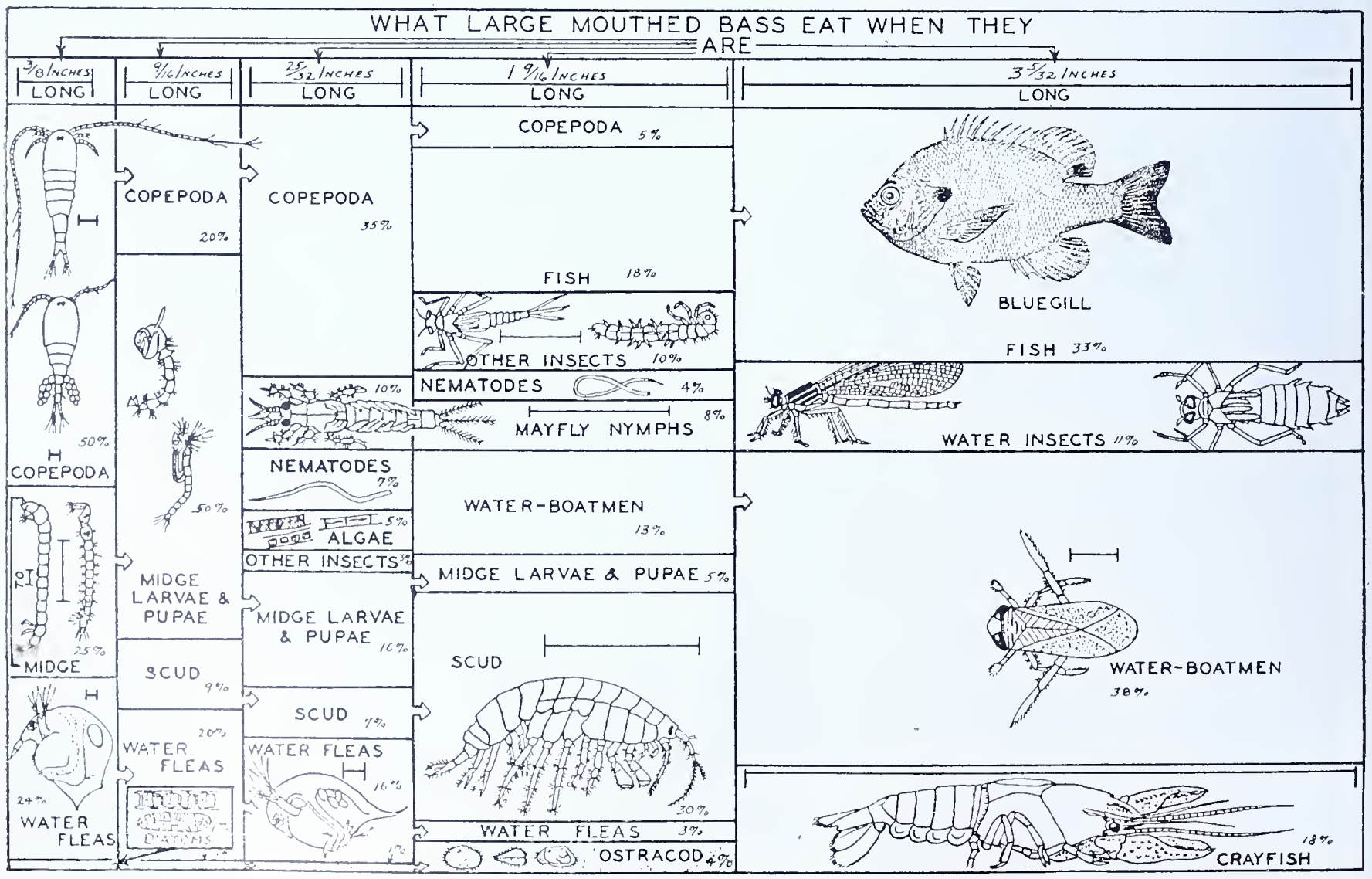
For several days after hatching, fishes have attached a yolk sac which feeds them, but after this is absorbed, they must start searching for food. Naturally, since these fish are very small in size, their food must be correspondingly minute. As the fish grows, it uses increasingly larger items of food.

Such fishes as bass, pike, crappie, etc., finally start eating other fishes. These are the predaceous fishes. Others, like shad, minnows, bluegill, sunfish, carp, etc., continue through life eating the small food that is present in the water. They are called forage fish. Apparently it is their lot in life to convert the food they eat into the right size for the predaceous fishes to eat.

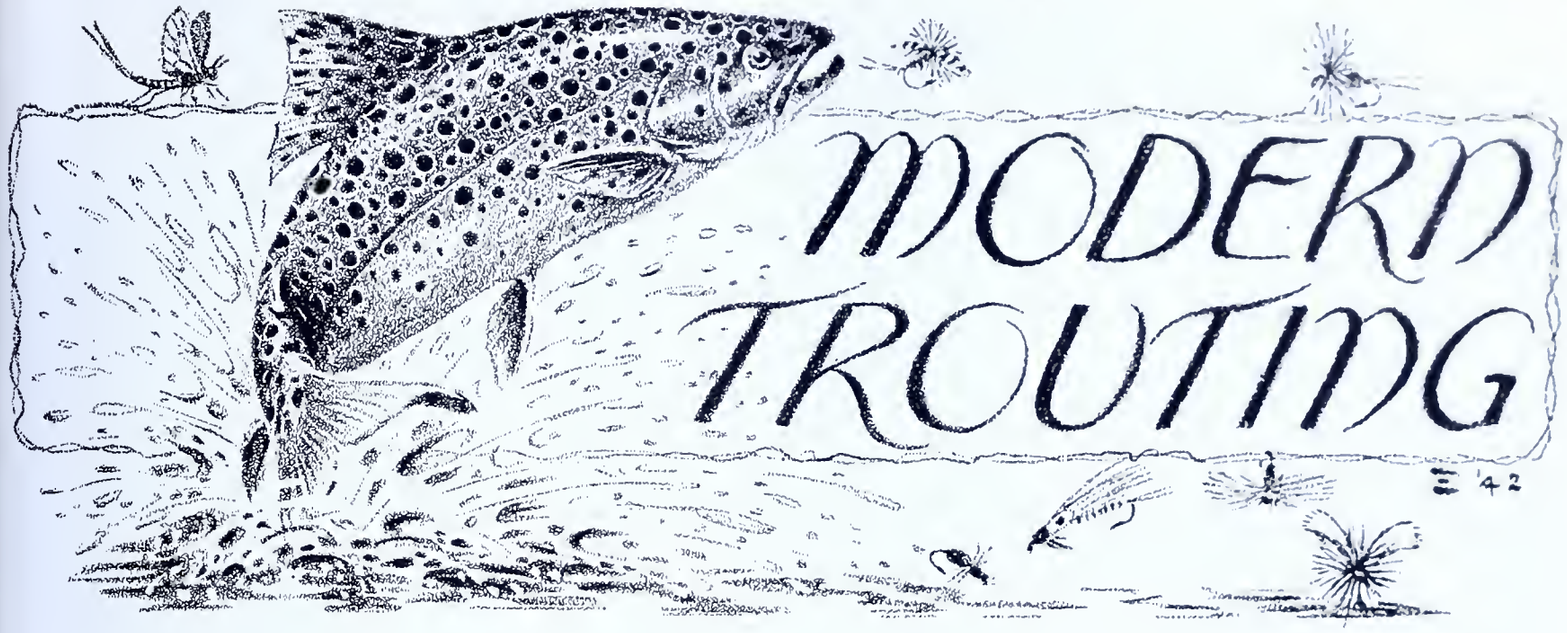
Catfish, sunfishes, minnows and sucker-type fishes will eat artificial food in the form of meat scraps that can be purchased from a feed store, but fishes such as bass must have living organisms for their food.

The most satisfactory method of providing food for fishes is by applying fertilizers, manures, cottonseed meal, soy bean meal, etc., to the waters in which the fishes live. Fertilization promotes a greater production of natural foods. Fertilization ratios are given in Bulletin No. 24, entitled, "Utilizing Stock Tanks and Farm Ponds for Fish," which can be obtained by writing to the Austin, Texas, office of the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission.

Terrestrial animals, like insects, birds and snakes, are greatly utilized by fish for their food. Bass in rearing ponds at the Medina State Fish Hatchery were failing to grow due to an absence of water organisms in the ponds. Whereupon one day swarms of grasshoppers invaded the hatchery and stayed for several days. Many grasshoppers fell into the ponds and were greedily eaten by the young bass. In a phenomenally short time, these fish had caught up in size with the bass in hatcheries that had plenty of aquatic foods.



This food chart was compiled by the fish culturists of Texas.



SEPTEMBER TROUT FISHING?

By CHARLES K. FOX

THE most pleasant and most productive days on our trout waters are the balmy spring days after the foliage appears. This period immediately follows frosty weather. We angle in our shirt sleeves and we loose our winter bleaching in the warm sun. Generally speaking, trout fishing is at its best when the weather is the most pleasant.

Hot weather then sets in and trout fishing tapers off. During June and July productive trout fishing, to a degree, is limited to early morning and evening fishing or to fishing the cooler streams. Normally this is a period of light rainfall and low streams. The season ends July 31st.

August is usually a dry month and frequently our streams become very low. With the shrinking of the stream, rocks which are submerged earlier in the year appear. The sun beats down on the protruding rocks and on the water, and the stream temperature increases, and the oxygen content of the water decreases. Trout push into the spring holes and the deeper riffles; they congregate at the mouths of cooler streams and they seek the dark sheltered places. This is the typical August condition, but, of course, there are exceptions.

Then comes another month and weather conditions revert to those of May to a certain extent, but of course the trout season is over in this State. Probably every Pennsylvania trout fisherman has wondered at times what September trout fishing would be like. The Jersey fishermen think it is great and they compare it to that of the month of May.

Naturally the question arises. Would it be practical to have trout fishing in September in Pennsylvania? This is a conservation problem and must be approached mainly from this angle. Can our supply of trout with our present regulations warrant such a season, or can we manage our supply of trout and alter restrictions so that a September season would be practical?

We are inclined to believe that the answer to the first question is, no. We feel very certain that the answer to the second question is, yes.

It is our belief that if the creel limit on trout was decreased from ten to six, as is the case with bass, and that if the size limit were increased to eight inches for brown and rainbow trout instead of the existing six inch limit there would be sufficient holdover fish to make a September season safe and sane.

If the fishermen are willing to replace more fish that they catch, then there could be a longer season. It is a simple trade of limiting the kill in return for thirty more days of trouting. The decision should rest with those who participate in the sport.

It would not be practical to increase the size limit of brook trout because of the fact that comparatively few brookies attain a size of eight inches and upward in the shaded freestone streams.

How many trout fishermen are there who are unable to distinguish between brook trout and our other two species? Would it be difficult for those trout fishermen now unable to differentiate to learn to do so?

There is still another conservation angle to the whole situation. Trout of legal size can be replaced much more readily than legal size bass. If there were a September trout season it would tend to relieve the fishing pressure to a degree on bass waters.

Measuring the situation from the angling standpoint there is another possibility. The Michigan anglers know well this one. Rainbow trout are disappearing from some of our stocked streams. Apparently, they are going into big deep water where the fishermen cannot locate or catch them. It is possible that they migrate from such spots and work their way into the smaller waters as the first frosts approach. Nature guides trout to the feeder streams and the head waters as spawning time draws nigh.

The rainbows leave the Great Lakes and offer great fall stream fishing in the Brule and other mid-western waters. It is possible that we have a similar condition on a smaller scale in the Allegheny, Delaware, Susquehanna, Juniata, Loyalsock, Pine Creek, and Lackawaxen watersheds. It may be possible that some of the streams that flow into lakes such as Wallenpaupack Creek have a September run of rainbows from the larger body of water.

Furthermore, such migrations might not be limited to rainbow trout, but browns and even some big brook trout might also move from inexcessible places into fine trout waters.

Very large trout require such a great amount of food and are so cannibalistic that they should be removed from our waters. This might be one season in which they could be taken more readily.

If we had a wonderful rate of natural reproduction of trout and if we depended upon nature's crop of trout we would have to think long about such a prespawning fishing period, but such is not the general case. In most of our trout waters we depend upon our supply of trout from the State hatcheries, because in many waters there is great destruction of spawn due to muddy waters and various other causes.

September fishing should be similar to May fishing. In effect it would give the trout fishermen a double share of May days, as it were.

Is it possible and constructive for us to have September trout fishing in Pennsylvania? In considering its possibilities we must weigh all the facts very carefully. The reaction of anglers to such a season should be most interesting. It is ours to gain or loose by it, or by the lack of it.

LOOKING AROUND THE STATE

PRACTICAL FLY FISHING

Charles M. Wetzel, a Pennsylvanian, and one of the greatest anglers to ever wet a line in the waters of the Keystone State has published a book entitled, "Practical Fly Fishing." He is no stranger to the readers of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER for he has contributed much to this magazine.

Charlie is more than a good fisherman; he is an entomologist, an artist, and a fly tier. These four great talents have been combined to bring to the practical angler the logical approach to all fly fishing.

A working knowledge of aquatic life is essential to bring about better than average success and, to our knowledge, the only place where such information could be secured was from an expensive book of limited edition and now unavailable. The book, "Practical Fly Fishing," fills the greatest of all gaps in angling literature.

The beautifully illustrated book is divided into three parts, namely: Fish and Fishing, The Fly Fisher's Entomology, and Tying Flies.

Part I is chuck full of instructive information. Parts II and III are genuine classics and establish the claim stated in the *Harrisburg Evening News,* viz: "Charles M. Wetzel's knowledge of aquatic insect life, and his skill in tying flies are so outstanding, that he is considered by some fishing enthusiasts as a coming American Halford."

The author not only identifies for the fisherman the aquatic life which makes fly fishing possible but he goes further than that. He gives the approximate emerging dates of the hatches and how to tie their imitations. There are also included many practical angling hints and casting instructions.

This book has already been termed, the fly fisherman's Bible.

The foreword is written by the Editor of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, Alex P. Sweigart, a fishing and hunting partner of the author. It is published by the Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass.



K. B. Anderson employed a red and white Hawaiian Wiggler to lure this 5¾ lb. largemouth from Sugar Lake.

NIMROD and ANGLER

By BOB GLOVER

The recent stockings by the Fish Commission in our local streams have, because of the marked difference in coloration of the several shipments, raised innumerable questions among the boys along with the thought that there as a possibility of some fish being hybrid or the result of cross breeding of species.

Disbelieving the possibility that some of the fish were a brown and rainbow hybrid, but still very aware of the marked color variation an inquiry on the matter was directed to C. Ross Buller, chief fish culturist of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Mr. Buller's reply was a complete answer to the question and is as follows:

"I believe that the difference in the color ration of the brown trout taken from the Little Lehigh is largely due to environmental conditions. The board has only one strain of brown trout. They are fed the same food and cared for in the same manner at all of the hatcheries, yet there is a distinct



J. P. Bresser and his fishing son, Freddie, display a fine 19 inch brown trout.

difference in the coloration of the fish grown at the different hatcheries. The various superintendents can invariably tell their own fish when they see them, as they have become very familiar with the coloration of the trout their plant produces.

"Incidentally, the fish from the Huntsdale hatchery are much more highly colored than any other of the commission's plants. As fish from Huntsdale in addition to stockings from the Bellefonte and Reynoldsdale hatcheries have been placed in the Little Lehigh this year, this in all probability accounts for the marked difference in the coloration of the fish taken from this stream this year."—*Allentown Evening Chronicle.*

The Sportsmen's Corner

By DICK FORTNEY

Note to bass anglers:

If you're worrying about inability to get live bait for bass angling this season, under restrictive state regulations, here's the remedy—

Three anglers, fishing opening day in a lake not so far from Williamsport, took a really monstrous bag of large mouth bass with casting rod lures and were back home before sunset.

And Jack Knight, the outdoor writer, and a couple of companions had a merry time in the north branch of the Susquehanna River. The fish they caught nicely covered a piece of wrapping paper nine feet long. The bass averaged a bit better than two pounds each, and the biggest fish jut touched the 20 inch mark on a tape measure. There were 11 fish that weighed a total of 22 pounds.

Bugs and the Table

Jack explains it this way:

The river was up about two feet and slightly off color. But Mr. Knight's famed solunar table was consulted, and at the proper time the fishing began, with floating bassbugs made of cork and deer hair as the lures. The major period occurred almost the middle of the day—and so at a time when most anglers are wont to take a nap the trio began covering the stream with their lures.

"The bass really went to town," Jack explained yesterday. "Just when it seemed they would have to take to cover, in the heat of the day, they went after our bugs like a lot of hungry dogs."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Knight and his friends, Frank Bauder and Guy Spotts, were able to quit fishing about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

And the point of it is this: So far as the records show, not a single good catch of bass was made on the north branch on live bait during the opening day.—*Williamsport Grit.*



Here is one for the books. A four pound 21½ inch brook trout was taken from the Yellow Breeches Creek near Huntsdale Hatchery by E. J. Pechart of Carlisle.

WITH THE OUTDOOR WRITERS

Ohio Drivers Use Our Gas

Pennsylvania Sportsmen Irked

A local auto truck dealer, seeing a truck driver he knew driving a fully loaded gasoline truck westward, asked him where he was going. "To Ohio," the truck driver replied, "You save it over here and they use it over there." In the oil producing regions around Franklin and Oil City, gasoline is trucked to Ohio and sold for pleasure driving, at four cents a gallon cheaper than the price in Oil City, itself. Ohio fishermen, in droves, invaded the good bass fishing waters of the northwestern part of the State on opening day, July first, parking their cars all along the streams and lake while Pennsylvania fishermen, weary from long rides on overcrowded buses or trains, looked on in envy. In many cases, the local sportsmen had to walk some distance to the stream or lake, eating the dust of Ohio cars. Up in that section, ration boards are refusing to penalize Pennsylvanians accused of pleasure driving on the grounds that the present system is unfair.

Of course, non-residents are not allowed to pleasure drive inside the restricted area, according to OPA rules, but apparently few, if any, of the Ohio drivers have heard of that particular regulation and the undermanned-staff of the OPA has not apparently been able to enforce it. Not only does the situation concern anglers and hunters, but also the residents who liked to spend a day on the beach at Presque Isle, Erie, which is the property of the citizens of Pennsylvania. Due to its rather inaccessible location, Pennsylvanians have difficulty in reaching the beach which, so far this season, has been enjoyed principally by out-of-state drivers.

Sportsmen's organizations have requested the State Game Commission to refuse to issue non-resident hunting licenses as long as the present restrictions continue, as the same situation will prevail during the hunting season. Out-of-state hunters, like the fishermen, will invade the hills and dales of Pennsylvania while the local resident is forced to stay at home or undergo considerable expense and hardship to reach less desirable and more crowded territory. The difficulties of transporting a dead deer to a train or bus can be imagined, as fishermen have had trouble bringing home their catches.

However, neither the Game Commission nor the Fish Commission has the power to refuse to issue a hunting or fishing license to a qualified non-resident. So, one solution would be to inform the Ohio drivers that they, too, run a chance of losing their gasoline rations by pleasure driving in this State. Another solution, recommended to Congress by a senate committee headed by Senator Francis Maloney, D., Conn., is to bolster the midwestern supply of gasoline by eliminating non-essential driving there and move the midwestern inventories, now greatly in excess of those in eastern states, eastward to create a more equitable distribution. As a result of thus equalizing the civilian distribution over a greater area, many essential services in the East, now curtailed by the existing shortages, could be renewed.—*Sewickley Herald.*

With Rod and Line

By CLYDE ROLLER

Although not many particularly large bass have been reported caught here since the season began on July 1, some large fish of other species have been taken. Occasional catches of bass are being made, too, but apparently they have not yet shown any marked tendency to strike.

Charles E. Lohry, 743 Market Street, Lemoyne, set out on a bass fishing expedition and although he didn't catch any that were large enough to be kept he certainly didn't go home empty-handed. Fishing at Dietz's Fording on the Conodoguinet Creek, back of Camp Hill, Lohry caught a carp that was 28¾ inches in length and a catfish that was 16½ inches long, besides getting four bass that had not yet attained a length of nine inches, the minimum limit.

Lohry was fishing with a fly rod when he caught the carp, and he put in one and a half hours landing the fish, which weighed 12½ pounds. It was not until he had tried for about an hour to land the carp that he learned definitely what kind of fish it was. He made the catch while using a crab as bait.

Another angler who has gone outside the bass division to land a fish of outstanding size is Charles Hoover, Rockville. While fishing in the western side of the Susquehanna River below the Rockville bridge, using a "punkin seed" lure, Hoover caught a pickerel that was 22¼ inches long, which has been entered in the fishing contest being sponsored by the Harrisburg Hunters' and Anglers' Association.

Don Martin, Fort Hunter, reports that he doesn't know of many bass being caught in the vicinity of Fort Hunter this year,

(Continued on page 24)



The first big musky of the '43 season was taken from Conneaut Lake by E. B. Dunlap of Greensburg. The 24 pounder succumbed to a June bug spinner and worms.

Fish For Food From Farm Ponds

(Continued from page 3)

very small bream are produced if ponds become overstocked. The 100 bass reach an average weight of 1 pound in one season and are necessary to keep the bream from becoming too numerous.

The problem of supplying food and controlling execessive numbers of fish can be illustrated by the following example:

Suppose a 1-acre pond has enough natural fertility to produce, say, 120 pounds of fish. The pond would grow 480 fish to about one-fourth pound in size, that is, large enough to use. On the other hand, twice this number, or 960 bream, would reach less than half this size and be too small to use but large enough to spawn additional thousands. The pond cannot be stocked with bream or bass alone because the bass without the bream would have insufficient food and the bream with the bass would increase to such an extent that satisfactory growth would be impossible. So it is apparent that the 120 pounds of fish must be divided between bream and bass in a ratio that will stay fairly constant year after year. In this 1-acre pond approximately 400 bream and 25 bass would be needed. For a 1-acre pond fertilized correctly for maximum fish production, 1,500 bream and 100 bass are needed, because of the resulting vast increase in food. The size of the pond should be figured to the nearest tenth of an acre and stocked proportionately.

The initial stock desirable for a pond may be obtained from Federal hatcheries, or, in some cases, from State hatcheries. An application should indicate definitely the exact size of the pond and the number of bream and bass desired; also whether or not the pond will be fertilized. Farmers cooperating with soil conservation districts may obtain fish for stocking through their district organization.

Bream are usually delivered by the hatcheries in the fall (October to December). Both bream and bass fingerlings may be stocked then, and they should be of about equal size when placed in the pond. Bass fingerlings are not always available in the fall, but in that case bass fry (newly hatched fish) can be added the following spring. This delayed stocking of bass is satisfactory except that fishing the following fall must be limited largely to bream as the bass will not spawn until the next year. Part stocking, such as introducing only two-thirds or less of the recommended numbers of either bass or bluegill bream, is not satisfactory. Bass should not be placed in a pond before the bream. It is equally important that the stocking of bass should not be delayed beyond May or June of the first year following the stocking of bream.

Applying Fertilizer

Either commercial or organic fertilizers will build up the food supply so that each surface acre of a pond will support from 400 to 600 pounds of fish. As previously explained, the increase of food in a fertilized pond is derived directly and indirectly from a tremendous growth of plants so small that they can be seen only with the aid of a magnifying glass. These single-celled algae float in the upper 3 feet of the pond surface. They are present in such numbers as to give the water a light-green or brown tinge, depending on the kinds of algae.

Soils on the watersheds above ponds are very frequently deficient in plant-food elements. Pond waters are, therefore, more or less deficient in nitrogen, phosphorus, potash and, except in limestone areas, in lime, depending on the condition of the surrounding lands. To compensate for these deficiencies in the water, the Alabama Agricultural Experiment Station recommends an application of 100 pounds of 6-8-4 mixed fertilizer (NPK), plus an additional 10 pounds of nitrate of soda for each surface acre of water. This application should be repeated at intervals, from spring until fall. For those who wish to mix their own fertilizer the Alabama station recommends the following formula for an acre of pond:

40 pounds of sulfate of ammonia.
60 pounds of superphosphate (16 percent).
5 pounds of muriate of potash.
15 pounds of ground limestone.

As fertilization during the winter months yields only minimum returns, the first application should be made as soon as the water warms up in the spring. In various sections of the Southeast this will vary from March to May. Two or three initial applications are made at weekly intervals in a new pond and thereafter only when a algal growth in the water becomes reduced to such a degree that the bottom can be seen where the pond is 18 inches deep. This occurs ordinarily about every 3 or 4 weeks. Applications are stopped in October or November, when cool weather reduces fish growth because of lower temperature. Fertilizer is applied to small ponds from the edge, being broadcast toward the center. It is not necessary to cover the entire surface, as wave action will distribute the food elements. Placing fertilizer near the bank in shallow water should be avoided as this encourages too rapid growth of grasses and weeds on the edge.

Controlling Weeds

Leafy aquatic plants are not desirable in fishponds managed according to the methods outlined in this bulletin. This includes all kinds of water weeds such as cattails and waterlilies, which emerge above the surface, and coontails and similar submerged plants that so frequently fill ponds. They should be kept out by some method or other. Pond weeds foster the breeding of malaria-carrying mosquitoes; hinder bass from preventing an overpopulation of bream; utilize the fertilizer placed in a pond without greatly increasing food for fish; and interfere, as fishermen well know, with fishing. The vast increase of algae resulting from applications of fertilizer colors the water and, by cutting off sunlight, keeps underwater weeds from becoming established.

Fertilizer does not prevent emergent plants such as pond lilies, cattails, and parrotfeather from rooting in shallow water. For this reason the pond should be deepend at the edges, as explained in a later section of this bullet. Where it is not practical to deepen the edge it becomes necessary to inspect the shallow areas frequently and to remove volunteering plants. This is not difficult if individual plants are pulled before they spread into colonies. An ordinary potato fork is an excellent tool for this purpose. When left undisturbed, shallow-water plants soon become heavily rooted and more difficult to eradicate.

Fertilizer, then, accomplishes two outstanding things in pond management: First, it vastly increases the food for fish; and, second, it materially assists in the control of submerged pond weeds. For these reasons builders of new ponds are strongly encouraged to include fertilization in their plans.

Weeds and brush must also be controlled on the banks of the pond. A strip at least 15 feet wide should be cleared next to the water's edge and should be mowed as frequently as necessary to maintain it in low herbaceous cover.

Fishing the Pond

When ponds are stocked with the proper kinds and numbers of fish and fertilizer is added regularly each year, heavy fishing is possible; in fact, it is necessary. Good management should include a definite effort to



Quick's Bend in the Susquehanna below Wyalusing. It is a mile across the narrow part of the loop and seven miles around the bend. Photo by Dr. A. H. Sinsabaugh of Factoryville.

remove as many pan-size fish each year as convenient so that young fish under this size can obtain plenty of food to bring them, in turn, to usable size. Failure to do this results in a waste of fish and fertilizer. This is one reason that it is so important to have a pond of the right size. One that is too large for the farm needs is either wasteful or proves a burden. Good management means removing from a 1-acre fertilized pond, by hook and line, something like 40 or 50 one-pound bass and about 600 to 800 one-fourth-pound bream, a total of from 200 to 250 pounds of fish each year.

This will provide food at the rate of 4 pounds of live fish per week. The average person consumes about a pound of beef each week; so farm ponds are capable of adding materially to the family diet, not only in the quantity of food, but also in valuable food elements.

H. S. Swingle and E. V. Smith, of the Alabama Agricultural Experiment Station, have found by fishing fertilized ponds that—

When the number of fish in the ponds is reduced, the food for those remaining increases, and as the food per individual increases, the fish bite less often. During this period of poorer fishing, the fish grow rapidly; as the maximum weight which the pond can support is approached, the fish bite more and more readily, and fishing once again becomes "good." Alternating periods of good and poor fishing are therefore to be expected in all ponds which are adequately fished.

Draining the Pond

Landowners sometimes wish to harvest the maximum number of fish produced. They may want to share the fish with neighbors and friends at a community fish fry or to harvest large quantities for some other purpose. In such cases draining the farm pond is the most satisfactory means of obtaining all the pan-size fish. Fertilized waters yield something like 350 to 400 pounds of usable fish per acre. The remaining fish are usually to small to eat.

Draining is not a difficult job. The reservoir is allowed to drain to about one-fourth of its capacity. Then careful attention must be given as the remaining water drains from the pond. The fish are collected below the dam when they come through the pipe. Collecting fish and sorting them is greatly facilitated by the use of a fish trough that can be simply constructed with hardware cloth on a wooden frame. The open end is fitted over the drain opening below the dam. It should be placed about on the level, so the water will drain from the sides quickly.

Frequently all the fish caught when the pond is drained cannot be used immediately. In communities where cold-storage food lockers are available, excess pan-size fish can be kept in a frozen condition for future use. If a small auxiliary pond is available, a good many fish can be held there for a while.

Enough small bream and bass will be found to restock the pond if it is drained in the fall. Bream and bass used for restocking should be as near the same size as possible so that the bass will not eat the bream. It is only necessary to place the correct numbers of each in a holding pond until the main pond partly refills. Fertilizing the holding pond while it is being used for this purpose or for raising minnows for fish bait is advisable.

Now and then, something may happen to destroy the balance between bass and bream or between large fish and smaller one in a fishpond. Trespassers may seine the pond or for one cause or another the owner may not fertilize it for a season. If the pond fails to produce excellent fishing any year after the first season, something is wrong; but where an adequate drain has been provided, it is a simple matter to drain and restock.

(To be concluded next month)

WARM WATER FISH

The 1942 growing period for warm water fish, according to C. A. French, Commissioner of Fisheries, this State, was one having many difficulties. During the collection of the yellow perch eggs severe storms handicapped the work, and in some cases high winds washed many of the eggs ashore, where they perished before they could be collected. The months of May, June and July of last year were exceptionally cold, with the result that the water temperature in the nursery areas averaged 12 degrees F. below normal.

This not only retarded the growth of the fish, but caused an abnormally high mortality. The low water temperature not only lowered the vitality of the fish, but favored the growth and development of many different kinds of pathogenic organisms that preyed upon the fish in their weakened condition.

—*West Chester Daily Local News.*

Moe: "Where did you get the black eye?"

Joe: "I went to a dance and was struck by the beauty of the place."



George D. Reaurick, prominent member of the Newville Sportsman's Association, with his largest trout of the season.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

(Continued from page 9)

ever, and can even make a shift to wade it in places, when the water is not too high, but the under water path is hard to find, and not too good footing at best.

The whole place is a litter of dead cedars, some more or less upright in their gaunt nakedness, others leaning in every direction and some completely down and under water, traps for the unwary. As may be imagined this drowned forest is a damnable place in which to attempt conventional casts, or indeed any casts at all. Nevertheless, there are some sweet spots, if you can reach them, well tenanted by heavy trout, all *fontinalis*. Sometimes these will even feed by day in this solitude, but the difficulties and dangers of the quest are so manifest that the place is little fished.

What crazy impulse prompted Ward to go in there it is doubtful if he, himself could say, but he did go.

Seated astride of a cedar trunk which projected over a wide and goodness knows how deep pool, by some chance relatively free from obstructions, he spent the entire afternoon casting a long line into its dark depths with a "Michigan Grasshopper" as his chosen lure. This fly, as its name indicates, is alleged to represent the common 'hopper of the region. To me it does not resemble a grasshopper in the least, but to the trout it unquestionably suggests something edible, and they do take it, so what?

To return to Ward, for a time all went well. Several small trout paid dearly for their inability to resist the yellow body of the "Hopper," and were uncermoniously horsed out to join Ward on his precarious perch. Then Fate stepped in and dealt herself a hand.

The uncouth insect finally attracted the august notice of a venerable brooker who dwelt in the depths of the pool, and he decided to sample the creature. Having made the decision he grabbed the "Hopper" without warning and with so much vigor that he nearly jerked Ward out of the tree, and then proceeded to stage a rodeo all by himself.

What would you do if you were stranded astraddle of a none too stout dead tree leaning six feet above the surface of a jet black pool of unknown depth and decidedly uninviting temperature, with the granddaddy of them all pulling like hell on the other end of a fine tapered leader?

Yell like the devil for help, of course. That's what Ward did too. But nobody heard.

There he was; no way to get down; frantic fish threatening to yank him down to an inglorious wetting, if nothing worse; and not a soul within call to help save the loss of the prize of the season. Ward says that he doesn't know whether he played the fish for five hours, five days or five minutes, but in any event he and his captive, or maybe it was the other way about, finally became utterly exhausted.

Then along came Karl, out of nowhere. Blessed sight. It didn't take long then, but Karl went far over the top of his waders to get the net there.

Full twenty inches of red spotted fire. Ward once more.

Luckiest guy who ever wore waders? Well I guess so.

FISHING WITH OPA

(Continued from page 2)

"Just imagine—right at the peak of the season and here we are, on our way."

Up ahead I thought I saw the road blocked off and cars all over. But Doc didn't pay any attention—just sailed right on through without a pause. OPA was some driver. In no time at all we were parking at the stream.

I opened the car door, stepped out and stood facing that beautiful water as I stretched and beat my chest. What a feeling! Good old stream—how long it had been! But the wait was over—today was ours. The early morning sun gave promise of perfect weather. The stream was just right—not too high—not too low.

A great peace had settled over the camp. Hardly a breath of air stirred in the new-green trees where birds were bursting with the joy of a new day. The murmur of the stream was like a background tone for their sunrise symphony. A few insects fluttered here and there in the thin morning mist. In the distance a lonely cowbell jingled the steady feeding of Andy's Jersey. A dog barked at a passing fancy. A trout rose to a dancing Mayfly.

Our country. That for which we are working and fighting. That which we want to preserve for those over there so that they may come back and find it waiting for them. Let us here at home do nothing to destroy it. It is our duty and our sacred pleasure to hold it in trust for them.

There's Dick in Africa, Bob in Australia, Jim up in Iceland and Bill out on the high seas—millions of our buddies who can only dream of what we hold in trust for them—dream and have faith they will find it all safe when they return. We mustn't let them down!

Doc had the trunk open and my children were carrying things across the swinging bridge. Guess I'd forgotten they were along. B. H. went with them while I stood on the bridge for a long look up and down the stream. What a stream! And where should I start? Would it be in the Million Dollar Pool, or the Granary Pool or down at the Big Rock Pool? What difference would it make—they were all here and all mine to fish—so I'd just start when the time came.

I could feel the old urge creeping into my being—that familiar queer impatience to get into the waters and wave my magic wand over the swirling cloud reflections and lightly drop a fly deep in the upside-down foliage close to the shore, just where the current slides past the big boulder. Took a fourteen-and-a-halfer there last year.



But first to camp, up the long path partly overgrown with disuse, the ferns trying to close the way through thick laurel and hemlocks and false solomon seals and every kind of woodsey plants and flowers. A chipmunk sassily sits on a log, ignoring me. A box turtle tries to look like a stone. The ovenbird cries "Teacher-teacher." All's well with my world.

There's an atmosphere around a boarded-up camp about to be opened that is hard to define. Have you ever noticed it? A sort of welcoming expectancy—a promise of things to come and a desire to tell you how lonesome it has been, all forgotten over the winter, and what has been going on out here in Nature. A feeling that you have missed something and been missed, too. A greeting between old friends—a joy at being together again that words cannot express. It is as though the building had a spirit—or is it only memories come to life?

Whatever it is, your fingers linger against the door and turn the key lovingly. What will it be like inside—will it be the same as memory pictured it? Ah—it's even better. The old woodstove, the table and chairs, the dishes and the beds—all there. And more—for tiny visitors have scattered mementoes over the floor and all around.

The shades are pulled up to let the warm light in. Then you open the door to the



porch. There, between the door and screen is the home of your tiny visitor who has claimed the camp for its own. A bright-eyed, big-eared deer mouse, who has popped out of the snug home made of stuffing from the mattresses. He sits and twitches his whiskers at you—and you forget the holes in the mattresses and call the others to see the cute little beggar. And he scampers down a hole.

Fishing is forgotten until a fire is built and the camp is once more a home, filled with years of happiness and the excited voices of the kids. A contentment settles over everyone and thoughts turn to the stream. A bite to eat and it's time to go. Once more time is urgent. I must hurry into my waders and hit the waterway to health and adventure. It's time to fish!

How clumsy the old waders feel—yet how promising of what's to come. Even the felt sandals, so heavy out of water, add a sense of security and possibility. And the rod—what a delicately light thing it is—so full of action and power for its frail looks. The line, finally greased, and the leader all tested and retied where it snapped apart at the first tentative pull to straighten it and make sure it would do its job well.

At last it's all together—all but the fly. What will it be, dries or wets? Stick the end of the tippet in the mouth and once more go forth to look over the waters. Are there any rises? No-o, it looks like wets to start the day. A cahill—or coachman—or hare's ear? I settled for a hometied coachman and tied it on. Too anxious, I pulled the knot too hard and off she snapped. Once more and all's set—it's time to go.

Shall I start under the bridge or go up to the head of the Million Dollar Pool and work down? The big pool won and up to the head I went. As I started to work out line in false casts, the world settled down into the peace I knew in past years. Cares and worries slipped into the background and I was a new soul again. Before me lay the purifying waters with their unknown treasures. I was king for a day. I was living!

The trout became interested in my offerings. Small ones hit and missed. At last a native hit too hard and soon I had the nine-incher in my hand. Pretty little devil, colorful and gleaming. But oh—how sweet to the taste he would be. So I took out my knife and cleaned him. His stomach was full of all kinds of insects—June bugs—creepers—stonefly nymphs and green worms which were beginning to hang from the foliage. He had feasted too well.

Time ceased to exist as I worked my way downstream. Fish were there—they were active but hitting short. I changed flies and changed again. Each time I went through the same ritual of pawing over all the odds and ends I carry—and each time I chose one of the old favorites—some other day I'd use all these new patterns which I had tied or traded for during the long winter months. Today was too precious for unknowns.

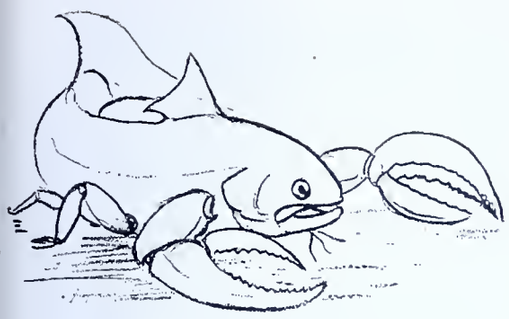
Now and then I took a trout. They were growing bigger. And fighting harder. Strikes came more often. The water seemed to flow faster. In some mysterious way, the tempo of the day was increasing. A new feeling was creeping into the atmosphere.

I moved faster and cast further and further. The dry fly came back at me more rapidly. Bigger brownies were hitting and fighting harder and harder. There was a new excitement in the air, an urgency to cast and fight fish, and cast and fight more and bigger fish. The tempo stepped ever higher—there was need to get in all the fishing that I could—to go farther faster, to hook bigger fish, to play them harder, to hurry before—I knew not what!—

I was all alone on the vast stream. The waters swirled higher and pressed stronger against my legs. It held me back against the fruitless efforts at speed. My rod whipped back and forth but the line hung in the air. The fly took hours to drop to the surface. Yet constantly I was fast to big fish. At times they were trout or chubs—big chubs like suckers. And horned dace. They fought me and my fly took forever to drop with my line in the air and my rod soft, whipping back and forth without movement.

The current was forcing me backwards. The big trout rose at last but I was powerless to strike back. He came up my line at me, bigger than a sucker. His claws were extended as he came along the rod!

The hoarse laugh of OPA rang in my ears. "Some of them are crabs—crabs—"



The crab had hold of me as I struggled to break free. It shook me as a voice grew louder in my ears.

"Wake up—come on—wake up!"

I threw up my arms to break free from its grasp. It was all over me, like a blanket, as I struggled and tried to call to Doc.

"Wake up. Fred, for heaven's sake, what's the matter with you!"

It was the B. H. We were home, in bed. I sat up, bewildered.

"Huh?" was the brightest thing I could utter.

"What's the trouble—were you having a nightmare?"

"Who—me?" I tried to show the badge but it wasn't in my hand—then I seemed to realize my wife had seen it, anyway. So I lay back on the pillow. Something kerplunked down on top of me.

"Come on, Daddy—wake up—it's time for fun!" That was my youngest. So I woke up. My trip was over. It was Sunday morning.

That's how I came to go fishing with OPA. I got a real thrill out of that trip, especially the first part of it. I'd like to go again.

There's one thing they can't ration and that's dreams!

PICKEREL OF THE WEED BEDS

(Continued from page 4)

tion of the lure. There would be a splash, but no feel of a striking fish. At times the pickerel turned away and the retrieve would be completed without further action. But several times the fish struck once or twice more as the lure was drawn closer and closer to the side of the boat.

The largest pickerel of the afternoon put on a real show. The boat was motionless in the center of one large weed field, and Ernie cast his spoon across a neck of open water into a neighboring patch. He had retrieved the spoon barely two feet when a fish struck and missed. Ernie kept on cranking the reel. As the spoon reached the outer rim of the weed bed and dipped down into the clear water the fish struck a second time. Again it missed. The third strike—we knew it was the same fish because we had it in sight all the time—came as the spoon glided across the weeds just beside the boat. This time the pickerel was hooked solidly and landed.

I would have been satisfied to fish all the rest of the afternoon on the thick weed beds, but my friend had another trick up his sleeve. First, however, he apparently wanted to clear any doubt in my mind that he knew what he was doing.

Out in the open water in the center of the upper end of the lake a gigantic tree had lodged at one time or another, and a few of its gaunt, dead limbs extended above the surface. It was the kind of spot that would catch the eye of any angler. It had fish written all over it.

For half an hour we carefully worked the water around this stump, changing lures frequently and varying the style of the retrieve. And except for a few curious yellow perch which followed lures to the vicinity of the boat we didn't see a fish.

So it was back into the weed beds for us, although this time Ernie rowed on through the spatterdock and headed for a section of the lake where there were a number of large beds of lilies and more open water among the vegetation.

He stopped the boat about thirty feet from one of these lily beds and cast a weedless spoon directly into the middle of it. This time he made the retrieve with sharp twitches of his rod to make the spoon dart and leap from one big lily leaf to another. As the spoon reached a leaf on the very rim of the bed, he allowed it to rest idly for perhaps five seconds, then sent it diving into the water with a snap of his rod.

A pickerel caught the lure in its open mouth!

"That's what you call coaxing 'em out of the lily pads," Ernie explained. And I didn't blame him for grinning in satisfaction. Apparently the pickerel had been hiding back in the lilies, had seen the disturbance made by the lure, and had followed it to the edge of the bed and struck it as quickly as it appeared in clear view.

We fished half a dozen islands of lily pads in the next little while, and we got action in every one of them.

But the end was not yet.

Once again the boat was turned into the spatterdock and stopped when we reached the vicinity of a space of open water that was about twenty feet in diameter and almost perfectly round.

This time the spoon was cast across the open water to the weeds on the far side, then retrieved swiftly. As the spoon reached the end of the weeds, it was allowed to sink deep and then retrieved with an extremely jerky motion through the open water.

Where they had been hiding, I don't know, but three pickerel came from three different directions after that spoon. There was a grand commotion, and then the fish vanished. Ernie swears they bumped noses so hard that none of the three could grab the lure.

"Before we leave this spot," explained my friend, "I want to show you another trick of pond fishing."

He laid aside his casting rod and rigged a light fly rod, tying to a long tapered leader the strangest lure I ever have seen.

It was built on a size 12 hook, with a body of dark gray sponge rubber, and three rubber feelers on each side of the head.

Ernie stood up in the boat, cast the lure to the edge of some weeds, and let it sink slowly down into the water. Before it sank out of sight, however, he stopped it and began bringing it back up to the surface with gentle twitches of his rod.

The six legs waved and jerked in the water—and before the fly had come within two feet of the surface half a dozen sunfish were swarming around it, darting in to investigate and nip the feelers. They were little fish, and none was hooked, but Ernie said that while he lived in Ohio he had caught monster bluegills with this queer rubber bug.

Later exploration proved that no large sunfish lived in this particular lake, but on several other occasions we had a lot of fun with the smaller members of the species.

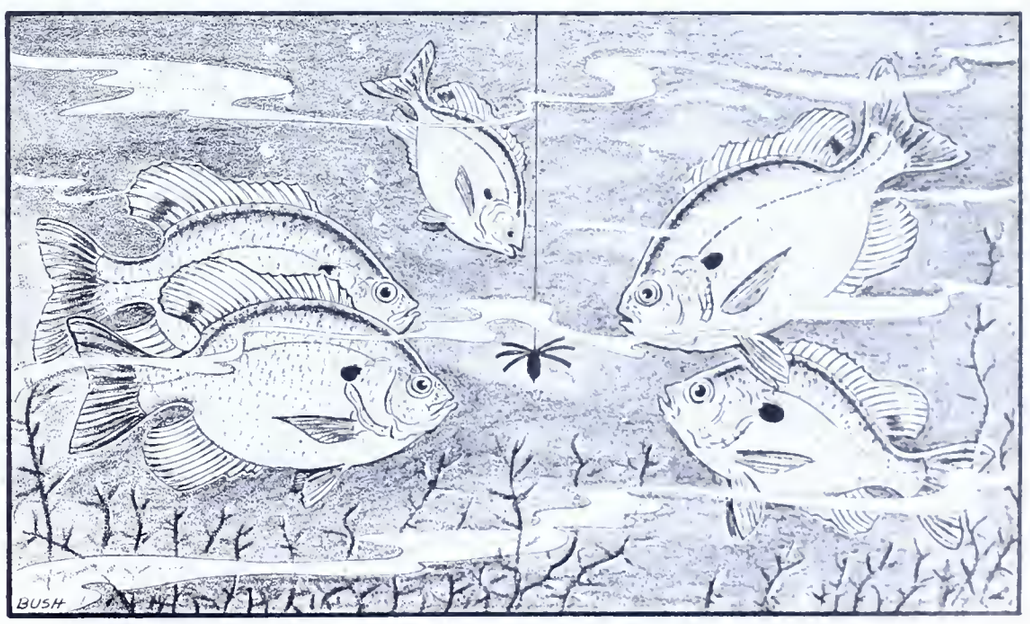
Ernie had one more method to try, and cruel fate impelled him to explain it to me and let me try it without first a demonstration by him.

He rowed the boat to a spot where a lure could be cast into a channel of water about five feet wide between two large lily beds. He told me to cast the lure as far as possible up this channel and then to retrieve it swiftly between the lily beds back to the boat.

"You want a lure that will stay high in the water for this attempt," he advised, so I used one that I could keep just under the surface by reeling it in swiftly.

I stood up in the boat to add a few feet to the length of my cast and placed the lure well up the channel. It rode high enough to make a slight wake in the water as I cranked it in.

Midway back to the boat, in the very center of the two adjoining lily beds, the little wake turned into a monstrous splash. It felt as if I had hooked the spoon into a log. The water swirled, and before I could



collect my wits there was a fierce jerk, and the line snapped. I almost fell out of the boat.

Ernie was so excited he stuttered.

Both of us felt our eyes bulge out—for we had a glimpse of the broad, bronzed back of one of the biggest bass I ever have seen as it arose to the surface and lashed about in an attempt to throw off the lure that clung to one of its jaws.

I sat down weakly and began cussing myself.

Yet I had something of an alibi for loss of the big fish. I had been catching pickerel of fair size all afternoon and had no trouble at all in setting the hook on the strike and keeping the fish coming to the landing net. That had to be done, in fact, for a pickerel in water like this would hopelessly entangle line in the weeds if it were given slack for only a few seconds. I tried the same tactics with the big bass, and a broken line was the penalty I paid.

Incidentally, Ernie twice raised that big fellow in the weeks that followed. Once the bass nipped the spoon, but the hook failed to hold. The other time the bass followed the lure to within ten feet of the boat, and then turned away and vanished without striking.

The loss of the big bass capped the climax for both of us. It was late afternoon by now, and we had enough fun for the day. We returned to the boat house and put our tackle away.

Ernie and I have fished often together since that memorable afternoon, and we have used these methods with good success many, many times, but there have been days of disappointment too, and out of them we have developed some pretty conclusive theories which other anglers may do well to bear in mind:

1. The lure must be absolutely weedless. The Johnson Minnow and the Hawaiian Wiggler are the two best we ever used.

2. The effectiveness of the lure is increased a hundred-fold if pork rind is attached. A rubber imitation is excellent. If the genuine pork rind is used, it should be the thinnest that is available, and if the end of it is split, so much the better.

3. The smaller the spoon the better, for it will travel all the more lightly across the spatterdock and lily pads.

4. Calm water is necessary. None of these methods works well when wind roughens the surface.

5. The line will need frequent careful inspection, for it is likely to wear considerably in being drawn across the vegetation.

6. Be sure that the water under the lily pads and spatterdock is clear. If it contains beds of moss, avoid it, for fish do not frequent such a spot. Incidentally, the water need not be extremely deep.

7. Fish in the bright sunlight. This theory has been tested many, many times and always has proved itself. The reason probably is this: Only in bright sunlight does the lure cast a shadow through the thin leaves lying on the surface—and it is this shadow, remember, which attracts the pickerel.

8. The spoon usually is retrieved steadily over the surface of the weeds, the only variation being a change in speed from cast to cast. The spoon should be retrieved in jerks in fishing over lily beds, however, to give it the appearance of some living thing traveling from pad to pad in little hops.

9. Continue the retrieve until the lure is at the side of the boat—and don't be surprised if, just at the moment you begin to lift it out for a new cast, a pickerel comes up out of the water or from under the boat and smashes into it.

10. Fish thoroughly and slowly. Remember, the pickerel cannot see you because of the vegetation that covers the surface of the water. Cover every inch of the weed bed within your reach, and you will learn that you are quite as likely to catch a pickerel on the dozenth cast as on the first in any particular location.

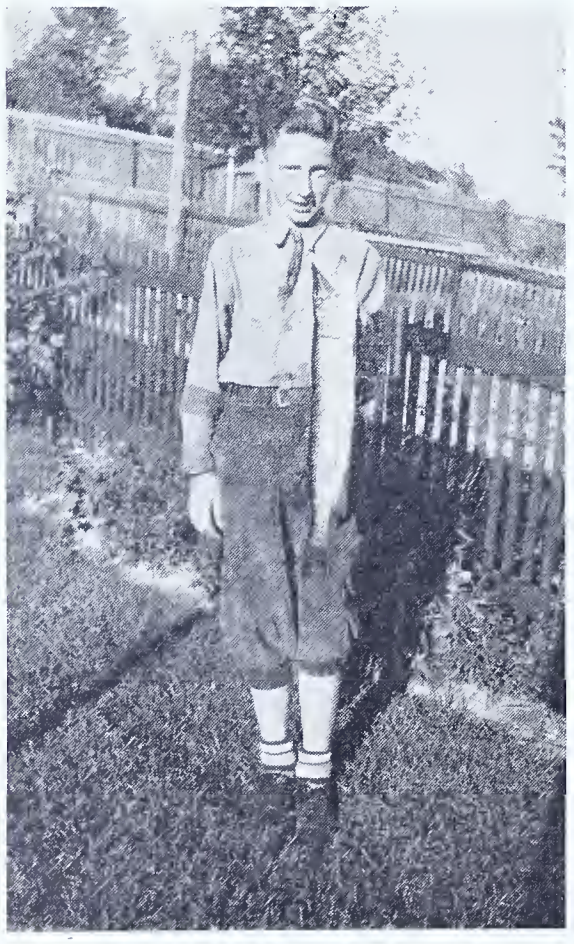
11. Don't fiddle around when a pickerel strikes. Set the hook firmly (while remembering that this fish has a tender mouth), then reel steadily and without a pause, for slack line will give the pickerel the chance he seeks to get himself and your line tangled in the weed stems—and that means liberty for the fish.

12. Always fish as if you expected to catch a five-pounder on the next cast. By that I mean be ready to give line if you have to —like I did NOT do that afternoon on the lake.

And on your way back to the dock as the sun sets you can laugh up your sleeve at the guys who have been sitting around all day waiting for a bite or a strike out in the open water.

You can even stop and tell them all about it if you want to. Or you can fish within sight of them. Ernie and I have done that a number of times. At least a score of other anglers have seen us fishing the weeds and catching pickerel. But for some reason or other not one of them ever followed us into the weeds and copied our tactics.

Maybe they thought we were lunatics!



Yes sir, young Mr. Foran is a real fisherman. This pickerel, which he took from Sweet Arrow Lake at Pinegrove on a red and white spoon, measured exactly two feet.

DWIGHT COOK'S BWANA

(Continued from page 5)

ably lifelike, small—that it had to be retrieved very slowly. Further the plug had dare neither to rise to the surface or sink to the bottom; it had to swim—that to appease the discriminating gelatine-eyed gourmet there had to be an effective wiggle.

Many plugs then most popular boasted metal head plates. At slow speed most small baits with metal head plates show a tendency to come through the water without much action. Another fault, too much landing splash. Sans neither of these hazards, casts of necessity being mostly rather long, varied hardware pretty generally turned up festooned with weeds or maybe snagged on some rock prior to vegetable enmeshment. The wall-eye fishermen needed a lure which would ride just so, and very slowly. Cook set out to create such a lure.

After a few experiments, our friend discarded entirely any lingering hope of head plates and turned his attention to the old No. 953 Fish-Oreno, taking off the heavy head weight and the top rigged trace. Next he discarded the traditional tail hook and re-located two trebles on the belly. While yet too large to entirely please the inventor, still the lure proved quite a local sensation. Sportsmen gave the newcomer an immediate whirl and begged more. Even the wall-eyes softened, losing a bit of customary Iowian wariness to snap at the innovation.

Definitely. Dwight found himself on the right track. Over the course of several seasons, working in conjunction with his friend Frank Marnette of Spirit Lake, Cook put out several gross of the newly discovered wall-eye medicine. Marnette soon dubbed the plugs "Bwana" bait, thus implying the newcomes were "masters". And as an interesting interlude, Dwight Cook still retains a few of the originals, even using them when a strong wind presents a casting hazard in reaching out to desired hot spots.

Still not satisfied, but progressing! Then sometime later came the inspiration for the Midg-Oreno as we Keystoners know it. The two friends, Dwight Cook and Frank Marnette went into a huddle over a model devised by the former. A slight change here and there, next a lull to think the proposition over. Then finally during the chill of late autumn came the urge to be up and a-doing. Of a November eve, down in Kansas City, Dwight Cook hied himself to the solitude of a friend's cellar. There on a small lathe, he turned out three bodies, equipping each with hooks. A few days later, Dwight selected one of the three plugs and rushed it into the South Bend Bait Company laboratories, fervently urging that it be tried out. Immediately, via mail, there ensued an argument before the Bait Department could be convinced the new plug should not have a tail hook. The inventor won; if he wants belly hooks, o. k., said the bait makers, he'll have belly hooks. *Mr. Keystone Fisherman that Midg-Oreno you employ so avidly and so successfully on the cagy smallmouth is an exact duplicate of Dwight Cook's original model, created and designed for the wary wall-eyes of Northwestern Iowa's over-fished ponds and lakes!*

At first the Hawkeye fisherman refused to take any kindlier to the midget than did his prototype, the oldtime Keystoner. Accustomed to ½, ⅝ or ⅞ oz. plugs, they said

"Who th' h - - - can throw that d - - - thing!" Just like the Pennsylvanian the Tall Corners soon learned that the Midg could be tossed and right smartly too—on the proper rig—and with little more care than the outmoded heavy stuff. And together Easterner and Midwesterner discovered the little fellow would take game fish where bigger lures only promoted a throbbing headache.

Incidently as regards the rig and contrary to the generally accepted Eastern ideals, the Iowians do not go for a light action rod in tossing the ultra light lures. Dwight Cook says almost universally they employ a 6 ft. stiff job, claiming greater distance than with the finer tapered tips. Personally my best rod ever on the Midg was a 6 ft. 4 oz. tournament stick, J. Harvey, broken off at the handle the past season. But on one point, you're mistaken, Dwight, Old Boy . . . on your geography at least. Old man King is not an Alleghenyite, not quite. He's a South Central river fisherman, just where the big smallmouth really get big enough to be dangerous to the bare-legged wader, and I am going to tell the world you use a 4½ pound tournament line. But I suspect just like some of your Hawkeye pals, Dwight, most of us don't work for tackle manufacturers—we personally find the loss of baits too eostive to long contemplate tournament jobs, nine pounds being our limit. All in all, however, for those who can afford the penalty, nothing sounds sweeter than a bit of tossing off a 4½ to 6 lb. line . . . the only hitch perhaps in setting the hook with a slightly worn job where a hard jawed, mean old cuss of a four or five pound smallmouth happens along—and then knowing what to do with him afterward—say in fast rocky water and the sometimes log jammed, stump infested, debris ridden channels. Generally Keystoners don't feel safe with less than 10-lb. synthetic leader, and a 9-lb. line gears up just about right . . . again more especially if used eight or ten times previously!

Well, anyway, to further the picture my mid-western informants indicate the favorite line with the Iowian's is the Black-Oreno, 9 to 12 lbs. A few of the oldtimers still use a 9 inch thin bronze wire leader, but the majority just like we Keystoners utilize the more effective light weight synthetic. How long is the mid-western leader, I do not know, but doubt that it runs to the ten or twelve feet so common on the hard worked Pennsylvania hot spots.

So much for the Midg as a wall-eye lure, mid-west style. It is also a great plug for old geletine-eye in Pennsylvania, even though most fishermen do not seem to know its full possibilities. It has taken many pike-perch for the writer, mostly fish running twenty-two to twenty-four inches or better, the champion however still resting with the Better Half, this salmon a Juniata female hooked in mid-afternoon and casting from the shoreline. But locally it is as a smallmouth lure that the Midg rises to it's greatest honors.

The Midg-Oreno has long been a favorite of local topflight light weight bait easters, Charlie Fox, Alex Sweigart, Jim Kell and a host of others, names of whom I hesitate to retail without first securing permission, all however battle initiated veterans with long strings of victories over big bass. It rates without peer on the famous Conodoguinet, a stream, which mile for mile, ledge for ledge, grows 'em bigger than anywhere else in the Commonwealth. Sportsmen at a distance who may not like to believe the latter statement just don't know the Conodoguinet. While Alex Sweigart compiled his state wide Fish Commission Honor Roll, perhaps on an average each second season developed the State Champ from the Cumberland County stream, often the runner-up too. It's a deadly killer on the Juniata, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the lakes and dams, artificial and natural; and the many well known tho lesser smallmouth habitats.

I've heard anglers deride the Midg with the claim that no two in a dozen lot guarantee the same action. Phooie! Who wants every plug to have the identical wiggle. I like some to dive deeper than others; some to snake-hip more freely; some merely to bob along! Besides the fellow with a bit of ingenuity and a five and ten cent store pliers may attain most any action he wishes. The screw eye and the scooped out snout govern action. Reset the screw-eye and finangle your own dipsy-doodles!

As to popularity of finishes, the redhead and white body design ranks first in sales. Personally I do not go for it, but don't let that bother you, fisherman! Red and white plugs have never been popular with your correspondent, not smallmouth river fishing anyway. Seem to take too much small stuff, the eleven, twelve, fourteen inchers. I feel much more at ease with a subdued color job, at least slightly resembling some of the natural forage. No doubt environment and the water to be angled holds the key. Generally speaking, however, the blacks, the yellows, the reds and combinations thereof are the best all-over smallmouth medicine.

Contrawise, however, my choice for South Central big water fishing is the greenish hued scale finish; in wall-eye pockets the Yellow Shadow-Wave. As a change of scenery I relish the Perch or Yellow-Perch; in dirty water, always the Black Shadow-Wave. Emphatically I do not agree with some fellows in monkeying around with the hooks. I consider the Midg as is the deadliest hooking lure there exists, recalling nary an instance over the years where a really niee one tossed the barb.

I consider the Midg most effective on smallmouth if fished as Dwight Cook originally intended, spatting it down lightly, retrieving slowly, varying the wiggle, neither rising to the surface nor sinking to the bottom. Some fellows pop it, but I'll still take the Shakespeare Baby Popper or the Arbogast Jitterbug for topwater work. I like to be set for the strike upon impact. In spot casting, I prefer to get the lure a few feet above the mark, and then arc the little wiggler down and over. Seldom do I elect to stand midstream and cast the Midg straight down, retrieving full against the flow; never do I recall such tactics as being wholly satisfactory.

The deep eddies and the ledge pockets of the Lower Juniata and the Susquehanna indicate Pike-Perch to me. I have taken the wall-eye while casting for bass; bass when expecting wall-eyes . . . generally, however, not regularly so. Sometimes the two strike within rods of each other, in the same pocket. For me, however, mostly the good Midg-Oreno salmon, the two foot long, four to five pounders, come right smack up against the jagged ledge outcroppings, the quiet deep drop-off, upstream or down; on the bass I prefer the shallower shelving or forage banks a bit farther above or below. Fishing the Midg on gelatine-eye, I like to stand along the shoreline, rifling outward parallel with the ledge, retrieving the lure as closely along the jagged haven as possible, this method wholly contrawise to the orthodox bottom kissing, gravel grubbing deep riding wall-eye plug.

These paragraphs have become a bit longer than first intended. Originally it had been my purpose merely to retail the who, the how, the why of the Midg-Oreno. Incidently there occurs one more interesting side-light, and just so there may be no skepticism on authenticity, Dwight Cook is the authority for the observation. Besides being tops for wall-eyes, wariest critter of the Hawkeye country lakes, and as a matter of fact not half bad on the Keystone prototype—further a real super-duper on Pennsylvania smallmouth, the Midg rates good medicine on trout too . . . if and when employed in the right type water. I've never tried it locally; some of my pals have. Dwight says not in deep holes where the big fellows fear to venture to the top, except at night, but in medium depth, moving water, fast riffles. Cook is said to have been the first fisherman to land a trout from famous Roaring River, Southwest Missouri, on a plug, an art immediately and avidly adopted by others. As a result the "Show Me" state banned the use of the Midg on it's three trout streams.

"Bwana" bait! Of the royal purple! Strong words and richly deserved. Born of the darkness of night, a lonely cellar, a small hand lathe, a fisherman's vision . . . just a simple little hunk of wood, cunningly carved; dressed up with multiple coats of fine enamel and lacquer, and armed with a battery of deadly belly trebles . . . so simple of construction as to defy argument . . . a lure that may be fished day or night, deep or shallow, at will; even popped . . . perhaps the killingest all-around basser of them all . . . the Midg-Oreno, inspiration of Dwight Cook, fisherman's pal if there ever was one! I hail thee, Dwight Cook, may your lines be ever tight!

Brook Trout In Kettle Creek

(Continued from page 7)

comes most active when water temperatures are over 60 degrees and when rains cause at least some rise in the streams.

(5) The downstream fall migration, which is much less than is generally supposed, occurs soon after spawning and particularly when there is a rise of water.

(6) There is very little movement of brook trout from one small tributary to another, but there is considerable short distance movement between pools.

(7) Brook trout over 4 inches long grow at the rate of slightly over an inch a year in the Dr. Green Branch, well over an inch in Hevner's Run, and approximately 2 inches in Trout Run, and Hammersley Fork and its tributaries, the Bell and Nelson Branches.

(8) Stream management is essential to the maximum production of trout in this watershed, regardless of the fact that most of these streams possess many natural advantages.

A NEW BOOK

A wonderful, little volume entitled, "Fly Patterns and Their Origins," has come to this desk from its angling author, Harold Hinsdell Smedley. It is always interesting to read about the things we cherish and to familiarize ourselves with their histories and backgrounds. This book is chuck full of angling lore, and the origins of more than one hundred flies are thoroughly discussed. Harold Hinsdell Smedley, a stickler for detail, must have taken great pains in compiling this interesting data.

A sample of its contents is the following about my beloved pattern, Tup's Indispensable:

"This pattern was original with R. S. Austin of Tiverton, Devon, England, whose daughter, Agnes, carried on after his death.

"The name was the suggestion of G. E. M. Skues, author of 'The Way of a Trout With a Fly,' 1921, and probably so named because the basic material came from the indispensable portion of a tup's anatomy. Mr. Skues was an early exponent of nymph fishing.

"The dressing was never made public but there is one in which the body dubbing was made basically of the fuzzy wool from the scrotum of a ram—(or tup), which also included combings from a Ruby spaniel and some other matters. It is said the body should have a juicy look. Another source gives seal's fur instead of dog hair.

"While it is an English representation of a small watery dun it is popular in some sections and by some casters in this country."

The Preface is written by Ben East and the book is published by the Westshore Publications, Muskegon, Michigan.

No More Minno-Bugs

Dear Friends:

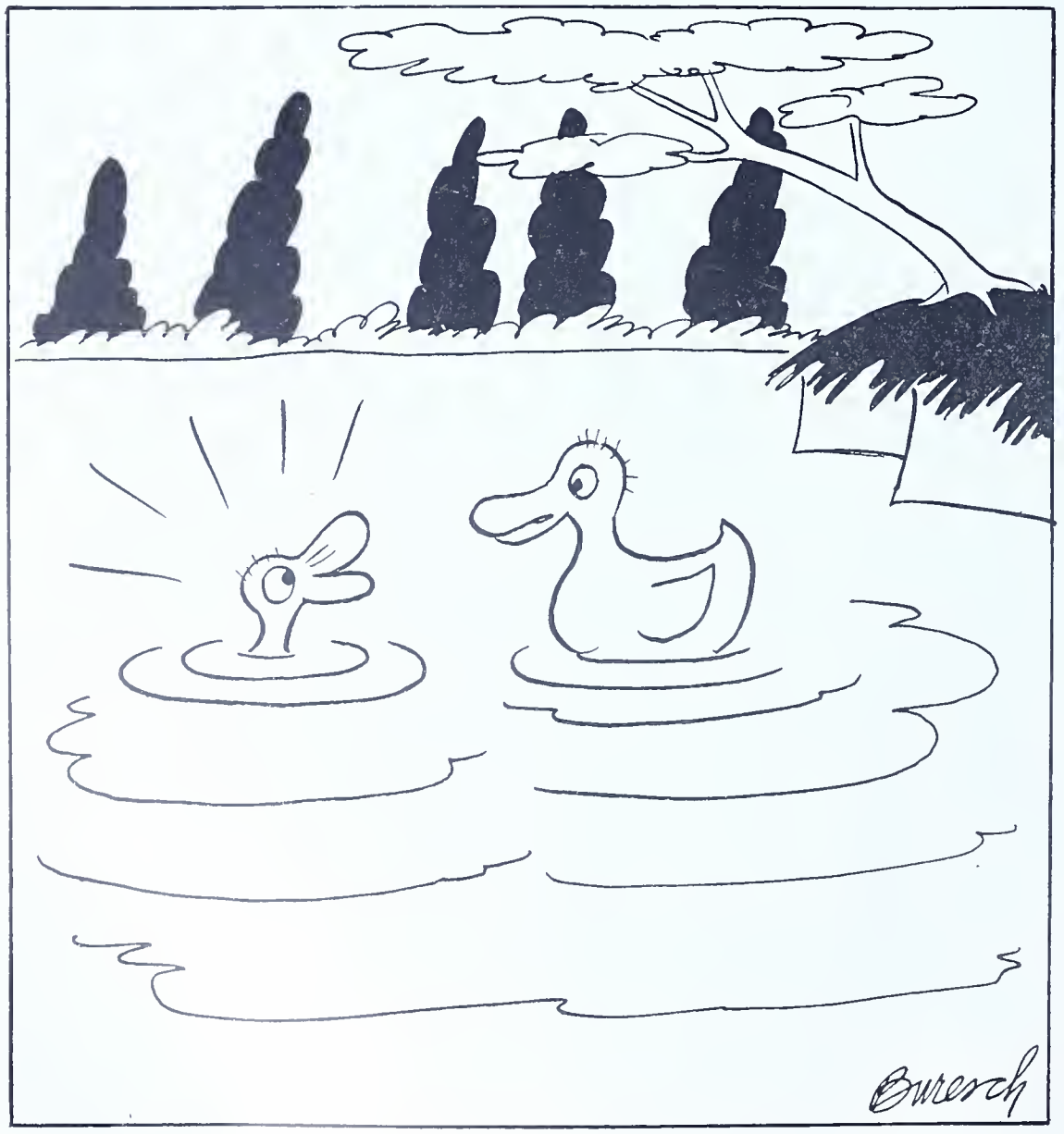
We regret to announce the shut-down of Mack's Tackle Workshop for the duration. Under present conditions, the manufacture of Bass Bugs seems a rather futile and silly business. Mack is now on his way to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, where he will join an expedition under the U. S. Board of Economic Warfare to increase production of critical materials for the war effort. Mack was urged as a patriotic duty to get back into his old profession of mining engineer, and will remain in South America as long as his services are needed.

After the present fracas is over, we expect to get back to making Mack's Bugs again.

Sincerely yours,
Mack's Tackle Workshop,
Sunshine Ranch, R2,
San Antonio, Texas.

"That sure is a lovely mink coat Jim's wife is wearing."

"Yeah—but have you noticed that every time she passes a dog the fur on the collar stands straight up?"



"MY FEATHERS LEAK."

ROD and GUN

By JACK RICHARDS

If the wild dogs which now roam the hills and woods of this state in ever increasing numbers should ever take it into their heads to become vicious, trout fishing is going to become a hazardous sport to follow.

The thought came to mind some time ago while fishing a trout stream deep in the wilds of the Poconos. We were two or three miles from anybody, following a small stream deeply banked with laurel which contained some beautiful brown trout. Here and there we noticed the track of a dog, which was a huge one, possibly of the police breed, and which had apparently been following the stream foraging for food or searching out deer.

We had heard of the forest ranger there finding some wild pups in that vicinity a few days before we arrived, and the dog tracks may have been made by the mother. What if we should suddenly walk upon this dog with pups and it should turn vicious, we asked ourselves? The only defensive weapon we had was a penknife with a two-inch blade that was almost useless. To run was out of the question. It got us to thinking but it didn't stop us from fishing.

Thus far the wild dogs which are now roaming almost every part of the state are not far enough removed from civilization to become vicious and tackle one, but that is no reason why after, let us say, a decade or two of breeding and raising their families outdoors these succeeding generations do not forget their ties with man and turn against him.

Game Warden John Spencer, of this county, who has shot many wild dogs in this vicinity, says that they are plenty vicious when cornered and he remembers only too well one that he cornered one day and which he caught in mid-air with a load of shot as it leaped for his throat, but he says that, as a rule they keep away from man. At the first trace of man scent they slink away into the bushes or a den to hide and the hardest thing about hunting wild dogs is to find them.

As we mentioned before, there are some tragic possibilities. California and a number of other states are said to have wild dogs which have become vicious. Should the time ever come when they become a menace here and stalk a man to attack and to kill, then we really will have a problem on our hands. They will have far more cunning than any of the wolves which roamed here back in Indian days.—*Pottsville Republican.*

Correction

The Fish Commission issued a communication to associations relative to legislation enacted into law by the last session of the Legislature. This was reprinted in the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER. An error was made in both cases stating that House Bill 286 known as Act 14 was introduced by Hon. David M. Boise of Allegheny County. This Bill was introduced by Hon. Warner M. Depuy of Milford, Pike County.

This Act amends the Fish Code, section 265, providing that it is lawful to take pickerel and perch through the ice with not more than five tip-ups during the months of December and January.

(Continued from page 1)

Of course, everyone isn't going to be able to enjoy the particular kind of fishing he prefers. And everyone isn't going to be able to reach that one particular spot he likes the best. But maybe it will do us all good to try something a little different, a little simpler.

Why, even, just sitting with a line out on the end of an old wharf can be fun. And I don't know of any better cure for war-jangled nerves.

But there is something more to it than that. All over the country, all kinds of folks have put their lawns and flower beds and vacant lots to work raising food. Fish is also food—and mighty good food, too. Every contribution the fisherman makes to the family table means just so many pounds more of other foodstuffs available to stave off the shortages that are already affecting us.

We've been thinking about this a lot up here at Ashaway, and if all goes well, I expect very soon to send you an announcement of special interest on this very subject.

But, in the meantime, keep right on fishing. It's good for you, and for the country.

Sincerely yours,
J. T. CRANDALL.

NEW STATE FISH MAP WILL AID SPORTSMEN

By JOE O'BYRNE

Pennsylvania fishermen who live in towns and cities could spend their spare time profitably by studying maps showing the location of streams, ponds and lakes and their proximity to railroad stations and bus stops in the State.

C. A. French, Commissioner of Fisheries states his board has been working on a plan to provide the State's anglers with this information in conjunction with the pamphlet it now issues denoting streams in the various counties stocked with trout and bass.

Aids Fishermen

This is a good idea as it will enable fishermen to select the most likely looking streams in their neighborhood where they can go quickly and do a little fishing but if the present economy drive in Harrisburg includes printed matter the fishermen will have to study their maps and do their own planning.

When gasoline was first rationed last year the anglers saved their gas coupons and used their cars alternately for fishing trips, but unless the restrictions on pleasure driving are lifted they will have to adapt themselves to conditions and make other arrangements to wet their lines.

New Problems Arise

Formerly when a few fishermen set out on a fishing trip they had the back of the automobile filled with enough tackle to outfit an army but if they can get out at all this season they will have to learn to travel light and limit their equipment to bare necessities.

Perhaps the answer is fishing closer to home but the trouble with that is there are not sufficient waters to accommodate the legions of fishermen in the densely populated areas.

—*Philadelphia Inquirer*



A reader sends in this recipe for catfish bait: Mix one pound of limburger and one pound of hamburger in hot water and knead into the mixture enough flour to make it tough.

Plenty of time must be taken in fishing with surface lures with either fly or casting rod. A wait of as long as a minute between twitches of the lure is not too long. The ideal places for landing the lure are pockets of water amid lily pads or in weed beds.

To keep the blades revolving constantly is essential in spinner fishing and gives a clue to the speed with which the retrieve should be made.

Experts still contend that the color of surface plugs is not important; that fish see the plug as little more than a shadowy form atop the lake or stream. Besides, the surface lure is attractive because of its action rather than due to its color.

Stream or lake bottoms that are rocky or covered with weeds or snags call for the use of lightweight diving lures and weedless casting devices. They also are good waters for surface baits. The midget divers are recommended because they sink more slowly and do not travel as deep while they are being retrieved.

Some fellows have little success with bass-bugs because they do not know the time and the place to use them. The time is evening, when bass move from the deep into shallow waters to feed, and the place is the shallow stretches close to shore, and occasionally the riffles.

Never let a dead fish on a stringer in the water. The fish should be cleaned immediately, packed in damp moss or grass, and placed carefully in a shady spot.

The popping lure, used either with the fly or casting rod, is good for black bass and bluegills.

For some reason yellow is not a popular color in casting lures, yet some old-timers insist that yellow colored plugs, both floaters and under-water types, are the most productive.

If a bass strikes an artificial lure or bait and you miss, rest the fish a while and then try again. The bass apparently will regard the lure as something that resisted its efforts, and it quite likely will strike the same bait with even more vigor than at first.

It is well to know how to use a casting rod with either hand, for the angler then is able to get out his lures from either side of his body and thus keep away from underbrush and other obstacles. Experts say that a casting rod enthusiast who is right-handed can learn to cast with his left hand in five minutes, and vice versa.

Surface lures that make a commotion and disturbance are ideal for night fishing, for after dark game fish watch the water surface for food, particularly during August.

When insects are present over a stream in great numbers, the fly rod and the small surface lures are better than the casting rod and plugs in fishing for bass.

The crippled minnow type of surface plug is excellent for hot weather when bass are sluggish, yet lurking close to the surface in lily pads and beds of weeds and grass.

A proper range of lures for use with the casting rod should include a surface disturber, a surface darter, a shallow-runner, a deep-diver, a darting spoon, a heavy spinner and fly, and a pork rind lure of some variety.

In deep water let the spinner sink to the bottom before beginning the retrieve. Watch the line carefully, for a fish often will strike the sinking lure even before the retrieve is begun.

Strike the minute a walleyed pike hits the lure, then keep the line under control, for a bit of slack usually will enable the fish to regain its liberty. Walleyes are not spectacular fighters, seldom leaping out of the water, but they are strong and dogged and often will force the angler to give them line once they are hooked.

In fishing with a dry fly for bluegills, more frequent strikes will be induced if the rod tip is gently twitched to impart some motion to the lure.

Catfish are light biters. A big, heavy rod will not telegraph the strike to the angler.

Use brass, gold, or copper spinners for bright, sunny days, when waters are clear; nickel and aluminum for waters that are roily or dark and when the sky is overcast. The nickel spinner also is good for evening fishing.

Ain't it funny what a difference just a few years make. Little girls like to play with painted dolls and little boys like to play with soldiers, then when they get a little older the girls like to play with soldiers and the boys amuse themselves with the painted dolls.

HERE AND THERE IN ANGLERDOM

Streams near Allentown received their summer stocking July 6 and, as a result, trout fishing was pepped up considerably.

Stanley Kleckner caught a 17 inch rainbow in Jordan Creek along with some smaller ones—worms did the trick.

Using a spinner Benjamin M. Mitchell of Allentown caught a 20 inch brownie in the Jordan.

Stella Dreisbach used flies and had plenty of action in the Jordan.

Water worms are the larvae of the big crane flies. Luther Young employed this particular bait to make a nice catch of trout in the Jordan.

Mrs. Albert Green of Bethlehem landed a 16 inch rainbow from the same stream. This fish took a worm.

A 19 inch rainbow was fooled by garden-hackle cast by Clarence Armbruster. A fellow townsman, John Lesko, duplicated the feat in the same stream.

Vincent Ibach of East Texas enjoyed plenty of action in Spring Creek on a spinner. His fish ranged in length from 12 to 16 inches. He also caught some fine brownies in the Little Lehigh, the largest of which was 18 inches.

Preceding the summer stocking Lewis Albright of Allentown enjoyed lots of action on Spring Creek raising and catching many trout on his flies. This is a good indicator that there should be a fine supply of hold-over fish in this stream.—Warden Harvey Neff, Allentown, Pa.



There is good sucker fishing in the winter and spring in Cocalamus Dam in Juniata County.

"Saw a good many fish, with the top fishing honors going to Nello Fiorini, Montoursville having large mouth bass as follows: 22 inches, 20 in., 19 in., 16 in. also two that were 15 inches all caught on a Heddon Crazy Crawler, red and white finish."—Warden Paul Wilcox, Condon.

Jiggs Biemel of St. Marys caught 6 pickerel on July 11th that weighed 10 pounds. I met him again yesterday morning and he had one 19 inch and one 23 inch pickerel—all taken on small plugs.

Sgt. Fred Brown of Emporium caught three brown trout while home on furlough ranging 16, 18 and 21 inches. These were caught on minnows during our last heavy rain and weighed 8 lbs.—Warden Leland Close, Emporium.

The opening day of the 1943 Game Fish Season on Lake Erie and the Bay saw the smallest number of anglers out they can ever remember. The Peninsula State Park which is normally crowded with cars bringing anglers from near and far was practically deserted. Few anglers took the bus and walked from the end of the bus line but it was very evident the "no pleasure driving order" was being observed.

Most of the anglers, contacted had good catches of rock bass and small-mouth bass, with large mouth bass in third place.

Boat livery operators along the Bay and Lake reported the lightest demand for their equipment that they have ever experienced. Some of them had guaranteed reservations but they were all from anglers who lived close to the bay and lake and did not need to use their cars.—Wardens, Walter Weber and Ed Hahn, Erie.

Martin Munday, foreman at Glen Alden Coal Company, paid a visit to his favorite trout stream. This particular day he wore no hat and a short sleeved shirt—not a very good attire when there are thousands of mosquitoes buzzing all around. No, mosquitoes did not stop Martin from fishing. With his shiny, hatless, bald head he started to fish the stream. In addition to numerous mosquitoes bites he landed seven trout ranging from 10 to 14 inches.—Special Warden Jack Opachinski, Nanticoke.

I am glad to report that regardless of all the rain and high water we are having one of our best trout seasons. While only about one-third as many anglers as usual are out, the ones who are on the streams are getting some good catches.

The fish caught are not all fresh stocked but a large number of them are running from 15 inches up to 24 inches and the anglers state that they are getting the nicest fish ever.

Of course, most of the catches have been made on live bait as the water has been too high to use flies with much success, however, we should soon get some fly fishing water.—Warden R. C. Bailey, Youngsville.

The following are some of the results of the opening of the game fish season in this territory:

Elk Lake: The bass take was very light. 16 fishermen took 5 bass.

Little Elk Lake: 15 fishermen took 12 bass; 4 pickerel.

Laurel Lake: 5 fishermen took 3 bass.

Kinney Pond: 12 fishermen took 10 pickerel; 38 catfish; 14 perch.

Lake Montrose: 18 fishermen took 15 pickerel; 69 catfish; 6 perch.

"Bob" Brown of Montrose fishing in Lake Montrose July 4th caught a large mouth bass 18 inches long that weighed 4 pounds, 2 oz. on a plug.

Henry Sieminski of Montrose fishing in Lake Montrose on July 4th caught a 24½ inch pickerel that weighed 4 pounds. Lure was a spoon.

Ernest Chamberlin of Hallstead fishing in the Susquehanna River caught on July 5th five walleyes, all good ones.—Warden G. Max Noll, Montrose.



Accidents will happen. A number of fish in the Tuscarora Creek in Juniata County were killed when a gas line broke.

The opening of the bass season here was a rather tame compared to previous years, however a much larger number of fishermen was out than we had expected, very few limit catches was reported, most anglers taking from one to three bass, there was also a number of walleyes reported. Emil Meyers of Warren fishing in the river below that place caught 5 walleyes from 18 to 24 inches in length the largest weighing 4½ pounds.

Frank Dunkle, Youngsville, was fishing the Brokenstraw and while he didn't catch any bass he landed a rainbow 21 inches in length weighing 3¾ pounds.

Ralph Glenn, Corry, caught a 19 inch, four pound large mouth from Columbus Dam.—Warden R. C. Bailey, Youngsville.

Lancaster

A 19½ inch trout, a real beauty and just about as big as they come around here, was landed by Jasper Collins, 809 Highland Avenue, while fishing in Fishing Creek Monday, and the unique part of it all is that Collins had two cracks at the same fish.

According to Jasper, he hooked the big

one only to have his leader snap, but he tied on a heavier 15 pound test gut and the hungry fish stuck again. This time he didn't get away.

Besides landing this one, Jasper also came home with another that measured 15½ inches, so that he carried off honors in the trio consisting of Ray Aston and Al Kreider, of Marticville. The boys, incidentally, each caught their limit of ten trout.

Aston, who netted a 19 inch rainbow last week, had two measuring 14 and 15 inches in his Monday creel.—*Lancaster New Era.*

Huntingdon

Carl and Sammy Simpson of Huntingdon, young guests of Cpl. Samuel Moelenkof of the Rockview sub-station of State police, caught a 22 inch brown trout in Logan Branch near the railroad bridge below the Pleasant Gap fish hatchery yesterday. The trout weighed three and three-quarter pounds.—*State College Center Times.*

Ligonier

Using a grasshopper as bait, Orvie Horner, of Ligonier, landed a large trout which Valley anglers have been eyeing since the opening of trout season yesterday.

Horner landed the 17¾ inch brown trout which tipped the scales at one pound, 13 ounces, while fishing behind the George Lutheran residence, in Mill Creek.

For weeks other anglers have been trying to lure the big fellow out of a hole in the stream, but with no success.—*Latrobe Bulletin.*

8 Pounder

"Jinx" Walker of Edinboro tightened his grip last week on his title of Champion Trout Fisherman of this section when he hauled in a brown beauty. The big fish measured 24½ inches in length and dressed seven pounds, and fish authorities who saw the fish were of the opinion that it would easily have weighed eight pounds before it was dressed.

Becoming a little alarmed over the nearness that other anglers were coming to his record catch a few years ago, Jinx went out last Wednesday to Little Conneauttee Creek (where he is said to know every fish by its first name).

Using a bamboo pole that he had rigged up himself, he patiently angled until the big fellow struck. From then until he was able to wade out and land the big fellow, Jinx enjoyed real sport in the mighty battle that the fish put up.

Although the fish was two and a half inches shorter than his earlier record catch it was considered thicker and heavier.



Mrs. Maude Kinney of R. D. 1 Burgettstown, Washington County caught this fine 19 inch brown trout from King's Creek.

Three in One

Peg Parson, Erie *Times* sports columnist, last week recorded a fishing miracle that his informant vows is true . . . Perry Kline, who works at the G. E., was out casting along Little Conneauttee recently and suddenly found himself wrestling with a toughie. He reeled in and there was a nice 22 inch brown trout. He weighed nearly four pounds and was a real catch. When Perry cleaned the big fella he found two legal trout inside—a six-incher and a seven-incher. That figures out to be three fish on one cast . . . Top that one, pals.—*Cambridge Springs Enterprise News.*

Big Carp

Bobby McNamara, Frank Canini of Susquehanna, and Edward Honeychuck of Euclid Avenue, on Wednesday from 5 to 8 P.M., caught seventeen carp, which weighed a total of 131 pounds. The largest carp weighed 17 pounds. The catch was made with hook and line, with boiled potato for bait, below the North Penn Power Company dam across the river here. The boys found a ready sale for the fish.—*Susquehanna Transcript.*

Oil City

One of the finest catches of fish reported in this district this season was made last night in Henry's Bend eddy, by G. J. Hancox of that community, a former Kaneville resident.

He hooked and landed a 26½ inch walleyed pike in addition to a 17 inch bass.

Fishing with Fred Holt it required the two of them to land the pike which relatives said weighed five and a half pounds and was 12 inches in girth.

The catches were made at midnight. A Shakespeare "mouse" was the bait used in landing the pike. Local fishermen said the catch represented one of the finest seen in this section so far this season.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Constable Fined in Fishing Case

Pleading guilty to illegal fishing for frogs at Lakemont Park and to assault and battery and with resisting a uniformed officer, Constable Earl C. Butterbaugh of 615 Fourth Avenue, Lakemont, representing the Fourteenth Ward, paid a fine and costs amounting to $130 before Alderman J. B. White of the Tenth Ward.

Constable Butterbaugh was apprehended by Blair County Fish Warden Carl Wertz and by Game Protector C. C. Brennecke of Altoona. The two state officers, informed of frog and fish violations at the park, spent several hours at the lake and they testified they found Constable Butterbaugh fishing with a flashlight snaring frogs illegally.

At the hearing they testified that the constable tossed four frogs into the lake and that he started to flee. He was apprehended by Warden Wertz. The two officers struggled for some time, the constable being finally subdued. He was taken for a hearing at 2 o'clock Saturday morning before the alderman. He pleaded guilty.

A fine of $100 was imposed for resisting an officer, $25 for illegal fishing, with $5 costs. The money was paid.—*Altoona Mirror.*



Sgt. Wilbur P. Campbell of Friedens came home from Camp Meade to do some fishing. He caught this big 21½ inch brown trout in Wills Creek at Glencoe.

20 Pound Carp

During the past few days there has been little action along streams of Union and Snyder counties, and as a result very few bass have been caught. For the most part, the anglers of the two-county area have been sticking close to their homes, but outside invasion of the waters has dropped to a new low.

Arthur S. Snyder, of Mifflinburg, fish warden for the sector, stated that carp catches have stolen the spotlight from the bass picture. Herman Gass, of McClure, Snyder County, is the lucky angler and in three days has taken nine large carp from Penn's Creek. Earlier in the week he landed a twenty-pounder, and in his catch Thursday was a ten-pounder. Although carp are not as desirous as bass and trout, according to most fishermen, Gass reports finding good sport in making his catches.

Since the opening of bass season last week, the fish have not been biting as they should. A number of ideas have been advanced on the subject, and now belief that because the streams are still slightly above normal the fish are too scattered for good angling.

Rain Thursday evening and this morning stirred up the streams slightly, but will not affect fishing to any great extent. Warden Snyder revealed that there have been no reported violations, with the exception of one on opening day when a "short" bass was noted and the angler was fined for the illegal catch.—*Sunbury Item.*

WITH ROD AND LINE

(Continued from page 13)

which is one of the main bass fishing sites in this section. Occasionally someone will get "a couple little ones," Martin says, but catches generally have been light.

"Stream conditions have been unfavorable part of the time since the bass season opened," Martin pointed out Tuesday evening, "as the western side of the Susquehanna was rather muddy when the season began, then cleared and now is muddy again. However, if there is no more rain to affect the stream it may be clear during the weekend."—*Harrisburg Evening News.*

What is believed to be one of the largest catches of trout in Butler County this season, was reported today by Clifford J. Graham, of Chicora R. D. 2, who came home from Buffalo Creek on Sunday, June 20, with a 22 inch brown trout weighing three and three-quarter pounds.

Graham also had two other trout, one 14 inches and another 11 inches all caught on the same day and at the same place. The county fisherman had his picture taken with the fish to prove his story.—*Butler Eagle.*

William Ritter and Clinton Kepford of Mechanicsburg traveling to Bishop's Dam along the Yellow Breeches in horse and buggy on a fishing trip came back yesterday with nine rainbow and brownie trout. The largest was 16 inches, while none of the other eight was under 11 inches.—*Mechanicsburg News.*

First Shopwalker: "Poor old Perkins has completely lost his hearing. I'm afraid he'll lose his job."

Second Shopwalker: "Nonsense. He's to be transferred to the complaint department."

ANGLERS, NIMRODS WILL HAVE TO REMAIN NEARER HOME AND GO OUT LESS

By Horace M. Coats
I. N. S. Staff Correspondent

WASHINGTON—The best-informed Government seers viewed the Nation's 1943 hunting and fishing prospects with somewhat less than unbounded optimism.

Nearest thing to an official forecast which can be given to the country's 10,000,000 outdoor sportsmen at this time is:

"Hunting and fishing will have to be done less often and nearer home."

The statement bears the endorsement of Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, director of the Interior Department's Fish and Wildlife Service, who is carrying the ball in behalf of sportsmen.

"Transportation difficulties and the lack of ammunition constitute the greatest war-time barriers to an all-out hunting and fishing season," he explained. "It looks like it will be a case of going less often and nearer home."

Large stocks of fish and game are there for the taking, but these obstacles stand in the war:

1. OPA — Gasoline rationing sticks; there can be no extra allotments for vacation and recreation purposes.

2. Rubber Director Jeffers—The notion getting about that there is no longer need for conserving rubber is all wet, 1943 is the critical year.

3. WPB—The situation on sporting equipment and ammunition is "very tight."

Gabrielson has petitioned WPB to authorize the manufacture of a new supply of hunting ammunition, production of which has been banned for over a year. Chances are that WPB may relax its order to some degree.

"The manufacturers and big distributors haven't had any sporting ammunition for a year," he said. "There are still considerable stocks on the shelves of some retailers and in the hands of hunters, but it is concentrated and not evenly spread around."

Gabrielson said that many hunters apparently had seen the handwriting on the wall and stocked up heavily with ammunition in the past two years. Revenue collections from the 10 per cent tax on sporting ammunition were enormous in 1941 and 1942, he said.

The fish and wildlife chief reported, however, that there is no particular shortage of fishing equipment. Supplies are in good shape, he said, despite war-time production restrictions.

Last year American hunters took 255,000,000 pounds of game and 300,000,000 pounds of sport fish, a sizeable catch in view of the present food rationing restrictions. However, Gabrielson regards the food aspect of hunting and fishing as "incidental, but worth having."

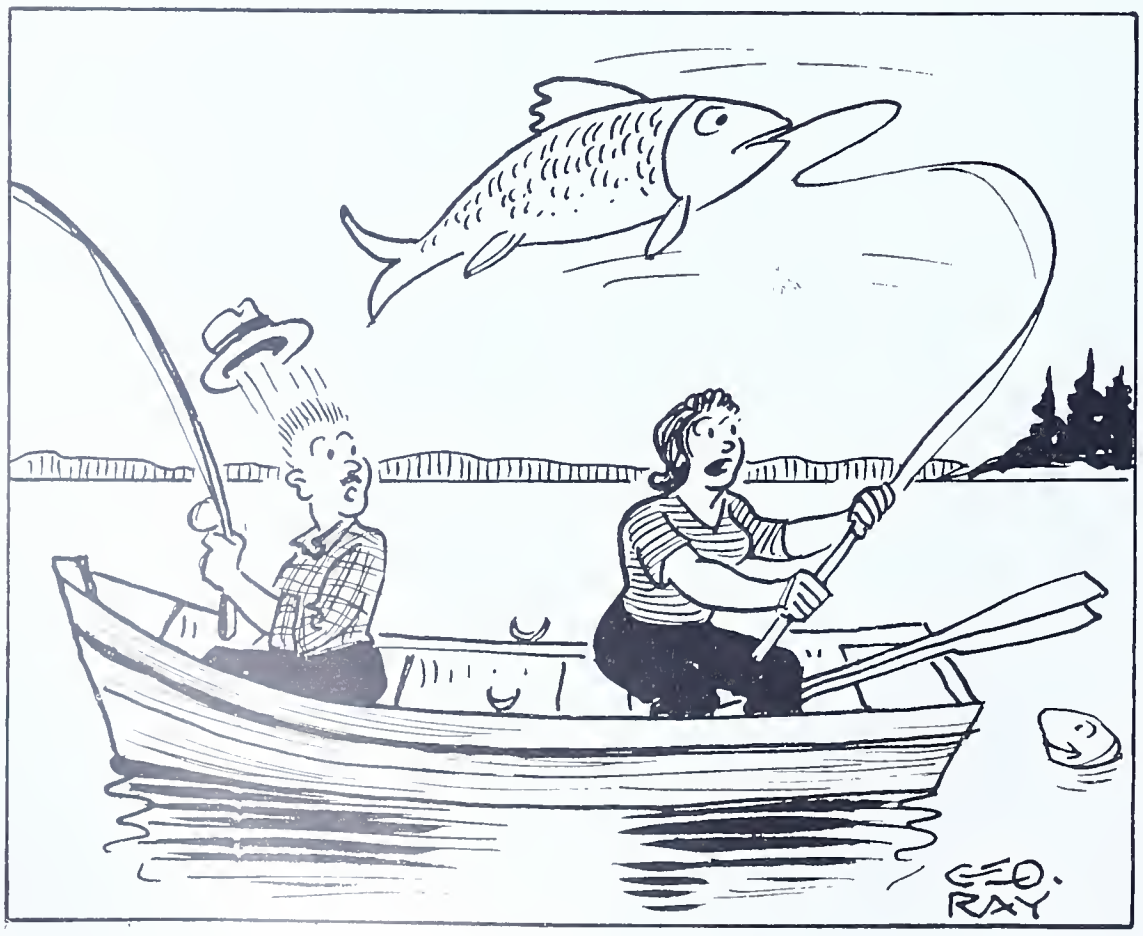
"The biggest factor lies in the outdoor recreation it provides," he said. "That's the valuable thing. It gets people outside and away from their troubles. In addition, it's the only thing at which you can amuse yourself and still get a substantial return."

Hunting and fishing also derives considerable commercial importance from the standpoint of the tourist trade. Michigan annually plays host to approximately 1,500,000 anglers and upwards of 150,000 hunters. Maine is another state for outdoor sports.

"I don't know that I can do anything about that, however," Gabrielson said. "It looks like the tourist trade is a war casualty."

All of which leaves transportation as the No. 1 bugaboo.

—*Connellsville Courier*



"Oh Dear! It's too big. How do I get rid of this?"

The Hard Boiled Cop

Arthur C. Rich

You think I'm a hard boiled copper
For writing a man at 43.
Well, perhaps I'm thinking of Jackie
And all that lad meant to me.
How's that? Tell you all about it?
Well, stranger, this boy was my son.
God, what I'd give to hear 'daddy'
Once more when the day's work is done.
The driver was just in a hurry
He didn't mean any harm
But the sun and stars quit shining
When I picked up my boy's lifeless form.
Well, mister, I'll not give you a ticket;
I don't want to pinch anyone,
But, I'd ride this motor through hell
To protect any other man's son.
So the next time you feel like speeding,
Or passing a boulevard stop,
Just pause and remember my Jackie,
The son of a hard boiled cop.

Jim: "Your dog looks smart."

Tim: "Yeah:. I say 'Are you coming, or aren't you?' and he either comes or he doesn't."

"A good fisherman is no longer known by the number of fish he kills, but rather by the number he returns unharmed to the stream. You can't eat your fish and have them too."

RICHARD ESLER

Pennsylvania First

Wilbur Stayman, a great Keystone State booster and the sage of New Cumberland, says, "if you can't go to Heaven, see Pennsylvania."



A Word of Caution to Farmers and Truckers

When washing your sprayer be careful not to permit the poison to run into a stream. There are cases where this has killed every living thing for considerable distances on the streams. Washing the sprayer in the stream can cause terrific loss of fish as well as fish food, thereby making the stream barren of life for an extended period of time.

Vest's Eulogy on the Dog

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stones of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fierce, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come from encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wing and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of his company to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

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The Beginning of Conservation

The first conservation law appears in the Bible in the second chapter and sixth verse of Deuteronomy. It states, "if a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young."

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

VOL. XII. No. 9 SEPTEMBER, 1943

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TODAY'S MUST--CONSERVATION PLANNING

Future Usage of Natural Resources Is Needful of Intelligent Thought Now

By DAVID A. AYLWARD
President, National Wildlife Federation

There has been much discussion both public and private, during the last several months with regard to our post-war world and the peace to come. All of us are well aware that our first objective is the winning of the war itself, but we are equally well aware that the time to start to plan for the period following the war is now, not later. With the cessation of hostilities, we must be prepared to begin the reconstruction of the war-weary and war-shattered world.

The same is true in the field of conservation. Our resources are going now into the production of the implements of war. Conservationists everywhere are watching this use to see that it is carefully planned with a view to utmost use at the least strain. We know from bitter previous experience that the carefully planned use of our resources actually will produce more in the whole program than recklessly extravagant use over a short period.

The human element must also be taken into consideration in planning for the conservation of our natural resources. It is not going to be easy for the men in our armed forces to return to civil life and adjust themselves to many hours in offices, shops, factories, etc., after being out in the open air. There will be millions of men and thousands of women who will have learned to know and to love the out of doors who will need areas where they can go for health and recreation. Large groups of them will want to hunt and fish and we have not sufficient areas today available for public hunting and fishing. We cannot and do not expect to do anything definite along this line at the present time, but we can and should plan for a program of public hunting grounds and to start to survey the available areas. Many angles have to be considered and it is too late to start when the need is already at hand.

Moreover, public hunting grounds are a natural addition to the waterfowl management areas already well under way under the Fish and Wildlife Service. We are already seeing the benefits of this program in the increased numbers of birds. Soon the birds will increase beyond the capacity of the areas themselves to provide for them and they will overflow to the adjoining agricultural lands. Surplus stocks must be kept under control and the public hunting grounds will aid in this part of the program.

A matter of immediate moment to us now is the supply of ammunition to take care of the harvestable crop of game. It is our hope that sufficient ammunition will be permitted to take the annual harvestable crop this year. It has a real value as an additional food source and the down feathers, fats, etc., go directly into the war effort. The benefits to the country as a whole in this way far outweigh the amount of ammunition that would have to be allotted.

A good part of our post-war planning in conservation will be based on the results of our research study projects carried on under the Pittman-Robertson Act. For this reason it is hoped that Congress will continue to make adequate provision to carry on this work in the different states. The Pittman-Robertson projects make a major contribution to the maintenance of our game supply and environmental control, and if they are kept active, will undoubtedly offer many opportunities for employment when the release of our armed forces gets under way.

The pursuit of outdoor recreation during this time of all-out war is not a selfish pleasure. It is a clean and healthful recreation that benefits the individual mentally and physically, and thus helps the production of our war materials. It benefits the nation by supplying food and the by-products that go into the war industries. It supports those agencies of the federal and state governments whose responsibility it is to maintain our woods, streams, rivers and forests, fields and plains so that all may continue to provide the necessities of life and those aesthetic qualities that will mean so much to our returning armies.

Let me again stress that the period just ahead is one for planning and discussion so that when the time for action arrives we will have reached a working basis of agreement among all factions.

The cover photograph is of John B. Cliff of Kane and two big brown trout he caught on a No. 16 spent wing golden spinner dry fly from the South Branch of the Kinzua.

FISHERMEN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Brook Trout Twenty Inches Long, Lines Made of Horse Hair, and Minnow Fishermen of a Past Decade

The article that follows is the first in a series of four made up of excerpts from the book, "*The Vanishing Trout,*" written by the late Dr. Charles Lose, of Williamsport, who was widely known in Pennsylvania as a conservationist, sportsman, and educator. The series will give a fascinating backward picture of the era when trout angling in this state was in its prime. In this article the scene is Loyalsock Creek, in Lycoming and Sullivan Counties. "Uncle Jim" was actually the father of Dr. Lose. "Old Tom" was a resident of the Loyalsock Valley.

This material from "*The Vanishing Trout*" is presented with the permission of Col. Henry W. Shoemaker, publisher of the *Altoona Tribune.*

IN ITS long history as a trout stream the Loyalsock bred many skillful fishermen. These were of two kinds: fly fishermen and minnow fishermen. Its large volume of clear, cold water, its swift riffles alternating with long, quiet pools, its wide gravelly beaches which permitted a clear back cast and the landing of trout without the aid of a net, and the size and fighting quality of its trout—a twenty inch brook trout was not unusual in those days—made the Loyalsock an ideal stream for the fly fisherman.

Some fly fishermen of exceptional ability have been born and reared in humble homes along its banks. They fished for trout from the time their mothers first fitted them out with a bent pin, a piece of thread, and a shoot from the lilac bush, and they continued to fish until rheumatism and old age cut them off from their heart's desire. They acquired, in time, great knowledge of the stream and great skill with the rod.

Much of their fishing tackle was often home-made, sometimes rough but always effective. There would be the rod with an ash butt, a middle joint of hickory, and a whalebone tip. It would weigh more than three ounces, to be sure, but it would be long enough to permit casting against a stiff southwest wind. The line was generally of horse hair twisted with two quills. It was without knots and had no tendency to kink or tangle. It was the original tapered line.

The fur of animals trapped or shot and the feathers of birds and domestic fowls furnished materials for the flies. A peacock's tail feather was a prize for the fly maker, and the end of a squirrel's tail made a good hackle. The flies, which were generally large ones, were usually carried in the hat band.

In some of the angler's pockets there were always materials out of which to construct a new fly to meet the hour's requirements and imitate a fresh hatch of flies.

The city angler, with his shining outfit, not infrequently expressed pity for one of these local fishermen, but when he saw the men wielding his long rod, handling a hooked trout, or exhibiting his catch of fish, he was likely to change his attitude.

I had several times, myself, examined with some amusement Old Tom's outfit where it hung on some nails inside his little sawmill. The rod was in one piece, and the reel was made from a big spool.

Then one evening, just as the sun dropped over the crest of Cove Mountain to the west of the valley, I came upon Old Tom fishing at the head of his mill dam.

At the instant the sun disappeared the trout began to rise, as Old Tom knew they would, and in the following hour Tom gave me such an exhibition of casting with his old rod and of hooking and landing trout as I had seen before only a few times in my life.

Another old fishing expert of the Loyalsock, whom I sometimes stopped to watch, would cast from the back of his horse. Just in front of his little farm house there was a strong, deep riffle beloved of trout. Into this the fisherman would ride after supper, and while the old horse stood patiently in the middle of the stream the man would cast over the swift water below him.

A trout that rose in such water would strike hard and be firmly hooked. Then the horse would be driven to the shore and the fish landed. The first time I watched this procedure I wondered how the fisherman could cast below him when the horse was headed the other way, but I later learned that the man could cast well with either hand.

Uncle Jim was doubtless the best known minnow fisherman of the Loyalsock. He had fished the stream for fifty years, and he knew it when its valley was thickly coated in pine and hemlock, when the springs were full and its waters remained cool throughout the year, and when the catching of a three-pound speckled trout was not of rare occurrence.

Uncle Jim's knowledge of the stream was both intimate and complete. He knew the bottom as well as the top and sides of every riffle and pool from the big rock in the East Branch, where he once had caught 75 trout, to the Cold Springs forty miles below where one spring morning he had fought and conquered a four-pound brook trout. His knowledge of the stream, of course, extended to the trout it contained.

In a stream as large as the Loyalsock trout are capricious. They are quickly affected, favorably or unfavorably for the fisherman, by a turn of the wind, a change in the sky, or a slight rise or fall of the stream. They frequent in numbers certain parts of the stream and shun other parts that appear equally favorable for them. They feed in lively manner at one hour and not at all at another hour.

All of these things were elementary knowledge to Uncle Jim, who always had been a keen student of the water and fish if not of books. Let him catch and clean a trout, and he would, with much certainty, tell you on what part of the riffles the trout were to be found, on what they were feeding, and what sort of appetites they had. He was the one minnow fisherman of the Loyalsock to whom the local fishermen offered little advice or information. They knew that he knew without being told where and how he ought to fish.

Uncle Jim's skill as a minnow fisherman was in no way inferior to his knowledge of trout and trout waters. His way of using a spinning minnow as a lure for trout had come down from the time of good old Izaak Walton, but it was still an effective method, the most effective method when big trout were to be caught.

Seeing the trout rise to take the minnow no doubt added to the pleasure of his sport just as it adds to the pleasure of the angler with the fly.

When a trout has taken a bait it immediately sinks to the bottom and begins to swallow it. It is at this point that patience is required, for until the trout has swallowed the minnow and has started to move away there is no certainty of hooking the fish securely.

With the end of his long, somewhat stiff cane rod raised so that the line was taut between the tip and trout, Uncle Jim would stand and wait patiently for the proper moment to strike.

His handling of a hooked trout was also a superior performance. The length of Uncle Jim's rod always contributed as much to the handling of a fish as it did to the hooking of it. No matter how swift or how rough the water or how strong the trout, Uncle Jim was always in control.

Sometimes he followed the struggling trout, and sometimes he led it, but finally when it was completely exhausted his long rod, to which there was no reel attached, was quite likely to slide it upon the beach at some point of vantage to which Uncle Jim had all the time been directing the fish.

A city angler who saw Uncle Jim start out one morning with his big rod asked a bystander who the old chap with the cornstalk pole was. The man replied that it was Uncle Jim, the best fisherman of the

(Continued on page 17)


BUSH



By N. R. CASILLO

NOTE: *Shortly after this piece was started it was laid aside and forgotten. In the meanwhile, both Bill and his son George passed on to halcyon fishing grounds. "The kid needs me," said Bill a few weeks after George's passing, "he was never much of a hand at unhooking his own bullheads." A little while later he was off on that one-way journey.*

WHEN Bill Jones goes fishing he takes off his dress leg and substitutes a peg. And being as he weighs some 240 pounds, it behooves him to carefully scan the terrain over which he expects to travel.

Bill is a fierce looking individual with a permanent scowl and a heart as large as some of those bass he claims to have caught in the good old days when two of them would have taxed the capacity of a washtub.

It's a privilege and a pleasure to fish with Bill, because, first, he can't move around much and second, he can entertain endlessly with yarns of fish and fishing in those days antedating the loss of his left leg.

After penetrating his snapping turtle exterior he will answer any and all questions relative to his piscatory or other exploits. On my second trip with him I unabashedly asked how he lost his leg. I sensed a story back of the loss, but imagine my surprise when he passed it off with, "Four tons of tin-plate ketched me when a truck in the tin mill tipped over."

"Four tons!" I exclaimed. To get Bill started it is only necessary to show interest —genuine or apparent, it achieves sure-fire results.

"Yep, she was squashed to jelly," he went on scowling at the night-crawler through whose subsequent anatomy he was unfeelingly shoving a number 2/0 O'Shaughnessy.

"Couldn't you avoid it?" I asked with a shudder.

"Move out of the way?" he quizzically enquired. "Huh, when I was but a broth of a lad I tipped the scales at a good 260."

That, in his opinion, was ample justification for his clumsiness and subsequent loss of limb.

Bill has three artificial legs, two of the conventional type and one peg. One of the former he uses regularly while the other answers as a spare. The peg comes in handy where the going is comparatively rough and thereby likely to damage the less sturdy members.

The peg can take a severe beating, but the wearer must be constantly on the alert when trodding soft ground. The thing is apt to sink so deep as to be impossible of extrication, that is, by the wearer. A man of average weight and agility would have but slight difficulty unharnessing the false member and manage with the one genuine until he succeeded in extracting the former. Not Bill though. When he goes down it's for the full count, and there he remains until a companion or two can jack him up.

For some inexplicable reason, except, perhaps, because of the incongruity of the thing, Bill is a devout night fisherman. The fish that feed during the favored hours of day are but small potatoes compared to the behemoths that are abroad during the sequestered hours of night. This, of course, according to Bill.

Usually, when picking his way over borderline ground where the going is not too good, he screws a shoe-shaped slab of wood to the spurious member so that he can hobble slowly but safely over the dangerous area. The thing is much like a modified snowshoe. However, it's worse than useless for general wear because the wearer would wrench it off in jig time. There exists that same inconvenience if he chances to move a bit too sprightly when wearing the piece for the purpose for which it is designed.

One dark night, he and I and his son George, the latter a lad of some forty summers whom Bill still calls the kid, headed for the locally renowned Elk Creek in the northwestern corner of the state. According to Bill that creek teemed with every kind of fish known to regularly inhabit the prolific waters of the Keystone state. Perhaps it did fifty-years ago, but the omission of a mere detail like that fazes him not at all.

"There's catfish, muskie, bass, salmon, green-pike, perch, crappie," and several others which he considered unimportant "varmints."

"No trout?" I asked in some wonder.

"Sure," he vehemently retorted, "further up there's plenty."

"You've caught them?"

"Listen," he replied, jutting out his jaw and jerking his elephantine trousers as he hitched himself up from the depths of the car's rear seat, "even where we're going tonight I've caught brown trout all the way up to six-pounds."

George, who shared the front seat with me, turned and stared at his father. "Was that lately?" he finally asked.

"Humph, I don't show you all my fish," evaded Bill.

"Not the big ones, anyway," giggled George.

"With what do you get those big ones?" I cut in.

"Worms."

"Worms," I repeated teasingly.

"You heard me," he snapped. "Why, the last time George and I fished the place I hooked on to a three-pounder with a gob of worms."

At that George again turned and stared at his father. This time he made no comment.

"That happened when you were fishin' the hole below me," Bill quickly explained.

"I didn't see it," his son retorted.

"I'd as leave eat waterdog," the old man glibly came back.

"Then, what *did* you do with it?"

"You know I'd never stoop to eatin' waterdog."

"What did you do with it?" George slowly reiterated.

"Why, I throwed it back in the crick," exploded Bill in exasperation.

Even if it wasn't true I was amazed at the statement. "You threw it back in the creek?"

I heard the click of Bill's upper plate as it slid from its moorings, a sure indication that he was sorely tried.

He got control and finally sputtered, "Trout—bah. I wouldn't give you a dime for a carload of the varmints."

We reached our destination, a high stone bridge, topped by a still higher embankment, over which regularly thundered trains of the Nickel Plate, just as a clock in the

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FISH FOR FOOD FROM FARM PONDS

By VERNE E. DAVISON, Senior Biologist, and J. A. JOHNSON, Associate Biologist, Biology Division, Soil Conservation Service

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HOW TO BUILD A GOOD POND

Part II and Conclusion

MAKING the best use of every acre is the foundation of a sound farm-conservation program. Where a suitable site for a farm fishpond exists, no better use can be made of such land than to develop it for the production of an ample supply of fish for the farm family. This is especially true in wartime, when home production of food is more important than ever, and a well-balanced diet is essential to meet the unusual demands of total war.

Fresh fish taken at any time from a readily accessible farm pond can form an important part of the country diet. Thousands of farms have suitable fishpond sites which, if properly developed and managed by farmers, would provide both pleasure and profitable returns to more than a million farm people.

This bulletin explains how fishponds can be constructed with the equipment and materials ordinarily available on farms and how such ponds can be managed to encourage rapid production of an ample supply of fish for farm use. The information will be useful to individual farmers and to those groups that have formed soil conservation districts for a united attack on soil and water conservation problems. Although the management methods discussed are based on experience in the Southeast the same principles, with slight changes in specifications required by local conditions, are applicable in many other parts of the country.

The following recommendations explain the fundamental measures of pond construction that are essential in laying the foundation of a lasting pond and insure adequate fishing for the builder and his family.

It should be kept in mind that about 40 or 50 one-pound bass and 600 to 800 one-fourth-pound bream, which are sufficient for the average family, may be caught annually from each acre of a well-fertilized pond. These figures are based on an estimate that about half the number of legal-size fish can be caught by hook and line. A pond to be used by several families would, of course, have to be proportionately larger than an acre, but unless the owner wishes to allow many friends to fish in his pond or wishes to sell fishing rights to others, it is best to hold rather close to a standard of 1 acre for each farm family.

Choosing A Location

The most desirable sites are small valleys with steep sides and gradually sloping floors. Such sites are frequently used better as wildlife land than for cultivated crops or pasture. Even on small areas suitable for pasture or woods, a fishpond often provides better use of the land. Deep water at the edges make it easy to keep emergent water plants from becoming established. A gently sloping valley floor makes it possible to impound a sizable area of water with a dam of moderate height. Such a pond, however, should be at least 3 or 4 feet lower than the fields; otherwise the water table may be raised to a height that will injure cultivated row crops.

The height of the dam and the size of the pond will be influenced by the elevation at which a natural spillway exists or where one can be constructed safely. A dam should not be raised at the sacrifice of a good spillway site just to increase the size of a pond. Two or more ponds make an excellent arrangement for stocking and harvesting fish in rotation so that at least one pond will have mature fish all the time. Two small dams are often built at less cost than a large one to provide the same area of water.

As a fairly uniform water level is desirable, particular attention should be paid to the source of water. The supply may come from springs or from flowing wells, streams, or from the run-off of terraced fields, pasture land, or wooded areas. Few people think of ponds supplied only by run-off as being desirable for fish, but surprising as it may seem, they make good ponds. Of course the run-off must be sufficient to replenish waters lost by evaporation and seepage; and to keep it free from silt, conservation measures must have been applied to the watershed. When it is borne in mind that run-off from fertile land contains much natural fertility and so needs less commercial fertilizer, its value is more easily understood.

Where small streams, wells, or springs provide the water supply, a pond depth of 6 feet may be sufficient, although 8 feet of water would be much better. On the other hand, where the only supply is run-off from terraced fields, or from woodland or pastures, a depth of 8 feet or more must be planned for the pond, since the water level will fluctuate from season to season.

The best pond site on a farm is sometimes without water but within easy reach of a small stream that can be diverted in the basin. Water brought into the pond from a stream can be carried by a ditch, which should have only enough fall to carry the water adequately and not enough to cause erosion. Some type of control gate will have to be used at the head of the diversion ditch where it leaves the stream, to prevent flood waters or muddy water from entering and damaging the ditch and the pond. Screens must be placed at the intake end of the ditch in order to exclude suckers, eatfish, or other undesired fish.

A 1-acre pond without a live water supply will require a watershed of 25 or more acres of fields or pasture to furnish sufficient run-off. In woodland this figure would need to be increased to 40 or more acres as the run-off is less. It should be kept in mind that a small pond, with an area of 1 or 2 acres, located on a site fed by flood-waters from a large watershed or by a large continuous stream flow, is more difficult to manage properly because a large quantity of fertilizer is lost in water that goes over the spillway, fish are able to leave or enter the pond, and the flood danger is greater.

An ideal pond site, then, should be selected to insure:

1. A good reservoir in which to impound water.
2. A water supply as uniform as possible.
3. A depth of at least 6 feet where the water level fluctuates very little; and a depth of 8 feet or more where the water fluctuates some from season to season.
4. A moderately small watershed, to avoid flood problems, and one that is protected so as to keep run-off waters free from silt.

In the interest of malaria control most State health departments in the South require a permit before the building of a pond is begun. These permits require nothing that will interfere with good pond management, and no charge is made for the permit or for inspecting the pond.

Surveying the Site

The work of surveying the site is made easy if trees, shrubs, and bushes are first cut from the area that is to be covered with water. The removal of debris also is an important aid in controlling mosquitoes and water weeds; it prevents leaves and dead branches from clogging the spillway and makes it possible for bass to keep down an overpopulation of fish.

A strip at least 15 feet wide around the pond should also be cleared. All vegetation should be cut close to the ground and removed or burned. It is not necessary to dig or burn low stumps from the banks or water area, as long as they do not interfere with dam construction or project above the water surface when the pond is flooded.

The area is now ready to be surveyed and staked all around the pond at the normal water level to determine the exact depth. If it appears that large areas will be under less than 2 feet of water, the water level should be raised or lowered to maintain sufficient depth. If this fails to reduce the

(Continued on page 18)

CREEKS HAVE PERSONALITY

Deep Pools and Roaring Riffles Hold Attraction for the Angler and Mold the Character of a Bass or Trout Stream

By DICK FORTNEY

AN old shoe is the most comfortable thing a man can put on his foot; a well worn hat that drops down of its own accord to just the right position above the ears holds a warm spot in a man's heart. An old smoking jacket and a well seasoned pipe are rich companions.

And so it is with trout and bass streams. Every angler has his favorite, and if he stops to analyze his love for it, he comes to the conclusion eventually that he has made his choice for other reasons than that the water contains fish.

Deep, shadowed pools attract one angler; while another is intrigued by roaring riffles. There are devotees of fast, wild water and those who prefer the patient, meandering type of stream. Some men like to fish amid rugged hills; others in sunny valleys.

In fishing his favorite stream again and again, the observant angler comes to realize that a trout or bass creek has a personality all its own which it impresses upon him.

This personality of a stream, incidentally, is not a fixed and constant thing, so far as all anglers are concerned. For one man's ideal may be another man's pet dislike, even in fishing streams.

I have spent a great many hours and had a wide variety of experiences on half a dozen trout and bass streams in the central part of Pennsylvania, and each one of this group impresses me in a different manner. Fortunately, however, I do not actually dislike any one of the six, although one is my favorite above all the others.

The impressive fact about these streams is this: Each one provides a strikingly different type of fishing and, as a consequence, presents its own characteristics, and I can best define by reactions as six different varieties of fishing enjoyment.

It seems reasonable to believe that a fisherman could add much to his pleasure in the sport of angling if he sought out the personality and individuality of the different streams on which he fishes. The half dozen with which I am familiar will illustrate the theory, although I am frank to concede at the beginning that if you have fished any or all of them they may not have made the same impression on you.

With that warning, here is the list. Names will be given later, but for the moment the more important point is the personality that each of the six has shown me.

No. 1—A stream for quiet, leisurely fishing; friendly and gentle; serene life-blood of a farming valley.

No. 2—A stream with rough, roaring voice; aloof and even hostile at times; a bully swaggering at the feet of lofty mountainsides.

No. 3—A stream of trickiness and deception; artificial yet marked by bold pretense; one whose attraction is shallow and cheap.

No. 4—A stream to gladden the eye of an artist or layman; small but rugged; mischievous like a small boy on his way home after a summer afternoon in a stuffy school room.

No. 5—A stream of mystery, with a dual personality; possessed of a character that changes from hostility to a reserved friendship as the angler becomes better acquainted with it.

No. 6—A stream that is an old-timer in this world of improvement and modernization; one that comes closest to the stature of the ideal trout brook; untamed, beautiful, challenging.

Now let us return to the head of the list and try to point out the characteristics which combine to make up the personality of each one of these half dozen.

No. 1 stream is the friendly and gentle Wyalusing Creek, my favorite. It is a tributary of the north branch of the Susquehanna River, emptying into the river at the town of Wyalusing, in Bradford County, after following a winding course through beautiful and fertile valleys from the northern part of Susquehanna County.

Wyalusing is gentle and slow. Cows come down to drink in its clear pools; tired farm hands plunge into its depths in the cool of the evening. The hills along its shores are small and friendly, and from almost any point along it the angler may see in the distance well-painted farm houses and the patch-work of cultivated fields.

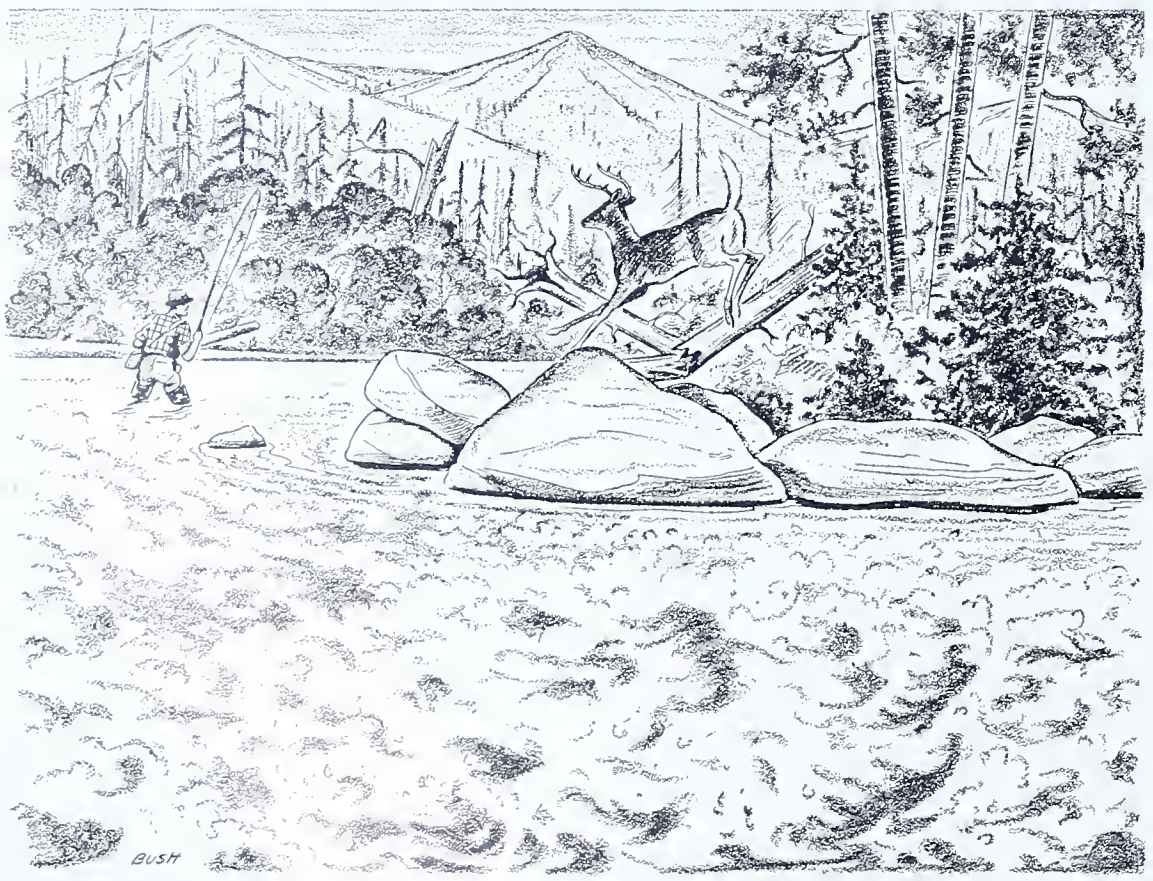
The creek is democratic too. Although its waters are much too warm for trout, it is teeming with almost all other varieties of fish. The small-mouth black bass thrives in its waters. There also are streamlined pickerel and ponderous walleyed pike. The white chub roams at will, and every pool has its share of sunfish and rock bass.

Artificial lures are good, of course, but it is the kind of creek that invites still-fishing from its shaded shores, where a man can sit and relax completely, feeling worry and meanness seep out of his heart as the warmth of the sun caresses him. Wyalusing Creek slows a man down, too, and I have seen friends contentedly spend half a day at a single pool, while on some other type of water they would cover a distance of a mile or two in the same time.

Even the mantle of darkness cannot hide the friendliness of this stream. Its finny population really comes to life after night falls; its riffles murmur softly; its warm, slow waters promise a man that he can fish in safety without a flashlight or wading staff.

Brooks Garland, a staunch fishing companion of mine, put what I am trying to write into a few simple sentences one evening when we reached a favorite spot on the creek for a bit of bass fishing. Brooks slipped out the door of the car as quickly as it came to a stop, stretched full length on the grass, clasped his hands under the back of his head, and said to me:

"It's so quiet and clean out here, Dick.



A stream with a rough, roaring voice.

Stretched out in the grass, I feel as if somebody had lifted a huge load off my chest. I feel as if the creek was holding out its arms to me, telling me to forget all about business and bills and such; whispering to me that there is no need to hurry, that now I can breathe deep and really live. It's wonderful just to be alive and out here along the creek."

No. 2 stream is the rough, swaggering Loyalsock Creek, which has its source in twin branches in the northern part of Sullivan County and flows three score miles down through Central Pennsylvania until it empties into the west branch of the Susquehanna River some four miles east of the city of Williamsport.

It is big and deep and roaring; it quickly punishes a careless step, and it rudely shakes up the indifferent angler.

The Loyalsock is a stream of maximums. Its pools are longer and wider and deeper than those of other streams in the area. It roughly shoulders its way among rocky mountain ranges and peaks. Its shores are rock-edged and difficult to travel. Beneath the surface of its waters boulders of all sizes and shapes are set at crazy angles to make trouble for the feet of an unwary man. Few of its riffles can be waded because of their depth and the uncertain footing.

The creek is cold as well as big, and in its waters are bass, trout, and scattered pickerel and walleyes.

Its moods are as forbidding as its physique.

It will mock the skill of the best angler in the state and send him away from its shores with no reward for his work—or it will taunt him one day with fishing that gladdens his heart and then break his heart the next day by assuming a pose of barren beauty.

The Loyalsock never lulled a tired angler to sleep or swept the clouds of worry out of his heart. It has been cursed by even the anglers who prefer it to all other streams. Its very hugeness confounds the amateur. At night it is a potential death trap for a man who does not know every inch of the water he fishes as well as he knows the inside of his own home.

It's a bully—always carrying a chip on its shoulder.

The Fishermen's Paradise, that little mile and a quarter stretch of Spring Creek a couple of miles south of Bellefonte, in Centre County, is the stream with the artificial personality.

It looks like fine water for sucker and catfish angling, but it contains some of the biggest trout in Pennsylvania.

It is so heavily stocked with trout that the uninitiated angler thinks two is a ridiculously low limit, but he may fish for a whole day without hooking even one.

It's a trout stream, yet every inch of it is man-made. Nature has been expelled, in effect, and man has imitated her work with logs and rocks and concrete. Flowers and shrubbery and closely cropped grass have replaced the disorderly tangle of an untouched streamside.

The visitor doesn't get much chance to admire the beauty of the Paradise—for it is beautiful in spite of its artificiality—because he is just one of a couple hundred anglers crowded into the short stretch in any one day.

A visit or two a year to the Paradise for the novelty of the experience is a regular part of my angling program—but heaven forbid that I ever should get to the point of adopting it as my ideal.

I see through its sham and camouflage.

(If the editor has not left blank spaces in the foregoing paragraphs and marked them "censored" it is because he remembers, as I trust you will, that I'm trying to give only my own impression of the personality of this stream. As I wrote before, one man's cure is another man's poison, even in angling, and after all it is a good thing we do not all prefer the same creek.)

Rock Run, a tributary of Lycoming Creek in Northern Lycoming County, is the stream whose personality is a combination of beauty and mischief.

Rugged beauty is its chief asset. It runs down through deep, narrow canyons in the mountains and is dotted with majestic waterfalls and deep, crystal-clear pools.

An angler is apt to feel a thousand miles from civilization when he is fishing Rock Run, for only the path cut through the mountains by the stream provides him room to move along.

At times travel is rough and tough, perhaps on a narrow ledge fifteen or twenty feet above the surface of the stream. Sometimes the fisherman has to take to the mountainside itself to get around a falls and the deep pool which the water has dug at its feet.

There are trout, but not many above medium size, in Rock Run, and the water is particularly good for fly fishing.

Yet a man fishing the stream has little time for slow fishing and relaxation. He must be constantly alert, and seldom can he ease the tension of his muscles of locomotion.

You drive on a dirt road to get to the brook, but deeper in the mountains the stream wanders far from the highway, and an angler who does not carefully check his bearings can easily become lost.

I know one fisherman who spent two hours working his way through deep underbrush until he got back to the highway and found himself a mile and a half from the place where he had parked his car.

Rock Run does not, however, get on a man's nerves. Its challenge to his skill and strength is direct and honest. And for whatever difficulties it imposes upon him, it offers adequate compensation in its sheer beauty.

My stream of mystery is Penn's Creek, which has its source in the vicinity of Centre Hall, in Centre County, and meanders across South-central Pennsylvania until it flows into the west branch of the Susquehanna River in the vicinity of Selinsgrove.

Its appearance, to me, was not of trout water the first time I fished this stream. The natural discoloration of its limestone water proved quite puzzling to an angler accustomed to the free-stone streams of Central Pennsylvania.

I'm not so sure, even to this day, of the depth of the water through which I carefully travel step by step.

Penn's Creek seems to me to contain trout that are more than ordinarily selective, but some few I have caught from its pools, and a great many more about which I have heard from my friends, have convinced me that this stream contains some really fine specimens of the trout family. In its lower reaches, incidentally, the same applies to bass and pickerel fishing.

Penn's is a mystery creek in my book to

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The setting for quiet leisurely fishing.

DOWN TO THE SEA WITHOUT SHIPS

By WILLIAM J. ELLIS, Sr.

"THE only difficulty will be in transportation, and that will have to be an individual problem". The speaker was a middle aged man, slightly gray, with all the earmarks of a veteran angler-sportsman. He answered to the name of "Doc", and his audience was the other two members of the committee on fishing trips that had been appointed to plan an outing for the Dover Fishing Club. Their problem was to plan a fishing trip that would remove, as much as possible, the many difficulties being experienced by recreational anglers in this hectic war year of 1943.

"Yes," said Henry, "Transportation is the one thing that we can't do much about, but that's not going to stop us. Eh Jim," turning to the third member of the committee.

"You betcher sweet!" said Jim.

The committee had two strikes on them before they started, for in spite of all science had done to raise the standards of living in this enlightened age, everything had crumbled before the devastating influence of the 20th Century War Lords, and the good old habit of "going places and doing things" was definitely out.

When plain citizen John Smith decides, after a hard week of labor at the defense plant, to seek a little recreation at his favorite sport, fishing; he finds plenty of obstacles. He needs a new joint or possibly a couple of guides on his rod, but his dealer politely informs him that the factory is now making thing-a-ma-jigs for the army and that his needs cannot be purchased. "Could sell a thousand of 'em if I could get 'em," says the clerk.

Then, there's the question of gasoline for his car. He's allowed to use a gallon and a half a week for pleasure purposes, but after saving up that allotment for six or eight weeks, so that he would have enough for that sixty mile trip to the shore, along comes a guy with some newly acquired authority and tells him that he can't even use what he's saved. "If there's any other means of transportation, you can't use your car," he says. Which just about scotches any chance at all of using the car, because there's always some other way to go regardless of how uncomfortable and inconvenient it may be.

There's also a couple of dozen other emergency obstacles that combine in their efforts to prevent Citizen Smith from taking that fishing trip. So-o-o-o, he stays home and paints the back porch—if he can get the paint.

That's just one man, but when thirty or forty members of an organized fishing club decide to go on a trip, the many obstacles are multiplied by the number of participants and what looked like a tough job for Citizen Smith becomes an impossible situation. But, when three men like Doc, Jim and Henry get their heads together, no situation is impossible. Brains, talk, and action conceived a trip that was reasonable, workable, and fishable.

There was to be a trip. That was decided, but how?—and what kind of a trip would it be. Of course, the idea of a boat trip was out, the only boats you could charter weren't allowed to take you where there was any good fishing. Still, according to Doc's plan an ocean voyage was possible without a boat. How? Well, what could be better than to spend a full day out on the ocean fishing from the deck of a private pier with refreshments, lunch, and bait all supplied for your convenience.

"Sounds good to me," said Henry.

"You betcher sweet!" said Jim.

The entire committee were combined members of the Dover Fishing Club and the Angler's Club of Absecon Island, and the latter had frequently invited members of the former club to fish from their private pier at Margate, N. J. So, the entire setting was perfect for a combined fishing party on the pier with the Angler's Club as host to the Dover Fishing Club.

Transportation was left up to the individual and the most sensible was the railroad. Trains for the resort left Philadelphia in the early morning hours and if you didn't mind travelling *a la* Gay Nineties with such inconveniences as standing in a crowded baggage car, with a few benches as an excluse for seats, your transportation was solved. If you were lucky, you found an empty spot to park your rod and tackle bag, but if you were wise, you held on to it. Of course, there was music. The ever-present accordian player stood at the end of the car dishing out the latest barroom ballads while his partner traversed the narrow isle collecting a few coins to liquidate the expenses of the day's trip.

Somewhere in the wilds of New Jersey the train takes a sudden lurch and a fat lady standing nearby clutching frantically for support succeeds in yanking your fishing rod out of your hand. At first you're a little peeved, but when you find that the pretty girl beside her is her daughter, you accept her apology. A sailor on leave wants to know if you're going fishing, and when informed in the affirmative he proceeds to tell you of his experience with a school of whales in the North Atlantic. Being a true angler, you can't let him get away with that one, so you tell him about some of the fish you've caught, explaining that some of the larger ones feed on whales.

And so on, until a whiff of saline atmosphere coming in through a broken port-hole in the end of the car, reminds you that you're crossing the salt marsh that lies between the mainland and your destination. By the time you have collected all of your tackle, the passengers have started pouring off the train. Yes, I said "pouring!" For, that is the only word that properly describes the unloading of that train, and you float out with the current.

"So this is Margate!" The exclamation is the natural result of that relieved feeling that comes with a deep breath of fresh air that is free from the stench of your recent train ride. A plump gentleman in at yatching cap waves to you and . . . sure enough, there's Doc, always on the job to act as guide for the crowd.

You didn't see a soul you knew on the train, but as they start collecting you realize that all your pals were there. Everybody is telling about something that happened on the way down, and Uncle Bob who just caught the train at the last minute, says he missed the fun because he had to stand out on the platform all the way. Doc looks over the crowd asking if Kirk Roberts is among them. One of the boys whispered something to him and they both laughed. You just catch the word "doghouse." "S'Funny," says Doc, "but this always happens to somebody."

The Anglers Club of Absecon Island, organized a little over twenty years ago by sportsmen who made their summer home in Margate, have one of the finest fishing piers along the Atlantic coast. The club house on the land end consists of a large comfortable lounge and a spacious locker room where the members may keep their tackle and a change of clothing. A commissary provides refreshments and other requisites pertinent to a sportsman's needs, while convenient showers enable the angler to refreshen himself after a good day's sport.

The committee had done a swell job, they provided everything but the fish, and the location of the pier with its fishing tee just beyond the inner bar provided easy access to these. If you didn't catch fish it was your own fault. On the end of the pier we met a larger group of Dover members who had arrived on an earlier section of the train and were already occupied with the business of catching fish.

Jake Busch seemed to have made the largest catch, having several king fish and a number of spots in his basket. His pal, David (Eels) Mazzoni was there with him sporting a new white cap . . . a beautiful piece of headgear decorated with large blue letters that told a story about good fishing reels. We looked over his catch, but the traditional eel was missing. The Margate eels probably hadn't heard of Mazzoni and those down at Sea Isle were more than likely still waiting for their breakfast.

Somebody instructed us to hurry and bait up while they were biting, and we recognized another of the committee, the garrulous Jim, also wearing a white cap. It was one of those white linen affairs like your grandfather used to wear when he played golf, or took grandma for a bicycle ride. "Are they out there, Jim?" we asked.

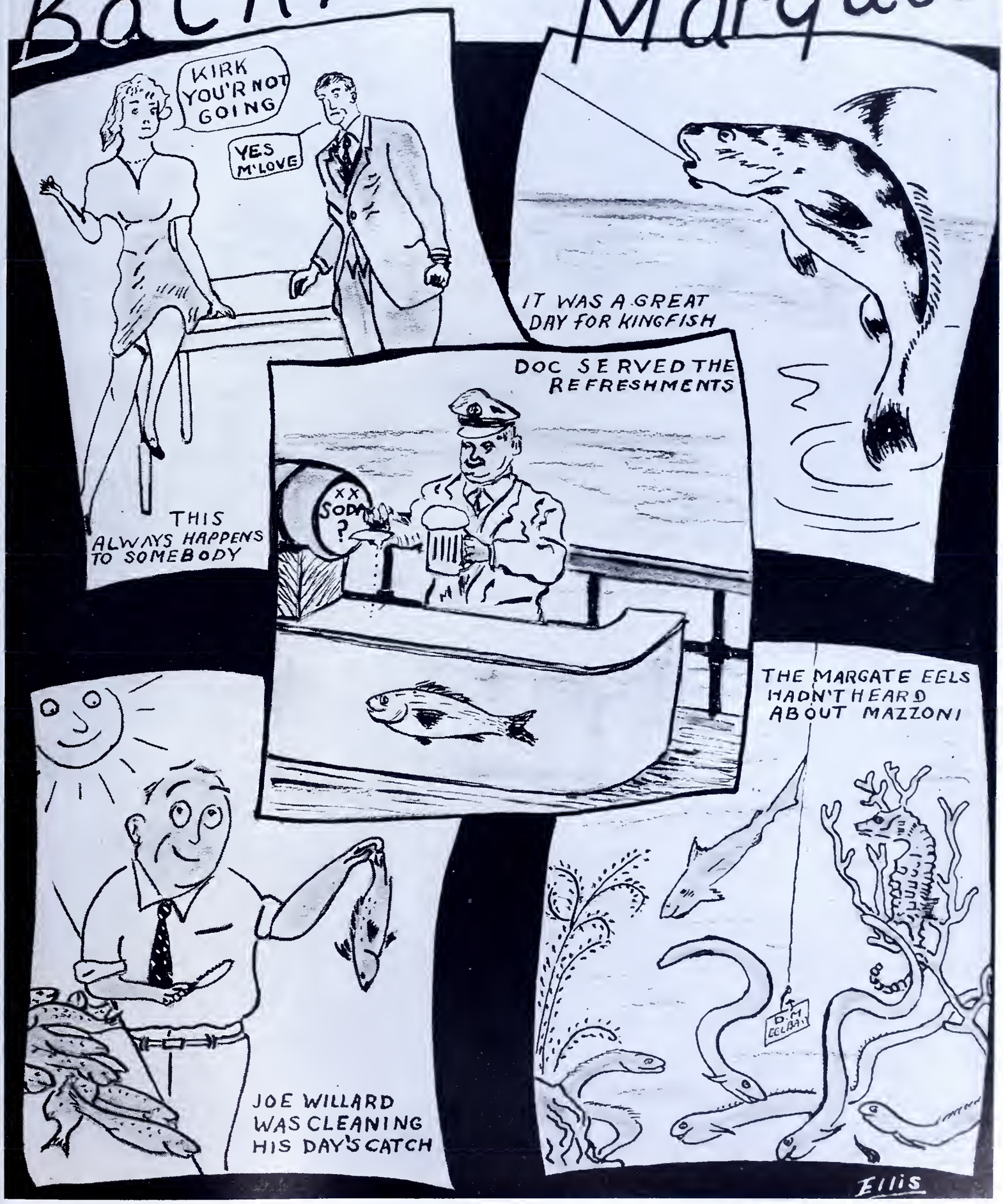
"You betcher sweet!" was the reply.

Doc was already busy carving some shedder crabs and as I was about to attach a generous specimen of his butchery, a congenial angler insisted that I use some of his special blood-worms. "Greatest thing in the world for these Spots," he said, so we took him at his word and trimmed a couple of 'em neatly on a small hook.

Unfortunately on our first cast we got our line fouled with that of Jake Busch, and during the process of untwisting them, a

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Backlashes from Margate





STRIKING, HOOKING, AND HOLDING

By CHARLES K. FOX

IT has been more difficult for me to hook fish on a surface plug when the plug is within a distance of 35 feet than when the plug is riding on the water beyond that range. Just the opposite has been the case of underwater lures. In the latter a greater percentage of strikes have been properly answered when the lure was relatively close.

Surface plugs are not always taken with great gusto and commotion. Sometimes they are taken slowly and even deliberately. On occasion a bass will even jump out of water and take the lure on the way down. Frequently, we see or hear the commotion before it is possible to feel anything. If we expect to hook the fish we must allow sufficient time for the fish to get the lure in its mouth. A surface lure can be taken away from a fish, by the angler striking too soon. It is impossible to do this with an underwater lure unless you can actually see the fish pursuing it. The closer a surface plug is to the fisherman the more likely it is for him to take it away from the fish.

In the case of the underwater lure we generally feel the strike before we see the fish. When the strike is telegraphed to the angler through his equipment the fish already has the lure in its mouth. Naturally, under such a circumstance a fast strike is in order.

The conclusion is that it is important to strike rapidly when underwater lures are employed but strike slower when a fish takes a surface plug. Try to wait until the surface plug disappears. Exactly the same applies in fly fishing to wet and dry flies.

One bright moonlight night last summer two of us were fishing a particularly interesting stretch of water above Samples Bridge on the "Canadaguin" (Conodoguinet). Surface plugs were in order. It is easiest to fish quartering down stream but this is not the best method of attack, however, that is what I was doing at the time.

A bass, probably a very large one, rudely broke the stillness of the night with a vicious lunging strike at a baby popper which was only about twenty feet from the rod tip. Startled by the great commotion I immediately answered with my strike but the hooks did not sink home. The plug jumped away from its pursuer. The chances are that I took the plug away from the fish by striking too soon. This unnatural procedure must have made the fish suspicious for it would not "take" after that.

Apparently, a bass takes surface plugs in one of two ways, he either lunges at it making considerable commotion or he moves behind it and sucks it into his mouth. Often I have watched bass in a spring at home take floating insects thrown to them such as: grasshoppers, locusts, and Jap beetles. They move to within an inch or two of their victim and then suck it in with a snapping noise. When bass take food this way they do not move into the food but they suck the food into their mouths from a short distance.

Often in our fishing we hear something snap at a surface plug. This is the same noise the bass made at the spring when taking large insects. When this occurs, we believe they are actually trying to inhale the surface plug but because of the taut line and the weight of the lure they do not get it. When they can't move the bait to their mouths in this method they seem to become suspicious and often will not try again.

In stream fishing we prefer to cast surface lures quartering up stream and fish them very slowly with the current. In this position a gently striking bass can more readily move such a lure, and, as a result, we believe more fish are hooked.

The importance of the angler's answering strike can not be over emphasized. If the hooks are to stick they must be driven in over the barbs. If this is not accomplished the fish unloads the plug, usually on the first jump. Different fishermen go about this in different ways.

Some hold the rod to the side during the retrieve and strike the fish by sweeping the rod backward. The great objection to this is that they are in an awkward position immediately following their strike. If the fish comes toward them it is free to do as it pleases on a slack line. Very often this results in the fish disengaging the lure, particularly on a jump.

Other fishermen retrieve the lure with the rod pointing at the lure. If the cast has been a long one some even hold the butt away from their stomach with their elbows free and ready. The strike is upwards and it is snappy but not powerful. This method we believe to be best.

We read a lot about the great value of accuracy casting as compared to distance. We'll agree 100% with the value of accuracy but we firmly believe in distance and lots of it in some waters and under certain conditions. The man who fishes the big ledge streams develops his distance to the maximum; so does the fellow who fishes a pond which lacks interesting shoreline targets. It requires a snappier strike by the angler when a fish "takes" at the end of a long cast than when the action occurs close to the fisherman.

Always strike twice, is our iron clad plugging rule. Try to set the hooks the first time, but just as soon as things are under control jab them in again. Some parts of the mouth of any game fish are tough and hard and the angler has no way of knowing what the hook should penetrate. Usually the second answering strike of the angler can be made before the bass takes to the air. If a hook has not penetrated to the extent that the barb is covered, the fish and the lure invariably part company on that thrashing jump.

It is dangerous from the angler's standpoint to indulge in rough tactics while the fish is in the air. The specific gravity of a fish is about the same as that of water, therefore,

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Photo courtesy of Harrisburg Evening News.

Trolling with a June bug spinner below the York Haven Dam in the Susquehanna accounted for this 29¾ inch, 7 lb. 7 oz. walleye for John Ross, of Middletown.

WITH THE OUTDOOR WRITERS

GREAT OUTDOORS

By Harris G. Breth

The 1943 Pennsylvania trout season ended and was laid away in the archives of fishing history where it will occupy a special niche.

It was a season marked as No. 2 in the war years and anglers will have much to say concerning it when the war ends. Getting off to a good start, as usual, on April 15, fishermen found the creeks and streams plentifully populated with speckled specimens, and those who were fortunate enough to try their luck the first few weeks returned with better satisfaction, as a general thing, than in recent seasons.

More than a million new legal-sized trout had been rushed from the hatcheries and stocked in almost every known trouting section of the state's waterways during March and early April and awaited eager anglers. But scarcely had the excitement of the season's opening died away than the pleasure driving restriction was announced and spread consternation among the ranks of avid anglers. The steady tramp, tramp of trouters' boots along the banks and in the stream beds slowed and finally devolved to the cautious shuffle of a single rod and line devotee now and then, and the beaten paths along countless creeks grew thick with weeds and grass.

To the credit of the fishing fraternity, it must be said "violations" were actually the exception. As tough as it is for trout fishermen to wait for the annual opening of their sport, and tougher still to be told just when it is approaching its best (May and June) to stay off the creek, yet the great majority of them did. There was grumbling and whispering in dark corners at times, but stay off they did. On several trips with fish wardens around and about some of the best trout country on their routine patrols, we can vouch for that.

Just as an example, one day at the height of the season, we visited 14 of the nicest streams a trouter could desire. We traveled many backwoods roads far from the regular good highways to get into the hinterland sections, spots where the going is really on the hard side, and where the chances were 99 to 1 no checking would be possible. Experienced fishermen know how to get into these places and take their cars down in" year after year. But even in such locations on the trip we did not see a single fisherman's car, either parked obscurely deep in the brush or along the roads, and on the several trips taken with wardens the number of cars could be counted on 10 fingers.

Just to keep the record clear, let it be understood that the fish wardens were decidedly not looking for "violators," they were merely doing their routine duty in patrolling streams and had no orders to turn in the numbers of the license plates on cars observed beside fishable streams. Also, the absence of cars did not mean the total absence of fishermen. There were anglers who walked in, and others who had been dropped off by truckers or friends passing through fishing country on legitimate expeditions.

There were some amusing instances to come out of this state of affairs. One evening about dusk returning home we met a trout fisherman sitting forlornly on the wall of a stone bridge crossing one of the most remote streams. His head was bowed, his rod and line dangled idly in the water below. He scarcely looked up as we came along. Then he scrambled off the wall as we passed and began to run after us. When we stopped he came up and, in an embarrassing manner, asked the name of the creek. We told him, and he shook his head. Finally he said:

"A friend of mine dropped me off at a creek bridge like this at 3 o'clock this morning while it was still dark and was to pick me up at 4 this afternoon. Before sunrise I started to fish down stream and, since the fishing was pretty good and I was having fun, I kept on down. I came to the main creek and kept going. About noon I started back. and here I am. But it's after 8 now, and I'm getting worried!"

He should have been. He had taken the wrong fork of the stream and was 15 miles by any road from the bridge he wanted, although it wast just over the mountain.

The fish warden laughed and explained his error, and we drove him to the right spot, where his friend was waiting in agitation. He had been waiting for hours. Oh, for the life of a fisherman! That angler will tell that tale for years to come. Eh? Sure, he had fish, 10 nice ones, too, which makes the story perfect to tell.

There is, however, at least one comforting angle to the 1943 season. The state's trout streams right now contain perhaps the highest number of fine trout since before World War I. Since trout fishermen did not frequent the creeks in the great numbers usually found in normal times, the trout have had a real "rest," and, instead of being dumb and inexperienced enough to be yanked out a few weeks after being put in, they have reverted to the wild state.

This fall thousands of large spawners will be able to lay eggs and a generous supply of fry and fingerlings will result. This means a much needed natural repopulation of the trouting areas, which will provide thousands of "natives" for coming seasons. Also, it means something quite desirable. Many letters we have received from sportsmen in the armed forces, especially from trout fishermen, express the hope that the creeks will not be "all fished out" when they come marching home.

While home front fishermen have had to do with less trips and less trout this year, and maybe will have to do so until the war ends, the fish commission undoubtedly will maintain its excellent trout stocking record. When the boys come back, I believe they will find more and better trout and far better luck than when they left. And by the way, why not write and tell them so!

—*Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph*

GAME FISH ASSOCIATION LAUNCHES DRIVE FOR FISHING KITS

To place a fishing kit in the hands of every serviceman overseas who wants to go fishing during time off from active duty is the aim of the International Game Fish Association which is making an appeal for funds for the non-profit manufacture of a pocket-sized kit especially designed for this purpose.

The drive, starting August 16th, is being conducted by the Tackle Committee of the International Game Fish Association with headquarters at The American Museum of Natural History in New York City. The American Red Cross has assumed complete distribution of the kits overseas where they will be kept available for use by rotating troops. The kits will be returned to a designated place for use by others.

"Millions of our boys are stationed in places where recreational opportunities are limited. And yet, fishing is available in almost every region in which our boys have been sent," said Michael Lerner, Chairman of the Tackle Committee of the International Game Fish Association, and well known sportsman and explorer.

"In this global war our boys find themselves on the world's finest fishing ranges—oceans, lakes, rivers—so keen is their desire to fish during periods of leave from bullets, bombs and barrages they are trying to make fishing hooks out of discarded wire, scraps of metal and even safety pins in order to get a crack at local fishing. We want to make tackle available to them but we need help," Lerner said.

A complete and practical fishing kit has been designed by a group of foremost anglers which is suitable for both salt and fresh water fishing. The kit consists of two types of lines, assorted hooks, leaders, sinkers, feather, spear, a compact net to obtain bait and printed instructions for their use. The whole thing, is encased in a sturdy bag with draw strings and can be carried in the pocket. With it any soldier or sailor can fish any waters.

Each kit costs only $2.00 to manufacture and every dollar contributed will be spent for fishing kits only. Campaign expenses are donated by the Association. Checks should be made payable to Michael Lerner, Chairman, and mailed to the International Game Fish Association at The American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th Street, New York, N. Y.

"The Association cannot supply enough tackle to dent the overall demand," said Lerner, "that's why we are appealing to the general public and sportsmen here at home to help a brother angler overseas. The American public has provided all manner of entertainment for our Armed Forces in this country where the uniform is a password to ball games, theaters, dances and a home-cooked meal, but what about our boys overseas who are deprived of everyday enjoyments. They want fishing tackle and it's up to us to see that they get it."

Mr. Lerner has recently designed, with ex-Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania and others, the emergency fishing equipment now standard for lifeboats and liferafts in all the American Service branches. Vice-Chairman of the Tackle Committee is Philip Wylie, author of fishing stories and field representative of the International Game Fish Association.

BUY BONDS

OF PENNSYLVANIA

TROUT SEASON ENDS QUIETLY

The 1943 trout season, which was ushered in throughout this section in a raging blizzard, passed quietly out of the picture Saturday. The pleasure driving ban had completed its work by that time and as the season closed a great majority of the streams of this section were minus followers of Izaak Walton.

Julius Ahrens, fish warden for Venango county, said that quite a large number of anglers were out during the first three or four weeks of the season, but he agreed that with the advent of the gasoline regulation which put an end to pleasure driving, the season became very dead indeed.

It wasn't a matter of the fishermen being able to bring in fish, for those who did get out made some nice catches, but for the most part, the outdoor fraternity abided by the gasoline ruling and remained off the stream.

It is doubtful that many of the veteran fishermen even thought about the sport during the latter stages of the season, and it is certain that whatever enthusiasm that had been in evidence on the opening days had wasted away. The county warden said that he saw but few fishermen on the closing day which he devoted to patrol work.

Reflecting the decrease in number of fishermen was the report of the fish commission protector on the matter of violations, for no major violation came to the attention of the warden during the season. Shortly before the season opened April 15 two fishermen were taken into custody with fish in their possession and forced to pay a fine that ran to $60 and costs, and that was about the extent of the trout violations.

Warden Ahrens reports that some fine seed stock has been left in the streams and should conditions be improved by the spring of 1944 and gasoline is available for pleasure driving, fishing should be very fine.

From a survey of the county and from talking to other wardens, Ahrens said that it is evident that heavy industrial payrolls have resulted in the elimination of one headache for the law enforcement officers, and that is the matter of fishing licenses. He said that every angler he has encountered this season has been able to produce a license and that it has been that of the individual being checked, not borrowed from a friend.

However, the clean record of the trout fishermen in regard to violations and the cooperation of the fishermen with the commission in regard to the license question does not mean that the fishing season as a whole is free of violations. Warden Ahrens says that there have been a few violations of different nature and that some trouble has come from the frog-hunting fraternity.

He reports there are quite a large number of bass fishermen on the river now, especially night casters. In addition to bass, the fishermen are being rewarded with some very fine catches of wall-eyed pike, some running to seven and a half to eight pounds.

The sport of fishing for large channel catfish has been attracting more and more adherents. Catches of such fish running to 12 and 14 pounds have been reported this year.

—Oil City Derrick

'NORTHWEST' SPORTSMEN

By Seth L. Myers

Froglegs when properly prepared for eating, as most people know, is a dish fit for a king. In Pennsylvania, however, there are some things that a good many people do not seem to know concerning bullfrogs.

If they do know of these little strings that are tied to the old-fashioned bullfrog, they regard them as unnecessary and occasionally their meat becomes rather expensive in the way of lawful fines. For instance, it costs $25 if the fish warden or any other field officer catches a person taking frogs by use of a light at night. Each person participating in such a party at night is subject to the fine.

A person is permitted to take by legal means only 15 frogs regardless of size as long as they are bullfrogs, in one day, and at no time is he permitted to have more than that number in possession.

It is legal to shoot bullfrogs with small-bore rifle or pistol providing the shooter has a fishing license, as frogs come under the fish law. The shooter must use the rifle or pistol on frogs only, and should he take a shot at a groundhog or any other animal or bird, he would be breaking the game law and fined if caught so doing by either a fish warden or game protector.

There is nothing in the law to prevent the use of spear or gig when used in daylight during the open season; in fact, the only method termed unlawful for taking frogs is by use of a light. The fine for having more than 15 in possession at one time is $10 per frog.

The same law and penalties apply to tadpoles commonly used as fish bait, but a person may have 15 of each in possession at one time.

The season opened on the second day of July, and not the first as many fishermen supposed; it closes the last day of October.

The bullfrog and tadpole law does not come under the Sunday fishing law and it is therefore unlawful to take bullfrogs or tadpoles on Sunday by any means whatsoever.

To prepare these choice foods from the supply of the good old outdoors, it is well to boil them until tender, and then roll them in a mixture of flour, salt and pepper and fry until rich brown.

—Meadville Tribune Republican—Greenville Record Argus—Sandy Lake Breeze

HAFFELY CAUGHT THE DADDY OF THEM ALL IN EDINBORO LAKE

This Muskie measures 51½ inches and weighs 35 lbs.—nearly lost twice and two hours required to land him.

The daddy of them all, a 51½-inch muskie was hauled out of Edinboro lake on Saturday night by M. Haffely, of 116 Lippert St., Millvale, Pa., and a guest at one of the Riverside cottages on Lakeside.

Using a 12-inch sucker for bait, Haffely battled for nearly two hours before he was able to bring the big fish in close enough to have it gaffed by his son and hauled into the boat. For six other times he brought the fish nearly to the boat, only to have it start another run.

Twice he was certain that he would lose the fish when it apparently got under a stump, but each time he managed to pull it out without breaking his line.

Scores of people viewed the fish, which weighed 35 lbs., after it was brought in to Lang's landing. Haffely, a long time visitor to Edinboro Lake, will have the fish mounted.

—Edinboro Independent

SPORTSMEN'S BRIEFS

By Joe Elberson

Silver Lake has once more produced the finest batch of weeds we have seen anywhere in lower Bucks County. They are even higher, bigger and more of an eyesore than last year. It seems to me I heard someone say that the weeds would be cut twice this season. I guess I was wrong. Maybe some of you fishermen ought to write to the Fish Commission and tell members about this condition. . . . I believe the Commission holds title to the Lake.

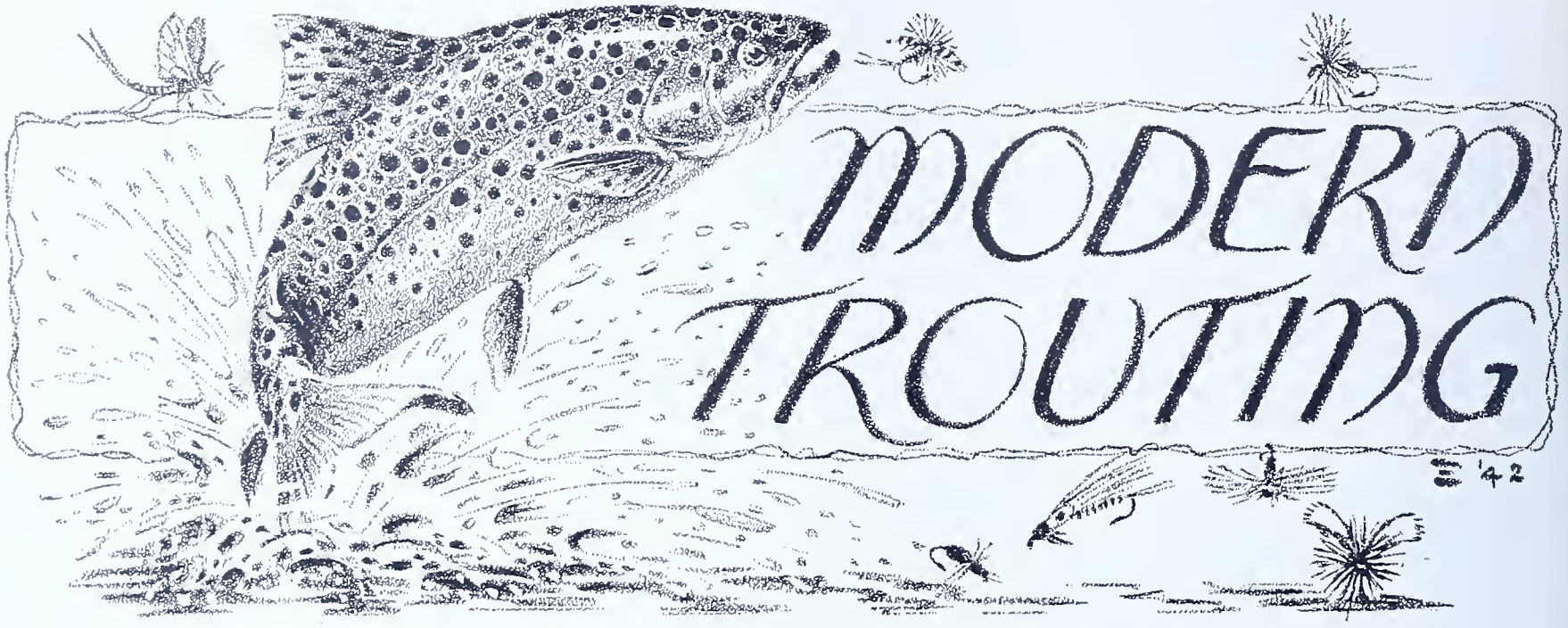
Two sixth ward ladies were observed in the neighborhood of East Circle the other day debating the species of a fledgling bird that was flittering around on the grass. One thought it was a crane because of its long legs . . . the other thought it was a wild duck. It turned out to be a young wild dove and, after being placed in a pigeon pen, has now been adopted into the pigeon flock!

Idaline Lake at Maple Beach, one of the most popular bass fishing spots in this area last year, has been very unproductive this season. Very, very few bass have been taken from the lake this season. Most of the area is now covered with a green moss-like vegetable growth and some fishermen believe that when this disappears in the Fall months that fishing will improve. The recent unfortunate accidents at Rohm & Haas Company may account for part of the present poor fishing, but we know that this Company, owners of the Lake Idaline, is interested in keeping these waters in the best possible condition.

Every sportsmen's duty: According to a paragraph in the Summary of Fishing Laws which is issued with fishing licenses, the following should be done with regard to pollution: "The Board suggests fishermen immediately report pollution wherever it is observed. Contact Department of Health, Sanitary Water Board, Harrisburg, Pa., Board of Fish Commissioners, or your nearest State officer." The sooner pollution of streams is cleaned up the better fishing will be.

Fished the upper Delaware in the vicinity of Milford on Sunday for smallmouth. Had the best morning's fishing that I have experienced in that section in the last five years. Caught eleven smallmouth bass ranging in size from 11 to 15½ inches.

—Bristol Courier



LOOK BEFORE YOU LAND THE BIG ONES

By CHARLES K. FOX

THIS has to do mainly with the playing and landing of bass and trout from the waters in Penn's Woods, but the idea in mind was firmly driven home by an experience with a certain Atlantic salmon on a New Brunswick River.

Salmon fishing is like our own trout fishing in many respects the greatest difference being: the size, power and fight of the respective fish. We took them fly fishing with outfits that are ideal for bass bugging but the flies we used were, in the main, number 6 and 8 wets.

The conception of many is that the further you travel the more fish you catch and the easier they are to take. That is not always the case and it was not the case on this particular trip. Lew Kunkel and I were averaging two a day apiece and this was highly satisfactory to us. Salmon are such wonderful fish and can do so much while they are hooked that we were elated over the results of this game, which was new to me. The fact remains, however, that we were very anxious to land the best ones we hooked.

For about two hours I enjoyed a thrilling time of it with a big hook-bill. He had made long runs and jumped about a dozen times in addition to much thrashing about and rolling on the surface. For the last ten minutes of the fight his tail and dorsal fin broke the surface. This is a sure sign of a tiring fish. There were no more jumps left in that massive frame and the big tail lacked the strength to produce runs.

We waded as we do for trout and our waders took us to good enough casting position for any desired spot. It is true that we got out of the water when we hooked a fish, for sometimes it was necessary to chase our fish to regain line by running along the gently sloping rocky bank. There had been some such chasing in this case but the big fish had been pretty well tamed. Lew and I do not go in for gaffs and nets; we prefer to beach them and thus get just that much more sport for our money's worth.

The time had come to shorten the line, lower the rod tip and back up. When this is accomplished properly every movement made by the tired fish helps to carry him over and around the round rocks to such a point where he is high and dry. The activity of the fish makes this process easier than it would be if it were stone dead.

This fish was still stubborn; a hooked salmon always is. I had him in the shallow water but his nose was not pointing toward me. I could see the Jock Scott sticking in the side of his jaw away from me and the leader passed right through the mouth of the fish. In this position the hook was twisted around considerable and it wasn't at all in the same position as the original imbedment.

I backed up a step and pulled a little harder but instead of turning the big head shoreward and swinging the body in a position perpendicular to the bank the hook twisted out of the mouth. Slowly the rough amber water of the Marimichi engulfed its own and the salmon that was almost mine slowly disappeared.

It then dawned upon me what error had brought about the loss of this fish. Had I worked him around so that he had been facing down river instead of up, and this could have been accomplished, the hook would have been in the same position as it was when it sank home instead of being turned in almost the opposite direction. If the former had been the case when I applied the pressure for beaching, the bend of the hook would have been around the jaw. The chances are that in this position it would not have disengaged.

Since that experience I have always given this detail in fishing some attention when a particularly good fish is about to be landed. It is almost always possible to see how a good fish is hooked. Often it is found that the fish is hooked in the corner of the mouth or on the side of the jaw. The angler can then maneuver the fish or change his own position so that the fly is toward him. With the hook in this position you can be assured that it is in its original position and the bend is helping you. If the reverse is the case the pinch of skin holding the hook may rip or the hook point may slip out of the hole it has worn.

This item in playing a fish is most important when a big fish is hooked on a small fly. One of the most effective flies on the hard fished waters of Fishermen's Paradise is a small white humpback nymph designed and tied by George Harvey. Little quill bodied wet flies in sizes 18 and 20 and midge dry flies are also often effective there. Many a big Paradise trout has been hooked on such a fly. A big fish will fight for over five minutes. During the course of the engagement the fly will often cut or wear a hole. If pressure is applied from the wrong side an accident, from the viewpoint of the angler, may result. It is best to look over the situation carefully before landing the fish then apply the necessary pressure when the little fly is in the right position, and this is toward the angler.

The fisherman can increase his percentage of landings if he pays attention to this detail and acts accordingly.

Professor: "Robert Burns wrote 'To a Fieldmouse.'"

Voice (from rear of room): "Did he get an answer?"

A Virginia family was training a girl from the country in her duties as maid. On answering the telephone the first day she brought no message.

"Who was that, Sara?"

"T'warn't nobody, Mr. Bailey. Jes' a gentleman says, 'It's a long distance from New York,' and I says, 'Yessir, it certainly is!"

PLUGGING AWAY

(Continued from page 10)

when it is submerged it weighs practically nothing as far as the angler is concerned, but when it jumps and is out of its element look out, for then its weight as well as its strength enters into the picture.

Once the fish is believed to be hooked do not strain the tackle unless the fish is headed for some obstruction. If you like to see them jump hold the rod tip high during the fight. If all you care about is the landing of the fish hold the rod tip low and to one side. The important point is to have the fish fight against the spring of the rod. In this position there will be no direct pull on the reel and the spring of the rod will absorb strain so that the tackle will be intact.

The thumb on the spool exerts the proper pressure so the reel will not backlash, yet the fish can take out line when string runs are made. The best way to make a tackle smasher out of a fish is to point the rod right at the fish and start cranking the reel or freeze the spool. This along with improper striking are the main reasons why good fish get away. In the former case something usually breaks or rips; in the latter the points of the hooks lose their unstable hold.

It is important to keep the hooks well sharpened. A dull, rusty or bent hook point will not readily penetrate beyond the barb unless you are lucky enough to hit a soft spot.

Some pluggers lose most of the good fish they hook, whereas others land most of theirs. The answer for the most part is the respective method of striking and playing and not the wiles of Dame Fortune.

Dear "Charlie":

One of the boys caught a fine brown trout last week, so nice in fact that I am sure you will want to report the catch in the ANGLER, and I am giving you the dope with that thought in mind.

The fish, a male brown trout in prime condition, was caught in Clover Creek, Blair County, on July 19th. It measured 24¼ inches long and weighed 5 lb. 2 oz.

The fisherman, W. H. Aughey of Huntingdon, is an engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad whose main hobby for forty years or more has been fishing. His knowledge of trout and their habits along with his angling skill has caused the downfall of many, many large trout. His recent catch was made about noon on the old reliable minnow-spinner combination. It took him about fifteen minutes to bring the fish to net.

The fishermen in these parts are making the best of the pleasure driving ban. By using the "thumbing" method you sometimes get a ride with the milk man. Some of the boys use bicycles which really isn't so tough after you have ridden several hundred miles and get in condition. There are those too who use their imagination as to what business has to be taken care of in the vicinity of their favorite streams. All in all they are getting in some fishing annd working for the day when the damn war is closed business and fishing once more takes its rightful place in everyday life.

Very truly yours,

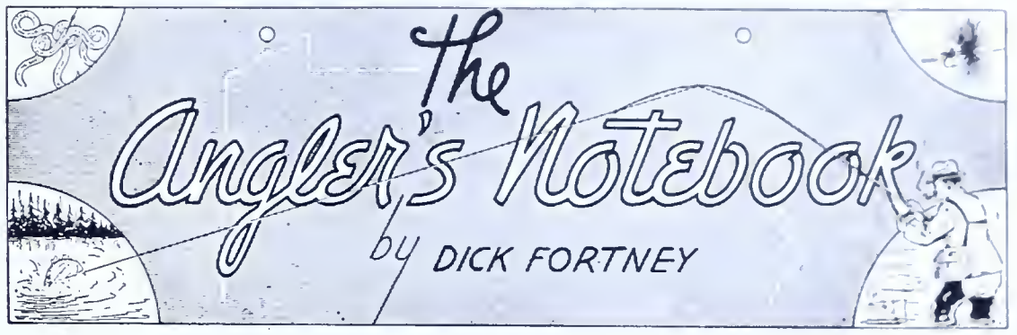
HOWARD SHILLING,
Huntingdon.

Solomon's 999th wife: "Sol, are you really and truly in love with me?"

Solomon: "My dear, you are one in a thousand."

Six-foot-three Soldier: "Shine, boy."

Shine Boy (looking at the vast expanse of boots before him): "Here, Bert, give me a hand. I've got an army contract!"



From one coast of the country to the other, the end of the vacation season really marks the beginning of a period of the finest fishing. Their appetites whetted by cooling waters, fish usually are on the prod for a while after the first of September. But one rule the angler must remember. He must fish deeper than during the summer period.

Fishing for bass improves in September because the first frosts have cooled the surface of the streams and lakes and the bass no longer have to sulk in the cool, deep holes.

Don't be discouraged if late season bass seem moody, striking viciously one day and then seeming to disappear completely the next. That is characteristic of the late bass and is due probably to the change that is taking place in water and air temperatures. The late bass is such a fine battler, when it does feed, that it pays the angler to keep on trying despite discouraging days.

The angler who reels in plugs and spoons at a regular pace, without variations, will not get the best results with his lures. Reel a little way, then stop, reel again, and repeat. Or while reeling in the lure move the rod tip gently up and down. And change the speed of the retrieve frequently.

Windy mornings are especially good for casting for bass.

Some pickerel can be caught by still-fishing with frogs and minnows, of course, but the angler will get far more action if he casts such bait to pike cover and then draws the bait back through the water by retrieving line in erratic jerks with the left hand.

Accuracy is the No. 1 trademark of a good plug caster. The angler who is able to put his lures right on the spot he desires catches the fish. It usually is true that the chap who complains that the casting rod produces few fish for him is one who never does better than just to come close to his target, and the target is the place in the water where a fish may logically be expected to lie.

Playing a hooked fish on a fly rod is the correct technique, but because the casting rod has far less spring, a hooked fish should be reeled in as steadily as possible on a plug. In the retrieve, point the rod any direction but at the plug; then you will be able to set the hooks at the instant of the strike. Also, remember that a cast of 50 or 60 feet enables the angler to keep control, and casts of 100 to 125 feet result in too much bellying line, the cause of the vast majority of missed strikes.

Small, brightly colored flies, both wet and dry, are good lures for sunfish, crappie, bluegills, and perch. Sometimes a tiny spinner is effective with the wet fly, which must get well down into the water. Late afternoons and evenings are the best periods of the day to angle for panfish with flies.

Rough, broken stream beds and swirling currents make it possible for the angler to get fairly close to fish without frightening them. Casts of 20 to 30 feet in length usually are sufficiently long.

Seeing an angler using a grasshopper from which a fish already had nipped most of the body prompts the reminder that a 'hopper that has been mutilated even slightly is entirely worthless.

A good way to fish in lily beds is to cast the lure or bait on a lily pad, let it lie there motionless for a few seconds, and then gently twitch it off into the water. Be ready for a strike the moment the lure hits the surface. Veterans say the bass can see the lure through the lily pad and will lie in wait for it to tumble off.

Fish close to the shore when the wind is kicking up the surface of stream or lake. The wind blows large insects off shore vegetation into the water, and the fish are lying in wait for such morsels. A floating fly, a bassbug, or a spinner and fly are good lures under these conditions.

The two largest walleyed pike this writer ever caught followed a plug almost to his feet before taking the lure with savage thrusts. Keep in mind that the walleye is slow to make up its mind, following the lure for some distance before striking. It's a good idea to impart action to the lure just before lifting it from the water. That extra will often induce a hesitant walleye to strike.

Watch for a rise from a sunfish or a bluegill when the bait or lure is descending into the water. You will notice that this fish is poised in the water with its head turned upward, obviously looking for insects and other food descending from the surface. As a result, it quickly spots bait or flies.

STREAMS HAVE PERSONALITY

(Continued from page 7)

this day because of insufficient experience in fishing it.

It's difficult, in fact, even to put into precise words my impression of this creek, but that fact only adds to the personality of the stream as it has been impressed upon me.

One might say it presents not only an atmosphere of mystery, but also one of challenge to learn its secrets and join the ranks of those who rate it as one of the finest streams in the Eastern United States.

Finally, the stream that I have dubbed the old-timer of the list is Youngwoman's Creek, which gains body from many small branches in the northern part of Clinton County and finally flows into the west branch of the Susquehanna River at North Bend, near Renovo.

There is much that is natural and unchanged about this large brook. The forests have been permitted to remain down close to its waters; the road over which anglers drive to it is mostly dirt. A few rustic bridges, and one or two of rusted steel, cross it; improvements to its course in the name of conservation have been few.

Careful restriction of creel and size limits have kept the trout population of Youngwoman's Creek relatively high. There is wildlife in abundance and of all varieties in the twisting valleys through which the creek flows.

Every variety of trout fishing that an angler could enjoy is presented somewhere along its course. There are picturesque riffles, numerous large and small pools, and also quiet backwaters in which a well-placed fly often will produce a good rise.

There are spots where the fly fisherman can cast as long a line as his rod will handle —and others where a man may have to kneel in a shallow riffle and shoot his fly barely above the surface of the water to get into a sheltered nook under a tree.

The stream twists and turns, and the scene always is changing as the angler moves along.

It is the smallest of the six streams which I have been describing—but the smallest only in width and depth. Its unspoiled beauty and challenging variety give it individuality and an appeal that never fails to grip me.

It truly deserves a place among my acquaintances of fishing waters, and it adds its own personality to the others I know and, season after season, does its bit to enrich the experience of angling.



It is claimed that the pug nosed condition of trout comes from disease and not from an accident.

DOWN TO THE SEA

(Continued from page 8)

sharp snappy tug told us that the blood-worm had done its job. Jake hadn't noticed the strike and he thought the pull on the line was me trying to prevent him from separating them.

"Whatssamatter, ya nervous? Can't ya hold yer rod still while I untwist these lines?"

"Sorry Jake, but that's not me. There's a fish on there."

"Fish me eye! You won't catch any fish as long as ya go casting across everybody else's line."

Jake finally succeeded and as we pulled in a nice fat spot, he exclaimed, "Wottcha know about that! Knocks my line out of the way, and then catches a fish right under my nose."

Just then Henry Asam, the third member of the committee, comes running up and says that since we caught a fish while fouling another line it didn't count and we 'ud have to give the spot to him. Henry got more fish and caught less than any other man on that trip.

Somebody yelled, "Weakie!" and we looked around just in time to see Bert Bennett land the first weakfish of the day. He didn't weigh it, but it was a fair size fish and we'll wager it made a tasty morsel for his breakfast the next morning. Bert was with George Gaul, the "big boss" of the Dover Fishing Club. George was trying his darndest to snare a channel bass, but the copper-backs weren't around that day. However, George was kept so busy with the spots and those gamey little kingfish that he later switched to lighter tackle and enjoyed a brand of sport that can't be excelled.

It was a great day for kingfish, and for those readers who may not be familiar with this gamey little species, a word in its behalf is in order. Kings are found in our local waters from about the first of May until the end of September. Taken principally at high tide, he and possibly she (the female of the species greatly outnumber the male) will be found inshore, nosing points of beaches and bars in quest of food.

The food consists mainly of shrimp, snails, and the smaller crustacea, but bloodworms and shedder crab are the real delicacies for this so called royal member.

Some anglers claim that the kingfish is difficult to hook and back up their conclusion by the large number of strikes they have lost. In many cases this is due to the size of the hook. Use a small hook, preferably a No. 1-0 or 2-0 Sproat with the bait cut in proportion, for the king, being a small fish has a small mouth and will nibble on a large hook but won't take it.

Lack of patience on the part of the angler also looses many kingfish. Often they take the bait at full speed and swim away with it. When they do this merely tightening the line will hook them. At times, however, they nibble before taking the bait, and this is where the angler's skill is needed. When the kingfish nibbles in this manner, the rod should not be moved. Striking at this time will prove disastrous. You may feel several sharp nibbles in quick succession. Then, after several seconds have passed, he takes the bait with a rush, hooking himself. Many a kingfish is lost by striking at the first nibble, or by reeling in to see if he got the bait, without giving him a chance to come back the second time.

Although small, the kingfish is acknowledged to be a gamey species and when taken on light tackle provide excellent sport. A light sinker is advisable unless the sea is strong and a squidding pole rather than the regulation surf rod is recommended. Heavier equipment is often the reason for missing the strike.

How he came by his aristocratic name is problematical, but we know that when cooked, he is fit for a king. Fried, baked, or even steamed, his firm tasty flesh produces a delicious meal for the most fastidious.

Back with the Dover Fishing Club a real party is under way, and what party is complete to-day without a strip-tease act. Just to give the boys some real entertainment, Willard Shaner, secretary of the Angler's Club, accommodated. Of course, we can't compare Willard with Gypsy Rose Lee or Ann Corio, but for one of his years, Willard wasn't bad. His exhibition of casting, combining the body-beautiful with the technique of lead-slinging was a masterpiece and the poise would have put Ward Beam to shame—or sumpin.

An imprompteau bar had been erected on the end of the pier where Doc, along with his many other duties, served refreshments. A lunch counter also made its appearance and a trio of Margate lovelies prepared tasty sandwiches and steaming hot-dawgs to satisfy the appetites of the hungry fishermen.

A little group had collected by the rail listening to Dave Mazzoni tell his famous eel story for the eighth, or ninth, time that morning, when the aroma from the torrid-pups reminded us that we hadn't eaten since a very early breakfast. Turning to a hungry looking fisherman beside me, I said "Feel like feeding the face?"

"You betcher sweet!" he replied, as he dropped his rod to make a bee-line for the lunch counter. I looked sideways at Dave to see how he took it, for it generally gets his animal to have anybody walk away when he's telling that eel story. But Dave hadn't noticed, so I followed Jim and grabbed a couple of the *canis heatus* for myself.

With a sandwich in one hand and a foaming glass of the liquid refreshment in the other, I surveyed the fishermen, mentally trying to classify them according to the size of their catch. This was a tough assignment, for everybody seemed to be catching fish and no one angler appeared to be outstanding from the others. Possibly Jake Busch had more fish to his credit than any of the others, but Dave Mazzoni was keeping right up with him. Jim Willard also had a catch that would have done credit to any sportsman. I counted eight large kingfish in his basket along with a mess of spots and other fish which proved that Joe hadn't missed many strikes.

Other members of the Dover Fishing Club, not already mentioned, were Fred Bode, Oscar Cole, Arthur Hanff, Jerry Iandalo, Harry Kennedy, Bob Mills, Ben Miller, Dave Miller, John Stocks, Norman Truckess, John Wetzell, and Eugene Wynne all of whom had been more than successful with weakfish, kings, and spots.

It was six o'clock that evening before anyone thought of leaving. The sky had become overcast and, for the time being, the fish had stopped biting. Sundown is the time limit set by the United States Coast Guard for fishing along the coast, so everyone agreed that it was time to pack up their tackle and clean their fish.

Joe Willard was cleaning his day's catch as I started in toward the club house where some of the boys were already under the showers. The burning sun had turned Joe's face to a reddish brown. His clothes were mussed and wet with the salt brine . . . he looked tired. But, as he saw me his features relaxed in a broad smile, "Gee Bill, I sure has a swell time to-day!"

"Yes," I replied, "So did everyone else." And as I continued toward the club house the low rumbling roar of the surf as it beat against the end of the pier sounded like a voice from the depths of the ocean, and the voice seemed to say, "You betcher sweet!"



FISHERMEN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

(Continued from page 2)

Loyalsock. The city angler seemed to doubt the latter part of the statement, but he had his doubts removed when Uncle Jim returned that evening with more trout than the young angler had ever seen before.

Uncle Jim's big fish seldom got away. They were hooked so firmly and handled with such skill and precision that almost invariably they went finally into his creel.

Sometimes when Uncle Jim was contending that the Loyalsock was superior to all other trout streams he would refer to the day on which he caught between Sandy Bottom and Wells's, a distance of three miles, fifteen trout whose combined weight was twenty-three pounds. Each one of these trout, he would declare, was possessed of the fine fighting qualities, handsomely shaped and beautifully colored. Among them he said there were three which together weighed a trifle more than nine pounds.

The first of these he caught early in the morning at Ted's Roost, where a steep riffle runs into some deep water at the head of a long mill dam. This trout took the minnow when the rod was extended and the line stretched. This prevented his giving the fish enough line to make it certain that the trout would be well hooked.

But he did the best he could in the circumstances and when at last he pulled he decided that the trout was securely hooked. The trout was, however, so big and strong that at first Uncle Jim could do nothing more than follow it, and it led him into some rather deep water. Finally he turned it, and from that point he was master of the situation. It was still a hard fight, but in the end he towed it out on a low, sandy beach, where it lay completely tired out.

The second large trout he hooked below a large boulder in the swift water of the Mud Pot riffle. He had seen this trout rise to take a fly, and he knew just where it lay and something of its size. As his minnow came spinning past the boulder the trout took it with a rush and then dropped down below the boulder again.

This time Uncle Jim had plenty of chance to wait, and when he pulled he knew that his minnow and hook were in the trout's throat. It was a rough, swift piece of water in which to fight a big trout, but Uncle Jim had the advantage of a clear, level shore, and of this he made the most, finally landing the big fish on a low, gravelly beach just below the foot of the riffle.

It was nearly dusk when he hooked the third big fish under the covered bridge at Wells's.

A fly fisherman who was casting at this point had seen the fish rising, but he had too little faith in his light tackle to try conclusions with a three-pound trout in such water. Several men stood in the road at the end of the bridge to watch Uncle Jim show the fly fisherman how the trick was done.

When the trout took the minnow it dropped to the bottom, where it lay for several minutes before it started to move off.

When Uncle Jim pulled the fish did an unusual thing for a speckled trout. It jumped out of the water again and again.

But Uncle Jim had few misgivings, and after a short, sharp fight he landed the fish. It was nineteen inches in length and weighed three and one-quarter pounds.

This day's work showed Uncle Jim's skill as a fisherman as well as the merits of the Loyalsock as a trout stream.

Next month the ANGLER will present the second in this series of articles, from the late Dr. Charles Lose's book, "*The Vanishing Trout.*" The story will be entitled "The Old Angler and the Parson." It will thrill and amuse you.



FARM PONDS

(Continued from page 5)

areas of shallow water substantially, a new site should be selected.

Installing the Drain Pipe

Every pond should be provided with a drain so that it can be renovated and restocked, if it ever becomes necessary to do so. Almost any kind of unfavorable development, such as an overpopulation of small fish, can be corrected if a drain has been placed beneath the dam.

Cast-iron or galvanized wrought-iron pipes make good drains. A new product known as asbestos-cement pipe is coming into use. It is durable, can be purchased at a reasonable price, and is easily handled. Clay tile is difficult to use, as the weight of the settling earth in the new dam tends to crack the joints.

Pipe 3 or 4 inches in diameter will drain small ponds if the incoming flow is negligible. Small pipes, however, drain a pond slowly and tend to become clogged. If the fish are to be harvested by draining, a pipe 6 inches in diameter or larger should be installed.

Probably the most satisfactory control for the drain is a tipping pipe. This consists of a 90° elbow screwed onto the end of the drain in the pond and a section of pipe long enough to reach to the water level screwed into the elbow. In draining the pond, this tipping pipe is turned over to one side until most of the water drain out; then the pipe is unscrewed, and the rest of the water and fish are removed from the pond. An application of white lead to the pipe threads prevents rusting. When the tipping pipe is upright, the top should be 3 or 4 inches lower than the spillway



Karl I. Hare and Harold Moyer, of Somerset, scored heavily on Wills Creek. Hare displays four brown and rainbow trout which ran from 16 to 19½ inches.



Ben Beers, of Duncannon, with a 20¾ lb., 35 inch carp from the Susquehanna. A worm did the trick.

to allow a trickling flow through the pipe instead of over the spillway.

The drain must be placed so as to insure complete draining of the pond. If the installed pipe leaves undrained pockets behind the dam, most of the fish will collect in these as the water is lowered. Mud makes it difficult to recover the trapped fish. The perfect drain is placed so that the last bucketful of water and all the fish are brought through the pipe and can be collected below the dam. The length of pipe needed will depend on the base width of the dam and the depth of the pond.

If a small auxiliary pond for holding fish is built, it also should be provided with a drain pipe.

Building the Dam and the Spillway

The height and size of the dam will depend on the location of the spillway, the top width of the dam, and the slope of its sides. The character of the soil at hand influences the slopes that will be needed. In soils that contain considerable clay, slopes of 2½:1 on the upstream and 2:1 on the downstream sides are desirable for low dams (up to 15 feet high). The dams should have a minimum top width of 7 feet, if good material is available for construction, and a minimum top width of 10 feet if less desirable material must be used. A 2:1 slope means that the base is measured outward 2 feet for each foot that the dam will measure in height. In sandy and loamy soils and for dams exceeding 15 feet in height a 3:1 slope on the upstream and a 2:1 slope on the downstream sides are necessary. Dams with steeper slopes than these on either the upstream or downstream side demand frequent repair or may give way entirely. The most common fault in constructing earthen dams is that the base is not made wide enough to allow for adequate slopes.

A dam must have sufficient height above the normal water level to prevent water from overtopping the dam and washing it out during sudden or heavy rains. A 2-foot minimum is recommended, and for dams exceeding 12 feet in height this should be increased to 3 feet or more. If a dam is to be built on a stream that has a large watershed area and rises several feet during flood periods, it would be desirable to obtain technical assistance in designing the dam and spillway. When construction is begun, the dam should be staked to indicate its height, upper and lower toes, and top width before any soil is moved. Any farmer can figure the base width and stake out a satisfactory dam by the following method:

Assume that a site shows the most logical location of the spillway mouth to be 6 feet above the lowest point in the valley floor at the center line of the proposed dam. This would require an 8-foot dam at the center line as the top of the dam is to be 2 feet above the spillway level. Suppose a 7-foot top width is desired, with a 2½:1 slope on the upstream side and a 2:1 slope on the downstream side of the dam. The builder would start at the lowest center stake and measure upstream 3½ feet (half the top width), plus 20 feet (two and one-half times the height of the dam), which locates the upper toe 23½ feet upstream from the center stake. Measuring downstream 3½ feet (half the top width), plus 16 feet (two times the height of the dam) locates the lower toe 19½ feet below the center stake—a total bottom width of 43 feet.

In setting stakes for the upstream and downstream toes of the dam to guide the placing of soil as the height increases, allowance must be made for changes in elevation since higher up the slope the height of the dam and its base width will be less.

A good spillway is just as important as a good dam. The spillway problem is twofold: First, the spillway must be wide enough to carry floodwater out of the pond



This great 7½ lb. walleye was taken in Conneaut Lake by C. G. Woodward, of Pittsburgh.

without danger to the dam; and, second, the spillway must lower the water from the pond down to the bottom of a stabilized draw without creating an overfall which will eventually cut a channel through the spillway around the dam. If the watershed exceeds 50 acres, an experienced builder of ponds should be consulted.

A wide spillway allows floodwaters to leave the pond as a shallow stream in which the loss of fish is negligible. Even though deeper flows may allow more fish to leave the pond, a fish screen across the spillway is not recommended, as screens clog with debris and become a serious hazard to the security of the dam.

If a natural spillway is not available, one can be cut from the hillside at either end of the dam. If a large spillway cannot be built at one end, smaller ones can be built at each end to accommodate the water that would ordinarily be carried by a large spillway. Erosion of the spillway floor can be presented by a good sod of grass. The soil which is removed in shaping spillways should be used in building the dam. In sandy soils it may be necessary to build a concrete drop outlet in the spillway in order to get both the normal water and floodwaters to a safe level.

A raw open bank must not be left on the side of a spillway as erosion will cause silting of the spillway channel. Sericea lespedeza is best adapted for holding the soil in place here. The slope of the bank should be no steeper than 2:1. The bank should be plowed, fertilized, and mulched before being seeded.

A good foundation for the dam should be prepared before piling loose earth on the site. This is accomplished by removing all stumps, roots, vegetation, and trash and then scooping away the topsoil. This scooped-off area should then be broken with a turning plow to insure a good "seal" between the old earth surface and the new fill.

If the dam is to be built of sandy soils, a core wall of heavy clay will be needed to reduce seepage of water through the completed dam. A core wall is constructed by digging, scooping, or blasting a trench down to good foundation the length of the dam at its center. This is filled with heavy clay and carried to water-level height as the sandier soil is used to build the dam on each side.

The tools at hand will largely determine the way to move the soil. Teams and drag pans are commonly used and produce a well-packed dam. Bulldozers, rotary scrapers, or drag pans powered by tractors, steam shovels, or trucks are faster and are particularly suitable for larger construction jobs.

An additional foot of soil must be added to the top for each 10 feet of dam height to allow for settling. Settling is sometimes greater at one point than at others, and more soil will be needed to even up the top so that the dam will have no low places in it. It is desirable to construct the fill in uniform layers of earth 5 to 10 inches deep, keeping each layer as nearly level as practicable and completing one before starting the next. Moist soil makes a well-compacted fill. While it is desirable to obtain soil from the pond basin for the dam, none should be removed in such a manner as to leave a pocket that cannot be drained.

The dam should be sprigged with Bermuda grass or seeded with a standard pasture mixture or other adapted type of vegetation. If the pond is large or is located in an unprotected place where wave action will cause damage, the upstream side of the dam should be riprapped for 2 or 3 feet above and below the normal water level. Rocks or pieces of broken concrete large enough to stay in place serve well. Logs, wired in place, give temporary protection where other materials are not available.

Deepening the Edges

Waters less than 2 feet deep present several problems of maintenance and utilization and are of little or no value for fish. Almost every pond can be made more suitable for fish production by deepening and diking to reduce the areas of shallow water. Soil from shallow areas near the dam should be used in building the dam. At points beyond convenient hauling distance to the dam, areas over which the water would otherwise be less than 2 feet deep may be deepened by the following method: (1) Stake the natural water line and the contours at 1- and 2-foot depth; (2) plow and remove soil from the lower half; and (3) dump the soil on the upper half to fill in where the natural depth would have been 12 inches or less (fig. 7). This brings the new water line approximately to the position of the 1-foot contour. but they need not coincide exactly. Smooth curving lines should be left for pleasing appearance. This method is most efficient where the slope between stakes is not less than 6 or 8 percent, and is unnecessary on slopes exceeding 25 or 30 percent.

The drainage entrance at the upper end of a pond, however, often slopes quite gently. In such cases the area to be filled is wide; therefore, a straight dike is easier to throw up, the soil being taken from the pond basin below. A good point of location for this dike is at the 2-foot depth unless a narrower place is available nearby. The dike must have a foot or so of freeboard to prevent floodwater from overtopping it. Floodwater is allowed to enter the pond around both ends of the dike. These miniature spillways should empty over the natural water line to prevent cutting. The unfilled area above the dike acts as a settling basin for heavy silt and through siltation will eventually become suitable for pasture grasses.

The benefits of deepened edges for ponds are briefly listed as follows:

1. Weeds, as cattails and waterlilies, that grow in shallow water are easily controlled when the shallow area is narrow enough so that they can be removed with a potato fork or a garden rake.

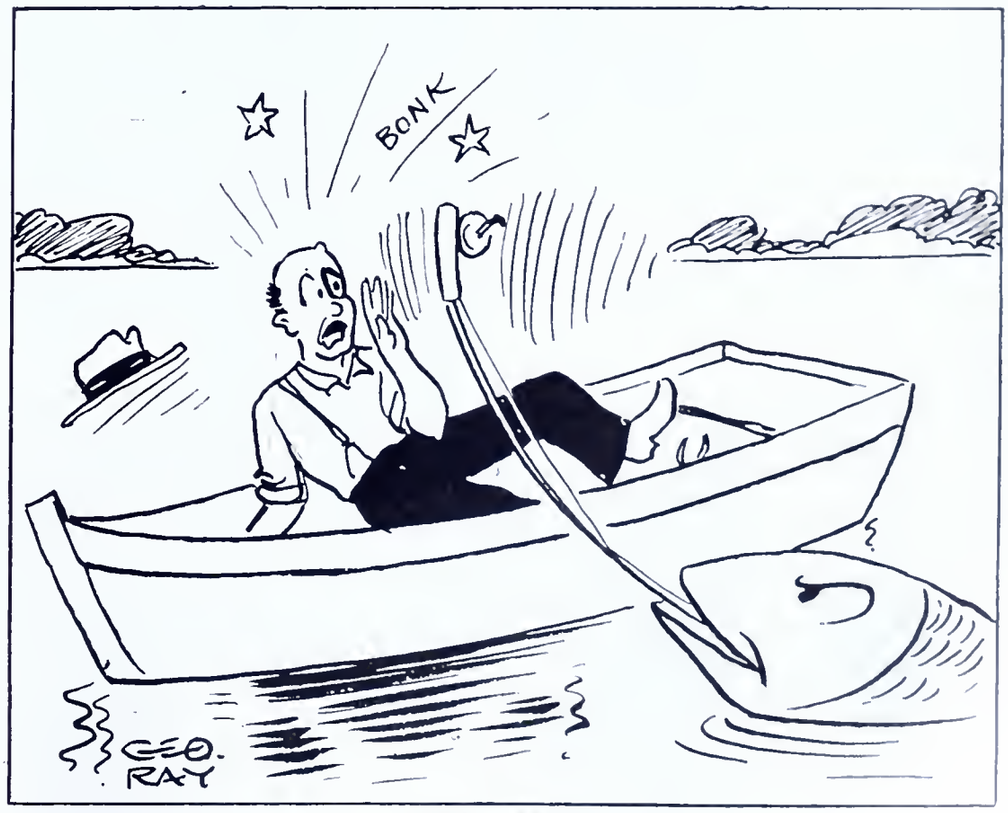
2. Bass are able to cut down the numbers of forage (noncarniverous) fish so that a higher percent of the total weight is in legal-size fish. (There is no danger of eliminating reproduction or reducing the small fish too severely. On the other hand water weeds always protect too many young.)

3. The waters that may be fished from the bank are more than doubled. The entire edge becomes suitable for both bream and bass fishing, whereas ordinary construction would have only the end near the dam favorable for fishing.

4. Evaporation is reduced in proportion to the reduction of surface area. Infiltration or seepage will also be reduced somewhat, and the water level kept from extreme fluctuation.

5. Wading of cattle and wallowing of hogs is materially curtailed, thus reducing the muddying of the water and interference with spawning in ponds that are not fenced against livestock.

6. On many pond sites that are suitable in every other way, ponds can be constructed successfully only by the application of this principle. By throwing up dikes, ponds can



"Help! Help!"

also be built on flat bottom land between a stream on one side and almost any kind of slope on the other.

The Finished Pond

The finished pond should have the following features:

1. A site selected on the basis of good land use, since it is not advisable ordinarily to flood lands needed for other purposes.

2. Steep sides and a gradual slope up the draw, with areas where the water is less than 2 or 3 feet deep eliminated insofar as possible, and a depth of from 6 to 8 feet if the water level remains constant or an 8- or 10-foot depth if the water level fluctuates from season to season.

3. An adequate water supply. Water from terraced field, woodland, or pasture is satisfactory if the run-off is virtually silt-free, as, of course, is the water from Springs, wells, or very small streams.

4. Water area and a 15-, or 20-foot strip around the edge from which all trees, shrubs, and debris have been removed.

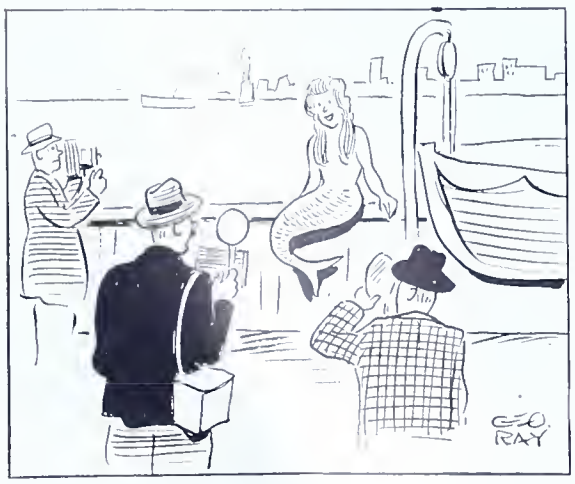
5. A permanent drain pipe so placed that all the water can be drained out of the pond and large enough to allow at least the smaller fish to pass through the pipe and be caught below the dam, where they can be sorted for future use.

6. A well-built dam and an adequate spillway to prevent damage by floodwaters.

PROTECTING THE POND WATERSHED

A pond fed by an eroding watershed is practically worthless for fish production. Often more than half the rainfall on eroded land runs off and carries a load of soil as it rushes down the slope. Bare or lightly vegetated slopes are the birthplace of floods and silt. As land continues to erode it becomes less fertile and subsequently decreases the fertility of the water entering the pond. A good cover of vegetation protects and holds the soil in place and reduces floods by allowing more of the rain to filter into the soil. When fed from a watershed on which adequate soil conservation practices have been applied, a pond receives water which is essentially silt-free, contains considerable natural fertility, and causes little, if any, flood damage.

Although limited control of silting may lengthen the pond's life somewhat, it will still fail to produce a full crop of fish if the amount of light soil particles carried by run-off water into the pond is not held to a minimum. This is particularly true where clay soils predominate in the watershed, chiefly because fish cannot obtain sufficient food in permanently muddy water, as is explained in the section on Foods of Bream and Bass. Thus, for farms that are surrounded by clay soils the best solution of the silting problem is effective erosion control on the entire watershed. This has been accomplished to the profit and satisfaction of many farm communities, by the cooperative effort of neighbors.



"Sorry, boys, I have no legs to cross."

Where to Control Erosion

Soil conservation entails using every parcel of land for the purpose for which it is best suited and employing the necessary cultural practices. In order to protect the pond against damage from erosion, soil conservation practices will be needed on the watershed of the pond whether the land is used as cropland, hay land, wildlife land, pasture, woodland, roads, or any combination of these. Diverting silt-laden waters from the pond is not recommended, for erosion and run-off are most effective controlled at the source. Sloping croplands need a complete system of crop rotations, cover crops, contour cultivation, terraces, and meadow outlets. These practices reduce sheet erosion, prevent gullies, provide vegetation to strain silt from excess waters as they drain down the slope, and permit more rainfall to filter into the soil.

Soil conservation measures prevent the movement of heavy soil particles and greatly reduce the quantities of lighter soil materials that are carried from the land by run-off water. The building of a pond should therefore be delayed until adequate soil conservation practices have been established. If the land in the watershed is poor and eroded, it may require 2 or more years of conservation treatment before a dam can safely be constructed.

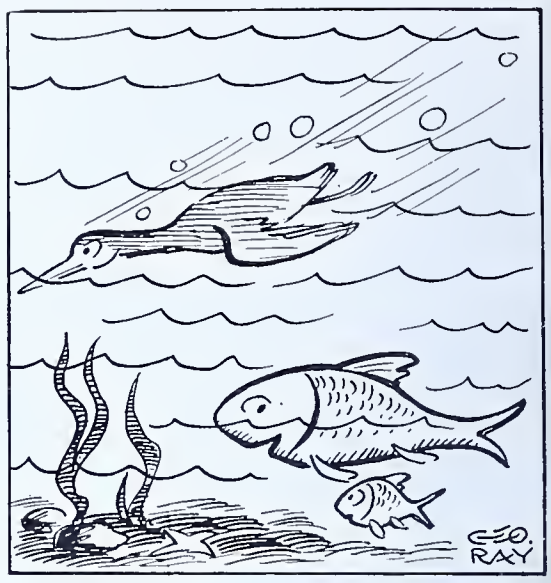
Unless protected by borders of close-growing vegetation, contour rows concentrate water at the edge of fields, where it carries freshly plowed soil down the slopes with every heavy rain. In addition to this protection from erosion, a border furnishes a turnrow, keeps trees from encroaching on the cultivated land, and establishes desirable cover and food for songbirds, quail, and rabbits.

Erosion and run-off are most effectively controlled at the source. Good pastures strain silt from waters which flow across them. Erosion control along public roads will require the assistance of county and State officials, but individual farmers can help by protecting the sides of roads along their own property lines.

OLD PONDS AND LARGER LAKES

Owners of old ponds will find it worth while to follow management measures recommended for new ponds. Old ponds should first be drained and all fish removed; an adequate drain pipe installed; the spillway made to conform with desirable specifications; existing debris removed from the banks and pond area; water weeds, if present, destroyed; and shallow areas deepened, filled in, or diked out. Then the pond can be refilled, stocked, fertilized, and managed as recommended for a new pond. Old ponds should be fertilized a week or two before being stocked because natural fertility is usually low.

Larger lakes can be constructed and managed intensively as a business venture by clubs or groups of farmers. Anyone with sufficient capital to meet the expense of construction and fertilization might sell enough fishing rights to make a profit and thereby remove most of the usable fish as fast as they reach proper size.



"No, Junior, it's a loon not a submarine."

The problems connected with managing large reservoirs are many, however. Erosion, floods, and siltation are serious hazards on large watersheds; dam and spillway construction require considerable engineering skill; large initial stocks of fish are difficult to obtain; removing water plants and keeping the banks in condition involve hiring extra labor; and the cost of fertilization and management must be compensated for by intensive use, which means added problems of organization to direct the large number of people who must be accommodated.

On the other hand, individual farmers can build and manage small ponds with ordinary farm equipment and materials, thus avoiding most of the problems connected with larger lakes. Erosion and floods are controlled on the small watersheds by good farming measures; the dam and spillway are simple to design and construct; the correct number of fish are easily obtained; removing water plants and keeping the banks in good condition are hardly more than a pastime, and the quantity of fish produced as a result of fertilization and management can be profitably and pleasurably used by the farm family.

IN MEMORIUM

It was with deep regret that the many friends of Frank Sanda of Steelton learned of his passing on August 12th after an extended illness. He became the Fish Warden for Dauphin and Lebanon Counties on April 15, 1929 and served as such until August 12, 1943.

Frank was a popular local figure and a great favorite of the members of the Sportsmen's Clubs in his district. To him the duties of a warden were two fold, enforcement and education, and he conscientiously administered each with dispatch.



BILL

(Continued from page 4)

nearby town of Girard tolled the hour of midnight.

It was as dark as the inside of a gopher hole but Bill had unerringly led us from the parked car at the roadside, under a "bobbed" wire fence and along a dike-like ridge flanked by the stream on one side and a swamp on the other. At frequent intervals he either "shooed" or bullied curious cows off the right-of-way.

Coincidental with our arrival at the bridge, the fireman on a passing freight opened the fire door of his engine and gave us a glimpse of the setup as revealed by the ruddy glow.

Just below the bridge the creek widened precipitously, forming a pool large enough to be termed a pond.

"Here's where we fish," announced Bill, dropping his trappings on the elosely trimmed turf of the pasture.

"What's in here?" I abruptly asked, completely forgetting his lavish enumeration of the stream's denizens.

He grunted with impatience and I could feel his pseudo-fierce scrutiny even through the pitch blackness. I expected a sharp rebuke, but he thought better of it.

"There's catfish in here as long as your leg," he patiently replied.

"What about bass?" I eame back.

"There's all the bass you wanta ketch jest below the riffles up nearer the bridge."

"And they'll hit plugs, too," volunteered George in his high pitched voice.

"What in tarnation do you know about it? You never used any of them there contraptions," admonished Bill.

"You, yourself told me," stoutly declared George. "Don't you remember tellin' how you'n's came up with Jack Jones and got to usin' them there lighted plugs?"

"Oh—oh—oh," the old fraud began with rising inflection. "Sure, sure 'nuff. That's the night I bringed back that five-pound bass. Yep, plugs did the trick fer me that time." And I knew that the reprobate was telling a whopper for he himself had told me that the five-pounder had fallen for a live minnow.

Anyway, I decided to give that run below the bridge a try because it did look good; that is, what I had seen of it.

George, in the meanwhile, had assembled his bait rod and calculated fishing a favorite spot a couple of hundred feet downstream.

"So, yer aimin' at leavin' the old man by hisself," chuckled Bill as he ponderously settled his bulk on to a hunting coat he had spread on the dewy grass. "When you'n's get back I'll jest as likely as not have a surprise fer you." With that he swung his worm baited hook out over the darkly gleaming water.

I might state that Bill always uses a conventional fishing outfit. That is, he always uses a rod, reel and line. There, however, is were any further similarities to a regulation fresh-water rig cease, because the stout steel rod is rigged with a salt-water reel and an eighteen-thread cuttyhunk. Obviously, Bill's main idea is to land his quarry come what may.

In the quiet water below the riffle my luminous crippled minnow accounted for two fair bass, the second fish being played and landed while a particularly long freight rumbled overhead.

The dead silence that followed was suddenly broken by Bill's voice. He began by berating something in his very choicest language. "Must be he's tangled with a waterdog—or a big trout," I thought with a smile. Indeed, he was using the same language with which he had flayed a gigantic snapping turtle upon discovering that it was not the 'lunge he bragged he was playing while on one of his nocturnal forays on Conneaut Lake.

Anyway, I paid slight attention to what I could hear of his picturesque remarks, and besides, another freight shortly came along and effectively eclipsed any and all sounds coming from his quarter.

When it was quiet again it was easy to perceive that Bill was still in the throes of something or other. This time I noted something else. A sort of a baffled, slightly helpless note could be detected in the still vehement language.

"Maybe the old boy is in trouble," I suddenly muttered to myself.

At the sudden thought I rapidly retrieved my line. A fresh tirade caused me to drop my outfit and hasten off in Bill's direction. A bobbing light approaching in the opposite direction indicated that George too was on his way.

What we two, George and I, beheld in the mingled beams of our flashlights is something that I shall not soon forget. I'm certain it was the most laugh-provoking thing I have ever beheld.

Somehow Bill's peg had broken through a soft spot in the side of the steep bank and had buried itself to the "hilt." Naturally, as the false member went down Bill was thrown forward so that he finally ended up in a thoroughly helpless position literally suspended over the water. There he was clinging to his rod and swearing at a handful of curious cows placidly gazing on his predicament.

"How did it happen?" asked George after the peg was unharnessed from Bill's stump or more accurately, vice versa.

"Jumpin' tarpons," he roared, except that it wasn't what he really said, "there's a fish on my line."

Incidentally, while the unhitching was in progress Bill had somehow contrived to hang on to his rod.

"What's stoppin' you from pullin' him in?" George managed between roars of laughter.

"Can't," cried Bill. "The line is caught in a bush down near the water. In fact it was that so-and-so of a bush that caused all my trouble in the first place," he added.

Well, the line was soon untangled and it was easy to feel that something heavy was hooked. However, whatever it was had long since quit struggling and had resigned itself to a long postponed fate.

"Maybe it's a turtle," giggled George as he finished straightening the line.

"Sure acts like one," I averred.

"Turtle my eye," deprecated Bill. "It's a catfish," he added, giving the line an investigative pull.

"It's a channel cat," joyfully cried the fisherman pulling the fish from the water and then endeavoring to swing it toward him.

At last he had the feebly struggling fish in his arms and we turned our lights on it.

"It's a beauty," chortled Bill, "it's at least twenty—," he suddenly stopped and peered more closely at his quarry.

"A catfish," said I with a derisive chuckle. "Why, that's nothing but an ornery brown trout.

With shaking fingers Bill tenderly released the hook and tossed the fish back into its element. "Jest as leave eat waterdog," he growled as both George and I howled in helpless chagrin.

BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS
HARRISBURG, PA.

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DO NOT SEND STAMPS

Large Muskie Hooked By Stanley Vanderhoff

Stanley Vanderhoff of Star Route, Titusville, was successful in hooking one of the largest "muskies" taken from the waters of Oil Creek in several years. The fish measured 38 inches long and weighed 12 pounds. Charles Vanderhoff, who was fishing with his brother, helped in landing the fish. The fish was caught off the dock in front of the Stanley's cottage located just east of Spencer's grove.

Dear Sir:

I am sending some photos of a job well done. You will find them enclosed.

The members of the Laurel Run Rod and Gun Club have rebuilt a dam which holds approximately three million gallons of water. The photographs show the dam before and after repairs. Print what you wish.

I would like you to see that Mr. French gets to see the beautiful place we have made for a home for trout. We'd like his influence in stocking this dam and in view of the travel restrictions we would appreciate trout.

We have spent much hard work, time, and money on this project and if it is at all possible, would like some fishing next year.

Yours truly,
JOHN D. WILSON,
Chairman of Fish Restoration Commission.

Dear Sir:

There is no "cock-eyed" reasoning in "Come Hell or High Water" by Fred Everett in the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, July issue. On the contrary, it is good pure logic from beginning to end.

I have read it through several times looking for a flaw—it is flawless. Sincere congratulations.

With Esteem,
W. T. RYMAN,
Girard, Pa.

Dear Mr. French:

I thank you for forwarding my letter to Mr. C. R. Buller. He sent me, a very informative reply, and is of the opinion that the affected bass that we caught in the north branch of the Susquehanna were infected with an external parasite.

I just mailed Mr. Buller a clipping taken from the *Wilkes-Barre Times Leader.*

"BASS WEIGHING OVER 12 POUNDS CAUGHT BY BOY"

"What is believed to be the largest black bass, of the large mouth variety, taken from the Susquehanna River, was caught by Owen Richards, 14, of the Heights, one of the boys at St. Stephen's Camp at Vosburg. It weighed 12 pounds and three ounces and was 27 inches long.

"Richards saw the big fish swimming helplessly in circles while he was bathing and succeeded in getting it to shore. The fish had been attacked by an otter or some other animal, which bit out a piece of its back near the dorsal fin.

"Edwin Hastings, camp director, physical director of Dewitt Clinton School, New York City, verified the size of the fish, stating that he had personally weighed it shortly after it was taken from the water. Unfortunately, he said, it was not fit for human consumption due to the injury it had received, or it would have made a meal for the entire group of boys at the camp."

Large mouth bass are very scarce in the north branch of the Susquehanna, and the spot where this bass was found is about twenty miles south of Wyalusing where there is a pond named Spring Lake which holds good sized large mouth bass, and it empties into the Susquehanna. In my opinion, most of the large mouth that are caught in the river come from this lake. It seems to me that this old boy somehow caught the bug and did not have the vitality to throw it off. At any rate, it was a tremendous bass, and must have set some kind of a record for the Susquehanna.

I would certainly like to have your comment on this matter.

Very truly yours,
PAUL BITTENBENDER,
Wilkes-Barre.



Members of the Laurel Run Rod and Gun Club Construct a Trout Pond



After Completion of Construction

Dear Sir:

Attached is my check for one dollar for a two year renewal of my subscription to the ANGLER. I would just as soon try to fish Pennsylvania waters without a subscription to the ANGLER as I would without my rod—which is a Leonard. And Bob McCafferty says he thinks the superiority of the Leonard rod is much over rated. He doesn't have one. That's what he told me once up on Cedar Run.

Of course I am interested in *every* article published in the ANGLER, but there were recently two of yours which held special interest. The first was on getting the plug into the water without splash. I am guilty of making more disturbance than is necessary but I'm new and have to learn. I had already figured out checking the plug in full flight, but your suggestion of the downward side swipe of the rod is going to help a lot. That is one I had missed. So far this year I haven't been able to put it into practice. I always finish out the trout season before disturbing the bass.

The other article was on trout streamers, and their use. Now most of you fellows who write from the central part of the state have always failed to mention one streamer which for me has always proved effective. I've tested it for years in both free stone and limestone streams, and at the Paradise. This is the Black Ghost. It originated in Maine, I think, and the ones I have are all from that state. I like the marabous and others but when I cannot get trout to rise to a Black Ghost the fishing is tough, indeed. The Grey Ghost is also good but in my experience not so effective as the Black Ghost.

You said you didn't use lead. Well, two of us up here just go without trout rather than use lead. I haven't used lead in some forty or fifty years of fishing. But when it is absolutely necessary to run the streamer deep, have you seen what they call the "Dipper Snoot"? It is made by the Percy Tackle Company of Portland, Maine, and the streamer has a tiny circular "Spoon" set just under the head. Art Snyder ruled it out as illegal at the Paradise, saying it made the streamer wiggle. It doesn't—it merely makes it run deep in the water, but it wasn't my place to argue the question. I have used it with success on the Grey Ghost and the Mickey Finn in No. 10 size.

In the matter of retrieve, using a wet fly or streamer, here is one thing I've found invariably successful. When all other methods of retrieve fail I just drop the point of the rod and bring in the fly or streamer by winding up the reel. The farther out your fly is, the better. Perhaps my ordinary methods of retrieve are not so good, but there seems to be something about the steady run of the fly to the winding reel that causes trout to strike when they will not otherwise. Ive used this for years. The trouble is when a large trout strikes your line is straight out. There is no spring of the rod to cushion the shock and away goes the leader. The last day at the Paradise, last year, I broke three leaders on big trout using this method.

Fishing in this section hasn't been so good, due to our limited travel, and I think an unlucky break in the weather each time. I fished Piney Creek at Williamsburg in Blair County three evenings recently. This stream is full of big brown trout and the local fishermen bank on the evening rise. They had been complaining of mosquitoes spoiling the evening fishing. Now on these three evenings there wasn't a mosquito moving, and they were all warm July evenings. Neither would the trout rise. My guess is there was some unusual weather condition which kept down both mosquito and trout, although we couldn't see anything wrong. Can you explain it?

One evening a few trout were taking nymphs which I didn't seem able to duplicate, although I carry more No. 20 flies and nymphs than anything else. The last evening a fisherman took one trout on a worm. When we examined its stomach it was full of what looked like a very small beetle. This was a sort of blue-gray color about like tool steel, and it looked as though it would take a No. 22 hook to duplicate it. There were no legs or hackles that we could see and the body looked like a No. 2 shot, flattened out. One of the boys insisted these bugs came from the water cress beds.

Three of the boys from Indiana were on the Indian Reservation on the upper Allegheny for opening. They fished three days and claimed they didn't have much excitement. Took, altogether I think, about thirty-five bass, but said a lot were under size. The largest ran 13, 14 and 15 inches. These, we used to consider on the small side up in that country. I have word that the big bass are back in quantity in the Raystown in the Entrikin and Marklesburg district. We have a camp down there and I'm going down, somehow, within a week. Bass up to twenty inches have been seen.



One of the most ardent and successful "salmon" fishermen of Pennsylvania is Bob Greener, of Lancaster. His average season catch is 300 walleyes of which he keeps the biggest. He has caught over a dozen between 6 and 9 lbs. plugging with his homemade weighted bucktails in the Susquehanna.

About eight or ten years ago the ANGLER published two articles on the old Loyalsock fishing. These were by "Nessmuck," I think. Intended to keep them but the copies got away from me. Would it be possible to again publish them? To me they were intensely interesting, describing as they did, the old time fishing for brook trout, where five and six pounders were not uncommon. I have a friend, born at the head of the Loyalsock. He tells me he can remember his father braiding lines of horse hair as described in this article. Mr. Hewitt told me once, when I complained that we did not have any large trout streams, that we had sixty miles of trout water on the Loyalsock. I'm afraid there isn't that much now but the account of this stream should interest all Pennsylvania anglers and show that once we had about as good fishing as Canada.

Yours very truly,

R. J. TAYLOR,
Indiana.

Gentlemen:

For a good many years I have received the ANGLER at Sidney, New York. For some reason this subscription has become twisted and I now receive them at Hammondsport. Will you please change your mailing address to read Sidney, New York?

I usually find the magazine waiting when I go to Hammondsport fishing but since my visits are few I am afraid I may miss an issue. I certainly wouldn't want this to happen, particularly this year since I am unable to get there and check on what is doing.

This is the first year in a great many that I have failed to fish Northern Pennsylvania and I do regret it very much. Although I am but 82 years I expect to go back to the good old hills after the war. I sure do love these hills, the trout, the bears, and the rattlers of Potter County.

Just at present we are catching plenty trout in Keuka Lake, New York two to twelve pounds but on a hook or in the fry pan a few Kettle Creek natives discount them.

I'll be with you all when the restrictions let me go.

G. A. CLARK.
Sidney, New York.

Some Pennsylvania fishermen are mystified because some fish have refused to bite even when low water obviously has reduced food. The mystery was finally settled by some anglers when they managed to catch several fish and found their stomachs full of Japanese beetles. It was finally discovered that the beetles were unable to fly across broad expanses of water and when they fell the waiting fish rose to the surface and satiated their appetites.

—Connellsville Courier

"Scotty" Jones and party had a successful fishing trip—they bagged a forty-four inch rattler.

The town men with Charles Early, of Danville, and Fred Bower, of Shamokin, were fishing the lake along the Fourteen Mile Narrows in Union county.

About three o'clock in the morning "Scotty" awakened and heard the rattle. One of the boys thought it was a "Katydid" and then turned around and saw the coiled rattler about three and a half feet away. Whereupon, as soon as "Scotty" picked up the flash light he had dropped in the excitement, they went to work with a large stone and made the kill. The men will have their trophy on display at the Cherokee Ordnance plant.

—Bloomsburg Press



FOR *EARWIGS*

Folks who live across the ocean,
Called you "earwigs". They'd a notion
That at night when they were sleeping,
'Neath their nightcaps you came creeping.
They were full of foolish fears
That you napped within their ears!



FOR *FIREFLY*

Down among the marsh reeds
Where the little pickerels play,
Comes a crew of fireflies
Every close of day.
Each one proudly brings his light,
Polished up for all it's worth;
Each one like a tiny star
Much too close to earth.
Each one flies with drowsy hum,
Lights reflecting from the grass;
Little pickerels know it's time
To attend their night school class.

FOR MEN ONLY

I saw her swimming in the brook,
  A moment swift and fleeting,
And from the shock of that brief look,
  My heart almost stopped beating.
I worked my way around the trees,
  To where the view was clearer,
And then on trembling hands and knees
  I edged a little nearer.
I never saw such perfect lines,
  As she was their displaying,
Beneath the shade of spreading pines,
  In languid splendor playing.
Her twists and turns were full of grace,
  Her body smoothly molded,
I know the joy showed on my face,
  As each new charm unfolded.
And when she floated with the stream
  The sight was most entrancing,
Her wondrous body seemed to gleam,
  From sunbeams, softly glancing.
I yearned for her with heart and soul,
  And then I fell to wishing,
For I had neither hook nor pole,
  And bass are caught by fishing.

South Dakota Conservation Digest



A spinning minnow in the capable hands of Carl Hazen, of Edinboro, accounted for this fine 21 inch, 4 pound brown trout. The big fellow was taken from the Little Conneautee Creek.

STREAMS CLOSED AS NURSERY WATERS BY THE BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS AND ALL FISHING PROHIBITED UNTIL JULY 31, 1948.

CHESTER COUNTY

Name of Stream or Water

Headwaters of Chester Creek—From and including Fern Hill Dam Reservoir, upstream 2 miles.

CLINTON COUNTY

Gottshall Run—(Stream closed for protection of water supply.)

CRAWFORD COUNTY

Pymatuning Sanctuary.

Northern and Shenango River, below dam at Pymatuning Lake.

Sugar Lake, Special posters during spawning season.

ELK COUNTY

All tributaries to Bear Creek.

All tributaries to Big Mill Creek.

JEFFERSON COUNTY

South Branch of North Fork Creek, from Marshall Bridge to source.

LANCASTER COUNTY

Stream running through Public Park at Lititz (Exhibition.)

Octoraro Creek, Portion of W. Branch.

LUZERNE COUNTY

Sugar Notch Dam, about one third.

Harveys Lake, approximately 3 acres at the Outlet neck and approximately 5 acres at the Alderson neck.

LYCOMING COUNTY

All tributaries of Slate Run.

All tributaries of Pleasant Stream.

Portion of tributaries of Pine Creek.

Portion of tributaries of Lycoming Creek.

PIKE COUNTY

Portion of Pecks Pond, above wire on E. Branch inlet.

Portion of Promised Land Lake.

SCHUYLKILL COUNTY

Nursery Pools on the Old Schirner Farm—Posted by Game Commission.)

Locust Creek, about 6000 feet. (Posted by Game Commission.)

SOMERSET COUNTY

Brush Creek, trib. to Wills Creek, 3 miles.

Beaver Dam Creek, from Sportsmen's Dam to source.

VENANGO COUNTY

Lower Two Mile Run, Section within Waltonian Park. (Exhibition.)

WARREN COUNTY

Dedman Run, tributary to Spring Creek, 1/2 mile.

Greeley Run, tributary to Spring Creek, 3/4 mile long.

STREAMS CLOSED AS NURSERY WATERS UNTIL JULY 31, 1946.

Name of Stream or Water

LUZERNE COUNTY

Cummings Pond, approximately 1¼ acres in Franklin Township, taking in 1500 ft. of shore line.

SOMERSET COUNTY

Meadow Run, in Elk Lick Township, from Maryland line to Casselman River.

Name of Stream or Water

STREAMS CLOSED AS NURSERY WATERS UNTIL JULY 31, 1945

JEFFERSON COUNTY

Bear Pen Run, tributary to North Fork Creek.

Williams Run, tributary to North Fork Creek.

JEFFERSON AND ELK COUNTIES

Rattlesnake Creek, tributary to Little Toby Creek, 3 miles, from ½ mile below Brockway Reservoir to source.

VENANGO COUNTY

Two-Mile Run, section passing through property of Socony-Vacuum Oil Company.

WESTMORELAND COUNTY

Little Pucketa Creek, section between property of Arthur McKean and northern boundary of the wildlife property.

NOTE: Under the provisions of the Game Code, all Refuges are closed to hunting and fishing. If any streams within the Refuges are open to public fishing cardboard posters, so stating, are prominently displayed.


I CAME FIFTY MILES TO FISH HERE AND FORGOT MY ROD!
WHAT ARE YOU KICKING FOR? I FORGOT MY COMPACT!
I MIGHT AS WELL THROW THIS ONE BACK, NOBODY'D BELIEVE IT ANYWAY!
THINK HARD DEAR, WHERE DID YOU PUT THE OARS?
ARE YOU SURE WE DON'T NEED A PASSPORT?
HUH? I SUPPOSE YOU EXPECT A CONVOY, TOO?
WHY GIVE ME THE OARS?... AM I SUPPOSED TO ROW?
SURE, WHY DO YOU THINK I BROUGHT YOU...THIS IS MY VACATION!
I'M ALL WORN OUT OPERATING THESE LABOR SAVING GADGETS!
SPT SPT
YOU CAN REST COMING BACK WHILE YOU'RE ROWING!
I THINK BUYING THIS SUIT WAS A WASTE OF MONEY...ALL THE GOOD-LOOKING MEN ARE IN THE ARMY!
WELL, IT SURE DIDN'T WASTE MUCH MATERIAL!
LOOK- JIMMY CAUGHT A TURTLE!
OH, BOY, TWO BEAUTIES!
GIVE ME THAT BOTTLE- THEN I'LL SEE FOUR BEAUTIES!
9-43 - o - CARROLL - o

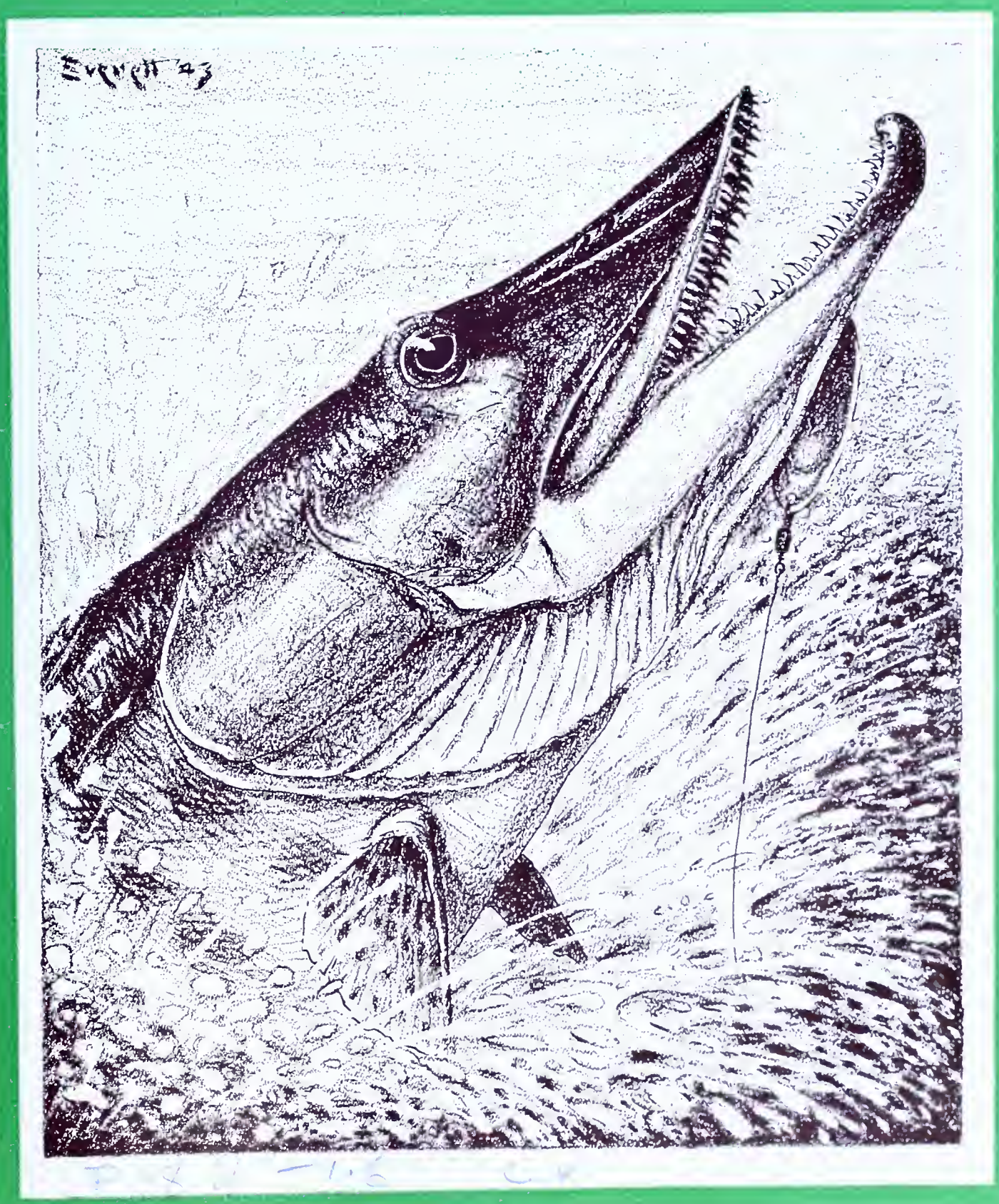
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BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS



Keep America Free

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



OCTOBER, 1943

TEN CENTS

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★

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★

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EDWARD MARTIN
Governor

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

VOL. XII. No. 10 OCTOBER, 1943

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The Old Angler and The Parson
By Dr. Charles Lose

Modern Trouting
By Charles K. Fox

The Casting Fool
By William D. Ellis, Sr.

Favorite Trout Fly Patterns

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Dear Sir:

I wish to advise you that the "Pride of the Perkiomen Creek," a small-mouth black bass, 22½ inches in length, weighing over 5 lbs. was caught by me at Yerkes, Montgomery County. The lure was a helgramite attached to a medium size bass hook. The fish measured 14 inches in girth and had an 8 inch tail spread. There was a garnet or reddish stripings in the fan-tail. Stories got around that it was 22 inches, but to have the true fish story, by official measurement it was ½ inch more than 22. It was proudly exhibited at the Court House to Abram D. Hallman, Deputy Prothonotary, many lawyers, at the Trust Company, some law offices, and to sportsmen.

I regret that moving pictures in color were not taken until after it was reposed at Norristown.

I had on a nice wiggly helgramite. The big fish fooled around the helgramite twice almost like a sun-fish. Then when I felt something was doing I gave more slack line to permit it to float in the current. Suddenly he gave a steady pull for a yard or so and I gave him the hook and caught him in the mouth. A fishing friend, Lynford A. Umstead, netted him for me. He photographed him the next day.

I think I got even with the same fish, which broke a new 10 lb. test leader nine days before. The gut broke about ¼ of an inch from the tie.

This must have been the "Granddaddy" of them all, and he got mad because I caught "Grandmom" two weeks before on a helgramite and she was a small-mouth 20 inches long about 4½ pounds. So I enjoyed a grand season at my "Elm Cottage" at Yerkes on the Banks of the Perkiomen. Of course, others later appeared on the scene to try their luck but there did not seem to be many more, although a 14 incher was caught in the vicinity.

This summer the bass seemed to bite on helgramites rather than minnows or other bait, and it was more satisfactory fishing with them, for minnows were scarce. There did not appear to be so many sun-fish to bite them in the back and spoil the bait though there are plenty of sunfish around now. One friend has a lot of fun fishing for them with "Japanese Beetles," and then throwing "sunnies" back in the stream.

In July I caught a catfish over 17 inches, which bit like a bass. It had flowing whiskers, a white jelly belly and grey top. I don't know whether it was a Mississippi "mud-cats" or not, but some years ago I advocated stocking the streams with these.

I happen to be Chairman of the Resolution Committee of our Montgomery County Fish, Game, and Forestry Association, and presume I will modestly be compelled to prepare resolutions on the death of "Granddaddy" 22½ inches long.

Respectfully,
G. Carroll Hoover.

Charlie:

I guess I can call you by your first name which happens to be my own. You will find attached a clipping which I cut from the February issue of the ANGLER and I wish you would print the following story as I have been asked so often about it and I have told the story so often. It is about the origin of the Beck Spinner Fly. This clipping was taken from Mr. C. L. Peter's article, "Tying of the Drake Fly," and Mr. Peters descriptions of how the Beck should be tyed is okay, but I have to disagree with him on the origin of this fly.

He says that it originated in Centre County on Penns Creek. But here is the true story of the origin of the Beck Spinner. On or about the year 1912 or 1913 Mr. August Beck of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, was fishing on the Big Pine Creek above Jersey Shore. I cannot recall just what part but there was a hatch of flies at dusk and he did not have anything like it in the artificial. He caught several specimen of the natural and brought them along home and sent them to the only fly tyer that was known in this section at that time. It was none other than Dr. H. W. Lyte of North Ninth St., Allentown, Pennsylvania. Since the natural fly belongs to the spinner species the Dr. tyed up the Beck Spinner and for the want of a name he called it the Beck Spinner after Mr. August Beck, a member of the Board of Game Commissioners and a great trout fisherman.

Yours for better fishing,
C. F. (Tater) Swank.

JUMPY BASS

Dear Mr. Fox:

In the December 1942 issue of the ANGLER I read your notes about the jumping antics of schools of small-mouth bass. This was very interesting to me, for I happened one time to be standing almost in the center of a similar party. The notes I wrote in my fishing diary at that time may prove interesting and shed some additional light on the subject.

I have been somewhat loathe to write about this because the few times I have attempted to tell the story I have met with that certain polite inattention that says: "just another one of those 'fish stories.'" I am copying here the notes as I wrote them that evening with the hope that they may bring forth more comment on a subject that has been intriguing me this long time.

Here are the notes.

Aug. 18, 1937. Bass fishing has been practically at a standstill for the last two weeks. The river (the Allegheny) is very low and warm because these last weeks have been so clear, bright and hot. This morning Buster (a springer spaniel) and I walked up

(Continued on page 23)

WALL-EYES ARE SCRAPPERS

By THOMAS H. LUCKENS



TROUT fishermen may pass up this story because it deals only with one of the real thrillers of angling. Recognizing that dyed-in-the-wool flickers of the fuzzie-wuzzies generally hold very closely to their own ideas about the acme of fishing we must repeat that this article is for those who really would like to go after those tackle-smashing, hard-hitting, rushing, fighting members of the finny tribe that inhabit lakes and rivers of this beautiful state.

If, by any chance, some of you trout fishermen (I'm one too) happen to have a desire to try something absolutely guaranteed to thrill, then we recommend absorbing this story with the hope that we may soon again be out there where the wall-eyes wait to take on a round or two with any fisherman who thinks he is equal to them. However, we will not urge anyone with a weak heart to go after them, because a very big surprise awaits those who have never had one of these scrappers on the end of a line. With this in mind, the story is being written for those who may never have had the opportunity to fish for wall-eyes and also for the old-timers who like to dream about the many pleasant times they had with these warriors.

Members of the perch family, wall-eyes are distributed in Canada and the United States all the way down to the southern states and as far west as the Mississippi River. As a food they can hardly be surpassed, since they possess a real white meat with the most delicious flavor one can imagine. They enjoy a wide variety of names, some of which are pike-perch, yellow-pike, yellow-bass, Susquehanna salmon and glass-eyed salmon, while in Canada and also commercially they are sometimes called pickerel and dore.

It is interesting to note that at spawning time the female may carry as many as 500,000 eggs. Of course, only a few of these reach maturity because of the inroads made on them by the many hungry game fish looking for a tasty morsel. The parents, too, have quite an appetite for small fish which forms the major portion of their diet. We doubt very much if they would stop to find out whether or not it was another wall-eye they were swallowing; but rather, wait until sometime after they had eaten it and find for themselves just how good they are.

Their body is long and comparatively thin. They are blessed with a large tail and unusually large fins. Along their back are two fins, similar to their relatives the yellow perch; but much larger. Right in front of the tail is the soft fin, while directly ahead of that a huge spinous dorsal fin extends almost sail-like from the back. All of these spell fight, and fight they do. But first, we will have to get them on the other end of our line, so let's get going.

At the outset, this writer would like to mention that he could quote rule after rule for taking them: rules which have been accepted by many followers of the sport. However, any regulation included should be used as a guide or suggestion since we have never found any member of the great family of fishes that holds entirely to any set regulation. They, like people, are affected by varying conditions and, as a result, do things this way or that simply because it fits into the ever changing plan. At times they appear to be always breaking those laws which they themselves had formerly given to the angling world.

Since this is the case, we should like to mention some of our own experiences and a few methods we have employed in our effort to snare them. Regardless of what method or statement may be made, some of you will surely disagree. That's always healthy, since it is a sign that we are thinking, and using the noodle is always important. Just the same, these methods have brought

(Continued on page 15)

MODERN ANGLERS, ATTENTION!

The Old-Timer Remembers When Trout Creeks Were Just as Nature Made Them and Preaches a Sermon on Conservation

By DICK FORTNEY

SITTING there in his favorite easy chair, the stump of a half-smoked cigar in the corner of his mouth and the afternoon sun lighting the silver stubble of whiskers on his chin, the Old-Timer was getting really warmed up on the subject of trout fishing.

It all began when a young chap from up the street dropped in with a string of brook trout. He told the Old-Timer how he had caught them with dry flies late that afternoon on a stream near our town, and he had expressed the opinion that fishing in that particular creek certainly had improved since a series of dams had been built along its course, some current deflectors of logs and rocks installed, and the road improved.

The trout really were nice, beautifully colored and plump, and of quite respectable size. And the Old-Timer admired his young friend for his skill in catching them with the dry fly.

But the cigar jerked up at a high angle, and the Old-Timer stiffened in his chair at mention of the stream from which they had come. A shadow seemed to pass across the face of the veteran of the trout brooks, and when he loudly cleared his throat we knew that he had something on his mind.

"Yes, I know the stream well," he began. And then his tone changed: "But you young fellows don't."

Before any of us could interpose a question or a denial the Old-Timer dropped his cigar into the box of sand at his side and crossed his angular knees and began to speak.

"Before you young fellows were out of knee pants I used to fish that creek all through the trout season. I knew every hole and riffle on it well enough to travel its length the darkest night.

"I used to get off the evening train down the line a couple of miles, and I didn't mind

(Continued on page 20)



Sitting there in his favorite easy chair.

THE LIEUTENANT AND SUCCESS

By FRED. EVERETT

Illustrations by the Author



THE last of Doc's evening patients had had his sore toe swabbed and bandaged, and had limped his way out of the office, Doc's cheerful but sighed "Good night" easing the pain.

Some doctors have a God-given gift of banishing most of one's sickness by simply exuding confidence and help through their personality. If you have an old family doctor like that, you'll know what I mean. The instant he comes to the bedside or you enter his office, you just know that everything is going to be all right and you perk up amazingly even before he has done a thing. Alex should know because his Dad was that kind of a doctor.

Tonight, Doc breathed a sigh of relief to be done with the last patient. Every night, since all the younger medicos had gone into service, his reception room was crowded, even before he had time to eat or to look at the papers to see how the war is going. Those too old for military service were taking a real beating at home, trying to handle three or four times their normal practice. Somebody had to hand out the pills and heal the sores or mix the bicarbonate of soda for the chronic dyspeptics.

Doc was all in. He hastened to lock the door and put out the lights. He had visions of a nice soft bed and sweet repose in the arms of Morpheus. He slowly walked toward the stairs and the luxury of a shower. At the foot of the stairs he stopped to yawn, stretching his arms over his head.

The doorbell rang insistently. Doc's arms dropped limp by his sides. His shoulders sagged as he looked, first toward the reception room, then longingly up the stairs. He hesitated, took a half-step toward the door, then squared his shoulders and turned to the stairs.

The bell rang again and the doorknob was shaken impatiently. Doc stood still. He was too tired to look at another coated tongue or listen to the fancied or real troubles of an aching insides. Doctors are human but most people never seem to give them any consideration. Doc often wondered, "Why are doctors?" For the life of him, he couldn't say.

This time, the bell didn't ring. Instead, a fist pounded on the door and the handle rattled like a present-day jalopy on a cobblestone road, driven by a war worker late to work.

Doc decided that saving the door was the better part of wisdom, so he went into the reception room and unlocked the door. It was thrown open and a tall figure sauntered in. A big grin wrinkled the lean face of the Lieutenant. There was nothing sick-looking about him.

Doc snorted in feigned disgust. The truth was, he was too glad not to find a patient to make his snort convincing. So he tried to cover up by growling, "What the devil's the idea, breaking down the door this time of night!"

"What do you mean, you old crab?" Lieut. countered, "It's only nine-thirty."

"If you'd been up at five this morning, delivering the Perkins' baby; at six, fishing a button out of Eddie's nose; and all the rest of the day feeling of big stomachs, listening to thumping hearts, swabbing sore throats and hearing the gossip between groans and wheezes, you'd know what I mean."

"Did I hear you say fishing?" the heartless Lieut. asked.

"Did I?"

"You certainly did—something about fishing big stomachs out of throbbing wheezes or the like. Have any luck?"

Doc grumbled something under his breath and went into his office. When Lieut. followed, Doc pushed him into one of his special chairs, turned on a spotlight and grabbed up some tools. Then, standing over Lieut., he commanded him to open his mouth wide and stick out his tongue.

Lieut. grinned. "What's the idea?"

"I'm going fishing." Doc was stern.

"What for?"

"To see if I can find any sense in your head."

Oh, yeah?"

"Yes—'yeah'! But it's one fishing trip I know won't be successful before I start."

"Say, that's funny. Do you know, I've been trying to figure out just what success really is when fishing."

"Don't you know?"

"Can't say I do. There are too many things to be taken into consideration."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, take a fish hog, like yourself—a big catch would be success."

"Wait a minute, Lieut., wait a minute. Where do you get that fish hog stuff?"

"Oh, alright, let's take some other fish hog then."

"Listen, you conceited blowhard—if I had half the powers that that deflated Mussolini used to have. I'd stuff you full of castor oil. That would be success."

"Success, Old Man, is where you find it.



Sometimes it hits you full in the face; at others it sneaks up behind you and you don't even know you have it. One minute it's your buddy, the next it's like a Jap, whispering sweet words in your ears and cutting your throat at the same time. Now you have it—now you don't."

Doc sat and shook his head. He never could quite understand his friend. One moment kidding, the next, deep in serious thoughts. Sometimes it was difficult to know where one left off and the other began.

"Feeling all right, Lieut.?"

"Never better."

"Worried about your past?"

"Speaking of the past, Doc, do you realize that the fishing season is over! Why, it was only yesterday, it seems, that we were wondering how and where we could go fishing. Now it's come and gone. Was it a successful season?"

"In what way?"

"Well, we were afraid the war would cut us out of trips to our favorite waters. And that we couldn't find places near home. So we decided to fish our own streams and let others do the same. Remember? We did. Was the season a flop or wasn't it?"

Doc pondered a moment. "H-m-m- Seems to me I had a fair season, what little time I got off. Didn't have time for long trips, anyway. Darn lucky I could fish at home."

"We were a lot luckier than most people, at that, Doc. And, in a way, I feel a lot more comfortable inside, realizing I didn't use too much gas or rubber. The way the big push is on over there I guess we haven't given up our trips for nothing. Man, what a mess of gas those planes use up, just in one trip."

"A lot more than those old Jennies you flew in '18, eh Lieut.?"

"I'll say! What they're doing now doesn't seem possible. They're the spark plug for the victory chariot in this war."

"It's not so much the planes as the boys

who fly them, you know."

"Yeah—and I'll bet guys like Dick, right in the thick of a fight, will wonder how the fishing is back home."

"Not only wondering, Lieut., but hoping we'll save it for them to come back to."

"Uh-huh—I thought about that a lot when I was enjoying myself on the stream—wishing I could share the pools."

"It was a bit different this year. Catching fish didn't seem so important, somehow, did it? It was the let down of the nerves that really counted. Don't know as I could face all those sick people without a few moments of relief."

"Doc, you've hit it right on the head. Although fish in the pan was a real help to many families, the real thrill was the way fishing kept a fellow fit for his job. That's what got me to think about success. Just what is success when fishing?"

"Well, I suppose it's the same as with most anything else—it all depends on the viewpoint. If I'd never caught a fish before, success could be wrapped up in a sunfish. Sort of like when I first hung up my shingle and sat hopefully waiting for the first patient. Success then was having somebody get sick. Now, success would be not having so many sick people."

"Do you know Doc, that's just what I have been thinking. It hit me one day last May. For some reason, it didn't seem to matter whether I raised that trout I was after or not. It was a strange feeling which I had never had before. I mulled it over all day, trying to understand what had happened to me.

"At first I thought old age had me down. It wasn't until later that I came to realize that it was my way of thinking and feeling that had been changed. In the old days, I'd spend hours figuring out how to fool a feeding trout if he were good-sized. And when he took, I'd tingle all over and want to shout.

"To me, that was success, even though I'd let him go after giving him a good battle and a looking over to see his size and condition.

"But this year I was fishing for something else. Those long hours on the job take a lot out of a fellow, especially when there's so much to be done and so few to do it. I've fallen into the habit of taking my hardest problem out on the stream. Out there the little, petty things are lost and one sees things in a truer light.

"I recall one day last June, when a real problem hit my desk. It was one of the most important I'd handled and it meant a lot to the plant schedule. We had to have certain certain material and it was up to me to straighten out the tangle.

"Fortunately, it came in late Saturday, so I had Sunday to figure out a way. It seemed a hopeless mess, full of petty personalities, jealousies and red tape. So I went out on the stream. As I cast and failed to raise a couple of trout, the problem lingered in the background of my mind.

"I changed flies a couple of times and still the fish wouldn't take. I became interested in why I was failing to take a feeding trout. Then I realized I was standing in the wrong place and there was a bad drag on the line, no matter how well I cast. So I moved, made a cast and took the fish.

"Even as the fish rose, I forgot him. It was as though something had thrown the answer to my problem into my face. The answer was so simple I laughed out loud. In fact, it wasn't a problem at all—I had simply made it one because of my approach to it. I had been casting over too much water from the wrong angle, getting such a drag of opposition that my fly had no lure. All I had to do was to side-step the currents of opposition and cast straight to my objective. The next day the matter was all settled before noon.

"That was success on that fishing trip."

Doc sat quietly—no answer was needed to Lieut.'s remarks. The two old cronies lapsed into silence. There are times when words are more valuable when only thought, not spoken. Doc's thoughts were of tired nerves and minds and bodies and how much success fishermen had from that viewpoint even when they believed they had had no luck because of an empty creel. He knew all too well why his office was so full during his evening office hours with people whose ragged nerves needed surcease from the din of pounding machinery, twelve hours a day, seven days a week. People whose bodies couldn't stand the strain, whose minds were becoming less keen and their hands less efficient because they were doing an all-out job for the war. People who didn't realize that, beyond a certain point, they could not go and do justice to their job. Longer hours meant more pay, to some; more work done, to others.

Maybe these people could stand the strain for awhile—a year, two years, yes, even three. But in one way or another, they would have to pay for it. Nature would

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THE OLD ANGLER AND THE PARSON

Two Who Ministered to the Souls of Men--a Legend of Bass Fishing Days in Pennsylvania

* * *

This is the second in a series of articles made up of excerpts from the book, "The Vanishing Trout," by the late Dr. Charles Lose, of Williamsport, who was widely known in Pennsylvania as a conservationist, sportsman and educator. The scene is the Susquehanna River. The Parson was a widely known Pittsburgh rector. The Old Angler was the father of Dr. Lose.

* * *

This material from "The Vanishing Trout" is presented with the permission of Col. Henry W. Shoemaker, publisher of the Altoona Tribune.

THE Parson was a noted preacher, a fine man, and an ardent angler. For ten months of the year he devoted himself faithfully to his flock, a wealthy congregation that went to church on Sunday morning and played golf and bridge Sunday afternoon.

During July and August the Parson took his vacation, went fishing on distant lakes and streams, and let Satan do his worst. His admirers in the church, and these were numerous, presented him at frequent intervals with the latest style of rod, an improved reel, a new device in tackle, or some expensive piece of fishing apparel. Moreover, he fell heir to most of the fishing gear of the deceased members of his congregation. After he had pronounced the last solemn words over the remains, the widow brought forth the relics of fishing apparatus and pressed these on him.

Then, too, the Parson prided himself on being a connoisseur in hooks, sinkers, swivels, lines, and so forth and was always hunting sporting goods stores to discover the newest things out. As a consequence he possessed an excess of fishing impedimenta for the transportation of which a Saratoga trunk was usually required.

For the native fisherman with his scanty and primitive equipment the Parson did not always succeed in concealing his pity. That such a fisherman should compete successfully with the experienced, well equipped city angler was, the Parson believed, an exploded theory. The Parson was no boaster; he was too much of a gentleman for that.



The widow brought forth the relics of fishing apparatus.

He did, however, enjoy immensely showing the other fellow a trick or two in this fishing game, and when he did so it was not always pleasant for the other fellow. I had often fished with him, and I knew.

The Old Angler also ministered efficiently to the souls of men, was a delightful companion, and a persistent fisherman. He had no fixed period for his vacation but went fishing whenever the spirit moved him, or, in other words, about three times a week.

He fished for trout in spring and summer, for bass in summer and fall, and for pike in fall and winter. With him fishing was a continuous performance, and he was never out of practice.

He, too, had many admirers and not a few friends, but these, like himself, were not persons who made donations of angling apparatus. The Old Angler made his own good leaders and tied on his own hooks with a waxed end. Three hooks, with frequent sharpenings, might last him through a season. His long, nicely tapered cane pole, selected with great care from a large stock, was smoothed, oiled, and colored to perfection.

As for a reel, he never used one; he preferred to hook and handle his fish within a reasonable distance.

Like his tackle, his clothing was inexpensive, inconspicuous, and eminently fitted to his purpose. The color of his faded hat or coat frightened no fish. His shoes were intended to protect his feet and not to cripple them.

His success as a fisherman was widely known and deserved. He fished with a directness, a sureness, and a faith and confidence that always won my admiration. To amateurs in the fishing game he would give good counsel and much help, but to the arrogant and superior he did not always show the greatest consideration. He would put them to shame if he could, and when he succeeded there would come into his old gray eyes a twinkle that was the only indication of how he enjoyed it. When he was beaten—but why discuss this?

The day, the water fished, and the plan remain to be described. It was late in August, and a showery afternoon and night had been followed by a clear day with cool, fresh winds from the west, the sort of day for which the bass fishermen prays. Seen from the proper angle, the river, between its green banks, was of the same intense blue as the sky.

Mill Pool, the Fording, and the Great Pool were to be fished in the order named. The first and second were a part of the channel at the left of an island, while Great Pool covered the full width of the river above the head of the island. The three pools and two riffles connecting them extended up and down the river for more than half a mile. Despite the showers, the water was clear and in prime condition.

The fishing was done from a large skiff for which I furnished the motive power. I also attended to the two anchor stones, the fresh water for the lampreys, and the lifting in and stringing of the fish caught. I sat on the middle seat and faced the Parson at the stern. The Old Angler occupied a place up near the bow. While there was no visible evidence of rivalry between the two men, I knew that each was exceedingly anxious to beat the other.

The Parson was not an early riser, and the sun was several hours high when I pulled the skiff out into the slow current of Mill Pool and dropped the anchor stones overboard. One side of Mill Pool once served as a boom, and down through the middle there still ran a row of sunken piers, and on the bottom there lay many water-soaked logs. It was a fine place for black bass, but



With an upward jerk of the rod he struck his fish.

not a very good place for a fisherman like the Parson who used a short rod and no float on his line.

The Old Angler knew the depth of the water to an inch, and he set his little cork float so that his looping helgramite easily cleared the tops of the sunken logs. He had fished only a few minutes when his float was drawn under and then down stream at a slow, steady gait. When the bass was just at the proper distance from the boat the Old Angler arose and, with a sharp upward lift of the rod, hooked it. With his long, somewhat stiff rod he was able to handle it was ease, and in a short time I lifted into the boat a plump bass of nearly two pounds.

In the meantime the Parson had selected the best lamprey in the bucket, impaled it scientifically on the hook, and, letting the reel run free, cast it some forty feet from the boat.

It was a beautiful cast and deserved a better reward than it got, for the Parson, misjudging the depth of the pool or the sluggishness of the current, failed to retrieve his line rapidly enough and was soon fast in a sunken log. After many efforts to unhook himself, the Parson with a strong pull broke the snood attached to the hook. It was sure that the Old Angler would look on this as a bad start.

He would not object to the Parson's taking the best lamprey. He would have done the same thing himself. The farmer who instructed his wife always to use the specked apples first would have found no favor in the Old Angler's eyes. He believed in beginning at the other end so that one would always be using the best apples and the best bait instead of the poorest.

But the Old Angler objected to a fisherman who wasted bait, and I felt that he would think the Parson's style of fishing in such water as wasteful of lampreys.

During the two hours we spent in different parts of Mill Pool the Parson lost four hooks, some ten or twelve fine lampreys, and not a little of his temper. I was much disappointed in the performance of the Parson, about whose exploits as a bass fisherman I had boasted to the Old Angler.

In two hours he had succeeded in landing only one bass to the Old Angler's seven. While the Parson had been breaking himself loose from piers and logs and losing lampreys in unsuccessful strikes at bass running to long distances, the Old Angler had been hooking and conquering his bass with his accustomed skill and certainty. The number of bass on his string compared exactly, I am sure, with the number of helgramites missing from the old coffee pot in which he always carried them.

After we had eaten our luncheon at a small spring on the edge of the river I towed the boat up the riffle and into the Fording. This was a long, narrow pool with a good current in water that had a depth of about five feet. It was a favorable place for the Parson, and he set about promptly to make the best of his opportunity.

He could fish almost twice as much water as the Old Angler could cover, and the current kept his lamprey in lively motion and well off the bottom. He had the first bite and, after allowing the fish to run some distance, he hooked it was a strong pull in which both rod and line played an essential part. It proved to be a sturdy, two-pound bass which put up a sharp contest before I lifted it into the boat. The performance throughout had been in every respect very creditable to the Parson.

While this was going on the Old Angler was fishing with the utmost care and industry. He had set his little cork so that the helgramite just grazed the stones on the bottom. Occasionally it clung to a boulder that was somewhat larger than the others. At such times the Old Angler tested carefully to see whether a stone or a fish had stopped the bait. It seemed to me, as I watched him, to be exceedingly good fishing. In a few minutes I saw from the Old Angler's attitude that a fish had taken the bait, and three or four minutes later I had the satisfaction of stringing a nice bass for him.

For two hours the bass continued to bite and fight in such a way as to support the claim frequently made by bass fishermen that the small mouth black bass is the gamiest fish that swims.

When the biting had fallen off somewhat and we decided to leave the Fording, each Angler had added just eleven fish to his string.

On the Parson's string, however, was a four-pound Susquehanna salmon, the largest fish caught so far that day. This fish took the Parson's lamprey a long distance below the boat, and I believe that the Old Angler divined that it was a salmon. At any rate, he proffered the advice that time must be given before striking the fish. The Parson took the advice and, after some five minutes of waiting, hooked his fish and finally brought it up to the side of the boat, where I lifted it in with two fingers inserted under its gills.

It was a clean, plump fish of about two feet in length, and the Parson was somewhat elated over his catch and a little inclined to twit the Old Angler on his inability to catch a salmon. Still, I knew the Old Angler well, and I doubted the wisdom of crowing over him before the day was completely finished.

The Old Angler and I always fished Great Pool at one particular place. This we located carefully some ten rods above the head of the island by means of certain trees on the river bank and others on the island. I was consequently somewhat surprised when the Old Angler instructed me to anchor the boat some considerable distance above and to the left of this point.

While I sat watching the wonderful evolutions of a dozen or more bank swallows which were disporting themselves close to the surface of the water, I studied the matter.

The movements of the bass in Great Pool were quite regular, a fact with which the Old Angler was certainly well acquainted. Some time after the middle of the afternoon the bass dropped down out of the deep water into the shallow water near the head of the island and began to feed. They came down in a leisurely manner on the right side of the broad pool, and it was usually 4 o'clock before we could expect the biting to begin. The Old Angler and I, when at our accustomed place, were in the midst of the feeding bass. Now we were above them.

Did the Old Angler intend that the fish should be caught while they were returning to deep water? Headed upstream, they would be very difficult to hook, especially when the bait was a lamprey.

The Old Angler got the first bite. I saw the little cork go under and then move steadily up toward the boat. When the line was taut and the bass almost directly under the tip of the rod, the Old Angler struck sharply upward and hooked the fish. It was a bass of more than two pounds, and when I lifted it in, after its stout fight for freedom, I found the Old Angler's small hook fixed firmly in the roof of its mouth.

Then the Parson had a bite. His fish, too, came steadily toward the boat and went on up the river with the Parson's lamprey. Again for nearly two hours there was a great sport, but only at one end of the boat.

I at last forebore to watch the Parson. The spectacle was too painful. He hooked in all but two fish, and these so loosely that they were lost. He stuck to it grimly, however, and lamprey after lamprey went to feed the fish. Finally I turned my back on him and gave my attention and my admiration to the Old Angler.

How thoroughly and how skillfully he was doing his work. There would be a bite, a tightening up of the line, and at just the proper moment a sharp lift of the rod which would result in a firmly hooked bass.

The bass were of good size, and they fought gamely, but the Old Angler handled each one with such precision that I knew that sooner or later I should add it to his string. He made only one comment on the Parson's bad fishing. When the Parson was especially unhappy over a bass that he had hooked and failed to hold the Old Angler suggested that I might "cuss" a little for him.

There flows into the side of Great Pool a stream of water which in former days was the race of a large saw mill. The race was comparatively shallow, but where it joined the pool the water was suddenly very deep. We never fished this place for bass, but we occasionally found a Susquehanna salmon there, attracted to the place undoubtedly by the somewhat cooler water coming from the race.

The last bit of the day's fishing was done at this point, I anchored the bow of the boat in the shallow water of the race and permitted the stern, occupied by the Parson to hang out over the deep water which he at once began to fish with long casts in every direction.

Immediately after the boat had been anchored the Old Angler selected the better of the two lampreys still left in the bucket fixed it on the hook in his own peculiar fashion, and stepped out of the boat into the water of the race. Then, after adding an extra sinker to his leader and pushing up his cork until it was nearly ten feet above the hook, he dropped the lamprey into the water just where the race and river met and within a yard of the stern of the boat.

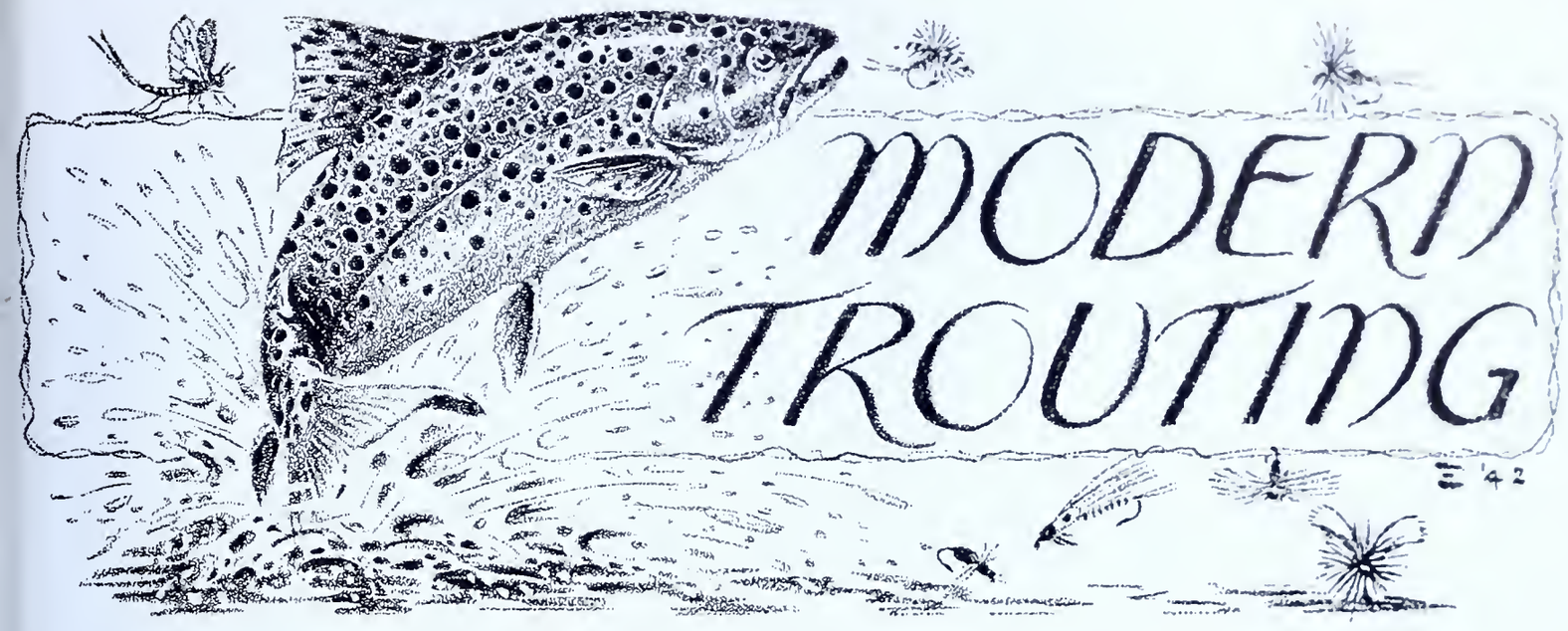
I confess that I watched the proceeding with considerable interest.

Was this to be the Old Angler's coup de grace?

Almost at once the little cork disappeared below the surface, and I saw the Old Angler tighten up his line. He waited so long that I grew nervous and wanted to call to him to pull. The fish appeared to move very little, and I could see by the movement of the line and the tip of the rod that the Old Angler was "feeling" it and knew almost exactly where it was and what it was doing.

Finally he seemed satisfied that the time

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REDISTRIBUTION OF HATCHES

By CHARLES K. FOX

IT APPEARS to be possible and practical to introduce fly hatches into waters to which they are not native.

Successful work along this line would be welcomed with rejoicing by the fly fishing fraternity, but it goes further than that. The carrying capacity of the streams would be increased. The effect might be compared to the proper fertilization of land so that agricultural yield is increased. Thus if such a program were carried out with success the stream would be a better place for trout and a better spot in which to angle for anyone.

Let us just consider Pennsylvania's most spectacular fly hatch, the green drake *(Ephemeridae guttulatee)* often called shad fly. Unfortunately, it does not occur on most of our trout streams, but it is the hatch of hatches in the central part of the State.

The hatching period of this fly varies in the streams of the State in which it is native from about May 20 to about June 20.

The fly is a drake or May fly, large in size being an inch in body length, and a pale yellow-green in color.

It is said that it is in the larvae or nymph stage for three years prior to hatching and it is the burrowing type nymph.

When the hatching time arrives the nymphs swim to the surface. The backs of the cases split and the flies emerge. The empty shucks float away. At this stage these flies are known as duns. They are clumsy in flight and they slowly wend their way to the foliage along the stream. Here they rest and molt for about two days. Their color changes slightly. During their entire but short life as a fly they do not eat or even make use of their mouths; their sole remaining purpose in life is to reproduce. When they return to the stream they are known as spinners and are better fliers than they were as duns.

During the afternoon they fly around the tree tops and mate. As the sun sets they come within range of the trout. There is a veritable blizzard of bugs above the surface. Their eggs are deposited during their irregular flight. Spent and dying females and males struggle or float on the surface while others fill the air above the water. Still others, the duns, may be leaving the water at the same time.

If the day happens to be overcast and muggy the hatch appears earlier in the afternoon.

The trout go wild and feed with reckless abandon. It seems to be the only hatch which brings to the surface trout of all sizes. The large fish dimple and even break the surface like the six inch trout in a hatchery pond. It often appears that every trout in the stretch is actively surface feeding.

It is then that the dry fly fishermen have their biggest inning of the year. They have a chance to hook fish which weigh pounds, on their floating flies. Wet fly fishing is good, for the trout take the nymphs as they swim toward the surface. Some fishermen are of the opinion that at least some of the fish which lunge out of water are fish which are pursuing nymphs. Accordingly they fish wet.

Those who are not interested in fly fishing, bait small hooks with the natural flies. There are so many clinging to the bushes or spent on the water that it is a simple matter to secure them.

Many fishermen plan their trips so that they can be on the stream when this hatch is in progress. It takes place about the same time year after year, but to play safe many have natives send them word as to when the maximum fireworks is expected.

The hatch does not appear all over the stream at the same time or in all of the streams to which it is native at the same time. It first marks its appearance in the lower reaches. The trout do not take the flies for the first evening or so, but on the succeeding four or five evenings they are vitally interested if the water is not muddy. That completes the hatch for that year at that particular area, but the hatch continues thereafter further up stream. Thus it is possible for the inveterate angler to stick with the heavy hatch by following it upstream evening after evening and also from stream to stream.

As the flies move through the air in various directions over the water the general tendency is up stream flight. Dr. Dick Hoffman, Bellefonte trouter deluxe, now a Major overseas, has photographed the hatch in the evening by time exposure while slowly swinging the camera upstream. It seems to be nature's plan to combat floods and keep the headwaters supplied by a general upstream migration.

It would be a definite boon to fishing if this interesting insect could be introduced into more waters. Such an undertaking might prove to be a stupendous job for individuals, but on the other hand, it might be a comparatively simple matter for the Fish Commission with its adequate transportation facilities and available field force.

There are three possible approaches to such conservation work. It is possible to capture flies, or nymphs, or to secure the eggs.

Even though the flies are short lived they could be captured, transported, and then transplanted in other waters. Many, of course, would die in transportation, others would be injured while being caught; still others would deposit their eggs on route.

The nymphs are so difficult to capture that it would be most difficult to secure a sufficient quantity for the purpose of redistribution.

The other possibility is to obtain eggs and this appears to be far and away the most simple and practical. The eggs could be caught on pieces of cloth suspended on an angle in the water. Many strips of cloth with ends attached to stakes could be placed in the stream. Many egg sacks would float into such small nets. Immediately they could be transferred to a tank truck containing cool areated water from the stream. The eggs could then be carefully stocked

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THE CASTING FOOL

BY WILLIAM J. ELLIS, SR.

ON SUNDAY, August 15, 1943, I opened the late city edition of the *Philadelphia Record* and turned to the sporting page. The odor of bacon and eggs whiffted out onto the sun porch from the kitchen where my other "seven-eighths" was busy preparing breakfast but I was too busy scanning the local sporting sheet to be disturbed by the fragrant aroma. There it was in big headlines, just as it had happened.

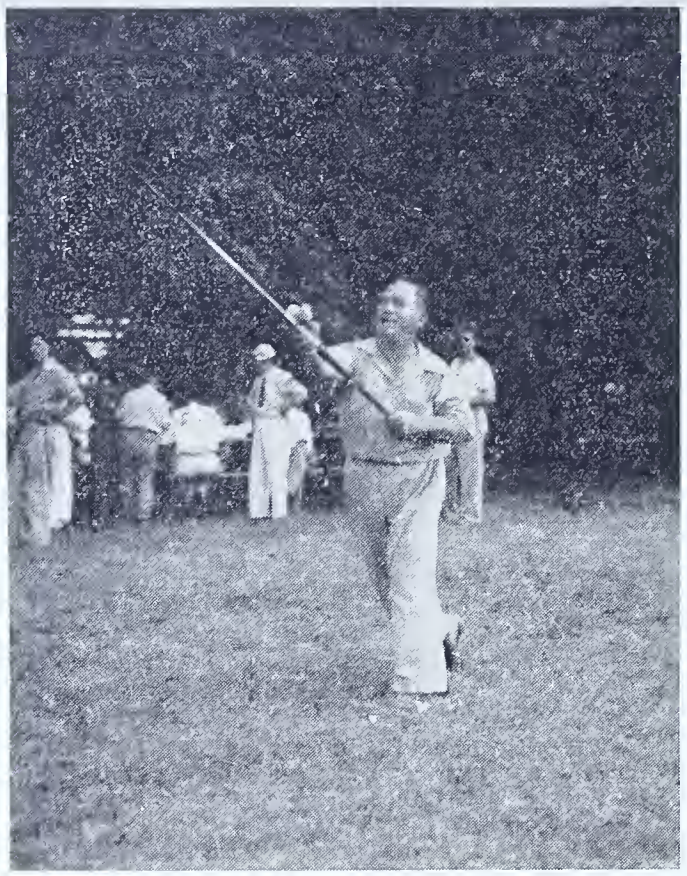
Harold Lentz breaks surf casting record.

Could this be the year 1943? I recalled reading a similar headline in August 1923, just twenty years ago. It was similar, that's true, but it didn't contain half the thrill of this.

Reading on down the column, "In his surprising comeback today he had one cast of 532 feet, one of 529 feet, another of—, my mind wandered back to that 1923 article . . . it was 465 feet that had astounded the casting fans and caused them to say, 'How could a human being possibly sling a four-ounce lead such a distance'?"

Reminiscing, I recalled the time when this same Harold Lentz had been pitted against the mighty "king of swat" George Herman (Babe) Ruth, each using their favorite weapon, and how the idol of baseball had eaten crow at the hands of the world's champion surf caster. The Babe seldom makes the headlines today, and when he does, it's not as the batting champion of the national pastime, but rather in the capacity of a former celebrity who has become associated with some benevolent project. No, the Babe is history now.

Remember Gene Sarzen? No, I'm not referring to the ape-man who jumped around the tree tops out in the jungle. This fellow played golf. It was only a score of years ago. The same era that Harold Lentz was casting four-ounce leads beyond human belief Babe Ruth was swatting 'em over the fence at the Yankee Stadium.



Harold Lentz, of Philadelphia, breaks world surf casting record.

Sure! You remember him now . . . just about, but it has been so long since he made the headlines that you had completely forgotten him. Well brother, you've got nothing on me. I had to take a tip from Al Smith and "look at the record" to find out the name of that ancient golf player.

Just why did I pick on Sarzen? Well, I remember the time Lentz and he decided to battle it out on an eighteen hole golf course, each using his favorite weapon. Gene using the pendulum-like swing of the golf club to knock a rubber sphere around the course, while Harold swung his nine-foot surf rod over-head to propel a four-ounce bank-sinker along the same route. Again surf-casting conquered, for by the time Harold was hitting his target at the eighteenth hole, the craze of the entire golf world was still far behind.

No, it's been many a year since Babe Ruth or Gene Sarzen made the headlines as champions, but not with this chap Lentz. Here I am on this hot August day in the year 1943 reading about him setting a new record. Why, aside from Jack Dempsey, he's about the only headliner of the sporting pages during the early twenties who's still commanding attention. And Dempsey isn't doing it by any performance in the squared circle. It's not impossible, but highly improbable that the famous Manassa Mauler will ever again battle for the world's heavy-weight championship.

What was this surprising comeback that brought the champion surf caster of twenty years ago back into the limelight? Reading on down the column, I see that yesterday, August 14, he became the first caster to average more than 500 feet in the National Cup Tournament held annually at Ocean City, N. J. Standing up before competition that was comprised of the finest surf casters in the world, he slammed out five casts for a total footage of two-thousand-five-hundred

and eighty-three feet, ten inches. That's half a mile brother, and if you can't fully appreciate such distance, count off the next twenty-five telegraph poles as you're driving along a main highway, and then try covering the same course with five casts from your favorite rod and reel. You've gotta pass at least five poles with each cast to make it.

His individual casts were—but wait, let me tell you just how it all happened. For, I've gotta confess that even though I was absorbed in the newspaper's account of the event, I had known all about it right along. I had been standing within ten feet of Harold, acting as a judge of the contest, each time he had cast.

Harold was casting as anchor man on the Dover Fishing Club team, which means that the first four men on all of the teams had already made their first cast. It was a pleasure to watch him as he faced the six-hundred foot court prior to laying his lead back on the canvas apron. No fancy stooping or squatting, nor any sign of nervousness that had been noticeable in some of the previous casters; many of them younger men who were making their debut in the National Cup Tournament.

Calmly he stood there, surveying the court for an instant, while he measured the proper length of free line then, with the grace of an Arthur Murray, he twisted the upper portion of his body to the right until he was facing in the opposite direction from the court. His twelve foot rod came around in a slow perfect arc and the free line swinging like a pendulum laid his lead back on the canvas apron at a distance of about twenty feet.

It didn't lay on that apron long. In fact, it had hardly touched the canvas before Harold was in motion like a human cyclone. His entire body moved forward with a muscular coordination that was marvelous to watch. His rod snapped up and over his head bending at an angle of nearly sixty degrees carrying the lead upward and outward at a speed impossible to follow with the unaided eye. Apparently his feet had not moved, but the tremendous momentum of his body had carried them a considerable distance ahead of his original stance. This had all taken less than a fifth of a second.

Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-zing! It seemed as if that reel would never stop. His thumb, kept in an alert position, ready to apply the proper pressure at the slightest sign of an overrun, finally bore down and checked the fast revolving spool.

As he straightened up, reeling in some of the slack line, he walked slowly past me shaking his head. Questionly I said, "That seemed to get well out there?" I hadn't been able to follow its flight or even see where it hit.

"I'm afraid that wasn't so good," he answered, "I was just a little off balance, and it went too far to the side."

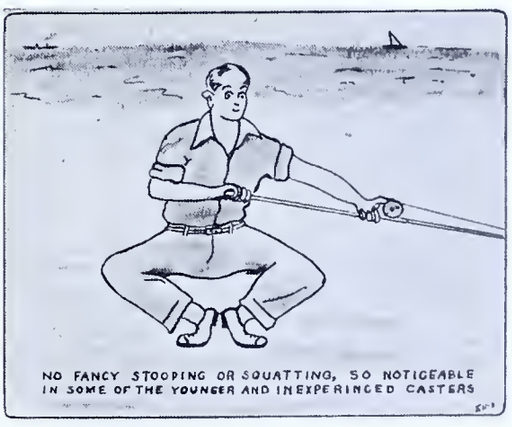
The casting was being done on a rectangular court and all measurements were made at right angles to the base line. You can readily see the tremendous disadvantage to which a caster is placed if his lead goes off in a diagonal direction. Harold's cast had apparently gone off toward the left.

Stepping off to the side while the other casters in that squad took their turn, he waited there speculating just how far that cast had gone. Another caster followed and then Charlie Vollum, the anchor man of the Ocean City team, also a former champion of more recent vintage than Harold, stepped up to the court. Vollum's performance was almost a duplication of Harold's. His style of casting was slightly different but the same muscular coordination that distinguishes the expert from the novice was apparent.



When the last man in the squad had made his cast and the measurers had started unreeling their steel tapes, the contestants started down the long court slowly spooling their lines as they approached their leads, buried somewhere out in the distant sands. It was easy to see that Lentz and Vollum had out-cast all of the others by a considerable distance, but there was some speculation among the gallery as to which one of these two was in the lead. They walked down the court side by side. One by one the different casters stopped as they came to the end of their lines, where they waited while the measurers checked the distance.

Finally only two casters continued down the court, they were Lentz and Vollum . . . a pair of champs. The gallery was on edge as they walked past the 450 foot marker and started to approach the 500 foot stake. Then they both stopped and looked down at the ground. Gosh! Was it possible that they had both landed so close to each other? Although they paused for only a few seconds, it seemed ages to the breathless crowd back by the base line. Then somebody shouted. "Look! He's going on!"



True enough, one of the distant figures could be seen turning his back and continuing down the court, spooling his reel as he went. On he went, approaching the 500 foot mark. Then he was past it and still going. Ten more feet, then twenty, and he still continued spooling his reel.

At long last he paused. The measurers were extending the steel tape to its capacity. The judges carefully checked the distance. Then came the announcement:

"Harold G. Lentz of the Dover Fishing Club of Philadelphia had just made the remarkable cast of *five hundred and twenty-nine feet.*"

* * *

Finally the applause died down and the casting continued. But the crowd was interested in just one thing. They were waiting to see what the stellar anchor man of the Dover Fishing Club's casting team would do on his second cast.

He didn't disappoint them, for his second cast, although not quite up to his initial attempt, was far beyond any competition. The steel tape showed it to be five hundred and ten feet, two inches.

"He couldn't keep that kind of casting up for five continuous casts." "He'll soon have to fall back with the others." "Why both of those casts were greater than any ever made in a National Cup Tournament during the twenty-eight years of its existence." These and other remarks of a similar nature were heard throughout the gallery, and it seemed as if they were correct, for his third cast only measured four hundred and ninety-eight feet and nine inches. Still far ahead of any competition.

But wait! When he stepped up to the mark for the fourth time, there was something in his step that I hadn't noticed before. Some-

(Continued on page 24)

FAVORITE TROUT FLY PATTERNS

WHEN trout fishermen get their heads together and talk turkey they are discussing fishing theories and fly patterns. There is alway great difference of opinion as to the relative value of different flies, which probably proves that there are many effective fly patterns.

Numerous highly skilled and ardent fishermen scatter about the State fishing our many miles of trout waters. Naturally our environment is responsible for the development of devotees who rank with the most ardent the world over. Some enjoy the reputation of being great authorities, while others hold local reputations of being inveterate and well versed trouters.

Below is listed the choice flies of such men. Your correspondent has had the pleasure of fishing with many of these; it has been his pleasure to indulge in conversation with some more and there are several whom he has not had the pleasure of meeting but we know they are mighty interested and good at their game. Naturally there are many other great fishermen in the State of whom we do not happen to have knowledge or whom we have missed by oversight.

R. E. Angst—Pottsville

Charles K. Fox, editor of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER conceived the idea of asking some anglers from all the sections of the state to list their choices of favorite wet, dry and streamer flies. Since our address was readily available to Mr. Fox we were included in the list of anglers who received his request. No limit was placed on the number of flies to be selected but we shall limit our list very strictly. In making the selection we had help from some of our leading local anglers. All the flies given were chosen by more than one such angler.

Taking wet flies first we find that the now famous breadcrust, often called breadbasket fly, was the top choice of nearly every angler contacted. A few wanted the fly tied with andalusian hackle, but the majority were satisfied to have it as it is, that is barred rock hackle, and body from the quill of a Rhode Island Red. The more contrast in the body stripe, the better agreed all the users of this killing fly.

Second choice in wet flies was not so unanimous but it finally simmered down to the plain coachman. As an all around all season killer it was agreed that the white winged coachman has few equals. At least it took some record breaking trout in these parts.

The third choice wet fly was also fairly easy. It seems the old reliable ginger quill was selected by most of the anglers. After that, however, the flies chosen may be said to be more or less seasonal. Of these the blue quill, red quill, corduroy, olive quill, and a half dozen others received votes. To make a choice between them would seem foolish. None were endorsed as heartily for all season fishing as the first three named. In dry flies there were almost as many first choices as there were anglers contacted, listing these by votes received, not our personal choice, we find the variant and badger heading the list. Both are good all season general purpose flies but personally we haven't killed many fish on them in the last two seasons and since this was primarily to be a personal list and because the selections we received from the anglers differed so widely we'll make our own dry fly selection.

First, and we believe a fly that in its field ranks with the breadcrust, we would place the Schuylkill Haven special. Some call this fly a pepped up cahill. Pepped up it certainly is when tied as those Tamaqua boys have it. We can truthfully state that there are four out-standing dry fly anglers among our acquaintances and they take 75% of their trout on that bug.

When one reads a description of the fly there doesn't seem to be much to it. It has a red fox fur body, light ginger hackle, three long black hairs in the tail and green dyed mandarin wings. What it represents we don't know but it takes fish.

After the Schuylkill Haven special we take some of our fish on the peacock body brown hackle fly the light and dark cahill, the pale May, Wickham's fancy, and a host of others, none of whom seemingly stand out as does our pet or as the badger and variant did a few years ago.

In streamers our choice isn't wide because we use them so seldom. Given a Roman's special, a Jersey minnow and a No. 2 Iris and we would consider ourselves well set. And probably we'd be willing to throw away all three for a medium sized Allcock in gold finish. The nickel finish also comes in handy at times and when those two lures get no strikes there aren't many minnow imitations that do.

M. L. "Doc" Banker—Huntingdon

Feel quite flattered to receive your request for a list of my favorite flies, as I do not consider my ability with such to be the envy of any real fly fishermen. I am afraid my enthusiasm outstrips my performance. However, to help along a good magazine and a better fellow, I will give it as requested:

Light and dark cahills	12 to 18
Black Hackle	14 to 16
Badger Hackle, Red Body	12 to 14
Pale Watery Dun	14 to 16
Blue Dun	14 to 16
Female Beaver Kill	12 to 18
Olive Bi-visible	12 to 14
Pink Lady	14 to 18

Of course, I enjoy the Old May fly (Green Drake) when the time is ripe.

As for "wets" and "bucktails," I have never enjoyed using either and usually resort to a spinner or minnow when this type of fishing seems to be the only choice. I would like it recorded that I can still dunk our old friend that we dig out of the garden and have a swell time doing it.

This list doesn't worry me as far as misleading any of my friends is concerned, but make sure that no enthusiastic beginner accepts this as a skilled fisherman's idea.

Ray Bergman—Nyack, N. Y.

While my list of favorite flies does not remain entirely constant each season here is a list of patterns I always like to have.

Dry Flies

Adams—12, 14, 16, 18.
Black Fox—14, 16, 18.
Light Cahill—12, 14, 16.
R. B. Fox—12, 14, 16.
Light Hendrickson—12, 14, 16.
Dark Hendrickson—12, 14, 16.
Hopkins Variant or Dunham—14, 16.
Quill Gordon—12, 14, 16.
Royal Coachman F. W.—10, 12, 14.
Coachman—14, 16, 18.
White Wulff
Grey Wulff—in both 6, 8.
Spiders of various colors and hackle spreads on 14 and 16 hooks.

Wet Flies

Black Gnat—silver—10, 14, 18.
Campbells Fancy—10, 12.
G. R. Hares Ear—10, 12, 14.
Blue Quill and Dun—12, 14, 16, 18.
Royal Coachman—10, 12.
Coachman—14, 16.
Orange Fish Hawk—10, 12.
Grizzley King—10, 12, 14.
Ginger Quill—10, 12, 14, 16.
Light Cahill—10, 12, 14, 16.

I also use Alder, March Brown and Greenwell's Glory.

Bucktails, etc.

I am not too particular about this type of fly but usually go prepared with combinations of Black and White, Red and White, Red and Yellow, and Brown and White. Also like feather streamers in Badger and Grizzley.

(Editor's Note: Although Ray Bergman hails from Nyack he fishes the Pennsylvania streams in the Poconos).

Clyde E. Carpenter—Jersey Shore

I am listing the patterns and sizes of the dry and wet flies in which I have some confidence and which I use for the most part.

Dry Flies

Royal Coachman, Standard and Bi-visible patterns, sizes 12 and 14.
Plain Coachman, sizes 12 and 14.
Plain Coachman, black chenille body, sizes 12 and 14.
Cahill, gray body, sizes 10, 12 and 14.
Cahill, yellow body, sizes 10, 12 and 14.
Cahill, white body, size 10.
Gordon Quill, sizes 12 and 14.
Blue Quill, sizes 12 and 14.
Ginger Quill, sizes 12 and 14.
Hendrickson, sizes 12 and 14.
Pale evening Dun, sizes 14 and 16.

Wet Flies

Coachman, sizes 12 and 14.
Dark Cahill and Light Cahill, sizes 12 and 14.
Gordon, Ginger, Blue and Gray Quills, sizes 12 and 14.
Hares Ear, Gold Rib, sizes 12 and 14.
Alter, sizes 12 and 14.
Golden Spinner, sizes 12 and 14.
Professor, sizes 12 and 14.
Black Gnat, sizes 12 and 14.

I do not use Bucktails at all, but confine my trout fishing to dry and wet flies. I make all of my own flies and have been doing so for the last six or seven years,

OF PENNSYLVANIA ANGLERS

and I get almost as much pleasure out of making the flies as I do in using them.

Charles N. Costa—Scranton

While we prefer some flies this year, they may be discarded the following year for some other pattern or size, but the following are listed in order as to choice and size (with some alterations that I believe improves its efficacy):

Dry Flies

Light Cahill, No. 16 with water rat (muskrat) belly instead of red fox fur.

Dark Hendrickson, No. 16 with a smokey upper hackle of the Silver laced Wyandotte cock instead of the dun or Andalusian neck.

Quill Gordon, No. 14.

Pale Evening Dun, No. 14.

Dark Cahill, No. 14.

Dark Cahill, No. 14 substituting the rat belly for a rich yellow wool with a black silk rib.

Ginger Quill, No. 14 or No. 16. The following is a fly that made history several years ago on the northeastern streams of the state and is very good on rainbow and brown trout streams, tied as follows: Cochey-bondu or dark badger hackle point wings, gray or grizzly hackle, quill body, (Peacock), black tail, No. 14. It may be worthy of mention that when fishing the light cahill and a fish is missed on the strike and won't come up the second time, resting it a few seconds and switching to a dark Hendrickson, 80% of all trout will take or strike the fly no matter how cagey or wise. I believe this can be accomplished with other combinations but I have been partial to this pair of patterns.

Wet Flies

Blue Quill, No. 12.

Stone fly, No. 10.

Pale Evening Dun, No. 12.

Streamers—Bucktails

Brown and White Bucktail, (Brown on top) silver tinsel body, No. 8.

Black and White Bucktail, (Black on top) gold tinsel body, No. 8.

Brown and White Bucktail, (Brown on top) yellow wool body, black silk rib, No. 8.

Black and Red Bucktail, (Black on top) silver tinsel body, No. 8.

Most of the streams fished with those flies are the Starucca, Brodheads, Lehigh, Wallenpaupack, (east and west), Tunkhannock, (east and south), Lackawaxen, Tobyhanna, Pocono, Roaring Brook, Bowmans Creek and all tributaries.

Joseph Critchfield—Confluence

Dry Flies

1. Fan Wing Royal Coachman—No. 12 and 14 size hook.
2. Grey Hackle—red, yellow, and pearl bodies.
3. Black Gnat.
4. Honey Dun.
5. Mosquito Coachman and Royal Coachman Spentwing.

I use these patterns in sizes up to eighteen all except the Fan Wings, and they are all No. 12 and 14 sizes.

Wet Flies

1. Grey Hackle—No. 12 hook.
2. Mosquito Coachman—No. 12 hook.
3. Royal Coachman—No. 12 hook.
4. Sheelback Nymph—No. 12 hook.

About all the streamers that I use are on No. 10 and 12 hooks and are made of white and red or white and black with red and black heads and black and red bodies.

George Cross—Hammersley Fork

Here is a list of flies which I like for this section of Pennsylvania—Potter and Clinton Counties:

Size 12 Wet Flies

1. Grey Hackle Yellow Body
2. Coachman, Royal and Plain
3. Grey Hackle Red Body
4. Pink Lady
5. Black Gnat
6. Cahill Light and Dark
7. Blue Quill
8. Olive Quill
9. The Hendricksons
10. Adams
11. Gordon Quill

Dry Flies

1. The same patterns and size as wet flies will do the trick.

Trout have apparently changed their appetities in the last few years. Fifteen years ago if anybody saw a fellow fishing with a dry fly before the first of June he thought he was a dude but today the trout will take a dry fly the opening day. On the opening day of the bass season I worked in the west branch of Pine Creek in Potter County. With two inches of snow and ice on the ground trout were jumping at a blue quill and the flies appeared spasmodically in bunches of about 100. Each time they made their appearance the trout would take advantage of it and start surface feeding. During such times I was able to catch some nice brookies. I feel that the dry fly will work at anytime regardless of weather if the angler has the patience to work on the fish.

Streamer flies seemed to have lost their effectiveness in the last several years. They work better on rainbow trout in this part of the State and the only one which seems to be successful is the Mickey Finn. I personally feel that the streamers work better where the Commission stocks large fish and where the food supply is not so abundant.

Some streams have a particular fly which works well the year round. The light cahill and the dark hendrickson seem to be always good on Young Woman's Creek and the same applies to Cedar Run and Slate Run. Everyone has their favorite flies. My two pets are light cahill and grey hackle with the yellow body. If fished right they will take trout.

George Deibler—Harrisburg

The following is a list of my favorite flies on our local trout streams.

Wet Flies

1. One of my own creation very much like the cress bug. size 10-3x, longshank running from dark to light as the season progresses.
2. No. 12 Montreal.
3. No. 14 Dark Cahill.
4. For still, crystal, clear water it must be No. 20, Ginger Quill or Black Gnat.

Dry Flies

1. No. 14 gray fur body grizzly hackle, whisk of grizzly hackle for tail and slate wing. As the season progresses I use No. 14 fan wing Royal Coachman, No. 14 Quill Gordon, and No. 14 and 16 light Cahill or Hendrickson.
2. For still, crystal, clear water No. 20 Ginger Quill or Black Gnat.

Streamers

1. I seldom use streamers but I think the action given this lure is many more times as important than the pattern. I do prefer 8 and 10's—4x, long shank hooks in brown and yellow, also brown and gray and yellow.

Fred Everett—Monroe, N. Y.

You probably know my list, Charlie, however, I'm going to fool you by not naming favorite patterns so much as types. I'm more and more convinced that the type is much more important than the pattern. Therefore, for dry flies I'd pick out about (6) types, as follows:

1. A dark fly—such as dark cahill, coachman or royal coachman.
2. A light fly—such as light cahill, ginger quill or my own version.
3. A grey fly—such as the Adams, badger or one of my contraptions.

(The above are with or without split wings.)

4. A spent winged fly—such as the Adams or other spent wing variety.
5. A Fan Wing Fly—such as the Coachman, Royal Coachman or Cahill.
6. A spider—of the light ginger color and a badger variation.

If I was limited to one size it would be 14, however, there is use for 12, 16, and 18 in an all around kit.

My choice for wet flies is limited. I use different sizes ranging from 8 to 20 in sparsely tied varieties of Coachman, Royal Coachman, light cahill types and a yellow type. Some waters such as Boiling Springs call for the small grey or quill patterns in size 20. This covers about all I use.

For large wets or the bucktail type of fly, I'll take our poison and yellow optics for a steady diet with a yellow maribou thrown in.

(Editor's Note: Fred does much of his trouting in Cumberland and Centre Counties).

S. Dale Furst, Jr.—Williamsport

Do not feel qualified to give an opinion on Bucktails, as they represent a separate aspect of the art with which I am not familiar. My needs seem to be met by the light and the dark Edson. Wet flies as distinguished from Bucktails and Nymphs have not had much of a place in my book for several years. I should say that the Royal Coachman and the light Stonefly fill the bill. I have been surprised at my success with the weighted Nymphs made by Phillips and Phillips of Alexandria, Pa. On

these I have been quite successful the last several years.

McCafferty's Ant seems to be a sure-fire number on limestone streams if you have your fish well located. I fish it upstream, retreiving it with the current and keep it tight enough to stay in motion and give me some indication of a strike.

On the dry fly problem: the stream, the water, the season, and time of day affect the situation so tremendously that I will give you only some high spots. On a clear, warm July day, on a mountain stream, I consider the Spentwing Woodruff tied on a No. 10 hook, the greatest brown trout fly ever tied. It represents a grasshopper or a large crane fly. It looks sloppy, but the big brown trout that lie at the tail of a quiet pool just where the water breaks over into a riffle, seem to think it is just what they are looking for. Lately I have found considerable merit in Hewitt's most recent practice on his own stream, of putting a yellow floss body on everything. It seems silly, but it appears to be effective. He has never made a point of the practice for publication, but I have fished with him and watched him take an assortment of flies the night before and wrap the bodies with yellow floss. On our limestone streams in Central Pennsylvania, after the middle of June, I would not be without a No. 18 Black Gnat, Royal Coachman, Whitechurch Dun and Coch-y-Bondhu. The last named seems to be a fine imitation, when on the water, of the little green ladybug which passes its larval stage on our native black willows. I know of pools under these trees where nothing else is effective, irrespective of what the fish are taking in any other part of the same stream. Of course, at times the standard patterns on 12's and 14's are adequate and I carry them, but I have a special affection for the flies emphasized above.

Herman S. Good—Elizabethtown

The following is my list of flies. I am naming these because they have taken trout for me, when there was a hatch they were used to try to match what was on the water. Here goes with best producers.

Wet Flies

1. Grey Hackle, yellow and peacock body in sizes 12 to 16.
2. March Brown, 12 to 16.
3. Ginger Quill, 10 to 16.
4. Black Gnat, 12 to 20.
5. Cahill, 12 to 18.
6. Pale Eve Dun, 14 to 16.
7. Neville Midge, 18 to 20.

Dry Flies

1. Ginger Quill, 12 to 14.
2. Iron Blue Dun, 12 to 16.
3. Adams, 12 to 18.
4. Hendrickson, light and dark, 10 to 14.
5. Cahill, 8 to 16.
6. Pale Eve Dun and Watery Dun, 12 to 16.

Streamers and Bucktails

1. Maribous, brown and white, black, yellow, gray—prefer smaller than usual size on long No. 10 hook.
2. Lord Baltimore Streamer, No. 6 hook.
3. Badger Hackle Streamer, No. 10 hook.
4. Col. Fuller, long shank, No. 6 hook.

E. Lloyd King—Harrisburg

Wet Flies

1. Black Ant, size 10, 12, and 16.
2. Grey Hackle, peacock, size 12.
3. Red Tag, size 12 and 16.
4. Coachman, peacock, size 12 and 16.
5. Dark Cahill, size 10, 12, and 14.
6. Yellow Coachman, size 12 and 16.
7. Orange Fish Hawk, size 12 and 16.
8. G. R. Hare's Ear, size 12.
9. Quill Gordon, size 10, 12, 16, and 20.
10. Black Quill, size 12, 16, and 18.
11. Black Hackle, gold, size 20.
12. Dark Olive Quill, size 14 and 20.
13. Starling, size 20.
14. Ginger Quill, size 16 and 20.
15. Badger Quill, size 16 and 20.
16. Nymphs—(Some solid—some quill) buff, grey, carrot, black, size 10, 12, and 14.

Dry Flies

1. Madsen, both varieties, size 10, 12, 14, and 16.
2. Adams, S. W., size 14 and 18.
3. Hendrickson, dark, size 14 and 18.
4. G. R. Hare's Ear, size 14.
5. Cahill, dark, size 14.
6. Cahill, light, size 14.
7. Quill Gordon, size 14 and 16.
8. Pale Evening Dun, size 18.
9. Ginger Quill, size 14 and 18.
10. Brown Bi-visible, size 14 and 16.
11. Badger Bi-visible, size 14 and 16.
12. Pink Lady, size 14.
13. Black Quill, size 16 and 18.
14. Tupp's size 18.
15. Red Fox Beaverkill, size 16.
16. Sailwing Palmers, black ginger, brown, size 16.
17. Dark Multi-Col. Variant, size 14.

Streamers

1. Royal Coachman Ant, size 12.

Oliver M. Deibler—Greensburg

What I heard an old angler say many years ago about trout flies, goes for me too. He said if he were limited to not more than a dozen different kinds of flies, he would be well satisfied if they were all Coachmen. For all around fly fishing from early season 'till late, I feel if I can't get 'em to rise to a Coachman, they won't take anything else for me most of the time.

My favorite among the Coachman, is Fan Wing Royal on a No. 14 hook. Next choice is the Spent Wing on the same size hook. Then late in the season I like the above mentioned on sixteens and eighteens. After the Coachmen, I believe I prefer several patterns of the Bi-visibles, and the Spider for certain times and water conditions. When the Spiders are working, I believe they afford the greatest amount of real pleasure in dry fly fishing, but I have tried them many times when I was unable to get the trout to rise to them.

George Harvey—State College

It's going to be rather difficult to give you my list of flies because I have a number of patterns that are not tied commercially, that are on the top of my list. However, I will give the closest commercial pattern wherever possible.

Limestone Selection:

Dry Flies

Light Sulphur	No. 16-14-18
Pale Evening Dun	No. 14-16-18
Light Hendrickson	No. 14-16-18
Dark Hendrickson	No. 14-16-18
Light Cahill	No. 16-14-18
Pink Lady (light)	No. 14-16-18
Neville Midge	No. 16-18
Badger Bi-visible	No. 14-16
Spiders—(Dun, Badger, Ginger)	No. 14-16
Shad Fly	No. 10-12

Wet Flies

Black Ant	No. 14-16-12
Stone Fly Nymph	No. 12-14-16
Raven	No. 12-14-16
Blue Dun (medium)	No. 14-16-18
Midge Nymphs—asst'd	No. 16-18-20
Black Gnat	No. 14 16-12
Cow Dung	No. 14-16-12
Blue Quill	No. 14-16-12
Gordon Quill	No. 14-16-12
Grey Hackle	No. 14-16
Brown Hackle	No. 14-16
Midge (asst'd)	No. 18-20-22

Freestone Selection:

Dry Flies

Beaverkill	No. 12-14-16
Light Hendrickson	No. 12-14-16
Black Quill	No. 12-14-16
Dark Hendrickson	No. 12-14-16
Brown Drake	No. 12-14
Light Cahill	No. 12-14-16
Dark Cahill	No. 12-14-16
Pale Evening Dun	No. 14-16-18
Badger Bi-visible	No. 14-16
Cabin Coachman	No. 14-16-12

Wet Flies

Black Ant	No. 14-16-12
Black Gnat	No. 12-14-16
Royal Coachman	No. 12-14-16
Blue Quill	No. 12-14-16
Grey and Brown Hackle	No. 12-14-16
Mallard Quill	No. 12-14-16
Stone Fly Nymph	No. 12-14-16

1st Note.—First two size Nos. denotes general preference.

As you know this list is not complete because of my own patterns. I do feel that any fisherman who stayed fairly close to the above list would take trout in this area. Size, to me, is more important than patterns. The Shad Fly is on the bottom of the list because it is an uncertain, specialized hatch.

James Kell—Mechanicsburg

Dry Flies

Adams	12-14-16-18
Dark Hendrickson	14-16-18
Honey Spider	16
Pale Evening Dun	16-18
Tup's Indisp.	14-16
Olive Quill	16-18

Wet Flies

Coachman	10-12
Orange Fish Hawk	10-12-14
Quill Gordon	12-14
March Brown	12-14-16
G. R. Hare's Ear	12-14-16
Black Ant	14-16

Bucktails and Streamers

Optic Bucktail	
Yellow or Orange Body	6-8-10
Yellow Marabou	6-8-10
Br. and White Bucktail	6-8-10

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WALL-EYES ARE SCRAPPERS

(Continued from page 14)

results and, after all, is not that the reason we go afishing?

Perhaps the easiest way of all is to "still fish" for them, using a strong leader and a snelled hook on which has been impaled a large night-crawler, dew worm or whatever you may call them. Some of our friends use this method almost entirely, anchoring their boat in some likely spot and taking it easy while they wait for the fun to start. They do turn in their share of nice sized fish and have a lot of fun doing it with a light fly rod.

If, by any chance, you should want to swallow your heart several times we would suggest following their method of going after them with light tackle. There is no doubt about it, you'll surely want what is on the other end of the line, even though you have not seen it. About that time another thing strikes you quite forceably. Your poor rod has been almost tied in a knot with its handle pointing skyward and its tip just about stirring the water. That's the time your ticker begins jitter-bugging to the tune of your over-worked adam's apple.

Readers of the ANGLER several years ago may recall the experience of a friend of mine who snagged onto two beauties at the same time which measured nearly two feet each. He was using a trout rod and put on a beautiful exhibition of controlling these powerful battlers. It was our pleasure to witness his skill with a rod and his buddy's accuracy with the landing net. As soon as they were safely "in the bag," both men sat looking at each other for a time and, after wiping away the nervous perspiration decided to call it a day. After all, two was plenty for them for their next day's meal and that's all they wanted; but to get them all at once was almost too much.

Another method, and the one most generally used, is trolling. There are only a few simple rules to follow which we might term "basic" and, if the fish are hitting at all, one should have his share of fun. The only real hitch to the whole thing is the fact that someone in the boat will just have to keep pulling on the oars. Oh well, it's good for the belt-line, so maybe it will be welcomed anyway.

One of the things to be remembered when doing this is to start by trolling s-l-o-w and d-e-e-p. Let the bait just about drag the bottom, because the fish we want are usually down there in the deep water, hiding behind some object from where they can smash whatever comes within hailing distance. This is particularly true during the daytime. At night they may venture closer to shore; but we have never found them as close to the shoreline as we have found large and small mouth bass.

Yes, they are principally nocturnal feeders, spending their days in the deepest holes (we'll contest that later) and along steep, rocky slopes which provide cover for them, and moving into water possibly six or eight feet deep during the night where they prowl around in schools looking for something to whet their appetite. They can be taken at that time with a night-walker, fished either still or trolled behind a spinner.

This latter way entails a lure of from one to six large worms strung on an appropriately sized hook. When baiting with more than one worm try to keep the front of the lure much larger than the trailing end. Do not permit the ends to trail too far in back of the hook or it may result in a short strike which always ends up with a disappointed fisherman rebaiting his hook. Although we have very little on which to base this, we think that at this time of the year a larger mouthful than just one worm will be desired since they will soon be faced with the forced fast of winter.

Contrary to many opinions, we do not use sinkers. One reason is this; that extra weight concentrated near the hook will surely tend to slow him down and that we do not want to do. Unless the lure will be affected by some current which will prevent its going down to the bottom, sinkers are not needed. If the person trolling moves slowly enough he will be certain to catch bottom once in a awhile without the added weight.

It is not necessary to keep the spinner turning rapidly at all times. Often it seems to work better if it just wobbles back and forth and doesn't turn at all. This is one of the things which must be learned each time you go out, even though the accepted rule is troll slowly and deeply.

In an effort to show how these wall-eyes break their own rules we shall cite one experience. It was nearly a week since anyone in the neighborhood had caught any kind of a fish worth mentioning. There were no wall-eyes at all and only a few bass of the smaller variety. The days were boiling hot, the nights unusually warm, the lake working a bit and the barometer down for several days and apparently still going. All of the conditions were against catching fish and this was felt as one would enter the boat and push away from the dock for another try.

After working hard for about five hours one night, we decided to really think about this and see whether our twenty-odd years of experience and study had any value at all. So, to the tune of small fish slapping their tails at some bug near shore and the occasional croaking of some large frogs mingled with a bit of oar dipping and disgruntled conversation coming from other boats, we tried to reason out this thing.

Where would we go during these extremely hot days if we were a fish? Well, we knew we sought the shade of the big trees on shore, so why wouldn't they do the same thing if they could? The only thing left then was this: they would be found where they would get some protection from the sun and that meant either in the weed beds, right down at the roots, or in the deepest holes where the water would be cooler. The fact that the deep places would be occupied by the real monsters precluded the possibility of finding the average sized ones down there.

(Continued on page 18)



"Catching anything, dear?"

TROUT FLY PATTERNS

(Continued from page 14)

Edward R. Hewitt—New York City

My list of flies would always depend on the waters I am to fish and the time of year. I don't use bucktails at all. They are a nuisance to cast and I can always get fish better with a streamer anyway. A fair list of dry flies would include. Bi-visibles size 16 hook, brown and white, ginger and white, badger. Neversink skaters for large fish in three or four colors, size 16, and 18 and 20 Hedrickson and Quill Gordon. Little Marryatt 18. Quill Gordon or Hendrickson No. 14 and 16.

Wet flies No. 16 stone fly (the best all round fly there is on any water) Blue Quill upright wing No. 16. Mallard Quill No. 13.

Hewitt Nymph sizes 13 to 18.

With this assortment any waters can be fished at any season.

(Editor's Note: Mr. Hewitt fishes the Pocono trout streams and Spring Creek in Centre County).

John Alden Knight—Williamsport

My boy and I have done quite a little work on the finding of taking flies for these trout waters. Of course, when there is a hatch drifting, then it is pretty much a question of matching the hatch. But there have been relatively few hatches this season, particularly prior to May 30th.

Lacking drifting hatches, we have been using what we call "fish finders." These are large flies—spiders, variants or modifications of them—that are designed to float "on their toes." They are easy to cast, hard to drown, and they will raise fish in most any sort of water. When the trout are not rising, these flies will bring them to the surface more consistently than any of the more conventional patterns. For some reason, the fish often refuse them at the last moment, but at least the refusal gives us the opportunity of locating the larger fish. Once a good one is spotted, we go to work on him with the standard patterns and, if our patience holds out, pick him up with a Hendrickson, one of the quills or one of the Cahills.

The best of these fish finders is the George Harvey. It is dressed as follows: Model Perfect No. 12, 1-x long hook; brown tail, rather bushy; body of black ostrich or peacock harl, about 3/16" long; then two black hackles, wrapped with the shiny sides facing the rear; then two brown hackles, one with the shiny side to the rear and one with the shiny side toward the head. The hackles are not blended but make two separate bands of color. With the hackles reversed, the barbules do not mat down after repeated duckings in fast water. This fly seems to have a strong appeal to large fish. I have seen them rise through six or eight feet of quiet water in a deep pool either to take the fly or to get a closer look.

Another good fish finder for these parts is the Bi-visible Brown Spider with the short gold body. This is dressed on a No. 13 regular shank Model Perfect hook. Brown tail; gold body, about 1/8" long; two brown hackles, reversed as explained above, and one white hackle at the head, also reversed.

In the George Harvey, the length of the hackle barbules is about twice the gape of the hook and in the Brown Bi-visible, the barbules are about three times the gape of the hook.

For wet flies, we like the Quill Gordon and the Dark Cahill. In the bucktails and streamers, the two Edson Tigers, the Black and White, the Mickey Finn and the White Marabou seem to do the work for us.

Lewis S. Kunkel—Harrisburg

Streamer Flies

Little Yellow Buck Tail No. 8 (red tail and red tag)
Yellow Marabou (small)
Black Marabou (large)

Wet Flies

Black Quill No. 18
Quill Gordon No. 10
Olive Quill No. 20
Black Ant No. 14

Dry Flies

Royal Coachman No. 16
Blue Quill No. 16
Adams No. 16
Fan Wing Royal Coachman No. 12
Pale Watery Dun No. 16 and No. 18
Light Cahill Gold Body No. 14

Harry Minnich, Jr.—Milton

Your request for my favorite flies and their sizes really put me to thinking and I found that if I were limited to a certain few I would favor the following:

Dry Flies

1. Black Quill, 14-16
2. Ginger Quill, 12-14
3. Royal Coachman, 12-14-16
4. Brown Bi-visible, 12
5. Badger Bi-visible, 12
6. Cahill Quill, 10-12-14
7. Grey Drake, 8-10

Wet Flies

1. Royal Coachman, 10-12
2. Ginger Quill, 12-14
3. Black Quill, 14-16
4. Grey Hackle-yellow, 12-14
5. Brown Hackle-peacock, 12-14
6. Grey Hackle-peacock, 12-14
7. Black Hackle-peacock, 12-14-16

As to the streamer flies I fish them so seldom that I could not name any as being my favorite.

Charles H. Nehf, Sr.—Allentown

Little Lehigh Trout Flies

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, through Charles K. Fox, editor of the ANGLER, is conducting a survey among the fishermen of the State in order to determine what their favorite patterns of artificial trout flies are and also the size of the hook used.

Our observations are confined entirely to those generally accepted and used on the Little Lehigh. Not that our local stream is different from other trout streams, but something like the Royal Coachman, Grizzly King, or even the Parmachene Belle have little room for the more successful anglers of the Little Lehigh.

The most productive wet flies during the early season would include: The Gallagher Special, Black Quill, Black Gnat, Little Lehigh Special, Grey and Peacock, Bread Crust, Red Quill, Grey Quill, Blue Quill, Blue Dun, April Grey, Olive Quill and Olive Dun.

Later in the season the wet fly fisherman may add the Grey and Lemon, Grey and Green and the Yellow May. The Palmers would include the standard patterns of brown, black, grey, blue and yellow.

Dry Flies

Surface lures would include the Black Ant, Black Quill, Black Gnat, Red Quill, Grey Quill, Blue Dun, Ginger Quill, Yellow May, Pale Evening Dun, and the larger Drake May Fly along with the Cahill.

The field of bi-visibles include the brown, black, grey, yellow and blue.

Relative to the size of the hooks used, the more successful fishermen generally use a small hook, like the 14 and 16, in the standard run of flies.

It has been our personal experience that one of the best dry flies throughout the trout season has been the Black Quill either on the 14 or 16, most preferably the latter. Many fish have acepted the fly and we have stuck to it consistently.

Clayt Peters—Lykens

In reply to your inquiry about the most important fly in my mottly collection of Trout Decepters, I would like to say that I have done quite a bit of experimenting this season, for as Fred Everett said in his recent article I have been taking my medicine this season, on the home streams and in liberal doses at that. My score to date is as follows.

Caught 183 trout.
Kept 46 trout over 10 inches.
Released 137 trout.

Of these 139 were caught on dry fly; 32 on wet flies and Nymphs; 12 on Bucktails.

My most important dry fly this season was the Ginger Quill sizes No. 14 and 18; wet fly, the Dark Cahill No. 14; Nymph, the Olive Quill No. 16; Bucktail, Brown and White No. 10 3x long shank.

I caught more trout on the smaller Ginger Quill than on any other fly, but I had several good evenings with the Pale Evening dun, and the most excitement was with the Badger Spider on the Lykens Water Dam. They took trout when no one else could get a strike with other types of flies.

John Shappella—Pottsville

Wet Flies

1. Red quill 12
2. Ashley hackle 12-14
3. Bread crust 10-14
4. Spotted sedge 14
5. Ginger quill 12-14
6. Blue quill 14-16

Dry Flies

1. Light cahill 14-16
2. Ginger quill 12-14
3. Blue quill 12-14-16
4. Pale May 14-16
5. Badger Bi 14-16
6. Furnace Bi 16-18

Bucktails and Streamer Flies

Bucktail	*Body*	*Ribbing*	*Size*
Yellow	Black	Silver	6-8-10
Brown	Cream	Silver	6-8-10
White	Green	Silver	6-8-10
Brown and White	Silver tinsel		6-8-10
Badger	Black	Silver	6-8-10
Furnace	Cream	Silver	6-8-10

Of all the flies I tie I honestly believe that the patterns mentioned above are the outstanding in my locality.

John L. Neiger—Scranton

Here is a list of the flies which have caught the most good fish for me over the years. Wet flies are my fish takers. Dry flies are my playthings. This is the way I tie them.

Wet Flies—Sizes 10-8-6

Name	*Tail*	*Body*	*Hackle*	*Wing*
Black and Gold	Black	Gold	Black	
Black and Silver	Black	Gold	Black	
Iron Blue Dun	I. B. Dun	Dark Muskrat	I. B. Dun	Coot
Stone Fly	Mandarin	Rabbit and Yellow silk mixed	Ginger	Mallard
Blue Quill	Grey	Peacock Eye	Blue Dun	Light mallard
Claret Quill	Black	Claret Silk lacquered	Black	Mallard flight wing feather
April Grey	Grey	Grey Wool, Black silk ribbing, Rhode Island Red	Grey	
Bread Crust		Quill	Grey	
Gallagher	Dark Brown	Black fur, gold ribbing	Dark Brown	
Royal Coachman	Golden Pheasant	Peacock herl, red silk in middle	Ginger	White or yellow
Dragon Fly	Guinea Hen	Dark green silk, Gold ribbing	Guinea Feelers	
Green Nymph	Guinea	D. Green silk, Black Ribbon, Peacock herl rib	Guinea Feelers	
Dark Cahill	Ginger	D. Muskrat	Ginger	Mallard

Ray Bergman's nymphs as described in his book, Trout, with grey and gold bodies and the buff or cream with black silk ribbing are also fine fish takers. I use size 6 and 8 hooks when I tie them for my own use.

Dry Flies

Light Cahill 10-14
Stone Fly Special 6-8
Dette's Cochy Hackle 10
Dette's Special 6
F. W. Royal Coachman 8-10
Dark Cahill 10
Green Brown Cahill 10
Red Fox 8-10
Cahill Quill 6-10
Iron Blue Spinner 10-12
Cream and Green 8-10
Gordon Quill 8-14
Lemon Dun 10

The flies under the name of Dette were introduced to me by Walter Dette of Roscoe, N. Y., one of the finest of American tiers.

Many of my wets are on short shank hooks. It requires extra size hooks to hold big fish in fast water and big rough water is my favorite element. Many other patterns have worked for me but the above are favorites.

(Editor's Note: Of all our acquaintances in the fly fishing clan Jack Neiger is in a class by himself in one respect. All of his equipment, activity, and theories are centered on one thing, big trout. And he gets them.)

Gifford Pinchot—Milford

My three favorite flies for northeastern Pennsylvania are: (1) the Malloch pattern Whirling Dun, (2) the Hewitt Bi-Visible, with Brown Hackle, and (3) the Fan-Wing Royal Coachman—the latter because I can see it myself when the light gets dim.

For pickerel, I use homemade white feather streamer flies put together in half a minute with a small red rubber band, and I get about as much fun out of pickerel fishing with a fly from a canoe as I do out of trout. Barbless hook and no net.

Howard Shilling—Huntingdon

It is amusing to think of the conglomerate mess of information you will likely receive in response to your request. But, you ask for it my friend, and for that reason I do not hesitate in sympathetically adding to your grief.

Really, I am a poor one to question concerning fly patterns, and it seems to me that information on patterns and names of flies is what you want or need for your article. You see, I prefer to use lures tied by my own unskilled hand, and they don't have names. For trout, I depend on the smaller nymphs and dry flies. The nymphs I tie are not elaborate; they are hard, weighted nymphs in black, grey or borwn with wing cases of white, grey or yellow. I never use a wet fly . . . nymphs serve the same purpose to a better advantage. In tying dry flies, I have no use for wings; palmer hackles over good wool are light in weight and float high . . . that's what gets 'em. I too like the spiders in black and brown and sometimes use the brown spider on size 10 hook with good results. Have not had time to tie many flies during the past two seasons so have been using flies tied by my good friend George Phillips who ties excellent dry flies.

To help you out, I would say that my choice of patterns is small and my pick of standard patterns would approximate, as follows: Light and Dark Cahill on 10, 14 and 16. Grey Hackle with yellow body on 16 and 18. Female Beaverkill on 12 and 14. Green and Brown Drakes on 10. Black Hackle on 18 and 20. Black and Brown Spiders on 10, 14 and 18. Black Ant on 12 and 14 (wet) Badger Hackle with red body on 12. Badger Spider on 16. Various May Fly Nymphs on 14 and 18 and, also, the Midge Larva on 18; these of course are classed with the wets.

Sol Rupp—Shiremanstown

If I have Royal Coachman, Cahill, both light and dark and some quill sizes 10 to 16 and a few streamers Numbers 8-12, I find I use them more than any or all the other patterns in my box.

Charles F. Swank—Lewisburg

Received your communication requesting me to send you a list of my favorite flies. Well I do not use many different flies and what I do use are all large dry flies, not because the wet flies are no good, but because my eyesight is not too good anymore. Here is a list of my pet wets and drys. Ginger Quill, size 14 hook; Male and Female Beaverkill, size 10 and 12 hook; Flights Fancy, size 12 hook; Light and Dark Cahill, size 10 and 12 hooks; Brown, Grey, and Badger Bi-Visibles, size 12 and 12 hooks; Newville Midge, size 14 and 16 hooks; Green and Grey Drakes and Cahill Quill on 2X long shank hooks; Royal Coachman, size 16 and 10 hooks; Royal Coachman Fan Wing, size 10 short shank; Red-Golden and Beck Spinners, size 10 and 12 hooks; Queen of Waters, size 14 hook; and Blue and Grey Quill, size 12 hooks.

Now I carry a dozen or more different patterns with me but very seldom use them. Some are the Pale Evening Dun, Evening Dun, Yellow May, Light Cowdung, Red Legged March Fly. (This name Red Legged March Fly is from Wetzel's new book.) I just call it Red Legs. It is very good when the natural is on the water.

Now my favorites in the wet class would be the same as above, except I have a few pet hackles which I still fish some. They are as follows: Grey Hackle, yellow body of lemon color; Brown Hackle, black body with tinsel ribbing, called Sylers Special. Old Ike Syler of Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania, originated this hackle and named it after himself. It was one of his favorites and is still a very good tie for brown trout. The Honey Hackle with light ginger hackle and body to match; solid Grey Hackle with grey body; Black Hackle, black body. These are tied on size 14 to 10 hooks. All of these hooks are the Model Perfect Hook by Allcock.

I personally do not fish streamers and bucktails but since I make and sell them to the public I will give you a list of my best sellers which are used mostly around here on our local streams. They are the Grey Ghost, Black Ghost, Yellow Tiger, Dark Tiger, Mickey Finn, Royal Coachman, Black Marabou, Yellow Marabou, Brown Marabou, and White Marabou. I sell more Marabous than I do any other streamer. The above streamers are tyed on 4X long sharp M.P. (model perfect) hooks in sizes from 4 to 10, mostly size 6.

G. Albert Stewart—Clearfield

Charles K. Fox, Acting Editor of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, fisherman's magazine deluxe, is querying fishermen as to their favorite trout lures; dry flies, wet flies, bucktails, etc.

Give us just a few dark Cahills, the darker the better, and youse guys can have all the rest. To make up a prize package, just for the sake of having variety and being classed as a real fisherman, I'll take a couple of each of the following:—Royal

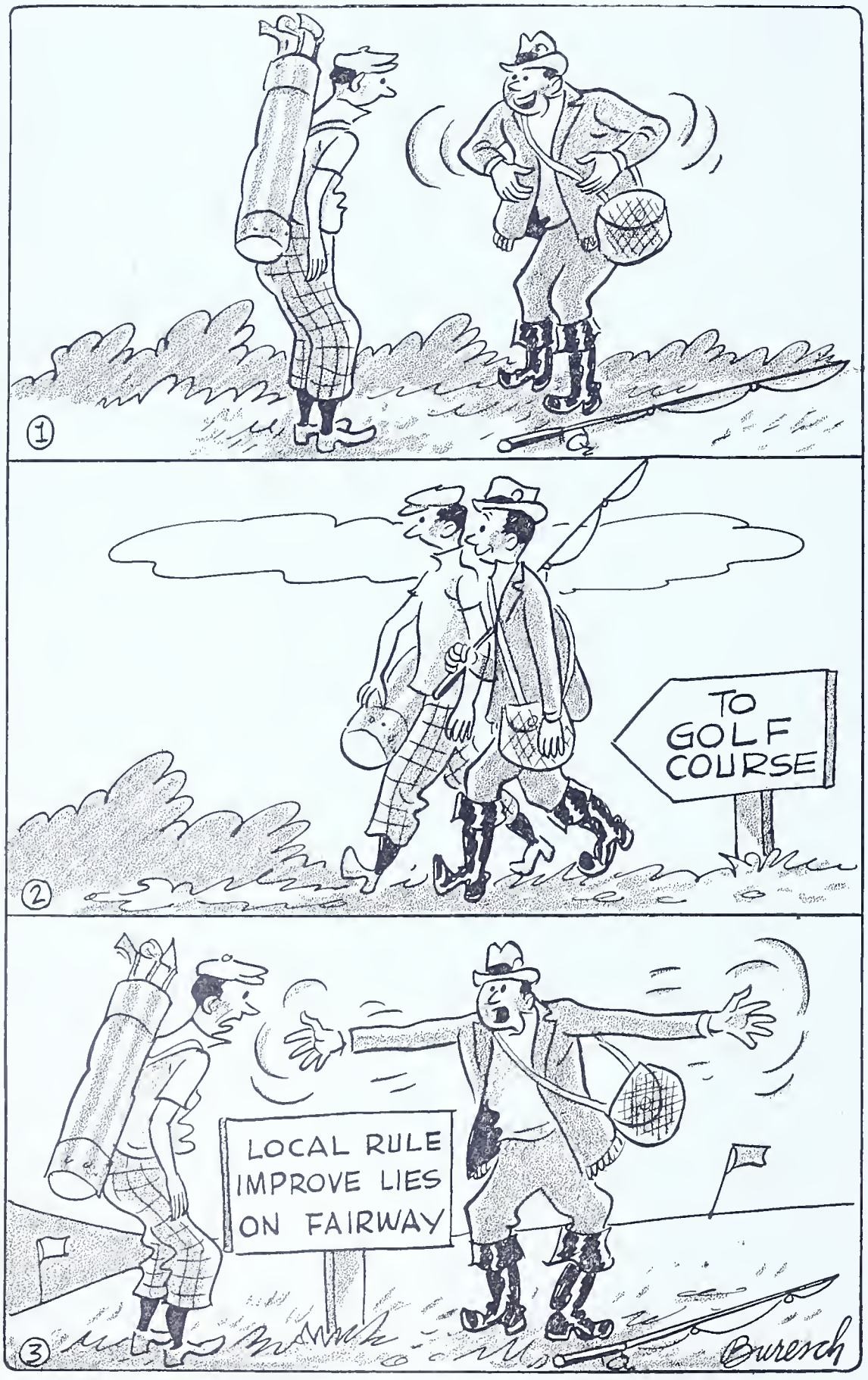
(Continued on Page 24)

WALL-EYES ARE SCRAPPERS

(Continued from page 15)

With that in mind we set out for the upper end of the lake, about one mile distant, where the water may be six to ten feet deep and the weeds seem to begin. Along this area we fished. After a few tries, we finally found that we had to use a very short line, possibly 20 or 25 feet, to keep from constantly snagging onto everything but what we wanted. Armed with this information we edged closer to the weed beds and, after about one hour, we returned to the cottage with three small wall-eyes about 16 inches long. While there we had plenty of strikes that we lost in the weeds and we also hooked and returned unharmed five others.

The following morning we mentioned this to one of the natives there and, even though we had the proof, he still claimed we were kidding since "wall-eyes only stay in the cold deep water." Isn't it reasonable to suppose that they might try to find some place which might be comfortable for them during the heat of the day, especially if this same place offered plenty of food without requiring much effort on their part? We thought so and, following our decision, we went up there and got some. However, let's get back to the trolling rig.



For this type of fishing some use a 30 or 40 pounds test line. Ours was rated around 24 pounds and was chosen for two reasons: first, it requires no sinker to take it down to the bottom of a 40 foot lake and second, it is better to straighten out the hook than to lose line, spinner and all, especially when miles away from a tackle store. Snagging things on the bottom is unavoidable and it has often been a source of fun thinking about some of the things which have been picked up. One time our buddy hooked onto a small copper kettle, while a friend of ours claimed that he pulled up an oil stove during a vacation at another lake. He did not say what weight of rope he was using; but it is our guess that it was plenty heavy. Right now a 6.50 x 16 tire would be a real catch.

Some fishermen, while trolling, place their rod in the boat and rely on the click of the reel to tell them of a strike. While this method is all right and almost a must when trolling alone, it certainly is preferred to keep the rod in hand at all times. If this is done the fisherman is able to work the line and lure more effectively, giving it an extra motion instead of simply dragging it along in back of the boat. Then too, if the lure should happen to rub on bottom it will transmit that shock up the line to the handle of the rod and in that way many snags can be prevented.

Assuming that we are now ready to begin another trip into deep water, we shall permit about 100 feet of line to slowly run off the reel. Here is one hint which will help many times: count the number of turns of the reel handle as the line goes out and remember that number. If no strikes are found, neither fish nor bottom, then permit about 10 more turns to run out. If nothing happens, leave out still more, counting the number of turns, until bottom is reached.

If we have reached bottom and no fish, we will then retrieve line, counting the turns, until we may get a strike, even though we may have only 30 feet of line out in deep water. Now, remember how many turns were out when the strike occurred, also the speed of the boat so you will be able to keep around that level because that is the feeding level for the moment. It certainly does not mean it will remain that way because an hour later we may have to leave out 150 feet of line; but remember those turns of the handle.

Something else that should be remembered about the habits of wall-eyes is that they travel mostly in schools. So, if and when we get a strike, whether or not a fish is caught does not matter, we always turn the boat as quickly as possible and go right back through there again and again. It is very likely that, if the place is carefully noted, the return trip will also be profitable. This fact of their traveling in schools has been proven many times, with one instance in particular being positively unforgetable.

It was our last night at the lake. We had caught no fish during the day and we had no meat for the following day's dinner. We worked harder than ever before during the hours until midnight. At that time we decided to go to our cottage for a rest and a lunch after which we would return to our trolling. We had hoped they would start hitting at about two o'clock and we knew if they did we would have one or two to take along home.

We finished our lunch a little quicker than our buddy and returned to the dock where our boat was fastened. Along the side of this our landlord kept one of his long bamboo poles ready to go to work as soon as it was baited. For a bit of diversion we placed a large night walker on the hook and dunked him in water about 12 feet deep, right at the edge of a very steep slope. It never did reach bottom before a small wall-eye had taken him in out of the wet and decided, against his wishes, to see what dry ground looked like. That was the starter.

We were in bed by 2:30 with all we needed already cleaned and on the ice. Just how many we caught and returned a little wiser but unharmed we would not even attempt to relate. This much can be said: the school was apparently so large and they struck so swiftly that there was little fun connected with it. For the most part they were small, running about 14 to 16 inches. Occasionally we hooked one about a foot long and others nearly twice that length. It was these latter ones that really gave us something to think about since we had nothing but a long bamboo pole and no extra line with which to work.

Another hint: be alert at all times. The writer, on one occasion, lost the most beautiful wall-eye's grand father he had ever seen just because of his failure to "keep on his toes" mentally. If it would have occurred only once it might have been excusable; but happening two times within five minutes can certainly not be forgiven. Perhaps it was the same fish and we believe that it was since we had a glimpse of him the first time and a pretty good look the second.

We had just caught an undersized one and had rebaited and dropped the lure into deep water when, just as we started to pull on the oars a terrific strike almost sent the rod over the side of the boat. Instinctively we grabbed for it and tried to set the hook, only to realize that all we did was turn him over about 20 or 25 feet under the boat. We rebaited and, after we stopped shaking, we again dropped it over the side when he did the same thing and we once more repeated our part of the play. This time we had him hooked for a short while; but long enough to see that he was one to write home about.

Here was the mistake we made. Since the boat was not moving at the time, we were, in effect, still fishing. We should have given that one plenty of time and he would have done the rest. Actually he was striking short; but if the boat had been moving, the chances are great that he would have taken the lure greedily and then the quick setting of the hook would have been essential. Since then we often hoped that it would happen again just to see whether the lesson was well learned.

Another method which produces its share is casting with a deep-diving plug of the minnow variety or a casting spinner which is permitted to go very deep on the retrieve. When this is done, remember to be ready for the biggest fish of the day, because when they hit a plug or other casting lure, they don't fool around. Action starts immediately which will always be remembered by the sportsman as worthy of all the praise he can recite.

Snagging onto them about 100 or 150 feet in back of the boat, or perhaps 40 or 50 feet down, will provide all the action and thrills for which one can hope. They do not break water as the trout or bass; but they more than make up for this in their powerful rushes toward and away from the boat. Here is where good equipment is really appreciated. A rod whippy enough to take up the tackle-smashing power dives and a good reliable reel that will retrieve line in a hurry as he races toward the boat will often result in success while poor material will surely make the angler sick.

It is absolutely necessary that the line be kept without slack at all times. This does not mean that a great deal of pressure should be applied, since it must be remembered that when a wall-eye wants line, he takes it, or else. We have had them come at the boat from way down under and, when they were about three feet from the surface, reverse their field and peel off 60 or more feet of line quicker than it takes to write about it. Immediately they start toward the surface, oftimes rushing from side to side as they rise, and then back again to their lair. However, keep in mind that he should be brought to net as soon as practicable since we still do not know where or how hard he may be hooked.

If we would not have followed this latter course when we connected with the one whose portrait graces a page of this issue, that picture would not have appeared. After five hard dives we brought him up to the surface alongside of the boat where a waiting net encircled him at the very instant the gut holding the bottom hook parted company as he started another lunge—to the bottom of the net. One more dive and he would have returned to his native haunts. He was hooked deeply enough; but his sharp teeth made short work of the lure. The bucktail and feathers shown in the picture, although good, did not take that fish.

For the benefit of the camera fans who may combine their hobbies, the picture was taken with a 35mm miniature camera, using a copying attachment. The exposure was 1/50th second at f:8 on Super XX film. The gills were extended by a thin stick about seven or eight inches long, the head raised by placing it on a suitable stone and the distance was carefully measured. There was no sunlight and some of the top light was reflected by the use of a piece of white paper.

Yes, we have that picture and many more to help us remember some of the truly great scrappers whose praises are infrequently and inadequately sung. Just what we like about wall-eyes best of all is quite difficult for us to say; but this we know, the final thrill comes in the eating. Anyone who really likes piscatorial delicacies will long remember the satisfaction of tickling the palate with the fine, solid, deliciously flavored cotton white meat of a wall-eye.

Buy Bonds

ISELIN SPORTSMEN

Mr. J. G. Condor, Secretary of The Sportsmen's Club of Iselin reports that the organization is functioning 100% and the 1944 goal is 200. Plans have been made and committees appointed to carry on the fish and game programs of the coming year.

THE LIEUT. AND SUCCESS

(Continued from page 5)

stand for only so much. When they go beyond that point, something must give. The nerves, the mind, the eyes or health, unless there is a letdown along the line to rebuild reserve strength of mind or body.

Any fishing trip which offers that letdown is successful even though they are not aware of it.

The Lieutenant's thoughts were along another line. He was not so concerned with the physical as the mental side of the subject. To him, the way a man thinks is of more importance. It is the mental attitude that makes the man. It is why he does a thing and what he expects to get out of it that is the true measure of his worth.

One man will fish simply because he wants to catch fish. That is all—just a simple, selfish act. The same as some people rushed into war work, simply because they wanted bigger money or safety from the draft. Both are hogs—one a fish-hog, catching and keeping every kind of fish he can hook into; the other a war-hog, making every cent he can out of the war for his own selfish ends.

Another man will fish because, to him, it is an art, something to be done expertly and to the best of his ability. The same as those who looked at this war and asked, "What can I do to the best of my ability for this war?" Some enlisted, others put their hearts and souls into war work. They are the ones who pride themselves on their equipment and who make fishing a science, the fish only a necessary proving-ground for their skill.

Success to some is fish, no matter how they are caught. To others it is fishing, the joy of a perfect cast, a home made lure that proves itself, a hatch of May flies dancing up and down over the waters, a bird or unusual sight of animal life along the bank, the solitude of a beautiful day, clean thoughts and the feeling of the limitlessness of Nature and her marvels, a closeness to that which we do not understand but feel in our souls is all around us. It is an uplift to our spirit and a balm for our nerves; an antidote for worry and a clearer vision for our thoughts. It is a feeling of well-being and peace in our hearts.

Lieut. sighed and turned to speak to Doc. His old friend sat with closed eyes, as though asleep. He looked tired and older. He who preached health and rest to his patients was overtaxing himself because people had to have a doctor. This was war, the workers had to be kept fit. But who would doctor Doc if he broke down? Lieut. pursed his lips, then seemed to reach a decision.

"Hey, Doc, you useless old sleepy head, wake up."

"Huh—oh—I was just thinking, I wasn't asleep."

"Oh, no—well, so've I been thinking. Lately I've been having a funny feeling in my head, sort of dizzy. It hit me again tonight, that's really why I came over. Any idea what could cause it?"

"How many hours a day have you been working lately?"

"Oh—ten or twelve at the office."

"Uh-huh—and how many at home?"

"Well—some—I'm usually in bed by midnight."

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MODERN ANGLERS ATTENTION

(Continued from page 3)

the hike to the creek because it just filled in the time until the sun set and the evening fishing was good.

"I never cared much for the stream down near the road. It was too close to a big farm house, and it always seemed to me that no respectable trout would get that close to civilization.

"But there was a path through the narrow little valley, and half an hour of walking took me far enough up the stream so that I was all alone out in the woods. There, at a big hole where an old pine tree had toppled over and lay with its upper branches in the water, I liked to begin to fish.

"There wasn't much competition, because fishing was good everywhere, and most of the fellows wouldn't take the time and trouble to make the trip. That was another reason I liked the creek."

The mood of the Old-Timer had hold of us by this time. In our minds the appearance of the stream that was so familiar to all of us began changing, as if a cloud were passing over its features. As we listened to the words of our friend, the log dams and the stone deflectors faded out of view—deep grass and bushes seemed to spring up along the shores, and of course we easily caught the vision of a stricken pine, its limbs gnarled and wharped, lying where it had fallen into the water.

"There wasn't even a path to follow once a fisherman got half way up the stream," the Old-Timer continued. "The underbrush along the shores was pretty thick, and the best way to get from pool to pool was to wade carefully along the shallow side of the stream.

"Every hole was a problem all its own," he went on. And we got an even clearer picture of how the stream had changed with the passing of the years, for now the dams along its course were spaced with mathematical precision, each one exactly like the others except for some slight change the weather had wrought.

"The pool with the pine tree lying in the water at its head was my favorite," the Old-Timer resumed. "The lower end of the pool was shallow enough to wade, but about half way up its length the water came up around a man's waist, and from there it took a long line to lay a fly up near the dead tree.

"To make it tougher, a fisherman had to stay in the water to fish this pool. The brush was especially thick along its shores, and the scrub pines which grew down close to the water made fly fishing impossible from either bank.

"Some of the biggest trout I ever caught came out of that one pool. I well remember arriving one evening at the spot and sneaking up through the brush to get a good look at the head of the hole. Lying down under the fallen tree, barely visible to the eye, was the biggest trout I ever had seen in the creek.

"I knew blamed well that if I tried for him by daylight I would only succeed in putting him on his guard, so I fiddled around on nearby riffles for a couple of hours waiting for dusk. I couldn't get that glimpse of the big trout out of my mind, and I guess I didn't pay much attention to what I was doing, for I didn't get a strike.

"At dusk I made my way carefully back to the foot of the pine tree pool. I took a good 15 minutes wading into casting position.

"We didn't use many dry flies in those days, and wet flies never appealed to me for this kind of a fish, so it was a nice juicy grasshopper that I cast up in among the branches.

"The big fellow took the bait on the first cast, believe it or not, and—"

The chap from up the street couldn't restrain himself.

"Did you get him?" he asked.

The Old-Timer relaxed a bit in his chair and grinned.

"I did not," he said. "The big fellow bored right into those sunken pine branches and busted my leader."

He went back to the pool often, he said, in the hope of getting another chance at the big trout, but he never succeeded. He guessed some other angler who also liked the solitude of a wild stream had better luck with the speckled monster.

But the Old-Timer had not finished. He stuffed his black pipe, got it going in good style, and went back to his discussion.

"I loved that stream. It was a place where I could fish alone and undisturbed. Often in the early evening deer came down to its pools to drink, and small game was abundant. It was quiet and peaceful, because the valley turned and twisted in such a fashion that a man could not hear the train whistles down below. There was no paved road. The state highway, as it was called even then, was surfaced with dirt and a good distance away.

"There was a difference in the trout too. They were brookies, with not a brown nor a rainbow the length of the stream. They were fat and beautifully colored, and it was not unusual for a pair 14 or 15 inches long to be taken in an evening's fishing.

"They were native trout, not fish hauled in a truck from a hatchery and dumped into the creek for fishermen to catch. Their meat was salmon pink and hard and flakey."

The young fellow from up the street had opened his mouth a couple of times to say something, and when the Old-Timer paused to fire up his pipe again the youngster spoke out:

"They must have been grand days, Old-Timer, but those days are gone forever. I guess you must feel kind of homesick for the days gone by, but I don't think it is quite fair of you to criticize the way our trout streams are being handled today."

The Old-Timer took up the challenge.

"Right you are, my boy, and I didn't intend to be critical," he replied. "You'll just have to allow an old man his dreams. But I wasn't just dreaming, either. I think a lot of you young fellows need a fishing lesson."

Amusement lighted the face of the old man as he observed the looks of surprise that his remarks brought.

"Oh, not in catching fish," he said quickly. "I've seen enough of your work to realize that you know your stuff with the rod and fly. But there's more to fishing than catching fish.

"I've talked about the old days not for the purpose of bragging about the fish we caught. Instead, I wanted to set you thinking about the condition of the streams and of the fish in them.

"We didn't need stream improvement and stream stocking in those days because there were fewer fishermen, there were plenty of trout for all, and the streams were in their natural state.

"But as the number of fishermen increased, man's greed for the fruits of nature also grew, and soon our fishing territory was stripped of the timber that protected it; hard roads provided easy access to even the most remote waters, and men began taking advantage of the fact that what regulations were then applied to fishing were extremely liberal, as measured by modern standards.

"In other words, men began stripping the streams of their natural clothing and looting them of their fish life. Pollution reared its ugly head as the industrial era expanded and widened out.

"So today, while an old fellow looks back with regret upon the bygone days, he also has to realize that stream improvements and stocking are necessary if the sport of fishing is to endure."

The Old-Timer chuckled.

"That's a long way around the bush, but now here is the point: You young fellows think so much about catching fish that you don't give proper thought to conservation.

He turned to the chap from up the street.

"When you were catching those trout this afternoon, did you think of anything but the fine sport you were enjoying?"

The youth hesitated, and the Old-Timer went on:

"I'll bet you never thought to ask yourself the question: 'What am I doing to keep the fishing as fine as this?'

"We old anglers didn't think along that line either. It didn't occur to us that there would be an end some day to the fine sport we all enjoyed so much. Like fools, we thought that nature would always keep our streams filled with trout. We didn't worry when forest fires or logging operations destroyed the fine stands of timber that protected our brooks. We shrugged our shoulders and accepted as inevitable the damage done to streams as industries were developed. We spent all our time fishing—and none at all listening to the pleas of wiser men who were urging us to conserve and protect what we were enjoying.

"I don't want you fellows to make the same mistake today. If you do, the time will come when you sit on an old rocking chair and tell your grandchildren of the fishing

(Continued on next page)

WATERS HAVING SPECIAL REGULATIONS EFFECTIVE UNTIL JULY 31, 1948, EXCEPT AS NOTED

Fishermen should be guided by rules and regulations posted along streams regarding size, season, number, etc.

Slate Run (Lycoming County)
Section Open to Fishing—From the junction of Cushman and Francis Branches down to its mouth at Big Pine Creek, approximately 8 miles.
Closed Section—Partly in Potter, Tioga and Lycoming Counties—both Head Forks, the Cushman and Francis Branches, and all other tributaries closed as nursery waters.

Young Woman's Creek (Largely in Clinton County, heads in Potter County)
Regulations effective until July 31, 1945.
The main stream of the Right Branch of Young Woman's Creek from the mouth of Lebo Branch to the junction with the Left Branch is closed to the use of any but artificial lures. No live bait of any kind is permitted
Only six trout may be taken per day, per season.
Only thirty-six trout may be taken per person, per season.
The legal minimum size limit is six inches.
No person may have in possession any bait-fish or fish-bait while fishing the restricted area.
All tributaries of the Right Branch of Young Woman's Creek open without restrictions.

Dunbar Creek and Tributaries (Fayette County) (See posters along stream for special regulations.)

E. Branch Clarion River (Elk County)—Portion between Glen Hazel and Instanter. Regulations effective until July 31, 1946. (Request Elk County Sportsmen's Club.)

Koon Lake (Bedford County)—Number of trout to be taken in any one day limited to three (3). (Request Bedford County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs.)

Lake Dom (Westmoreland County) (Request of Westmoreland Sportsmen's Assn.)

Lynn Run (Westmoreland County) Laurel Hill Trout Nursery on this stream.

Markle's Pond (Westmoreland County) (Request of Westmoreland Sportsmen's Assn.)

North Fork Creek (Jefferson County)—From 2,000 feet below Egypt Bridge to the source. (Improved Stream.) (Jefferson County Sportsmen's Assn.)

Silver Lake (Bucks County) (Request of Bristol Fish and Game Assn.)

Yellow Breeches Creek (Cumberland and York Counties)—Section from New Cumberland Dam to mouth, about 300 yards. Number of trout to be taken in any one day limited to two (2). (Request of West Shore Sportsmen's Assn.)

Recreational Demonstration Areas—Blue Knob, Hickory Run, Laurel Hill and Raccoon Creek. (Agreement U. S. Dept. of Interior, National Park Service and Board of Fish Commissioners.) Regulations effective until July 31, 1945.
Trout—April 15 to July 31—7 A.M. until 7 P.M., E.W.T. Regular size, fishing devices and bag limits as set up under the Pennsylvania Laws to be observed, unless property is otherwise posted.
Warm Water Species—April 15 until May 31 and from September 15 until November 30, all dates inclusive, between 7 A.M. and 7 P.M., E.W.T. Regular size, fishing devices and creel limits as set up under the Pennsylvania Laws to be observed, unless property is otherwise posted.
Children in group camps under 16 years of age, can fish with one rod and line with single hook and may take four (4) fish per day, the fish being restricted to warm water species, without a license.

Lake Pleasant (Erie County) (Request of Erie County Sportsmen)—Number of trout to be taken in any one day limited to six (6)—Effective until July 31, 1945.

Spring Creek on Penitentiary Grounds—Open to public fishing with rod, hook and line during trout season, April 15 to July 31, 7 A.M. to 10 P.M., E.W.T. Fishermen not permitted on the property between 10:30 P.M. and 6:30 A.M., E.W.T.

MODERN TROUTING

(Continued from page 9)

in the chosen spot of the desired water shed.

Unquestionably, a great many eggs could be secured in a short time from a large stream such as Penn's Creek where the hatch is stupendous. The stocking program in a given stream should be conducted for at least three successive seasons.

It is highly possible that by a thorough, yet inexpensive, long range program many of our waters could be vastly improved by the introduction of hatches. If successful, the result would be, improved angling for all time. Such a contribution would be hailed and enjoyed down through the years.

Samuel Weitz—Philadelphia

I do manage to go trout fishing once in a while and my favorite list of trout fly patterns are practically standard. Wetflies, Ginger Quill and Coachman—Dry flies, Fan Wing, Royal Coachman and Cahill in sizes 12 to 18. Streamers, Mickey Finn, Parm Belle and Yellow Tiger sizes 6 and 8. Grasshopper size 8. I am allergic to brown lures (milk chocolate shade) and brown and yellow combinations.

Garage Mechanic: "What's the trouble, Lady?"

Mrs. Newdriver: "They tell me that I've got a short circuit. Can you lengthen it while I wait, please?"

NURSERY WATERS OPENED TO FISHING AS OF JULY 31, 1943

County	*Name of Stream or Water*
Berks	Ontelaunee Lake, Section requested by Federated Sportsmen's Clubs of Berks County, also from new dam breast upstream to the old stone bridge, distance about one mile on west side.
	Maiden Creek—1200 feet on west side below new dam breast. 1800 feet on east side below new dam breast.
Butler	Municipal Reservoirs of Boro. of Zelienople (To be posted by the Borough.)
Cameron	Crooked Run, entire length.
	Finley Run, 2 miles.
	Fishing Creek, tributary to Driftwood Branch.
	Big Spring or Big Spring Draft, tributary to Wykoff Run.
	Whippoorwill Run, trib. to East Br. of Hicks Run, one mile long.
	Little Fork, trib. to Mix Run, one and one-half miles long.
Carbon	Fireline Creek (opened as of July 1, 1943).
Clearfield	All tributaries of Hazlett Run.
	All tributaries of Curry Run.
Clinton and Centre	Beech Creek, from dam at Beech Creek to Orviston.
Elk	Smith Run or Rocky Run, entire length.
	Hyvie Run or Spring Run, entire length.
	Falls Shanty or Auman Hollow, entire length.
	Falls Shanty, three miles flowing into E. Br. of Kersey Run.
	Spring Run, from what is known as "Bony Gerg's Bridge" to source. This is headwaters of Spring Run and about 5 miles long.
Lycoming	Black Hole Creek, from Water Company Dam downstream to Penna. Railroad culvert, ¼ mile.
McKean	Fly Brook, trib. to Willow Creek, 2½ miles.
	Wintergreen Run, trib. to Kinzua Creek, 2 miles.
	Brown Valley, trib. to N. Fork Sugar Run, 1½ miles.
	Right Hand Branch of W. Branch of Tuna Creek, 1 mile.
	Blind Robin, trib. to Main Sugar Run, 2 miles.
	North Fork of Colegrove Brook or Nigger Run, trib. to Colegrove Brook.
Montgomery	2 Ponds on Howard Beidler property at Abrams.
	1 Pond on Frank Henkins propery at Collegeville.
	1 Pond on G. B. French property at Graterford.
	2 Ponds on Joseph Hippel property at Norwood.
Potter	To be opened April 15, 1943:
	Blumendal Run, trib. to Little Kettle Creek, 2 miles long.
	Lutz Run, trib. to Pine Creek, 1 mile long.
	Upper Dry Run, trib. to W. Br. of Pine Creek, 1 mile long.
	Barns Brook, trib. to Cushing Creek, 5 miles long.
	Crowell Run, trib. to Nine Mile Creek, 1½ miles long.
	Splashdam Run, trib. to Lyman Run, 2 miles in Susquehanna District State Forest.
	E. Fork of First Fork Sinnemahoning Creek, trib. to Sinnemahoning Creek.
	Stonelick Run, trib. to E. Fork of First Fork of Sinnemahoning Creek.
	Birch Run, trib. to E. Fork of First Fork of Sinnemahoning Creek.
Warren	Four Mile Run, trib. to Tionesta Creek, all tributaries and Long Run, also Ludlow Branch of same stream.
	Farnsworth Run, trib. to Tionesta Creek. from source to point 1 mile below Hermit Spring, also Criswell Branch.
	Headwaters of Brown Run, including all of Hook Run, Fluent Branch, also upper 1½ miles of Brown Run.

MODERN ANGLERS ATTENTION

(Continued from page 21)

you enjoyed while you look with disdain on a string of suckers or catfish caught in a muddy pond.

"Conservation is a personal responsibility. You have to support it with your money, your labor, and your cooperation.

"Don't get the idea that you can safely let the state do all the worrying about the condition of our trout streams. Don't think your part of the job is finished when you pay for your fishing license. Don't feel righteous because you carefully obey size and creel limits.

"Instead, make up your minds that you are going to do all in your power to add your personal efforts to the weight of those who are in the fight for preservation of good fishing."

The Old-Timer stuck a gnarled hand up into the air, tapped the first finger, and said:

"First, take a sportsman's catch, not a maximum legal catch. Put back the little fish unharmed and keep only a couple of good ones. Use barbless hooks in a stream where you are likely to encounter many small trout.

"Second, learn to fish with artificial lures, not bait. Worms are all right; fish don't dig in the ground for them—but every minnow and hellgramite and other piece of bait taken from a stream reduces by another unit the quantity of natural food in that stream.

"Third, don't man-handle your favorite stream. Help to preserve its natural beauty. Don't meddle with its rocks and currents or with the vegetation which nature has planted along its shores.

"Fourth, be careful of fire. Be sure your cigarette butts and pipe ashes are cold before you toss them aside. If you build a camp fire or a little blaze to cook a meal, make sure that it is dead before you leave the spot.

"Fifth, watch constantly for pollution or any other damage to the stream, and see that any information you may obtain gets into the hands of the fish warden in your territory."

The Old-Timer shifted to the other hand.

"Sixth," he continued, "join a sportsmen's organization and be an active member. Keep yourself informed on legislation and on the work of the Fish Commission. Add strength to other anglers who, through organization, are fighting for clean streams.

"Seventh and last—Oh, but why continue?" our friend exclaimed as he arose from his chair and stretched.

"I don't have to explain all these things to you chaps. I just have to shake you up and get you to thinking."

Then he turned again to the lad from up the street.

"That was a nice catch of brook trout, buddy. Now see to it that when you are an old-timer like me you don't have to become a parlor lecturer."

Humbly and soberly, we went home!

"I called on Mabel last night, and I wasn't any more than inside the door before her mother asked me my intentions."

"That must have been embarrassing."

"Yes, but that's not the worst of it. Mabel called from upstairs and said, 'That isn't the one, mother.'"

BUY BONDS

JUMPY BASS

(Continued from page 1)

to the lily pond where he had a good swim in the green water. And I got my usual scolding for letting the dog swim in such a "filthy place." For a fact, though, he does smell like a dead fish tonite. But, after dinner the clouds began to pile up, the air became still and hot and soon a distant mutter of thunder said, plain as anything: "You can catch bass when I get through with the river." So I put the tackle in the car and started. How far to go was a question easily answered for when I crossed the bridge those thunder-clouds were rolling closer and blacker every second. I pulled in at the lower end of the railroad yards and headed across the tracks to the river.

I met Joe Kozalla and his young brother. They had been bait fishing—no luck. And they decided to quit before the storm caught them.

I went on across the shallows to the swift run between two eddys and just as I reached my spot the rain came in torrents. It literally poured down. But it slackened after ten minutes or so and I set up the rod and tied on a Number 1 pink and yellow bucktail.

A long cross-stream cast was retrieved almost to the rod tip when a bass flashed up and missed as the fly came clear of the water. A moment later the fish began to play about me; and play is the correct word. They were everywhere in the water near me and flashing and turning in the swift current. Soon the playing developed into a game something like follow the leader as one would break water in a running leap and then another and another and then turn sharply right or left and jump again. The others followed and you could see a string of bass jumping, twisting and jumping, each aping the one in front of him.

To toss a fly was purely murder because the nearest fish snatched at it and if he missed another grabbed it. When a fish became hooked the others followed him and tried to grab the fly from his mouth. They reduced that bucktail to shreds within five minutes, but it was still just as attractive as new to them. I hooked these fish within ten feet of me in thirty inches of swift water and they were continually jumping all around me. There were so many bass and so near and unafraid that I didn't care about killing any. This kept up for eight or ten minutes and I had hooked, fought and released five good bass when something prompted me to make a long cast, clear outside the school of leaping fish.

The fly had moved hardly a foot until the expected strike came. But I soon discovered that I was fast to a heavy old wall-eye and had a real struggle on my hands. I got the old boy finally, though I had to follow him down to quiet water to do so, and killed him with one good crack with my knife handle. But the bass party was over and though I fished around for an hour I got not another strike.

Curiously enough, these bass seemed to me all uniformly of a size, fourteen inches, and I feel sure I saw five hundred or more of them. Never saw or heard of anything like this before, but I think I know the reason for it. The water was so very low and warm and when the cool oxygen-laden rain water came it brought them to the surface.

Now that is what I wrote at that time. But these questions have been plaguing me ever since. Why were those bass all the same size? Where were the little ones? Why were not the larger bass jumping too? I am satisfied that the cool rain water put the pep in them but why did it not also activate the carp, suckers and minnows in a similar manner? And was the old pike I finally killed in a playful mood as were the bass or did he strike that ragged fly in mistake for real food? If any other fisherman has an answer for these questions I would really like to know about it.

Very truly yours,

DON BLAIR.

Motor Salesman: "Can I show you something, sir?"

Pedestrian: "No, I'm not here to buy anything. But it's such a wonderful change to be in the midst of all these cars without having to dodge them."

ONE BIG FISH THEY WERE GLAD TO LET GO

Washington (AP)—In the Office of the Co-ordinator of Fisheries today they were laughing over the story of the fishing crew that caught the biggest one in all history—and were glad to see it get away.

A trawler, the Adelaide T. (so the story runs) was operating off the eastern end of Long Island, N. Y. Suddenly the vessel started going backward. That continued at some speed for 40 minutes.

The crew was staring openmouthed into the sea trying to guess what sort of monster their net had snagged when a smoke bomb emerged from the water and exploded in air. That was enough. The crew cut loose the net, containing the day's catch. The trawler's backward movement stopped.

Twenty minutes later a United States submarine surfaced.

Streams Closed as Nursery Waters by the Board of Fish Commissioners and All Fishing Prohibited Until July 31, 1948

County	*Name of Stream or Water*
Chester	Headwaters of Chester Creek—From and including Fern Hill Dam Reservoir, upstream 2 miles.
Clinton	Gottshall Run—(Stream closed for protection of water supply.)
Crawford	Pymatuning Sanctuary.
	Northern and Shenango River, below dam at Pymatuning Lake.
	Sugar Lake, Special posters during spawning season.
Elk	All tributaries to Bear Creek.
	All tributaries to Big Mill Creek.
Jefferson	South Branch of North Fork Creek, from Marshall Bridge to source.
Lancaster	Stream running through Public Park at Lititz (Exhibition).
	Octoraro Creek, Portion of W. Branch.
Luzerne	Sugar Notch Dam, about one-third.
	Harveys Lake, approximately 3 acres at the Outlet neck and approximately 5 acres at the Alderson neck.
Lycoming	All tributaries of Slate Run.
	All tributaries of Pleasant Stream.
	Portion of tributaries of Pine Creek.
	Portion of tributaries of Lycoming Creek.
Pike	Portion of Pecks Pond, above wire on E. Branch inlet.
	Portion of Promised Land Lake.
Schuylkill	Nursery Pools on the Old Schirner Farm—Posted by Game Commission.
	Locust Creek, about 6,000 feet. (Posted by Game Commission.)
Somerset	Brush Creek, trib. to Wills Creek, 3 miles.
	Beaver Dam Creek, from Sportsmen's Dam to source.
Venango	Lower Two Mile Run, Section within Waltonian Park. (Exhibition.)
Warren	Dedman Run, tributary to Spring Creek, ½ mile.
	Greeley Run, tributary to Spring Creek, ¾ mile long.

STREAMS CLOSED AS NURSERY WATERS UNTIL JULY 31, 1946.

Luzerne	Cummings Pond, approximately 1¼ acres in Franklin Township, taking in 1500 ft. of shore line.
Somerset	Meadow Run, in Elk Lick Township, from Maryland line to Casselman River.

STREAMS CLOSED AS NURSERY WATERS UNTIL JULY 31, 1945.

Jefferson	Bear Pen Run, tributary to North Fork Creek.
	Williams Run, tributary to North Fork Creek.
Jefferson and Elk	Rattlesnake Creek, tributary to Little Toby Creek, 3 miles, from ½ mile below Brockway Reservoir to source.
Venango	Two-Mile Run, section passing through property of Socony-Vacuum Oil Company.
Westmoreland	Little Pucketa Creek, section between property of Arthur McKean and northern boundary of the wildlife property.

NOTE: Under the provisions of the Game Code, all Refuges are closed to hunting and fishing. If any streams within the Refuges are open to public fishing cardboard posters, so stating, are prominently displayed.

TROUT FLY PATTERNS

(Continued from page 17)

Coachman, Black Gnat, Pink Lady, Hare's Ear and Blue Dun. As for wet flies and bucktails, you can have 'em.

Charles M. Wetzel—Wilmington, Del.

Dry Flies

Fan Wing Royal Coachman
Ginger Quill
Green Drake
Grey Drake
Pale Evening Dun
Black Quill
March Brown
Yellow Spider
Iron Blue Dun
Jenny Spinner

Wet Flies

Fish Fly
Red Quill
Teal and Orange
Little Black Caddis
Black Quill
Gold Ribbed Hares Ear
Red Hackle
Grey Hackle
Light Stonefly
Red Legged March Fly

Bucktails

Edson Dark Tiger
Black Ghost
Yellow Marabou
Black Marabou

Dick (Fortney) Williamson—Williamsport

Your communication asking for my favorite patterns of trout flies rather puts me on the spot, for I'm the kind of a guy who likes to have a great variety and try 'em all during a day on the stream.

However, if I were pinned down to a minimum choice, I would ask for these patterns of dry flies in sizes 14 and 16: Royal Coachman Bi-visible, Light Cahill, Dark Cahill, Blue Dun, Gray Quill, and Black Gnat. I have a pet of my own, in size 14, made as follows: Body, peacock herl; hackle, light badger; tail, light badger; no wings, with the hackle considerably over size. I also like black and natural red spiders.

In wet flies in sizes 14 and 12 my favorites are the Royal Coachman, the Red Hackle, the March Brown, and the Elder. I also have a lot of fun with the black ant, soft bodied, in size 18.

I very seldom use streamers, but when I do I prefer one of my own design—with a slim body made of yellow cord and a thick wing of red squirrel hair, tied on a size 8 hook.

The Old Angler and The Parson

(Continued from page 8)

had come, and with an upward jerk of the rod struck the fish. It was evidently a heavy fish, and from the way it kept to the bottom was undoubtedly a salmon.

Could the Old Angler with his little hook and single leader land it?

A beach of sand lay along Great Pool just above this point, and up this beach the Old Angler began to lead his fish.

He went fully a hundred yards, sometimes in the water and sometimes on the shore, before he turned the fish and began to lead it back down the beach. Where the shore was free of all obstructions, and within two rods of the boat, he landed it unaided, a thirty-inch salmon which, on the Parson's little spring scale, weighed just a trifle more than seven pounds.

Where the road forked and we were to separate from the Old Angler, the Parson stopped and, reaching out his hand, said that he wanted to shake the hand of the best bass fisherman he had ever known.

The Old Angler was a little embarrassed, but he quickly rallied and as he took the Parson's hand he said:

"You beat me at the Fording, and maybe you could beat me at the other places if you had a good pole like mine, and the bait held out."

Next month the ANGLER *will present the third in this series of articles. It will be the story of a one-week boat trip in quest of trout on the Loyalsock. It's a story of fishing as the old-timers enjoyed it.*

THE CASTING FOOL

(Continued from page 11)

thing had been added. Something that showed determination not to fall back another inch.

I seemed to feel, rather than see that lead speed through the misty air. A navy dirigible patrolling the coast could be seen approaching from the northeast. The cast was directly in line with the course of that dirigible. For a moment I speculated what would happen if the lead were to strike that gigantic gas-bag. Then I turned my attention to the caster and as I watched the fast diminishing line on the revolving spool of his reel I knew that this cast *had to be good.* It was good! Good for a distance of five hundred and thirteen feet, one inch.

By this time the crowd that had gathered on the beach to watch the famous classic of surf-casting, realized that they were witnessing something more than a casting tournament; something more than an ordinary contest between super humans. History was being made.

The tournament was forgotten. The beautiful $2,500 silver trophy to be awarded the winning team was dwarfted to insignificance. Overhead, a dog-fight between three army planes was practically unnoticed. This colorful surf-caster from the Dover Fishing Club had stolen the entire show.

As he stepped up for his fifth and final cast everybody knew something was going to happen. He was no longer the cautious lead-slinger that had shook his head dubiously upon the completion of that first cast. He had changed to a casting fool.

Swis-s-s-s-sh! Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-zing! At last it came down. Five hundred and thirty-two feet, ten inches! Golly! Wotta cast!

THE LIEUT. AND SUCCESS

(Continued from page 19)

"So I know. Then you come crying to me to find out what's wrong with you. It's your head needs examining."

Lieut. grinned. "Oh—yeah—why?"

"Because you know darn well you can't keep up that pace. Why don't you take a day off once in a while and give your body a chance to catch up with you."

"How many hours do you work?"

"Oh, well, that's different."

"Says you. Why don't you take a day off?"

"I can't, you know that!"

"Do I? Suppose you fold up—then where would the sick people around here go for help?"

"I'm not folding up."

"No—well, from the looks of you, I wouldn't gamble on that. I'm all in and you say I ought to take a day off. Okay, I will but so will you because you're worse off than I am. Let's go out and see if we can hook into a few wall-eyes day after tomorrow."

Doc's eyes lit up, then grew pensive. "I can't do it, there's too much to be done."

"Listen, you egotistical old hypocrite—don't sit there telling me to take a day off. For once you're going to take your own medicine. If there's so much work to be done, that's all the more reason why you should go. If you don't, I won't, and God knows I need it, too."

Lieut. tried to look tired and weary but didn't succeed any too well. Suddenly Doc gave in and the trip was planned.

As Lieut. went home he thought "Well, I put it over on the old boy that time. He's got to get out or have a breakdown. I call that little fishing lie about my health a success.

And, as Doc turned toward the stairs he grinned—"The old fake, lying about his dizzy head. But if I look so bad he'll lie to get me out, I guess I need the trip. Hope we'll have some success. I could go for a nice dish of sizzling salmon!"

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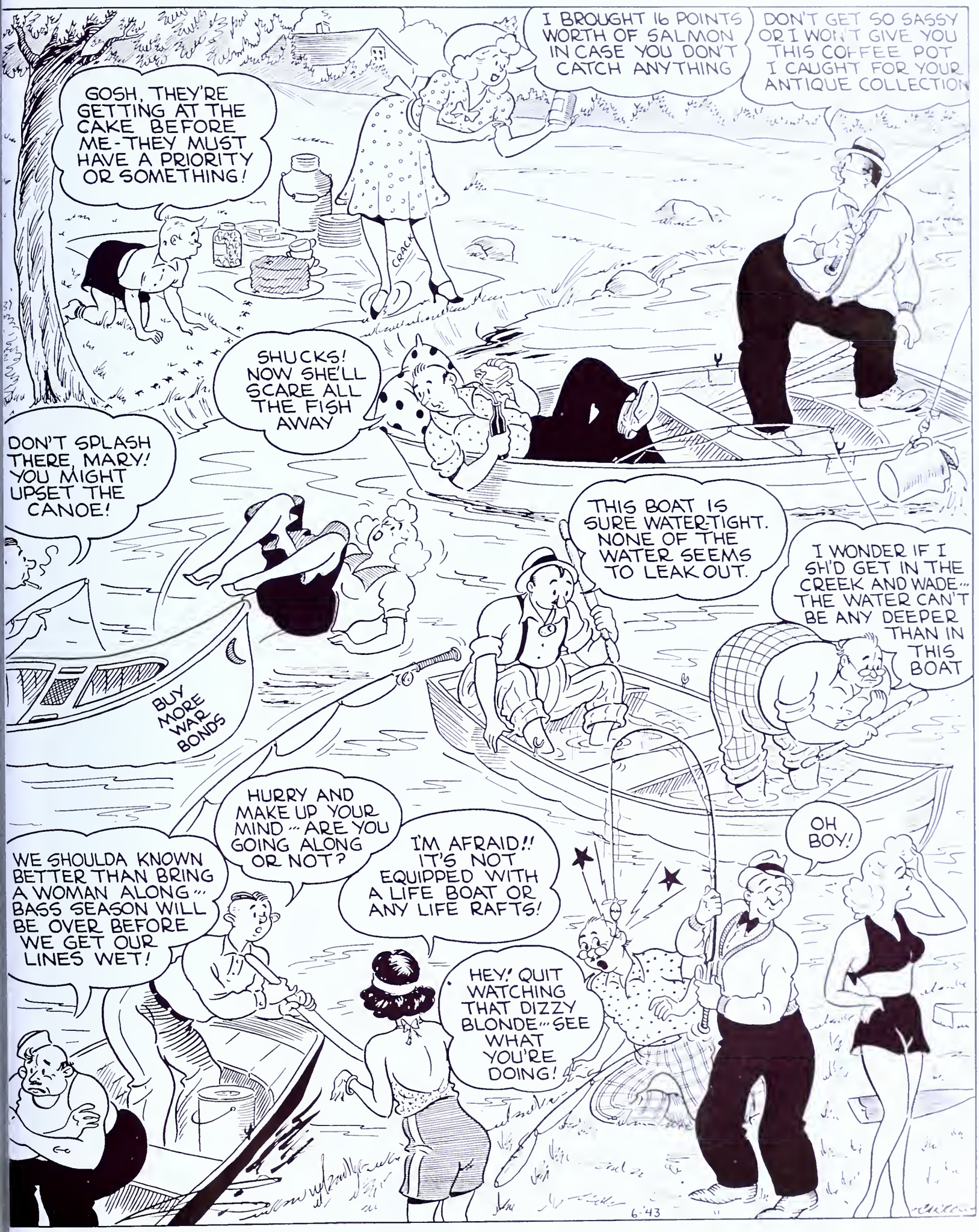
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GOSH, THEY'RE GETTING AT THE CAKE BEFORE ME - THEY MUST HAVE A PRIORITY OR SOMETHING!
I BROUGHT 16 POINTS WORTH OF SALMON IN CASE YOU DON'T CATCH ANYTHING
DON'T GET SO SASSY OR I WON'T GIVE YOU THIS COFFEE POT I CAUGHT FOR YOUR ANTIQUE COLLECTION
CRACK
SHUCKS! NOW SHE'LL SCARE ALL THE FISH AWAY
DON'T SPLASH THERE, MARY! YOU MIGHT UPSET THE CANOE!
THIS BOAT IS SURE WATER-TIGHT. NONE OF THE WATER SEEMS TO LEAK OUT.
I WONDER IF I SH'D GET IN THE CREEK AND WADE... THE WATER CAN'T BE ANY DEEPER THAN IN THIS BOAT
BUY MORE WAR BONDS
HURRY AND MAKE UP YOUR MIND... ARE YOU GOING ALONG OR NOT?
I'M AFRAID!! IT'S NOT EQUIPPED WITH A LIFE BOAT OR ANY LIFE RAFTS!
OH BOY!
WE SHOULDA KNOWN BETTER THAN BRING A WOMAN ALONG... BASS SEASON WILL BE OVER BEFORE WE GET OUR LINES WET!
HEY! QUIT WATCHING THAT DIZZY BLONDE... SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
6-43

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WOULD I WERE A-FISHIN'

By Fred. Everett

Would I were a-fishin,' back home across the sea,
Where guns are not a-roarin', no sight o' enemy;
Where planes above are birds o' God, a-soarin' high and free;
Would I were a-fishin', back home, aside o' thee.

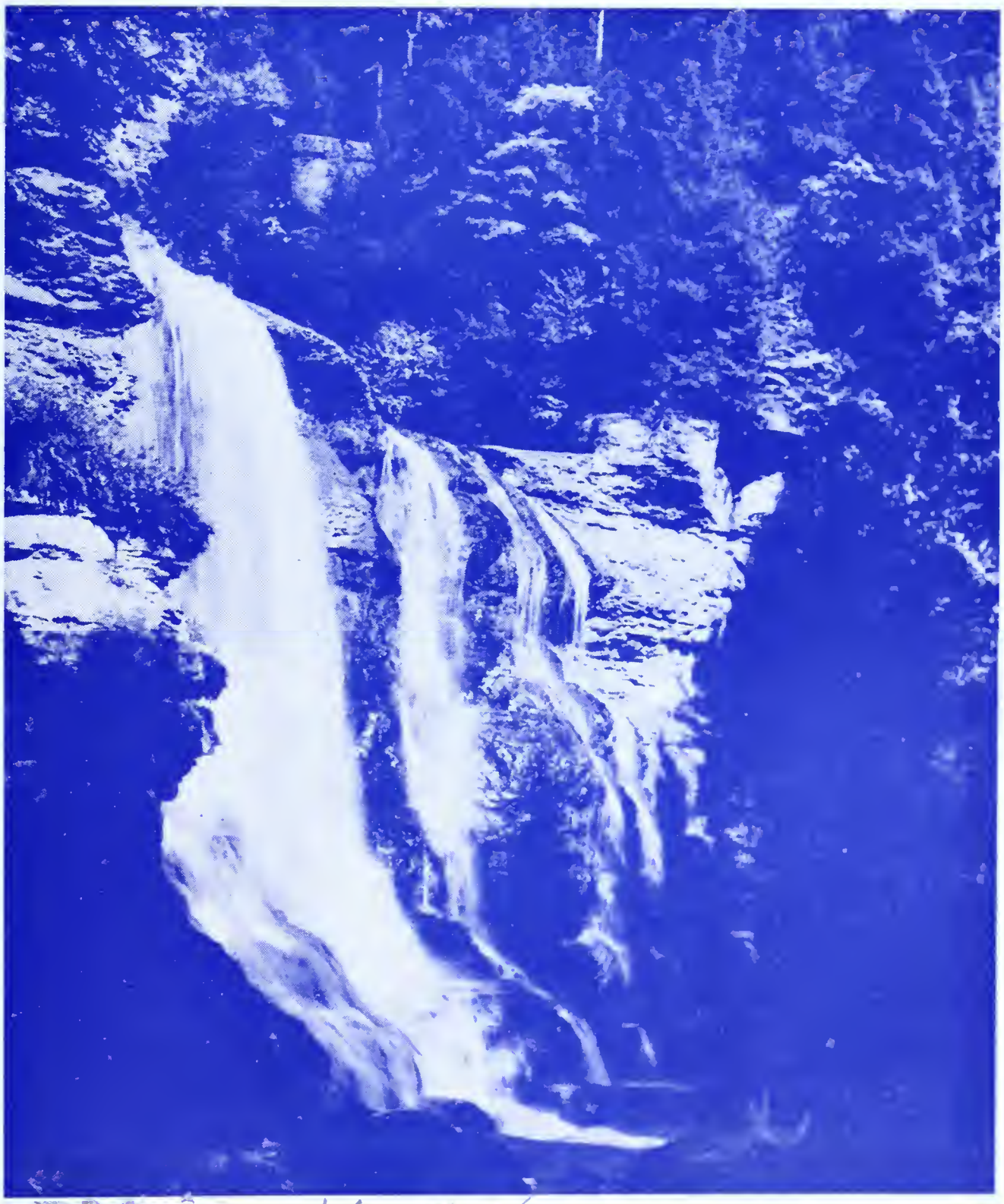
Would I were a-fishin', a-castin' o'er the streams,
Instead o' shootin' people in hellish sort o' dreams;
A-fightin' and a-killin' like madmen on a spree!
Would I were a-fishin', back home, aside o' thee.

Would I were a-fishin' in waters clean and cool,
For here the stream's a-runnin' with blood in ev'ry pool;
And ev'rywhere there's dead men, a gruesome company.
Would I were a-fishin', back home, aside o' thee.

Would I were a-fishin' for fish instead o' men,
But now's the time for fightin', to hit and hit again,
Until this war is over and ours the victory!
Then I'll be a-fishin' back home, aside o' thee!

Dedicated to Major R. H. "Dick" Hoffman, over there.

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

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A PHILOSOPHY OF THE OUTDOORS

By DR. T. G. GILBERT PEARSON

(Ed. Note: This, the last article of the late Dr. Pearson, nationally known conservationist, is reprinted from *Outdoor Georgia.*)

I AM one of those inconsistent ornithologists who thrills with esthetic joy at the whistle of a bob-white in the morning; could eagerly hunt him with dog and gun in the afternoon; and with great gastronomic rapture enjoy him on toast when the even shadows fall.

If I did not hold these views, I would be insensible to the avian music which kind Nature provides for everyone; would show unusual stupidity in not recognizing the value of wild game in providing opportunities for healthful field-sports; and, by implication, would confess that I did not appreciate exquisite food when good fortune brings it my way.

Of course, all people do not feel this way. I have known men who did not know the song of one bird from another, or to whom it ever occurred that they were losing anything in life by not being able to discriminate in such matters. There are many excellent people who cry out against the killing of a deer or quail under any circumstances; and there are those who deal unwisely with food, as did William Jennings Bryan when, one hot day following the Scopes' Evolution Trial, in Tennessee, he so amply partook of the viands of his boarding house that the end came swiftly.

On a trans-Atlantic steamer, I met a gentleman and his charming wife, who invited me to dine with them. Shortly after the waiter began to function in our behalf, the lady suddenly emitted a gasp of dismay. Hastily I glanced at her soup plate expecting to find a drowning fly, or perhaps a mouse. Then I saw she was staring aghast at the menu-card, whereon she had seen the word "partridge." When she had recovered sufficiently to permit her nerves and muscles to coordinate, she told me that she was a bird-lover and could not bear the thought of a partridge being killed. Before many minutes I saw her devouring lamb-chops with an unabashed eagerness that caused me to think she did not realize that the terror suffered by the frantically-struggling, mild-eyed, little lamb while its throat was being cut, was perhaps even greater than that experienced by the unlucky partridge when it took wing in front of the hunting dog.

Woman, lovely woman, shrinks from the thought of killing far more than does the average man, but we men have had long experience in bloodletting. Ever since the dim, red dawn of our species, we have been practicing the art of destroying life. We have done this ever since we used to hurry our mates into the cave or chase them up a tree when the roar of a hunting Saber-tooth came down the wind. We killed fish and in bands we used our flint-headed spears against the reindeer, the auroachs, and the mammoth, that we might have flesh to eat with the berries our women folk gathered. This is the history of man in every land.

In North America game birds and game mammals were of enormous advantage to the early settlers in furnishing a readily-acquired meat supply. But conditions have greatly changed. No longer is the flesh of game essential to our livelihood. Games chief value today is the incentive it provides for millions of men to engage in health-giving, outdoor exercises.

OLD FAITHFUL LURES

Battered Plug, Tattered Fly, or Chewed Up Bug, It Holds The No. 1 Spot in an Angler's Kit

By DICK FORTNEY

IT may be a battered old plug, one eye knocked out, little patches of paint missing here and there, and hooks a bit rusty in spots—or a fly that is torn and falling apart—or a bass bug that is ragged and chewed and twisted.

But, whatever it is, at least one sure-fire, certain-as-death, never-failing lure reposes in the tackle box of every angler who is worthy of the reputation of being a trout or bass fisherman.

It is his tried and true friend; legends could be woven around its prowess as a fish catcher. It serves as the last resort when all other lures have failed—and no matter in what precarious positions a bit of careless angling may place it, the fisherman will risk life and limb to rescue it.

The older and more disreputable it looks the more he loves it. He may have half a dozen lures exactly like it in his kit, but he scorns them all to use his old faithful.

Even when he chances upon a couple of weeks when his favorite fails to produce, he does not lose faith. He blames the weather or the water or some other condition, and a triumphant gleam lights his eyes when old faithful gets back its fish appeal and begins to load the creel again.

The angler may retire a venerable rod and use a new one with pleasure and with satisfaction.

Boots, landing nets, and creels serve only a comparatively brief time. But old faithful, the No. 1 lure in the kit, goes on and on until either it is worn out beyond hope or it becomes lost in the jaw of a fish or on a devilish rock or tree.

If proof were needed that psychology enters into the sport of fishing, the matter of the old favorite lure would supply it.

It simply is not reasonable to believe that any one plug or fly or other lure has some special attraction for fish that none other of its type possesses. Chipping off the finish never made a casting rod lure a better fish producer, nor did messing up the hackles of a spinner fly or the legs and tail of a bass bug.

(It is admitted that a bedraggled wet fly often catches trout when a new one will not, and that some quirk in its construction may make a certain dry fly an unusually good trout lure, but we are not dealing this time with the fine details of trouting.)

Were the angler to analyze his love for his favorite lure he would come to two conclusions:

1. That he has learned to use that lure in exactly the way it is intended to be used.
2. That he has supreme confidence in it.

And the experts will tell you that knowledge of the proper use of a lure and full confidence in its ability to attract fish are among the most important secrets of successful angling. That is why, they say, there are so many different types of fishermen. Some use plugs exclusively for bass; some are devoted to the fly and spinner; still others have a reputation for their success with bass bugs. In any case, it is simply because they have learned to use those particular lures exactly right and they have full confidence in their ability to catch fish consistently with them.

There is a lesson for every angler in that theory.

Principal reason for purchase of my first Slim Jim plug, a cigar-shaped lure with a propeller at the head and one at the tail that really gets down into deep water, was that it looked good. There was something about its sleek lines and the glitter of its spinners that caught the eye. Its color pattern was an artful imitation of a shiner.

I didn't catch a fish with that first Slim Jim. I reeled it a bit too slowly and it caught—and stayed—on some unseen snag in a deep pool the first time I used it. Then a friend who had cast the Slim Jim a long time gave me some advice about keeping the lure off the bottom, so I bought another one and tried again.

Today the Slim Jim is my favorite. I would be perfectly contented to be restricted to this one lure for all of my day light fishing for small-mouth bass and pickerel.

Why?

Well, I used the plug persistently, even though with indifferent success, until one afternoon I watched a huge form follow it out of a deep pool into shallow water, then strike with a force that all but yanked the casting rod out of my hands. The fish was a walleyed pike 29 inches long that weighed 7 pounds, 6 ounces.

Since that afternoon the Slim Jim has been No. 1 with me. Two of the biggest walleyed pike I ever caught, some of the finest pickerel, and literally dozens of bass of good size have smashed into that lure and yanked my heart up into my throat.

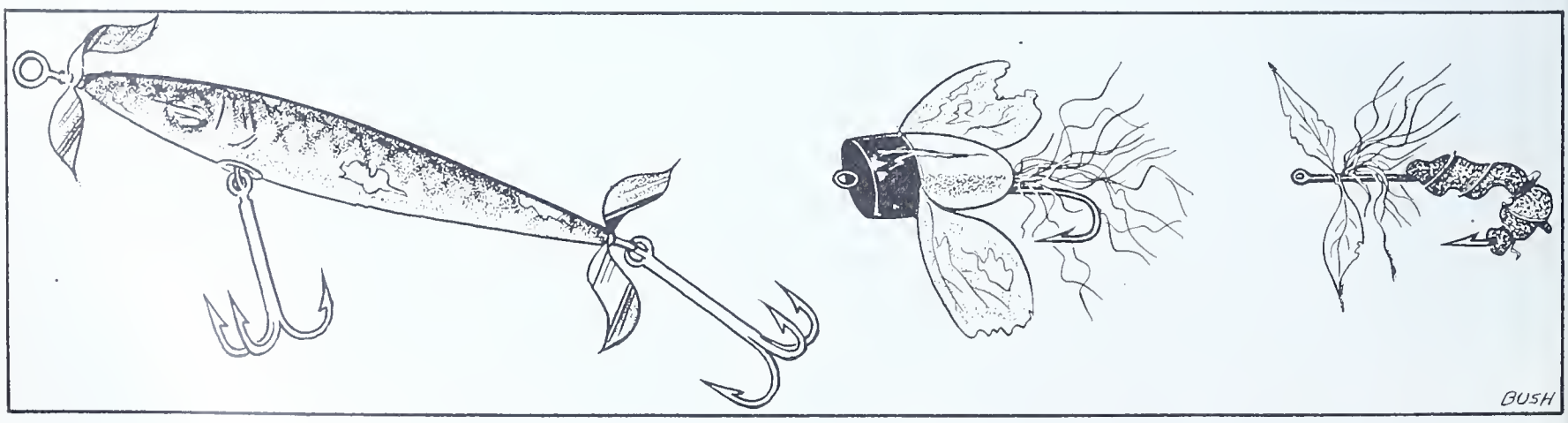
My friend Jean Huling had a favorite lure that cost him a dime and which he feels he never can replace—since the day it broke into pieces from hard and continued use.

Like most cheap tackle, it was just a bottle cork that had been glued to a humped hook, painted white, and then decorated with a couple of red feathers on each side and with a pair of glaring red eyes painted on its flat face.

It was the first bass bug Jean ever used, and he was addicted to it from the first evening, when he gave it a hard twitch that jerked it along with the sound of a cork being pulled from a bottle, and a bass tore into it, swam wildly around Jean a couple of time, and finally lay threshing in his landing net.

My friend fished with it in the moonlight and on dark nights; in fair weather and foul. Seldom did he vary the action—he said he couldn't feel sure the lure was working properly if he failed to hear the strange plopping noise it made when its flat face was yanked against the resistance of the surface of the water.

(Continued on page 22)



Old Favorites—Plug, Bass Bug and Spinner Fly.

HALF WORK, HALF TROUT

By JACK ANDERSON

IN HIS MEMORY

A sportsman never dies. As long as there are lakes and streams and forests he lives on, a part of the heart of the Wild. And so my dear friend, Clarence Hallman, recently deceased, is now closer than ever to the Nature he so dearly loved. Above him the wind whispers through the trees, chanting the ageless harmony of the forest; and below his verdant hillside, stretch and roll the farm and wood-land that he roamed so many days. Pennsylvania has lost a true, honest sportsman—but only in voice; in spirit, he remains a part of his native state, forever.

HALLMAN and I should not have been at all happy or successful, for we violated two cardinal rules, one of economics and one of ethics; yet strangely enough, from morning till night, his broad face was spread and lighted and his hearty laugh boomed out, while my merry cachinnations often drove me into tears. The rules that we violated are, I fear, for those more ambitious in pecuniary matters. "Don't mix business and pleasure."—Pshaw! Work is bad at best; mingled with a trout stream, it loses much of its distastefulness. "Never be employed by a friend; keep friendship and business apart." Utter rubbish! Business is more enjoyable when with a friend. Ride with me for a day, and judge for yourself.

We were painters, contract painters. Hallman was the contractor, I was the employee. Our mission was to drive from gas station to gas station in eastern Pennsylvania, and to paint gas pumps, oil lubes, and advertising poles. One of our areas to paint (I rather suspect Hallman saw to it) was the Pocono mountain area; which, I dare assert without fear of argument, is more infested with trout streams than with gas stations.

We started out from Allentown in the evening, Hallman's ancient Dodge piled high with paint cans, ladders, brushes, and assorted paraphernalia—not to exclude trout outfits and a bucket of live minnows. We drove northward through the blue-green rolling hills, climbing ever climbing, into the mountain country that banked high on a bronzed northern sky. As cool air rushed to greet us and the smell of spruce poured into the open car windows, the old fever to get to the stream burned anew.

"Where are we headed?" I inquired.

"We should go to Hazelton. There's quite a bit of work there." He sucked thoughtfully at his pipe. "Be we ain't."

"I can see that. We're on the road to Hickory Run now."

"Yeah. I know a guy out here in the bush who has a couple lubes and owns an inn. But better than that, he knows Mud Run, a good trout stream up here."

It was in late Spring, and very cool up in the mountains. Our breath came out in vapor when we gave our minnows fresh water and walked in to the inn.

The inn was the only house for miles around. Fifteen miles beyond and hundreds of feet below was Mauch Chunk, the nearest town. On every side stretched rolling mountain country—a land of rock cliffs and open grasslands, of tumbling amber-colored streams and cold windswept lakes, of thick stands of mixed pine and hardwood. As Hallman and I ascended the creaky stair to our room, with kerosene lanterns in hand like figures out of a nineteenth century caricature, the wind sang somnolent cadences through the trees beside the house.

I must tell about the night. It has much to do with the fishing to follow. The bed, to begin with, was one of those old three-quarter type built like a camel's back. The center rose like the hump. When Hallman's two-hundred odd pounds sank in, there was little room left for me. Also, the bed was short—far too short for my legs. So there, for a time, we lay, carefully balanced to remain on the bed, with our bodies jammed tight between the ends of the bed.

"Cripes! This is uncomfortable," said Hallman.

"Listen!" I cried.

It was very dark in the room and there was no moon outside. In the darkness, we listened.

"What is that hum?" I asked.

"I guess it's wind."

I wasn't convinced about the hum, though. I still had a hunch. What made me even more skeptical, were divers painful stings on my arm. All of a sudden, the idea struck Hallman.

"Mosquitoes!" he bellowed, rising quickly in bed. "Swarms of them!"

I wouldn't estimate the strength of the mosquito horde. I can vouch, however, for their blood-sucking abilities. I ran my finger along my bare arm, and it felt like a row of ant-hills. Finally Hallman got out of bed, and a moment later, I heard him fumbling about in the gloom.

"What are you doing?"

"Lighting my pipe," he said.

There, I thought, was an idea. A few moments more, and we were both lying in bed, puffing vigorously on our pipes. We lighted one pipeful after another. Between whiles, we smacked mosquitoes. The window was a grey patch in the blackness when finally sleep came . . . .

"Boy! I'm tired!" said Hallman, walking by my side through the cold dawn.

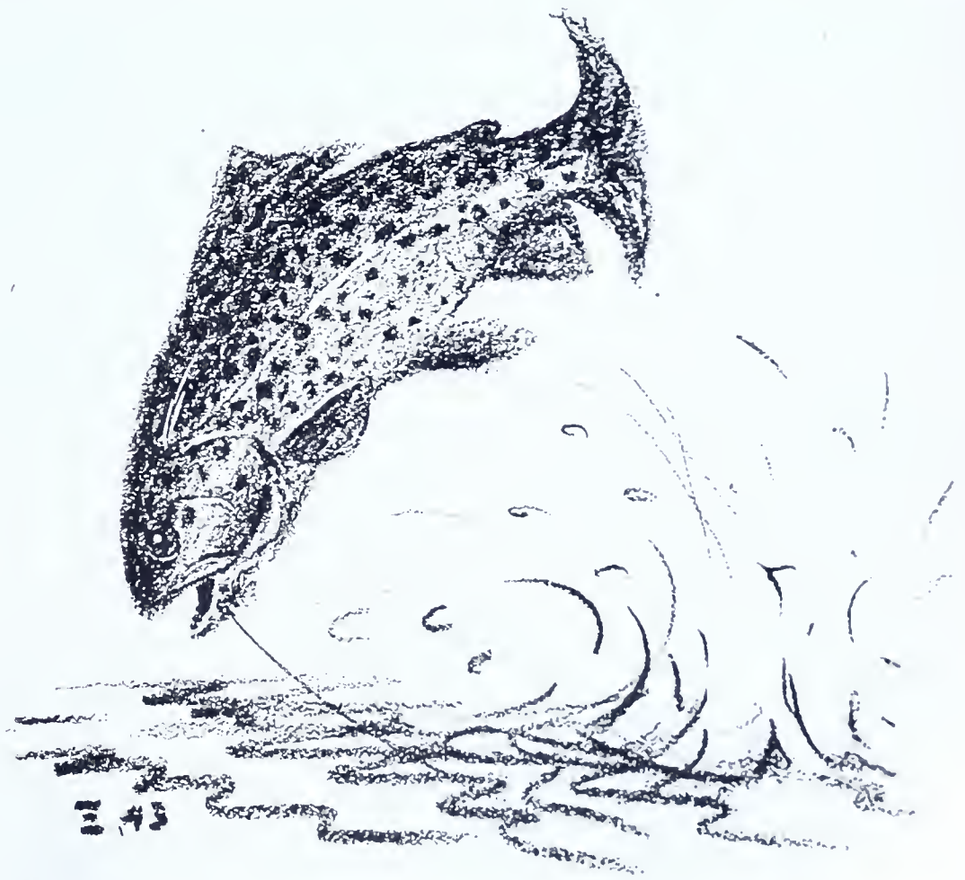
"Those raspberry flapjacks he fed us for breakfast makes me feel like a half-ton truck with a two-ton load."

"Let's paint them lubes. He only has four. Then we'll fish a while below the bridge on Mud Run before we go to Kresgesville to paint that station."

It took us two hours to paint the oil lubes. We found them in a chicken pen and spent most of our time with putty knives, scraping. And then—with a burst of energy—in the Dodge and down a bumpy log road to the stream!

It was a fine-looking stream, and my hopes were high when I waded in and made by first cast with a minnow. I fished the minnow dead, threaded on the special minnow hook to the anus and then pulled straight

(Continued on page 21)



FATE

By N. R. CASILLO

THE bright mid-day sun penetrated the shallower depths of the bay as a green translucency. There the shadows were faint and blurred while the highlights were mere blotches on the mixed bottom; and beyond, only a glimmering green haze.

The scene was typical of any good freshwater lake. Schools of assorted minnows and fry of various fishes passed through the heavy aquatic vegetation, always nervously alert for food or the numerous dangers that threatened. Now and then a school of yellow perch would sedately cruise by, its numbers slowly diminishing as individuals darted off in pursuit of prey. The various species represented in the sunfish group, or at least its male members hovered over shallow depressions on the bottom, zealously guarding precious clutches of spawn. Once when an enormous gold fish sidled up to one of the temporarily unguarded nests to vacuum clean it of its contents, a finned fury came tearing through the subaqueous forest, fell upon the near-carp and drove it ignominiously away. There were many of these giant goldfish, most of them having escaped some years before from a retaining pond located near the water works. Their descendants had quickly acquired characteristics so common to the ancestrial carp, but nearly all of them had retained the rich golden color of the goldfish.

In a cove-like depression in the irregular line of vegetation, beside a clump of wild celery or eelgrass was a huge cylindrically shaped creature with cruel, undershot jaw, its expressionless mask the very personification of ruthless ferocity. A livid scar on its right flank, inflicted by the glancing gig of a poacher, identified the ponderous bulk as that of Old Tom, a famed resident of the bay; the pike having been named by Bill Jones, an old market fisherman living in a diplidated houseboat anchored at the edge of the marsh flanking the west shore of Presque Isle Bay.

Having recently dined well on the many kinds of food swimming past his lair, he hung there in the clear water as motionless as the snags about him; the rhythmic, easy fanning of his pectorals being barely perceptible. To any passing prey he was nothing more than a part of the scenery.

Suddenly, Old Tom sensed some movement on the sheet of silvery opaqueness above him and rose to investigate. Satisfied that the ripple was caused by the wing tip of a low-dipping chimney swift and not by the motions of swimming prey, the pike sullenly flicked his huge caudal and returned to his lair. He was ever on the lookout for anything that passed both about and above him, his lidless eyes frequently roving to the surface for the strange delectable prey that he sometimes found there. It made no difference whether it was tasty young muskrat or a length of musky water snake. Anything was acceptable so long as it appeased his corrosive appetite.

Toward evening he wandered shoreward, knowing from past experience that the shallows abounded with a variety of foods. On the way he garnered such small appetizers as an eight-inch sucker and a mouthful of assorted shiners.

Presently he found himself in shallow water as attested by the denser growth of semi-aquatic plants. Large bullheads convoying and guarding black clusters of infinitesimal slivers which were their young, scattered at his approach. Sunfish and bass however, staunchily held their posts, not relinquishing even a solitary inch to that speckled pirate as he cruised over or about their nests.

It chanced that in those same shallows a mallard and her brood were quietly feeding. The watchful mother was about to utter a low quack of warning as she detected a slight unnatural movement of the surrounding reeds, when it happened.

With a pitiful infantile cry a duckling at the outer edge of the compact little flock was literally plucked from the surface, its shocked little cry being smothered as effectively and as suddenly as a snuffed candle. With a flurry of action the mother led her brood to the nearby shore, but before they were safely sheltered one more of the fluffy morsels was claimed by that savage aquatic predator.

What youngsters remained in that particular family were marked by an inexorable Nature, for by summer's end two more of them were accounted for by the pike while the rest were victims of a wandering mink, an ancient snapping turtle and a forgotten, unsprung muskrat trap.

Bill Jones had a fairly intimate acquaintance with the big pike. Many a time he had matched wits and cunning with the wily fish and had always been bested. However, in justification to his wounded pride, he never angled for the pike as a primary objective. If he did he never admitted it. But "jest for passin' the time away," as he termed it, he did considerable angling for the elusive quarry. However, even a casual observer could see with half an eye that he "passed the time away" with a most deadly intent. Reluctant as he was to admit it, Bill hoped some day to annex Old Tom's scalp.

In the late afternoon of a lazy September day he was "lightly" indulging his usual recreation. Just off of one of the deep channels at the edge of the marsh, he was whipping the surrounding likely waters with a vicious looking plug attached to a line heavy enough to hold a lusty halibut. While retrieving one of his casts, he became snagged and struck back viciously at what felt like a strike. The sudden strain proved too much for a weak spot in the line and it parted at the topmost guide of his heavy casting rod. Much to his surprise and relief, the long length of line simply fell to the water in limp coils and came to rest on the aquatic plants just below the surface.

With a grunt of disgust he was about to reach over and attempt to dislodge his favorite plug when the sight that met his eyes caused him to recoil. There in about four feet of water and less than ten feet away was the fish he sought, the pale scar contrasting vividly with the mottled green of his side.

It was an excellent opportunity for close observation and the fisherman took advantage of it as the boat drifted toward and finally passed over the apparently unconcerned fish. When he was in a position to look again the pike was gone. But his convictions as to its size were confirmed. Truly it was the largest Northern pike he had ever seen—a twenty-five pounder at least. And there he crouched like a tenderfoot, actually quivering with excitement.

Two days later while rowing by the spot where he had seen the pike, a hen mallard quacked her way out of one of the numerous

(Continued on page 20)



A WEEK ON MIDDLE CREEK

Uncle Jim and Gabe Float Under the Old Moon of May Through Virgin Trout Water

This is the third in a series of articles made up of excerpts from the book, "The Vanishing Trout," by the late Dr. Charles Lose, widely known in Pennsylvania as a conservationist, sportsman, and educator. Uncle Jim was the father of Dr. Lose. Gabe was a family friend. Middle Creek is the old-time name of the Loyalsock, in Lycoming and Sullivan Counties.

* * *

This material from "The Vanishing Trout" is presented with the permission of Col. Henry W. Shoemaker, publisher of the Altoona Tribune.

THROUGHOUT much of the winter and early spring Uncle Jim and Gabe had been planning and making preparations for a boating trip down Middle Creek in May. The month of May was selected because at that time the trout are on the riffles, and the third week of the month was agreed upon because there was then an old moon and the fishing would be at its best.

Gabe, who was a skilled mechanic, had built the boat. It was a square-ender, strong, light, and completely water-tight. It was broad of beam but well tapered on both bottom and sides. The boat contained three seats; these were something more than seats. Each was enclosed, and, with its hinged lid, made a tight and convenient receptacle for some part of the baggage.

The one in front was the smallest, and into it would go the cooking and table utensils and an ax. The large one in the middle was intended to hold the square of canvas used for shelter, three or four heavy woolen blankets, and some spare clothing. Under the rear seat the food was to be carried.

The boat was furnished with a short paddle and a long, light pole equipped at one end with an iron spike hook. There also was a length of thin, strong rope attached to the boat at such a place as to enable the men to drop the boat over a dam or down a piece of rough water with the least difficulty.

It was nearly 1 o'clock in the afternoon of the third Monday in May when the boat was pushed off at the mouth of Mill Run for the first stage of its journey down Middle Creek. The party at this time consisted of three persons, for Uncle Jim and Gabe had finally consented to my going with them.

Uncle Jim planned to camp that night at the mouth of Double Run, and to reach that point we must pass over five miles of the roughest water in Middle Creek. It took us four hours to cover the distance, and each hour was packed full of work and excitement. We saw a trout or two break water, but there was no thought of fishing. We wanted to get through this struggle with the water as soon as possible. When the sun dropped behind the mountain and we tied up at Double Run we breathed sighs of relief.

While the two men made camp I went up Double Run with a small fly rod to catch enough trout for supper. Uncle Jim told me of a little fall a short distance up the stream, below which he thought there might be some trout.

Most of the trout in this brook were only six or seven inches in length, but I did succeed in taking one fourteen inches long on a black gnat and I carried it proudly back to camp.

Gabe was a famous cook, and the supper that he provided for us that evening on his cooking range of two parallel rows of stones would have tempted appetites far less keen than ours.

We were all tired and went early to our warm blankets and our soft, fragrant bed of hemlock browse.

When I awoke it was daylight, and the bed held no one but myself. Gabe was building the fire, and Uncle Jim was cleaning an eel for breakfast. We ate, gathered up our equipment, and were off on Middle Creek again, our destination the mouth of Ketchum Run by nightfall.

We rode much of the time, gliding swiftly



Trout were feeding in every square rod of the big riffle.

down the long, smooth riffles and floating quietly over the deep, rocky pools. Gabe sat at the stern and used his paddle only to give direction to the boat. Uncle Jim and I occupied the middle seat.

At the head of a deep black pool we stopped, and Gabe and I sat in the boat and watched Uncle Jim spin a minnow in the strong current that ran close to a high ledge of rocks on the opposite side.

We saw a big trout come up with a rush, take the minnow, and then drop down to the bottom. Uncle Jim seemed to us to wait interminably before he pulled, but when at last he pulled the trout was securely hooked. He did this three times before we reached Ketchum Run at 1 o'clock, but only one of his trout was saved for the live box. The other two were hooked too deep in the throat to live.

Once again we set up our canvas shelter and made our beds. Supper was finally over, and there was a long evening before us. I was sure that the two older men would spend it with their pipes beside the fire. Why should I not try the trout below the splash dam with flies?

The dam was fully thirty feet high, and it must have been nearly two hundred feet in length. It was a great cribbing built of immense logs and filled in with thousands of tons of dirt and stones. The gates were open, and the whole creek was pouring through the opening to fall into the pool below with a deep, steady roar and a turmoil of foaming water. On each side of this rough water there was a wide space of smooth water that moved slowly around and around in a great circle. Here and there in the smoother water trout were rising to take small black flies. I attached two black flies to my leader and was soon catching trout much more rapidly than the state of our larder warranted.

Then a boy of twelve came down the bank and across the stones to where I was standing in the edge of the pool. He carried a rusty can in his hand and a very crooked pole over his shoulder. He told me that he lived a quarter mile down the stream and had come to try for some trout for his mother. He was very willing to accept the trout that I could catch and promptly laid down his pole to take my landing net and help. He did help, too, and in the course of the next hour we landed fourteen trout averaging about eleven inches in length. The boy thought that he had a great plenty, so he cut a forked branch, strung his trout, and departed.

It was nearly dusk, but I decided to make a few more casts. In the swift current just below the boiling water in the pool I had seen from time to time rising trout that seemed to me much larger than the ones I had been catching. I changed to a heavy leader and two large flies, a white miller and a dusty miller. I waded in deep water to get within reach of the place in which the big fish were rising.

When my flies floated over the right spot a large trout struck one of them very hard. I had faith in my little rod, and the big

pool was not an unfavorable place in which to fight a fish. The trout, however, was very strong, and it made desperate efforts to get into the swift, rough water. Once it went far down into the depths of the pool, where I was afraid there were sunken logs and roots. At last it began to give up, and I got it into smoother, shallower water and myself out onto the bar.

Finally, after at least twenty minutes of fighting, it came to the top and lay on its side, moving tail and fins feebly. It was a beautiful, broad, eighteen-inch brook trout.

Our next camping place was in a little grassy clearing at the mouth of Huckle Run. Big trees walled it in, excepting at the front, where the high bank went steeply down to the water. The many little hemlocks that stood around the edge of the clearing insured us a good bed.

We spent the forenoon and the early part of the afternoon in voyaging down from the big dam. We stopped once to get two loaves of fresh bread and several times to permit Uncle Jim to spin his minnow in likely places. He caught eight trout, four of which were so little injured that they were placed in the live box.

The day had been warm and sultry up to mid-afternoon, when a heavy thunder storm passed just north of us and left in its wake much cooler weather and a clouded sky from which a light, cool rain fell. Uncle Jim and Gabe busied themselves about the camp, while I took a heavy rod and prowled along the shore of the creek for a mess of frogs.

The big green fellows, sitting open-eyed at the edge of the water, could not resist the temptation to jump for my red hackle when it dangled before them, and I soon had six, a great plenty for supper. It was a wet, foggy night, and it helped us to appreciate our warm blankets, snug shelter, and big fire just in front.

From a deep ravine the voice of Huckle Run called to us, owls hooted on the mountainside, and frogs bellowed in deep bass from the shores of the creek.

Some time during the night a breeze from the northwest sprang up and blew away the clouds. It continued to blow from the same direction for thirty-six hours, and the two days that followed our night at Huckle Run were clear and cool. The showers that missed us had evidently passed over the headwaters of Middle Creek, for the stream rose some three inches. This small rise Uncle Jim thought, would have no bad effect on the fishing and would improve boating.

On the clear, lively waters, and under the clear sky, it was the most pleasant sort of boating. Once we surprised three deer standing in the edge of the water. As we rounded the bend and floated quietly toward them they threw up their heads. They were small deer, with big ears and long, slim legs. They got our scent, wheeled about, and were gone.

Next we saw a large snake swimming across a wide pool. It lay flat upon the water as if dreading to get its body cold. Uncle Jim said that it was a rattlesnake, and when we reached the place where it had left the water we found it stretched out warming itself in the sun. Gabe easily killed it with the long boat pole.

During each of the two days we stopped half a dozen times to permit Uncle Jim to use his minnows on the long riffles, but even Uncle Jim had no desire to fish strenuously.

Our first night's camp after leaving Huckle Run was among some old beeches at the lower end of a small, narrow island. A dense thicket of little hemlocks stood on the point of the island and served to shield us against the wind, which began to grow quite cool as the sun sank behind the mountain tops. It was nearly four o'clock when we reached the place and began to prepare for the night, but all the materials needed were so close at hand that the camp was soon made and supper on the way.

We sat for a long time beside the fire after supper, and while Uncle Jim and Gabe talked I listened to the clamor of the whip-poor-wills, the wind in the beeches, and the soft notes of a little rill that dropped down the mountainside nearby.

We made the last camp of the week in a small, abandoned field that lay between the high bank of the creek and the woods along the foot of the mountain. Among the saplings and the tall bushes we found a level space large enough for our shelter and our camp fire. The camping place had few of the desirable qualities of the other four. Uncle Jim had chosen it because he wanted to be near School House Riffle for his afternoon and early morning fishing. It was his choice riffle of all those on Middle Creek. It was the head of a long, deep pool in which many trout spent the winter. School House Riffle was not a long riffle, but it was ten rods in width. It had an average depth of about three feet, and its bottom was paved with large round stones. A fisherman who happened to try it when the trout were feeding had some rare sport.

Uncle Jim was so keen to get at the fishing that he left the making of camp and the getting of supper entirely to Gabe and me. When I finally called him at the end of three hours he came so promptly and with such a look of satisfaction that I was sure Dame Luck had been with him.

At supper he told us that he had put thirteen trout into the live box, all of them of good size. Uncle Jim also reported that he had seen several large, light yellow flies on the water, and he suggested that I try the riffle.

Gabe went with me after supper, not to fish but to sit on a big log on the beach and smoke, and use the net if necessary. The cool wind had at last stopped blowing, and the evening was warm and pleasant. When I had finished rigging up and was about to step into the water Gabe drew my attention to a fly that was floating down the riffle at no great distance from the shore.

It was, as I had suspected from Uncle Jim's description, a yellow May fly, the fly over which the trout in Middle Creek go wild. Already I had two imitations of the yellow May on my leader, and where the real fly had disappeared at the splash of a trout I soon hooked a good fish.

Before Uncle Jim began his fishing of the afternoon he had floated the live box down to the eddy below the riffle and secured it where it would be convient and yet out of the way. This made it easy for Gabe when he had netted and unhooked my trout to get it into the box with little delay. Prompt as he was, however, I was fast to the second trout before he was well seated on the log with his old pipe going again, and for the next hour and a half we both had a busy time.

The cool weather of the last two days had kept the flies off the water, and now this hatch of the succulent May flies was eagerly snatched up by the trout. When the flies were coming thickest there seemed to be two or three trout feeding in every square rod of the big riffle.

These trout were lusty fellows with sharp appetities, and in the strong current they struck my flies so hard that it would not

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Gabe was building the fire.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

By L. E. CARROLL

SAY, did I ever tell you about the one that got away? Sure, I know you've heard lots of stories on the subject and you probably have several of your own that you spring on your poor unsuspecting prey. But this one is really true. It happened to me when I was a boy. Perhaps it will bring back some memories of things that happened to you back at that old fishing hole you used to visit when you were a boy; at least I suppose you were a boy once . . . unless you were a girl.

Well anyway here's the way it happened: When I was just a young lad my parents moved from the city to a place in the country about a quarter of a mile or so from the Conestoga Creek, or River as it is now known. It was just a "crick" to me then. You know how it is when you move, things are kept stored away in boxes while the new house is gone over with a fine-tooth comb, a scrubbing brush and gallons of soap and water. This moving was no exception, so while my mother put us through the tortures of cleaning house and arranging furniture in the new place many of our unopened odds and ends were stored in the barn. One morning my Dad decided I might as well be useful instead of ornamental (?) and kindly handed me a shovel, a pitchfork, a broom and a few other tools and very subtly hinted that the barn could stand a bit of cleaning up.

I don't know how long I had been working (perhaps I better not go into that) but curiosity finally got the better of me and I began to "snouse" in the odds and ends that were stored there and had not as yet been unpacked. Anyhow I managed to discover a few funny sheets and a couple of cowboy magazines, but the greatest discovery of all was Dad's fishing tackle.

What would you have done when you were a boy and suddenly found yourself in possession of a shovel and your Paw's fishing outfit? Sure, I know! That's just what I did!

The creek sure looked beautiful that morning; and boy, were those worms nice big juicy ones. I sat down and carefully arranged my fishing paraphernalia. I suppose in all the times I have fished I have caught more hooks in the seat of my trousers and in rocks and tree stumps on the bottom of the creek than I have managed to catch in fish and that morning was no exception. However, after breaking several hooks and



I grabbed up my rod and gave it a quick yank.

snarling my line up several times so that I had to cut it and throw half of it away I managed to get my line in where I hoped it would do the most good. I didn't have long to wait, in fact I don't think Deadeye Dick had shot more than three or four Indians and a couple rustlers when the bite came and I had to throw my magazine down. I up and grabbed my rod and gave it a quick hard yank (something like the dentist did on one of my molars last week.) I guess the poor fish thought his whole head was being yanked off. Boy! He was this long!

Well sir, believe it or not, he landed on top of the bank before the hook tore out of his mouth. Did you ever try to grab a fish that was flopping around right on the edge of the bank? Well then you can imagine the way it was; every time I nearly had him he would wiggle a little farther down the bank with me following him, always getting closer to the water. Yep, you guessed it, the last wiggle found us both in the creek. I hadn't intended to go swimming but there I was in the water anyway, regardless of the fact that I couldn't swim and had never before been in anything deeper than a wading pool in the park. I finally managed to grab a hold on a tree root along the bank and pulled myself up. Somehow I wasn't so anxious to follow that fish any farther at the time, although I have a hunch he was swimming all around me and laughing at me.

While all this was going on Dad must have got suspicious and went out to the barn to see how much his little pilgrim had progressed. When he saw I was missing, to say nothing of his precious paraphernalia, he donned his best Sherlock Holmes manner and did a little sleuthing. You know how Dads are when their boys get into mischief; they beat any kind of hunting dog or bloodhound you ever saw when it comes to following your trail. Anyhow I had shinnied up the bank and managed to poke my head over the top just in time to see Dad arrive. I don't suppose there's any use going into the scene that followed; it would probably interest only my worst enemy.

I have often wondered since if Dad was more chagrined over the fact that I ran away or that I left the fish get away. Just between you and me I think my stupidity in letting the fish get away rankled more than the fact that I had succumbed to the lure of the rod and reel. Certainly that fish was a beauty and would have more than atoned for my misdemeanor had he been able to carry it home. Anyhow it was a whopper; come around sometime and let me show you just how long it was.

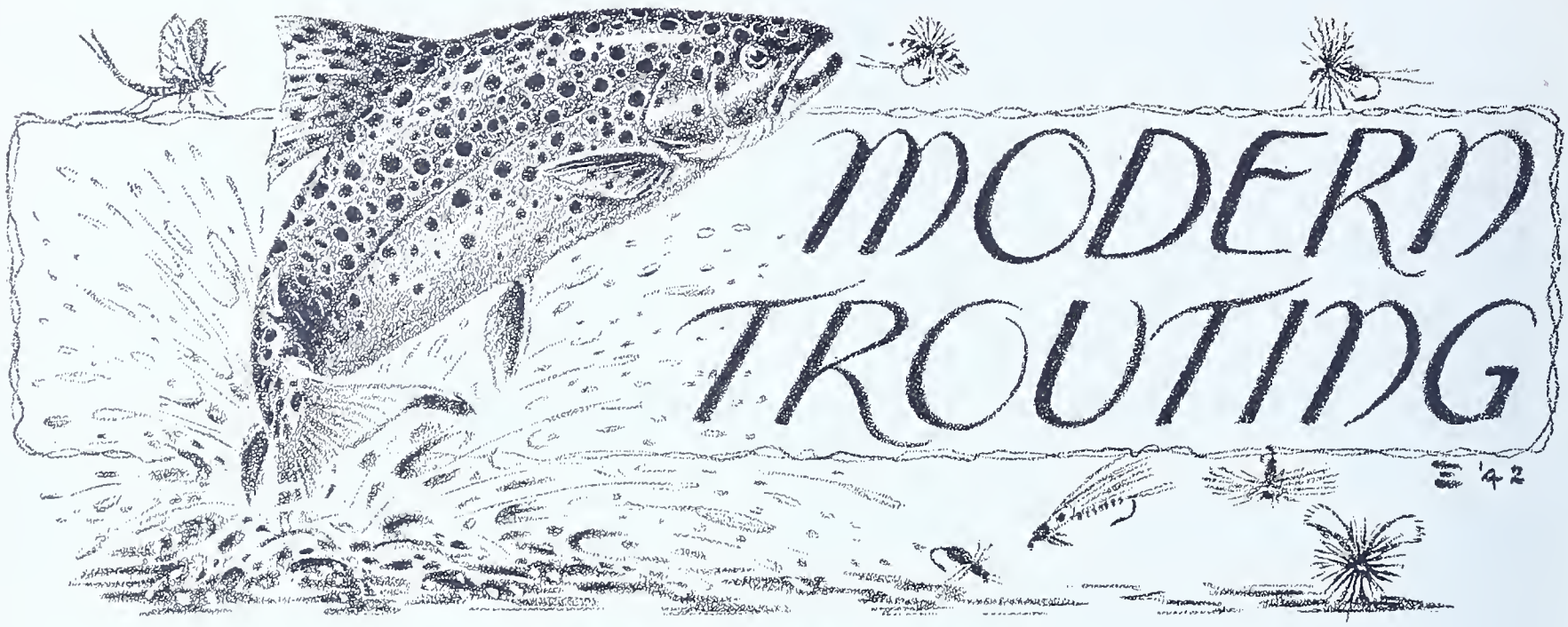
Now that I can look back on this little episode painlessly, although with a certain amount of regret, I wonder if I will ever again experience the thrill I got when that fish flopped out on the bank. It seems like a dream that happened in the long long ago, although I must confess that whenever I happen to sit on a splinter or even go horseback riding, my thoughts always turn back to that fish. Peculiar ain't it?



The greatest discovery of all was Dad's fishing tackle.



I have a hunch he was swimming all around me and laughing at me.



GREASED LINE FISHING

By CHARLES K. FOX

NOW and then there comes upon us fishermen an ardent desire to indulge in, or to experiment with some method of angling. Right now this correspondent is eagerly and impatiently awaiting the opening of the 1944 trout season to try to apply a certain technique in wet fly fishing which is totally different from what we might call the orthodox. This desire has been brought about by the account of "Jock Scott" of greased line fishing for salmon, in a book bearing that title.

This form of fishing is now in the process of revolutionizing wet fly fishing for salmon. Unquestionably it has been applied to trout, however, we have never heard or read of experimentation along this line. It appears that it might fit into our picture and offer us more interesting fishing with more abundant action, just as it has for the salmon fishermen.

Consider wet fly trout fishing as we do it today. To a degree it is a mechanical sport which lacks some of the refinement and variety of fishing the floating fly. Generally speaking it is done in one of two methods, the first being the more common or popular. While wading down stream the cast is made quartering ahead and the fly (or flies) is drawn up and across with a broken action. The other method, which is more tedious, is to make the cast up stream and to permit the fly to come toward the angler with natural float or with slight action.

Arthur Wood's greased line method of fishing the submerged fly is entirely difficult in method and principal.

In greased line fishing the cast is made straight across the stream. The fly is carried side ways down the current just beneath the surface and it swims and floats almost straight down stream yet crosswise on a comparatively loose line.

The term, "greased line method," entails more than just a floating line. When a sag or belly begins to open, the angler loops this belly up stream thereby eliminating the sag, and thus preventing fast drag. This, the Scottish originator calls "mending". It might be necessary to mend one cast several times. It is often advisable to mend shortly after the cast is made. In the meantime the fly is swimming or floating crosswise to the current. As the fly is carried down stream the angler leads it with the low rod tip. The end of the cast can be fished out in the old wet fly manner.

This mending operation is accomplished by holding the rod tip near the surface of the water, and with a stiff straight arm the line is lifted up and over. The rod tip makes a complete circle. The force empowered should be just enough to eliminate the downstream sag in the line but not great enough to move the fly.

This mending is not accomplished by a weak roll cast; the principal is entirely different. It is done simply by swinging the low rod up and around in an upstream direction so that the line loops upstream. To accomplish this the line must float, hence the name, greased line fishing.

If the cast is to be short and the water very fast the rod tip should be held about six feet above the water instead of the usual foot or so.

When a fish "takes", the fly is not pulled away, so as a result the fish can easily get it in its mouth. The great departure from our regular wet fly fishing is that it is not necessary for the angler to quickly strike back; in fact, it is better, they claim, if the angler does not strike at all. If he does strike it should be toward his bank with his low rod tip. The tension of the water against the line pulls the fly into the corner of the mouth of the fish and sinks the hook over the barb. In this method of fishing, the fish is almost always hooked in the corner of the mouth and this is highly desirable. There are very few missed strikes or lost fish. That is certainly not the case with regular wet fly fishing.

There are certain obvious advantages of the greased line method over the regular. First, the fish gets a sideview of the fly instead of a back view. Second, the fish takes a fly which is not being pulled away from it, hence, it becomes more readily hooked. Third, a floating line is more easily controlled and nicer to handle than a sinker. Fourth, the answering strike of the angler can be done according to the choosing of the fisherman and it is not determined by the activity of the fish.

It stands to reason that the sideview of a fly should be more appealing to our quarry than the same fly seen by the fish from any other angle. Since we are so particular about: the size, color, and structure of our flies it seems we could better utilize these qualities by giving the fish a finer view of our wares.

A fly that swims freely and even rises and falls, should be a more accurate imitation of the natural than one which is cutting the surface up and across. In the former case the hackles and wings move back and forth, whereas in the latter they are plastered against the body.

Many trout are missed in our normal procedure of fishing down and across. It seems that we pull the fly right out of the mouth of the fish. Frequently the hook must nick the teeth without touching flesh and skin. All we feel is a bump or tick. The result is reputed to be entirely different with the slow floating fly handled by the greased line method. In this case the fly is pulled to the corner of the mouth before the point sinks home.

We have in mind several big riffles of a large trout stream where the current in the center of the stream is heavy. The trout, for the most part, lie in the quieter water adjacent to the fast water. They swim into the edge of the fast water to take food but they invariabily return to their resting position.

By the greased line method it would be possible to cast across the heavy water and bring the fly sideways along the "hot" edge for a considerable distance. Theoretically

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Muskrats Taken on Lake Erie Being Sold in Meat Stores

By Joe O'Byrne

Meat rationing imposes no hardship on the garments of the country who enjoy a platter of "Marsh rabbit" better known as muskrat.

According to Ray Lambert, Port Clinton Ohio, sportsman thousands of muskrats are taken each year in the marshes along the shore of Lake Erie, and after the pelts are removed the carcasses distributed to the meat stores through the northern part of Ohio.

Very Good Season

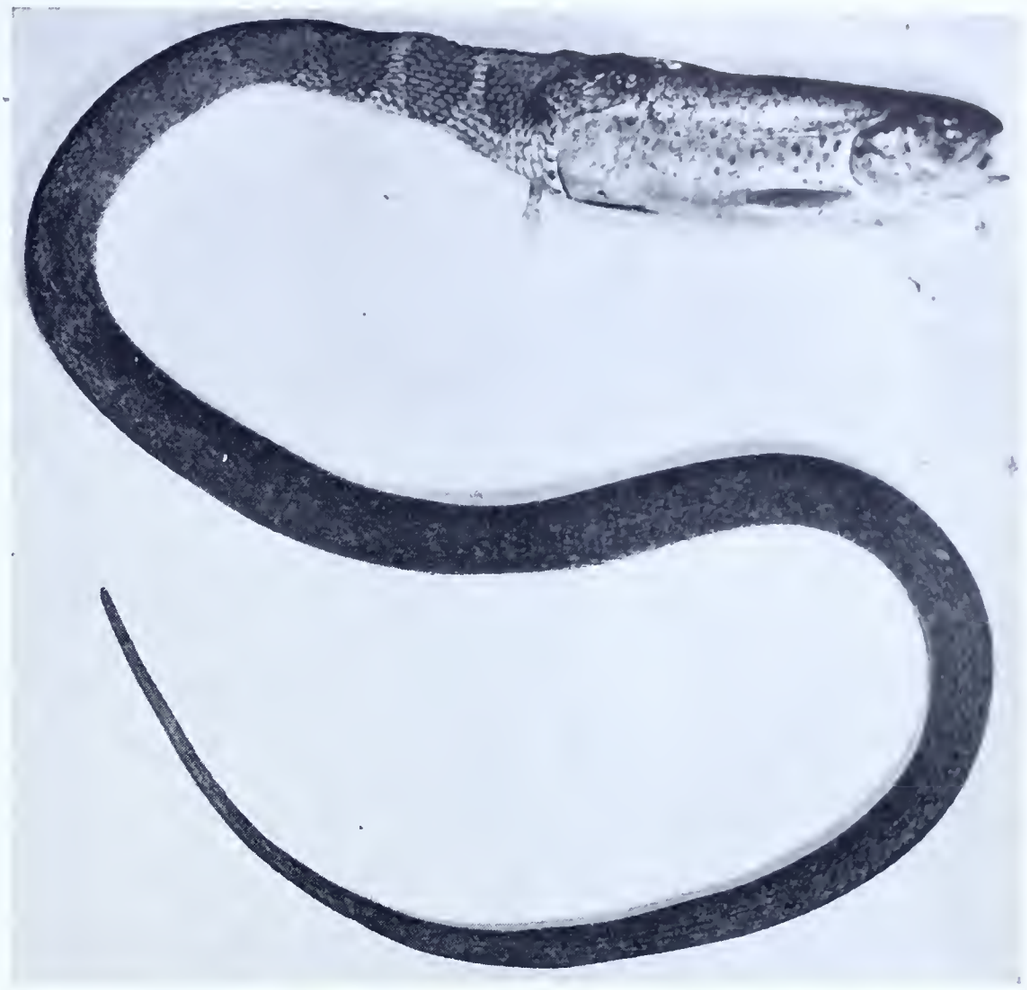
This past season was an exceptionally good one, he tells us, and on Magee Marsh, a famous duck shooting club near Port Clinton, with which he is connected over 18,000 muskrats were taken. Magee Marsh comprises about 2800 acres on the shore of Lake Erie, situated right on a flyway, and the Biological Survey ranks it fifth best in the country for duck shooting.

Of the 18,000 muskrates almost one thousand are put away in cold storage to be used on different occasions throughout the year and the balance is sold to the meat stores, who in turn sell them for private consumption for about forty cents each. (The average weight of a muskrat is about a pound and a quarter.)

Muskrat skins are bringing about three times the price they did in former years and trapping muskrats has become quite a business.

The quality of muskrat fur depends a great deal on the climate in which it lives and the skins from some sections of the country are much better than those from places where weather conditions are not as favorable.

Those from moderately cold sections of the country command better prices than those from the nothern part of Canada where the weather is too cold or those from the south where it is too warm. The best furs are obtained from the Belt extending westward from New York State.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*



QUITE A MEAL

A seven and one-half inch brown trout which was clever enough to resist the scores of bait which floated past in the Little Lehigh during the past trout season proved a bit too slow for a 28-inch water snake intent on securing its meal. While on foot patrol along the Little Lehigh, near Rathburn's bridge, Fish Warden Harvey D. Neff noticed an unusual commotion in the water. Reactions of both the captured fish and the larger snake attracted the warden's attention who within a short time was in the stream, reached down, grabbed the snake, tossed the reptile and fish on the bank, and slugged the snake. The incurving teeth of the water snake were so well set that the fish could not be removed. —*Allentown Call.*

PLANNING AND PLANTING FOR WILD LIFE

Prevention of Erosion Improves Fishing

From The Izaak Walton League of America

A COMPANION project to planting highway cuts for erosion control, beautification and wildlife habitat is the planting of worn and eroded and otherwise untillable or unproductive land for the benefit of wildlife. This type of project is particularly appropriate for small groups—local conservation organizations, civic groups and 4-H clubs. But, like everything else, there is a right way and a wrong way to launch such a project.

It is quite apparent to all who have had experience in forestry or landscaping that the old maxim about "putting all your eggs in one basket" applies to the planting of trees and shrubs. The most important rule, whether planting for timber, pulpwood, erosion control, roadside beautification, wildlife food and cover, or any combination of these, is that there be a variety in the plantings. There are several good reasons for a variety of trees and shrubs rather than a pure stand of any one species.

Solid stands of plants, whether trees or shrubs, favor the rapid spread of insect pests and diseases. Fungus diseases, as well as insects, find it easy to travel from one plant to another of the same kind. Conversely, in mixed plantings, their spread is slower and control is easier. Furthermore, solid planting of a single species often results in depletion of the soil, while not always utilizing its maximum productive capacity. A mixture of species adapted to the soil insures maximum attraction for a variety of wildlife. greater utilization of the available space and better erosion control.

In planting for wildlife variety is also essential for the reason that what one species of plant may lack, another may possess. So efforts should be directed toward creation of a well balanced habitat, approaching as nearly as possible the "orderly confusion of nature." For example, insectivorous birds are generally discouraged by pure stands but encouraged by mixed stands and this encouragement of such economically valuable birds leads to better control of injurious insects. In European forestry the practice of "clean forestry" was the rule; plantings were in pure stands and all duff, litter and underbrush cleared from the forest floor. Dead timber and hollow trees were removed. As a result it was necessary to erect nesting boxes in such stands to attract the birds needed for insect control. Proper mixture of species in our plantings should make this practice unnecessary.

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GRAY DUN HACKLES AD LIB

By PHILIP McCUTCHEON ARMSTRONG

Reprinted from *American Angler*

Finding natural gray hackles suitable for use with the popular "Quill Gordon," "Old Irish Iron Blue Dun," "Peter J. Schwab Quill" and other flies calling for this color in the legs, has always been a headache to fly tyers, both amateur and professional. Rube Cross developed a strain of poultry which supplied him with enough for his own use, but the rest of us are not so lucky.

The late Tom Harris, beloved fly tyer of Detroit, never lacked an ample stock of this color, and gave this writer the secret, in confidence, for his personal fly tying. Now that Tom has been dead for several years, there can be no harm done in revealing the formula; in fact Tom would probably be glad to know that it was done. So here it is.

The dye is "Tintex." The color is "Silver Grey." It is procurable in most dime stores and in many other places.

To make up the dye, put in a saucepan just enough water to cover the feathers, and add one teaspoonful of dye.

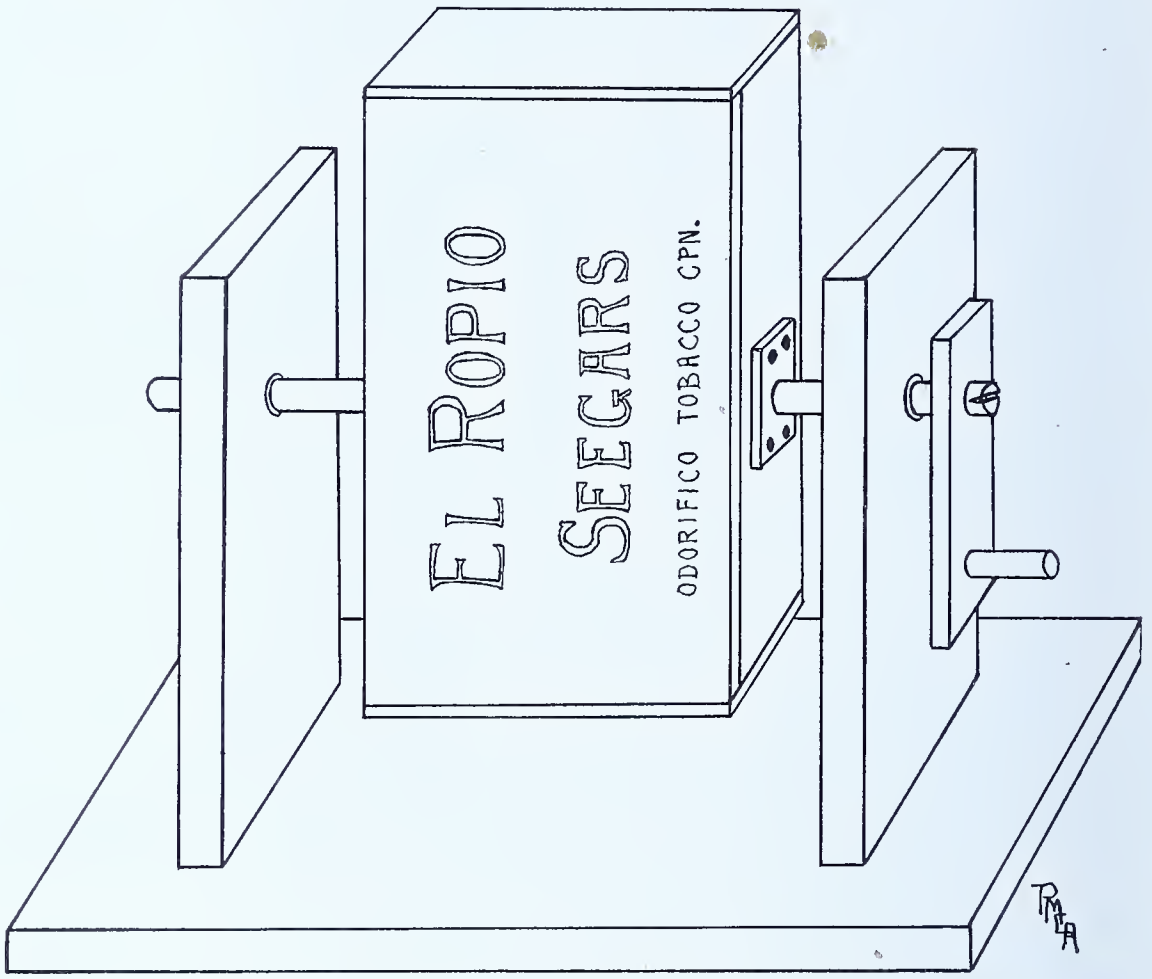
Bring to a boil slowly, with the feathers constantly in motion, and keep them there until the desired shade is reached. Rinse in cold water to remove excess dye, and if not dark enough put them through again, adding a little more dye, if the solution appears exhausted.

Rinse again in cold water, and set the color by immersing in a dish of hot water, to which has been added a little vinegar. About a teaspoonful to a pint is enough.

Rinse in cold water once more, and press between towels, to remove as much moisture as possible, and then dry by shaking in a box with cornmeal, oatmeal or sawdust. Works better if the drying material is heated. Drying by this method restores the hackle fibers to their original straightness, and brings them out in nice, smooth condition, no matter how badly matted they have been before.

A very convenient drying shaker for feathers is shown in the accompanying drawing. No exact dimensions are furnished, as the size is not very material, and the design may be adapted to fit such bits of board as may be available. A good size cigar box serves very well as the container, though there is no reason why a more substantial box should not be constructed if you are so inclined. The shaft, which may be a piece of old broomstick or any size doweling, does not pass through the box, but is glued into flanges, which are screwed, nailed or glued to the outside of the box. As additional insurance against the shaft turning in the flanges, it may be split with a saw and a wedge driven in, as shown in the end to which the crank is attached. Keep the box closed with a pair of rubber bands, or attach a couple of hooks and eyes if that seems worth while.

It may appear like a lot of work to make up this rig, just to shake up a few feathers, once in a while. But it has other uses. Wrap a piece of heavy cardboard around the box, in an eclipse, and secure it with "Scotch Tape" or by other means. It makes a line dryer or transfer reel which it is hard to beat.



To return to our mittens, hackles may be dyed on the neck, but the boiling makes the skin hard and brittle. Better results are obtained by removing them from the neck, stripping the fuzz from the quill ends, and tying them together in bunches for easy handling, each size by itself, to avoid necessity for further sorting later.

Several other "Tintex" colors are useful, but each fly tyer has his own ideas as to shades, so do your own experimenting. Not all of the colors show up so well, however, so do not condemn the method if some particular one you try fails to click.

In selecting hackles for dying, it is essential that a pure white be used to secure the true pearl dun color. The slightest trace of yellow makes the shade greenish. While this is a very desirable color for some other patterns, such as the "Olive Dun" or "Olive Quill," it will not do for "Quill Gordons" or for "Old Irish Iron Blues."

For "Blue Duns" add a trace of blue "Tintex." A bright blue shows up best, but almost any blue gives good results. Be careful not to overdo it. It is surprising how little does the trick.

A touch of brown, added to the standard Pearl Gray, gives a very pleasing reddish gray, which makes nice legs for light colored dry-flies.

When pure white hackles are not obtainable, a lightly barred Plymouth Rock may be used, provided that the white bars are not yellowish. Greyish doesn't hurt. When dyed the bars show up very little, and when on the fly scarcely at all.

Step to Prevent Pollution of Jordan

When the Jordan creek runs normal again it will be free of a high alkalinity of calcium carbonate through steps taken by the Trojan Powder Co.

F. M. D. Bottenfield, plant manager who had assured the Federation of Sportsmen's clubs in Lehigh County of his cooperation in eliminating pollution by liquid wastes from the firm's manufacture of war materiels, said last night that a large pit had been dug and put into operation.

The hole, eight feet deep, 30 feet wide and 250 feet long, will be used as a drain for the waste materials.

Fish Warden Harvey D. Neff and C. Robert Glover, chairman of stream pollution for the Sportsmen's club, had made a tour of the lower section of the Jordan creek last month. Samples of water taken from a pool below the Trojan dam indicated the high alkalinity of calcium carbonate.

When informed of the tests, Mr. Bottenfield said that the company would take steps to prevent any damage to the stream which feeds into the Jordan park swimming pool. The drainage pit excavated at the company's expense is expected to provide the means to halt any further pollution through liquid wastes.—*Allentown Call.*

Motorist—"I am exceedingly sorry I killed your dog, madam. Will you allow me to replace him?"

Miss Oldun—"Oh, sir! This is so sudden!"

TODD WILDLIFE SANCTUARY, NEAR FREEPORT, IS HAVEN FOR ANIMALS AND BIRDS

By C. H. Manley

Most of that month of August was spent by Mrs. Manley and myself in charge of the cabin at the Todd Wildlife Sanctuary. And we were so busy looking at the birds, and gathering wood for our grate fire; picking a few blackberries to vary our diet, and entertaining these of our members who came to stay at the cabin, and the friends who came just for a short visit, that we didn't have time for much of anything else.

It was while at this cabin last year that the incidents happened that furnished the material and gave the incentive for my first article, and several of those which followed.

Thirty-four stories have been printed since that first one on August 29, a year ago, so this one is really the beginning of the second year. As again frequent mention will be made of this place in the articles which follow, for the benefit of those who have never visited the Sanctuary, perhaps a brief discription will help to a clearer understanding when later it is referred to.

The "Todd Wildlife Sanctuary" is a 70-acre tract, mostly woodland, situated on Watson Run in Butler County, about a mile south of Leasureville. The northwest corner is cut by the highway and from there a private road leads to a small clearing, on the upper end of which, just in the edge of the woods, is the cabin.

This latter is a well built structure of tile and stone, and has a wide stone fireplace suitable for wood or coal. There is a living room and a bedroom on the first floor and two sleeping rooms on the second. It sits on the bank, facing the stream and has a wide porch the whole length of the front.

Cool On Hot Days

In the hottest days of July and August it is never uncomfortably warm on this porch, and there are many evenings when it is much too cool there for comfort, and then it is necessary to go inside and build a fire. This happened several times during our stay this year. There is often a fog in the morning, then a coal fire in the grate, lasting until noon, is usually needed for real comfort.

Watson Run is joined by a small stream just above, and a larger one just below the cabin. Another branch also runs in before it reaches Buffalo Creek, into which it empties about a mile below. Ordinarily these streams are mere trickles of water, which can be crossed on the stones, dry shod, almost anywhere; but after a hard shower they rise quickly and because of the steep descent, often become raging torrents. They, however, subside just as quickly, so that in the main they contain just about enough water to furnish good bathing pools for the birds.

Rugged Woodland

Steep, heavily wooded hillsides line the run all the way to Buffalo Creek, and toward the mouth the bottom land widens out a bit and supports a number of good sized trees, among them some fine old sugar maples which must have seen at least two centuries pass by.

Close above the cabin is a fine stand of practically clear hemlock, and just below the clearing on which the cabin stands, is another good sized tract of the same timber. And it is probably because of these hemlocks that the Audubon Society of Western Pennsylvania now holds possession of the tract, and the "Todd Wildlife Sanctuary" came into being.

Back in 1889, W. E. Clyde Todd, now Curator of Ornithology of Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, and author of "Birds of Western Pennsylvania," then a young man just starting his career as an ornithologist, made one of his first important discoveries here. In these hemlocks he found the Magnolia Warbler breeding. In this altitude this warbler ordinarily breeds much farther north, but was attracted here because of the hemlocks, in which it practically always nests.

When, about three years ago, this tract was about to be sold to the lumberman, and the timber sacrificed, Mr. Todd purchased it and later gave it to the Audubon Society as a sanctuary for all wild life.

The place is a particularly fortunate selection for that purpose. It is well supplied with food for the different species, and the streams are sufficiently spring fed so that there is fresh water for drinking and bathing even in the driest months.

Fathered Friends—And Foes

The hemlocks mentioned, beside furnishing a place for the magnolia and black-throated green warblers as well as numerous other birds to nest, also provide shelter and protection from their enemies for the whole feathered tribe. Moreover the thick branches of these trees are a welcome haven from the storms of winter for those of our feathered friends who stay with us the year around.

Buffalo Creek is wooded from the mouth of Watson Run, practically all the way to Freeport, a distance of some four miles or more; and because of the general wild nature of the territory, and the absence of human habitation, much wild life is attracted here not ordinarily found in this section.

Gray squirrels were quite common about the cabin, raccoon tracks occasionally seen along the creek bottom, and one day I saw a mink running through the driftwood farther down the stream.

Beside the smaller birds, there is evidence that many of the larger ones find homes here. Ruffed grouse, ring-necked pheasant and bob-white were quite often found, and a number of species of hawks were seen during the day and owls were heard at night. Turkey vultures and great blue herons were reported found farther down Buffalo Creek.

There is a large variety of trees, shrubs, fungi, plants and wild flowers in the surrounding woods and fields. All in all it is a pretty attractive spot for the nature lover. —*New Kensington Daily Dispatch.*

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH YOUR FLY TACKLE?

By R. W. McCafferty

ALL the tears and hand-wringing in the world won't patch up your ruined fly lines next spring. Now is the time to act! Remove the line from your reel and stretch it out full length in some convenient spot. Procure a good clean piece of soft cloth and rub your line until all dirt and grease is removed. Then wind it carefully on a wooden or cardboard spool, being careful not to twist it in winding. The larger the spool the better. If spools are not obtainable, loop the line in coils about a foot in diameter and hang on wooden pegs. Store your line in a room of an even dry temperature. Lines properly taken care of will give you years of maximum performance and service.

No less important is your rod. Wipe it well with a soft cloth, preferably flannel, and be sure the case is perfectly dry. If you store it in a room which is subject to varying temperatures, chances are next spring the ferrules will be loose on the bamboo. Dry heat has a tendency to dry out the ferrules. Store your rod where it cannot become wet and where an even temperature in maintained.

The conflict is raising old Ned with us fishermen. Gut prices are sky high. Leader economy is not only wise, but bordering close to compulsion. Leaders properly treated will last years. Remove them from your leader box, leave them dry of their own accord, *not over artificial heat*, and wind in approximately four-inch coils. Place them in wax paper or cellophane envelopes if either is available. Better still, wrap securely in a dry chamois and place in a box, airtight if possible. The idea is to keep them in the dark as light deterioriates the quality. Next spring, before placing in the wet box, soak for at least several hours in glycerin. By tying tippets (pieces of gut 12 to 18 inches long) on to the fine end, as that section becomes shortened by tying on flies, the life of a leader is considerably lengthened. A regular inspection of the knot at the loop where the line and leader connect is suggested. It will save you the loss of the entire leader sometime.

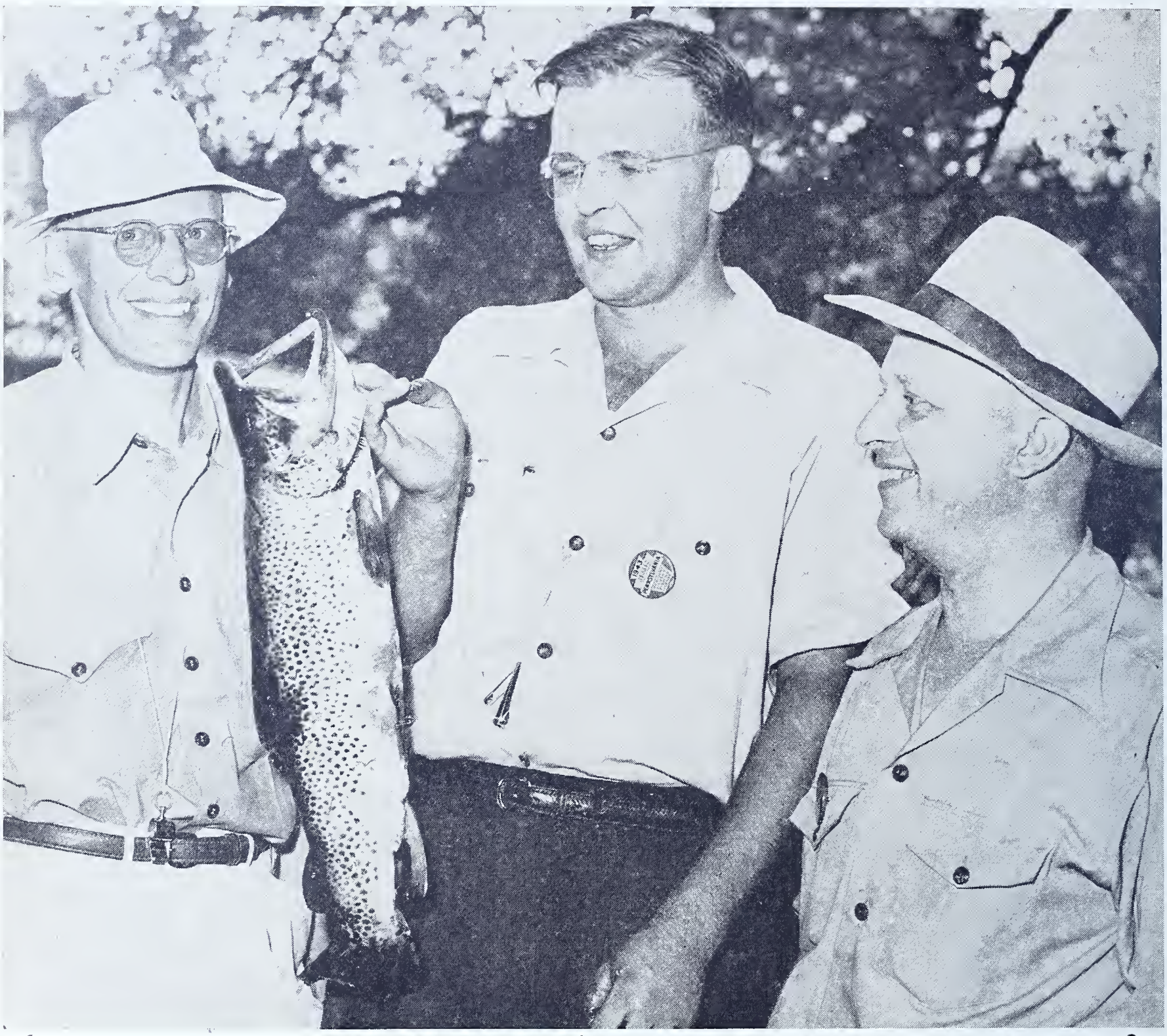
Flies, too, should be stored for the winter months. An airtight container in which you should place a generous quantity of moth crystals is ideal. The use of crystals which form gasses that kill moths and their larvae is suggested. Next season, before using the dry flies, place them in a tea strainer and steam over the spout of a tea kettle. This will restore them to their original condition.

A woman who did not understand the language of business went into the Bank of England to consult someone about her loan holding. The clerk to whom she talked happened to be rather a grave person. He inquired:

"Is it a case of conversion or redemption, Madam?"

"Conversion? Redemption?" faltered the woman. "Er—pardon me, is this the Bank of England or the Church of England?"

BUY BONDS



LEHIGH'S CONTEST

By Bob Frederick

For the last ten years the Lehigh County Fish and Game Protective Association has held its annual fishing contest. This year's meet, on Sunday, July 25, drew a record breaking crowd of 763 fishermen.

Fishing started at 9:00 A.M. and continued until 9:00 P.M. with an hour's rest period from 1:00 to 2:00 P.M. Fishing was done in ten minute periods, each contestant being allowed to fish one out of every five heats and keep only one fish out of each period.

One thousand fighting brook, brown, and rainbows, ranging from 10 to 28 inches, were stocked in Cedar Creek for the occasion.

Only wet and dry flies were used. They were not to be larger than size 10, barbless hooked, and not longer than 1 inch over all.

Edward Moser of 254 E. Hamilton Street, Allentown, bagged first prize when he hooked and landed a plump 23½ inch brown. Richard Gaugewer, 730 N. Fountain Street, Allentown, came in second with a 22½ inch brownie, and Albert Lobach, 2008 Washington Street, Allentown, took third place with a brownie of 19½ inches.

These three winners received cash prizes of $5, $3, and $2 respectively for their prize winning fish.

Six hundred of the 1,000 fish were stocked in the morning and the remaining 400 were stocked between 1:00 and 2:00 P.M. for the afternoon session.

It was estimated that 100 of the 1,000 fish stocked were retained by anglers although many more were caught and later released.

The remaining 900 trout were netted and restocked the following day, in the Little Lehigh Creek between Bogert's and Fuller's Bridge. The public was invited to angle for these fish using any bait or lure they may desire.

Hearty praises go to Morton V. V. White and Barton M. Snyder who were the Committee Chairmen and also to their assistants for a swell bang-up contest.

The fish used in this contest were purchased by the Lehigh County Fish and Game Protective Association.

Due to conditions beyond the control of the Fish Commission it is impossible to maintain a regular publication schedule of the Pennsylvania Angler.

STRIPED STREAMERS

By Don Blair

ABOUT a year ago, in the Angler, I referred to an orange and olive colored streamer fly that had proved very effective for bass and pike and big trout in western Pennsylvania. This little gadget is the development of an idea that occurred to me a good many years ago; long before I had ever seen a streamer fly. So long ago, in fact, that all my trout fishing was for native brook trout in small mountain brooks. Brown and rainbow trout had not been stocked in the waters we fished in those days.

In the process of cleaning for the pan those wild fish I noticed that I often found a partly digested minnow. That used to intrigue me for I knew that common minnows did not inhabit the same clear cold water that those little brook trout did. Later I learned that there was a fish that did live in the cold spring water with those trout. I saw him and recognized him from the partly digested remains I had seen in the brook trout.

By using a bit of worm on a very small hook I was able to catch and examine several of them. They are rarely more than three inches long so I still consider them minnows. The old-timers called them Stone Pokers. Later I heard they are Sculpins. But in all these years I have never been able to figure out how the trout catch them, for they are so increditably swift in their movements and seem to inhabit only the swiftest parts of the stream. Normally they are of a nice camouflage coloring—dun and black—but in South Sandy Creek I have seen them lying on moss-covered rocks in the swiftest rapids colored a bright grass green and some were a brilliant sky blue. You can see them from twenty or thirty yards away. Certainly no camouflage coloring here.

About the same time I became acquainted with the sand pike or log-perch in larger and warmer watered streams and learned similarly what an effective bait-fish he was for bass in those waters. They have several things in common, these speedy little fishes, game fish like to eat them—and they look somewhat alike with their large fins and perch-like markings.

Now to get to my efforts to devise an artificial bait to imitate them. They cover a good many more years and fruitless brainstorms than I would like to detail at this time. Sufficient, I think, is to say that this last attempt which was made three years ago proved so successful that further experiments have been set aside while I catch up on my fishing.

Bucktail hair is wonderful stuff for a fly tyer to monkey with. Once I made a replica of a crawfish out of it and sold it to a fish. But after I dyed those vertical olive green bars on a piece of orange deer hair I began to get mail-orders from them. Here is the way I do it and if anyone can figure out an easier way, without kinking or rotting the hair, I would like to know about it, for I am just as lazy as any other fisherman.

First dye the white parts of a bucktail bright yellow or orange (I prefer orange) then separate individual bunches, one for each fly you expect to tie, and wrap the butt with a length of fine wire. Then get some strips of thin lead (1/32 of an inch thick and from 3/16 to 5/16 of an inch wide) like those the railroad men fasten their torpedoes to the railroad track, and bend them into short "U" shaped pieces. With pliers, pinch the lead "U's" over the bunches of yellow hair and then drop the whole thing into a solution of blue dye. In a short time the hair that is exposed between the lead strips will turn dark and when you remove and rinse it you will find that it has turned green or olive depending on the original shades of yellow and blue that you used. Remove the lead strips and rinse again and then stand back and admire your handiwork. Any and all shades of yellow and green, orange and olive or orange and brown are effective; and in comparison to lateral colors, effective.

For bait casters this vertically barred hair is equally good medicine. Behind a small spinner it adds up to a real bass getter. And for the final top in fresh water game fishing, one afternoon it, behind a ¼ oz. copper spoon, enticed two muskellunge to strike, when the best efforts of six other fishermen, plug casting, got not a single rise.

Now, in closing, I don't want anybody to get the impression that this type of fly will take fish all the time. No bait can do that. But I do want to repeat that, neatly tied and correctly fished, it is a very good streamer to use in the Western and Central Pennsylvania waters. You may want to experiment with Jungle Cock eyes or the excellent heads of plastic wood detailed by W. R. Walton in earlier issues of the Angler; but, for stream fishing, I do not feel that these details are of necessary importance. Mostly, in swift water, your fish will come from behind to strike a swiftly moving streamer fly. For that reason I prefer to spend more time on getting the exact coloring into the body of the fly than on details of the head that the fish probably will not see.

Week-end Guest: "I've made up my mind not to retire until I'm seventy."

Host (whose hints regarding the lateness of the hour have been ignored): "In that case, old man, I hope you won't mind if I turn in now."

A minister was riding on a train when a big, strapping, tough fellow came in and sat down beside him. Sizing up the prelate, he exclaimed, "Where in hell have I seen you before?"

To which the minister replied, "I don't know; what part of Hell are you from?"

TEN REASONS WHY FISH DON'T BITE

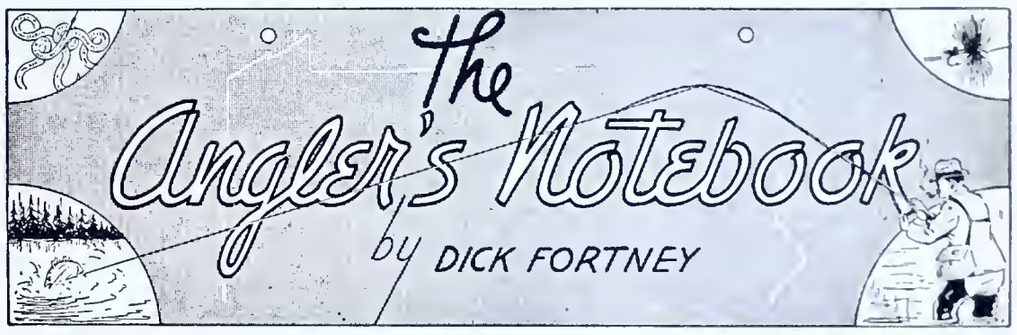
Here are ten good reasons why fish don't bite—
The air's too cool, or the sun's too bright,
The lake's too shallow or the water's too deep.
Your tackle's too costly or too darn cheap;
If you get a nibble and you want some more—
You're told to row to the other shore;
June's too early and August's too late—
So fish are scarce on your dinner plate;
You try on days when it sprinkles rain,
And again you'll find you've fished in vain—
But in spite of all the why and where and when,
You can bet your life we're going again!

—*Thornton Enterprise*

"Hello, is this the Fidelity Insurance Company?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, I want to arrange to have my husband's fidelity insured."



This is decidedly not the year for careless disposal of bits of fishing tackle that may be left over from the summer season.

Tools of the angler's craft were hard enough to obtain during the last few months, but they will be even more scarce in the months, and perhaps years, ahead, and it may well be that the sportsman who has a complete kit of equipment for use is the one who has carefully hoarded every particle of equipment which could be of possible service.

Remnants of leaders, assorted hooks, flies and other lures that seem a bit the worse for wear, and even such large items as fishing rods, reels, and boots which ordinarily would be discarded are almost priceless in these days of scarce civilian goods.

A couple of pieces of old leaders, for instance, can be patched together to make a bit of gut which, even if it is far from perfection, will at least give some service. Many artificial lures can be kept in action by a bit of repair and refinishing, and from those which are absolutely impossible the hooks can be carefully saved.

Rods can be kept in service by careful refinishing and rewrapping, and possibly with the addition of new ferrules and guides.

Boots can be patched and repaired, for material with which to do this kind of work still is available.

Storage of equipment also is a vital matter this autumn. Varying temperatures, moths, and other enemies of fishing tackle must get no chance to get in their destructive work.

All the fishing tackle should be stored in a place that has an even, moderate temperature, being neither too hot nor too cold nor too dry nor too damp. An upstairs room in the house is usually good.

This winter, as ever since the United States entered the war, manufacturers of fishing tackle are engaged in war work, and much material devoted to the making of tackle in time of peace is required for the more essential military demands. There is no prospect of any great easing of restrictions on the production of sporting goods for the angler.

Form 3526.—Ed. 1933

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of The Pennsylvania Angler (Insert title of publication.) published Monthly (State frequency of issue.)

at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania (Name of post office and State where publication is entered.) for October 1, 1943 193 .

STATE OF Pennsylvania }
COUNTY OF Dauphin } ss.

Before me, a ..... in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared ....., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is tbe ..... (State whether editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) of the ..... (Insert title of publication.) and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on tbe reverse of this form, to wit:

1. Tbat the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

	Name of—	*Post office address—*
Publisher	Board of Fish Commissioners	South Office Bldg., Hbg., Pa.
Editor	(Acting) Charles K. Fox	South Office Bldg., Hbg., Pa.
Managing Editor		
Business Managers		

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately tbereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Pennsylvania Fish Commission	Harrisburg, Pa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security bolders owning or bolding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None	

4. Tbat tbe two paragrapbs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security bolders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security bolder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for wbom such trustee is acting, is given; also tbat the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockbolders and security bolders wbo do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bold stock and securities in a capacity otber than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe tbat any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Charles K. Fox
(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)
Charles K. Fox, Acting Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October 1943

[SEAL.] Marie E. Hartman

(My commission expires 3-16- 1947)

NOTE.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing. 5—8012

POSTMASTER: BE SURE TO READ AND CAREFULLY OBSERVE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

5½ LB. 22½ INCH BASS FROM PERKIOMEN

The bass in all the streams are unusually heavy and in fine condition this season. Despite the apparent scarcity of food caused by the floods last fall the bass as well as other fish are very fat.

Carroll Hoover caught a smallmouth bass measuring 22½ inches that weighed 5½ lbs. which is quite heavy. Robert Tyson caught a smallmouth bass measuring 16¾ inches that weighed 4 lbs. 3 oz. which I think is almost a record for that length. There have been many smallmouth bass caught ranging from 14 to 22 inches and in each instance they are unusually heavy. This is especially true in the Perkiomen Creek. The two mentioned above were caught in the Perkiomen.—Warden Harry Cole, Norristown.

Let's Go Outdoors--With Slim

The Fish Commission would like to know the attitude of fishermen and motor-boat owners about trolling (for fish) with a motor. The law prohibits the use of a motor while trolling, but a recent amendment gives permission to use a motor in certain districts with the approval of the Board of Fish Commission. The next Board meeting will determine and formulate a plan for the separate districts presented.

It is not clear just why one could use a motor in certain waters and not in others, but if you have an opinion about this confusing issue, write to Slim and your statements will be forwarded to the Fish Commission.—*Lancaster New Era.*

BUY BONDS

Quick Action on Leak in Pipeline Halts Oil Seepage, Saves Hatchery

Seepage of gasoline from the Susquehanna pipeline, which crosses under the Little Lehigh in the vicinity of Rathburn's bridge, threatened several thousand trout a mile downstream at the Trexler fish hatchery.

The presence of gasoline in the stream was first noted by John Sterner and Ralph Litzenberger, who live in the summer colony near Rathburn's bridge.

They reported their find to Fish Warden Harvey Neff.

He and Bob Glover, chairman of the pollution committee of the Lehigh County Federation of Sportsmen's clubs, continued their investigation and discovered the gasoline seepage at a point about 20 feet below where the pipe crosses the stream.

The men notified Division Superintendent James E. Ford of the Icedale Pumping station of the Susquehanna Pipelines Co., located in Glenmore, and within two hours a crew was on hand to ferret out the leak.

The gasoline slick was very evident by this time and the crew, after making test borings, soon located the weak point.

Special protective coatings had been given the pipe where it crosses the stream but corrosion in an unprotected portion a short distance from the bank caused the leakage.

Mr. Ford was immediately concerned with the effect the seepage would have on the trout hatchery. His men dug a long drainage trench parallel to the stream and below the stream level to drain off the gasoline.

By midnight the pipe was repaired.

Loss of gasoline was not too great according to Mr. Ford, but it could have been much worse if the leak had gone unnoticed.

Early this afternoon a film of gasoline still covered the Little Lehigh in the vicinity of the pipeline as the gas continued to seep from the soaked ground.

A concentration of oil in one of the pools of the Little Lehigh following the break in the Susquehanna pipeline was so great near Rathburn's bridge that the *Call* photographer tossing a match on the surface of the water started a miniature fire. No damages resulted.—*Allentown Call.*

AWARD PRIZES FOR FISHING

Prizes have been awarded in Glen-Providence Junior Fishing Project, conducted by the Delaware County Parks and Recreation Board.

There were 118 contestants, representing 18 different sections of the county, and four guest contestants from Lima, Ohio.

The winners, all of Media, were as follows: Jimmy Wolf, 130 South Orange Street, who won a casting rod for largest fish and a plug. His fish was a 14-inch carp.

Charles Kachijian, 16 West State Street, won a special bait kit for nine-inch catfish and scaling set for 9½-inch eel.

Harlan Templin, 348 West State Street, won a fly and package of hooks for catching a six-inch sunny.

There was a grand total of 445 fish caught during contest divided as follows: Two carp, 96 catfish, 354 sun and three eels.

These totals do not include fish caught by licensed fishermen who may still continue to use lake for balance of fishing season.

—*Chester Times.*

ALL-OUTDOORS

By JOHN G. MOCK

Which of the wet or dry flies are best to use while fishing?

This question, quite frequently, is asked of an authority and his reply is usually considered by the amateur as being the last word.

At the appointed time the latter ventures forth, whips the stream to the best of his ability and winds up with nothing in the creel, while his chum, using an altogether different feathery creation, recommended by another leading light, comes home with the bacon.

The answer isn't the answer, everytime, so it would appear.

Recently the editors of Outdoor magazine tried to arrive at a definite solution. Did they find it? Not by a long cast. Rather they wound up right where they started.

The editors followed the same procedure as that of the rank-and-file fisherman. Ask the man who knows—or is believed to know. Their efforts produced the following confusing results, as the experts named their favorites:

Lee Wulff, writer, photographer, artist and lecturer—wet, Silver Gray, dry, Gray Wulff, streamer, Owl Feather; Kenneth A. Reid, former member of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission and now general manager, Izaak Walton League of America—wet, Royal Coachman, dry, Quill Gordon, streamer, Brown Feather; former Senator Frederic C. Walcott, president of the American Wildlife Institute—wet, Royal Coachman, dry, any bi-visible, streamer, Shang Special; Edward Hewitt, famed trout culturist of the Neversink, in New York—wet, Stone Fly, dry, Brown Bi-visible, streamer, "any old thing." Corey Ford, well-known magazine writer—wet, Parme Belle, dry, Corey Ford, streamer, "Any Old Bucktail I can Borrow."

Roderick L. Haig-Brown, British Columbia writer and sportsman—wet, Gammarus, dry, Brown Bi-visible, streamer, Silver Lady; Lt. Charles E. Cox, outdoors writer on the Pacific Coast—wet, Coachman, dry, Adams, streamer, Optic Bucktail; Chief Henry Red Eagle, Maine guide—wet, Parme Belle, dry, black gnat, streamer, no choice; Gifford Pinchot, former Governor of Pennsylvania—wet, Brown Hackle, dry, Fanwing Royal Coachman, streamer, his own make.

Burton Spiller, outdoors writer—wet, Dark Montreal, dry, Brown Bi-visible, streamer, Black Ghost; Edmund Ware Smith, nationally-known sportsmen's magazine editor—wet, Yellow Montreal, dry, Cahill, streamer, Black Ghost.

J. Hammond Brown, president of the Outdoors Writers Association of America—wet, Coachman, dry, black gnat, streamer, Brownie Special; Ted Janes, fishing editor—wet, Brown Hackle, dry, Quill Gordon, streamer, Lt. Tiger; Fred Everett, writer and wildlife artist, painter of the covers of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER—wet, Coachman, dry, Fanwing Royal Coachman, streamer, Brown Optic Bucktail; Earle Bradbury, chief game warden of Maine—wet, Dark Montreal, dry, Brown Wulff, streamer, Brown Bucktail.

Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr., nationally-known outdoors writer—wet, Dark Montreal, dry, Fanwing Royal Coachman, streamer, Black Ghost; Breems Forrest, outdoors editor on a Buffalo paper and conductor of the Fishing column in a popular national sportsman's magazine—wet, Brown Hackle, dry, Light Cahill, streamer, Yellow Tiger; Eugene Connett, writer and publisher of many collectors' volumes of outdoors writing—wet, Quill Gordon, dry, Quill Gordon, streamer, no choice; Jack Knight, originator of the Solunar Theory and writer of many books on fishing, teacher of angling at Columbia University—wet, Quill Gordon, dry, Cahill Quill, streamer, Mickey Finn, which the latter made famous through one of his writings.

Who is who and why? It leaves the newcomer right where he was before the survey was made, all of which probably comes back to what another authority once said:

"When the trout are feeding they'll take any fly, providing it is correctly presented and when they ain't feeding, all the flies in hell will not induce them to change their minds."

So it would appear that what should be done is to learn how to present a fly properly and that means to imitate nature as much as possible which, after all, is merely making the fish believe a favorite item of its diet, has fallen upon the water's surface.

—*Pittsburgh Press.*



One of the most ardent anglers of Somerset County is Mrs. Ann Shelley. She catches many trout but returns most of them. Here she is pictured with a giant 25 inch rainbow and a 22 inch rainbow which she caught at the Paradise.

"Yes, I'm a cosmopolitan. My father was Irish, my mother Italian. I was born in a Swedish boat off Barcelona, and a man named McTavish is my dentist."

"What's McTavish to do with it?"

"Why, that makes me of Scottish extraction."

FLY CASTING

By HAROLD H. SMEDLEY

National Dry Fly and Wet Fly Casting Champion

Reprinted from Outdoor America, the publication of the Izaak Walton League of America.

FLY casting is a game of fly fishing as a sport. Call it tournament casting, contest casting, or what you will; fly casting is a game, an outgrowth of the water sport of fishing, just as skeet, traps and target shooting are the outgrowths of hunting with guns.

The casting platform is to the fisherman what the skeet field is to the hunter, the target range to the officer and soldier, and the driving range to the golfer.

A golfer, with a club, tries to knock a ball into a little tin cup. A fly caster, with a rod and line, tries to drop a fly into a target. If you fish, try casting. It is fun and it will teach you to get more enjoyment out of fishing and get more fish. You need no more reasons than those for becoming proficient in fly fishing.

Fly casting at targets is a fisherman's game whether it be wet or dry fly casting. The caster who can drop a fly into a 30-inch target at 50 feet or 20 feet can drop a fly with precision over a rising trout so that it is irresistible and that is what the trout fisherman wants to do. And remember too, every game fish will take a fly.

There are two target events and a distance event in single-handed fly casting. The two accuracy events are the wet fly and the dry fly. Wet fly casting tackle is similar to light bass bug gear. Dry fly tackle is good trouting gear.

Target casting is a game that fishermen play and here is the way it is played:

Dry Fly

There are 5 targets scattered at random from 20 to 50 feet from the platform. They can be of wood or metal and should be 30 inches in diameter. Using old 28-inch bicycle tires painted red, white, blue, green and yellow is all right to begin with.

The caster steps to the casting platform and the judge calls out one of the targets by color. The caster must extend his line in the air by false casting until he thinks he has the proper distance, and then he tries to drop the fly in the called target, which may be at 30 feet. He must place the fly on the water so delicately that it will not sink and he cannot touch the water with the fly, line or leader while extending his line or retrieving it.

The scoring is done on the demerit system. If the fly drops in the target and it floats, it is a perfect cast and scores zero. If it hits the target it is also scored perfect. If it falls outside the target it is scored one demerit for every foot or fraction away. If the fly sinks. an additional 5 demerits are subtracted. If on the back cast, but in front of the caster, the fly touches the water and "ticks," it costs another 5 demerits. Any time the fly touches the water on the forward cast it counts as a cast.

After the cast is made on the first target, the judge will call out a second target, which may be farther out or closer in to the caster, and the caster must keep his line in the air while extending or retrieving it to try for the next target. The judge will skip the caster around until 10 casts have been made, two at each target, but no two consecutive casts at the same target. If you think it is easy, think this over—only once in thirty-four years of National Fly Casting Tournaments has a perfect score been made.

As to the tackle used. In no event does the rod exceeds 9½ feet. There are no line restrictions in any of the three events. In each event the leader must be at least 6 ft. long. In the dry fly, a size No. 10 hook is used. In the wet fly a No. 8 hook is used. From these restrictions anyone can see that the tackle used is standard fly fishing gear.

In the fly accuracy events the caster must complete his 10 targets in 7 minutes from the time his first fly hits the water. If he breaks a leader or loses a fly, he must make his repairs or replacements and finish within the time limit. If he doesn't, additional demerits are scored. No cast is counted after a fly is off.

To a fly fisherman, each target might represent a spot where a trout is lying. A tick on the water might put the trout down. So, the tournament caster in the dry fly event does from the platform what he would do if he were carefully fishing a stretch of water with ten likely spots within fifty feet.

Wet Fly

In the wet fly accuracy event, the targets are laid in a straight line and the targets are 5 feet apart from center to center, the nearest target being 35 feet from the caster and the fifth target being 55 feet away.

The caster steps to the platform and extends his line on the water by casting to the first target. The order of casting is 2 shots at each target starting at the closest one and going to the farthest. He must make those 10 casts in consecutive order, with no false casts between. There are no demerits for sinking flies or ticks. It is just a case of casting the fly in the target or casting it in the 5 targets, 10 times in 10 casts.

After the caster has extended his line to the first target and thinks he can "plop" it in that target on the next 2 casts, he calls "score" and from that time on the next 10 casts count. He takes 2 casts at the first target and while he retrieves his line he must strip out enough so on the next forward cast he can reach the next farthest target, at which he makes 2 casts and then goes on to the next one. The scoring is done the same as in the dry fly, by perfects or demerits.

The rod used in this event is usually a bass or streamer fly rod with a heavier line and a heavier leader than in the dry fly.

Distance Fly

In the distance fly it is just a question of seeing how far you can cast the fly within the 5 minutes allowed the caster after he steps into the casting box. This event is usually cast with no reel on the rod. The reel is left off because a very long line can be better handled from the ground or platform, and there is no need of a reel to balance, despite all we read about the necessity of having a reel to balance a rod of this or that length or weight.

The caster may have a helper to assist him in hauling in the line after each cast and coiling it, but the helper does not in the least aid in making longer casts. He is merely a time saver and time is one of the reasons why no reel is used.

Count is made of the length of each cast and the score is the average of the best 3 casts, with the longest cast for the record. The caster makes as many casts as he can and a record is taken of them, but his time limit is 5 minutes and as in the accuracy events there is no time out for repairs or untangling lines or leaders. Distance casting is very practical to the lake fisherman or casting on heavy waters or big rivers.

Time spent on the practice platform will make an angler out of a tangler by taking the "t" out of "tangling" to make "angling."

With war-time restrictions in force "backyard and city park casting" should interest many who desire to continue their favorite pastime, or hobby or recreation and keep in form. City and state meets for competitive casting are becoming popular with many groups.

Every organization that is interested in any way in fishing should promote fly casting as a recreational activity. Fly casting is the outstanding artificial fly fishing game both from the standpoint of fun and of training for fly fishing.

The National Association of Angling and Casting Clubs, through its secretary, W. Robert Collins, P. O. Box 1919, Chicago, Illinois will welcome inquiries from any Izaak Walton League chapter concerning fly and bait casting.

An old farmer wrote to Sears Roebuck & Company as follows:

"Please send me one of them gasoline engines you show on page 785 and if it's any good I'll send you a check for it."

He received the following reply from the firm:

"Please send us the check and if it's any good we'll send you the engine."

Mother: "And what was daddy doing while you were having your hair cut, dear?"

Little Paul: "Oh, he was holding hands with a pretty lady at a little table."

Northwest Pennsylvania Sportsmen

By Seth L. Myers

The opening day of the trout season has for many years thrilled thousands of red blooded Americans who follow the art of Izaak Walton. Along the trout stream all men are equal, and most men to be found there are the kind one likes to have as friends and neighbors. It matters little whether the fellow across the stream from you be banker, preacher, farmer, clerk or errand boy; just so he's a sportsman.

The rich man will be equipped with the last word in fishing tackle, while the barefoot boy will use his own cut pole and chalk line, yet both with the same thoughts in mind. Perhaps the boy may envy the other fellow his glistening rod and jewelled reel, while at the end of the day the veteran may envy the lad's fine catch of trout. One may rest assured that no matter what the thoughts of men and boys out fishing, they will not be harmful thoughts.

Sometime ago I listened to a sermon by a preacher-sportsman who said that nowhere does he feel nearer to the Great Creator than when alone on a quiet trout stream.

In the present great struggle of global war and the world wide uncertainty, it is nearly impossible to look into the future. We know however, there will come an end to the war and once again we will have the pleasant American way of life. When that time comes and our boys return, they will want to find the same good homeland they were fighting for. They will want to fish along these beautiful streams where they can be close to nature in all its beauty. They will want to be alone at times, the better to thank God for bringing them through the great conflict. Where could be found better soltitude or a better setting than along one of Pennsylvania's trout streams as a place to offer thanks to the Creator. I'm certain the preacher was right.

We will not want these boys to find their streams wanting for their share of the natural heritage—their share of trout must be left in the streams. With this in mind then, let us go astream, not in quest of many fish, but rather to enjoy the simple privilege of fishing in America.—*Sandy Lake Breeze.*

HARD TO UNDERSTAND

Sometime ago an old timer and a young chap with limited piscatorial experience were fishing in a large shallow pool where there were many spawning beds. The stream was very low so that many of the beds were partly above the water. After fishing for some time the young fellow stood gazing at the beds and then inquired, "Grandpa, what are these beds that you see all over the pool, some of them rising above the water nearly a foot?"

"Those are spawning beds" said the old timer. The female lays the eggs on top of the pile and the male ejects the milt among the eggs which fertilizes them and in the course of time you have a nest of little baby fish."

"Oh! I see" said the young angler. "But what I can't understand is how the fish get on top of the pile." In the twinkling of an eye he saw the humor of the situation and both of them had a hearty laugh.

LINE SPLICING WITHOUT TOOLS

By Philip McCutcheon Armstrong

TOURNAMENT casters and others who make a practice of splicing together sections of level line to create tapers, as a rule, laboriously wind thread around the frayed and lapped ends. Some few who know the technique advocated by Mr. Robert W. Crompton, which was written up in Pennsylvania Angler for January, 1940 by Mr. Peter J. Schwab, can work faster and more accurately, but it is doubtful if one in a thousand is familiar with the very ingenious winding method which was recently demonstrated to this writer by Mr. Paul M. Cowan, the well known Detroit tournament caster and dyed-in-the-wool fisherman.

It is not claimed that this method is easy. In fact it takes a good bit of practice to become good at it, but it is so very quick, neat and artistic that anglers and casters who have to do a lot of splicing in a heluva hurry will get a kick out of experimenting with it.

Simply stated, one merely runs the thread through the spool to keep any more thread from unwinding than is needed for the splice, and spins the spool around the lapped, frayed ends until the splice is covered.

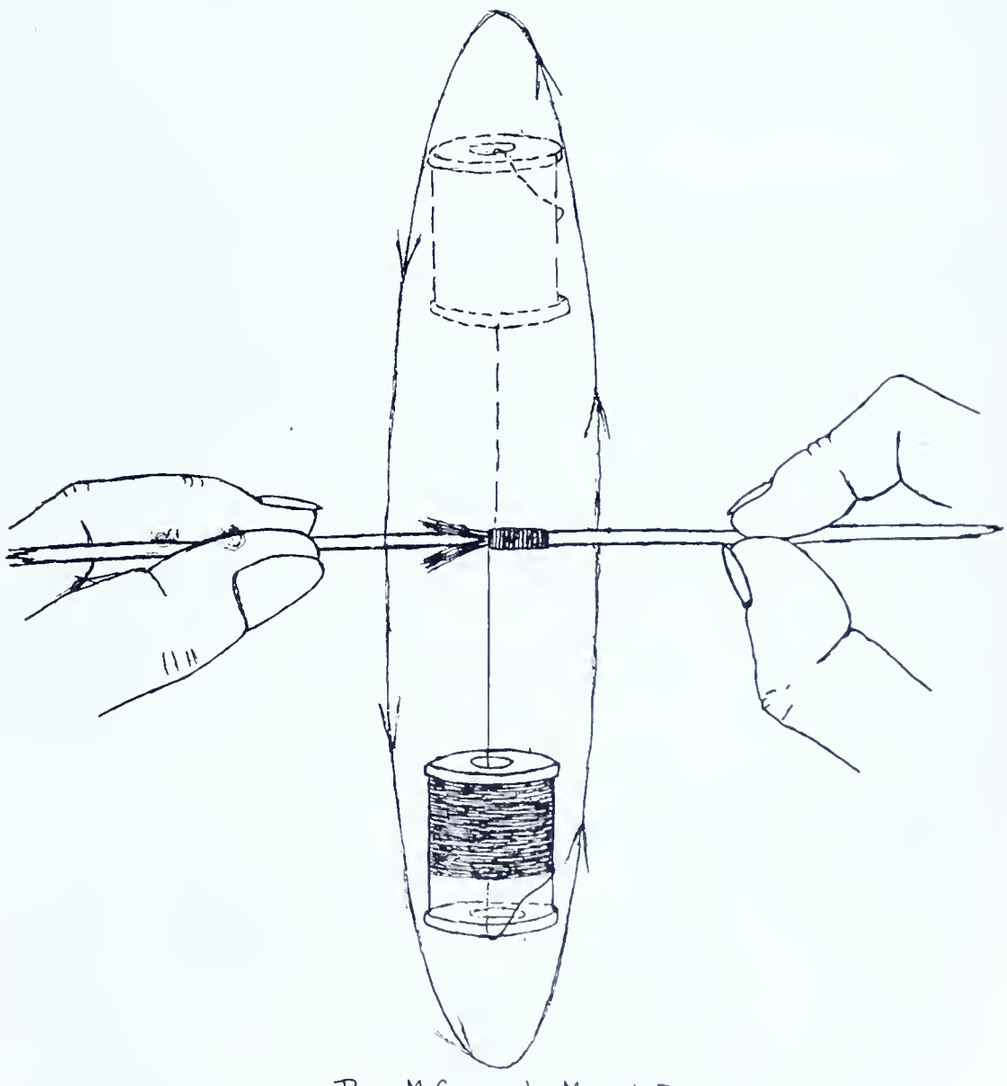
Actually, it isn't that easy. First we have to get the splice started. This is done by winding a few turns in the reverse direction, and then two or three over them to keep the coils tight.

This holds the splice together temporarily.

Now carry the thread out to one end of the splice in open but tight spirals. When the end is covered, so that the frayed thread is held in place, take a half hitch. You are now ready to spin the winding on.

Standing up (you will see why when you try it) hold the line as in the drawing, on a level with your eyes. Start the spool swinging, and when momentum enough is attained, spin it around the line. Once started it will spin almost by itself, a gentle swinging motion sufficing to maintain the action. If done with care, the thread will "follow" with unbelievable perfection, and make the smoothest, slickest winding you ever saw, BUT when you do it for the first time you will chase it all over the room, keeping the spinning spool and thread vertical to the line.

Better wait until the wife is away from the house before you try it, or else put yourself into a sound-proof room, as vituperation and blasphemy do not as a rule appeal to the female end of the family. No, I'm not a liar. Just keep your shirt on, and you'll make it work like magic—eventually.



PAUL M. COWAN'S METHOD OF WINDING A LINE SPLICE BY SPINNING THE SPOOL AROUND THE FORKED ENDS.

MALLOW BUGS

By W. R. WALTON

IN these times of rationing and privation, when anglers as well as less privileged folk are compelled to sacrifice to the god of war, when good cork is becoming scarce and balsa wood almost unobtainable, it is hoped that the information conveyed herein may find a ready welcome.

Most fishermen will be surprised to learn that there exists almost under their noses an abundance of substitute material which may be had for the mere plucking thereof. This ideal material for bugs, lures, fly-rod plugs and bobbers, consists of the dried and cured, last year's stems of a wild perennial plant, the common rose mallow, *Hibiscus militaris* Cov. This abundant wild flower rears its pink trumpets at stream and pond side, from July to September, throughout the Eastern States from New York southward.

The Latin name "militaris" of this plant refers to its halberd-shaped leaves (see illustration) which easily distinguishes this plant from near relatives of which there are several. In fact the plant is rather closely related to the hollyhock and familiar rose of Sharon.

Although the rose mallow, in nature, often stands with its feet in the water, it may be grown readily in almost any garden from the seed that is produced in capsules, shown in figure 1 of the photographic illustration. The flower as shown in this figure is ornamental and varies in hue from deep pink to nearly white.

In case seeds are gathered for planting, care should be taken to secure many more than are likely to be needed because most of them usually are found hollowed out and destroyed by a tiny snout-beetle or bruchid, called scientifically, *Mylabris hibisci* Oliv.

Rose mallow stems cure naturally and are easily debarked when left standing throughout the winter months. They vary in diameter, often reaching more than an inch in their lower 18 inches of the stems. The wood is fine-grained, cream-white, fully as light as cork and quite as high in tensile strength as balsa wood. Sections of it both debarked and natural, are shown in figure 2 of the photograph.

Mallow wood is delightfully easy to work by means of a sharp blade and finishes velvet-smooth with application of fine sandpaper. As shown in figure 2, the center of the stem is occupied by a small pithy channel, from one eighth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. This is advantageous when desirable to insert a wire for attaching hooks. Otherwise, the channel is easily closed air tight, with plugs of plastic wood at both ends, thus producing an air chamber which increases buoyancy. This wood has but one slight fault, viz: it tends to absorb water when unprotected by paint or varnish. However, as such lures are invariably painted or enamelled this is a matter of small importance.

Figures 3 and 4 of the photographic illustration, show some of the popping bugs, and plugs that I have made from mallow wood and used successfully during the past season.

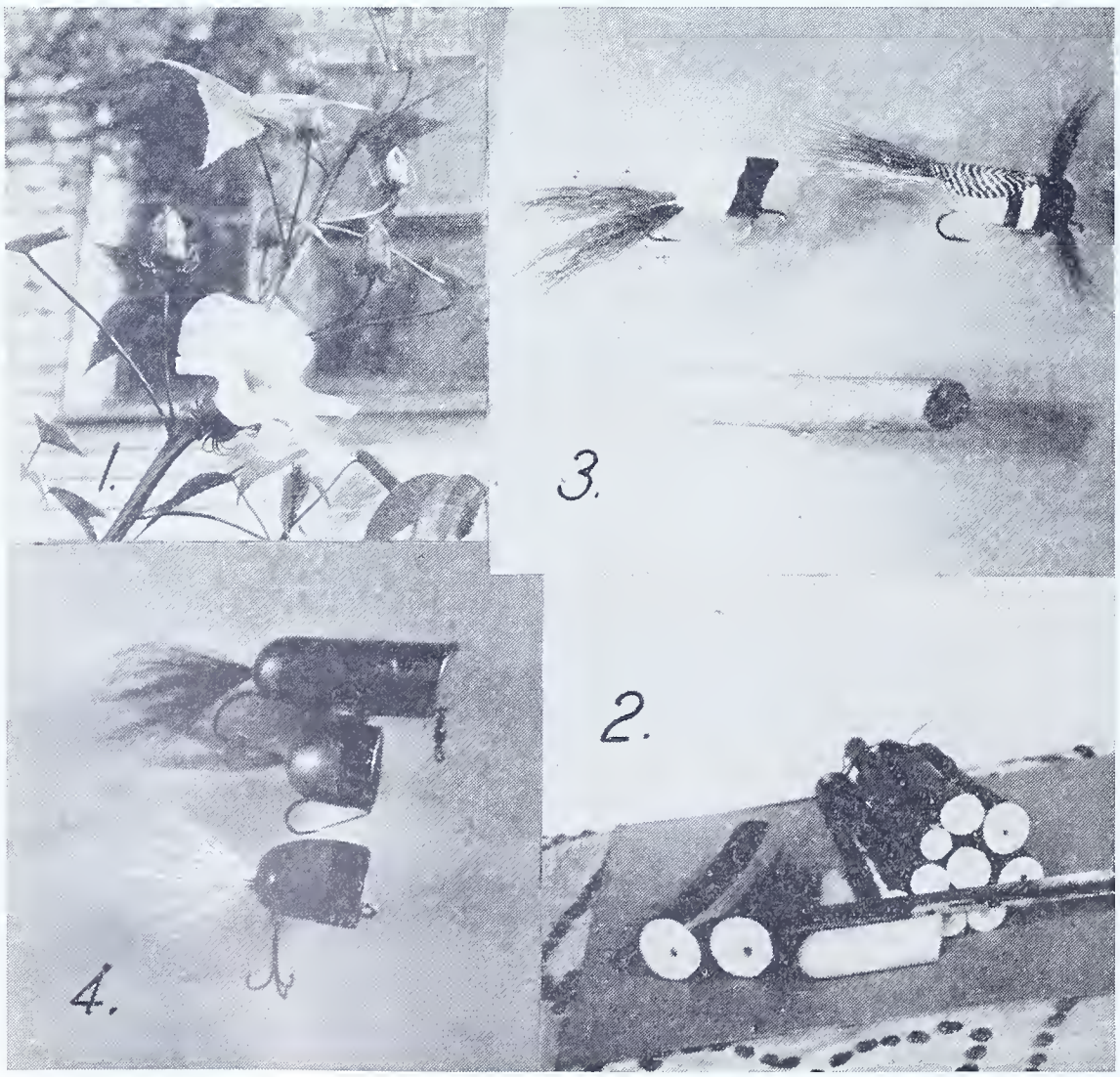


Leaf of Rose Mallow

In constructing these bugs, they are first roughed out with a sharp knife and then smoothed down with sandpaper. The finished surface is obtained by means of elbow-grease and the finest of garnet paper. A waterproofing coat of spar varnish is then applied and the body prepared to receive the hook. This is inserted in the bug body as illustrated in my article "Making and Fishing the Cork Bass Bug," published in the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER for September, 1940, pages 6 and 7. From this it may be seen that a V shaped slot is cut lengthwise in the belly of the bug. In this the hook shank is laid and cemented in place by covering it with plastic wood which hardens firmly in a few hours, producing a durable and reliable job.

Amateur lure makers who may be unacquainted with the virtues and characteristics of plastic wood will find it invaluable for this and similar purposes. Caution should be taken to handle it only with thoroughly wet hands and tools, as otherwise it sticks to any surface like molasses taffy to ones false teeth—or should I say more politely, his dentures?

Mallow stems may be gathered and worked at any time during the winter or early spring, when we can only dream of next year's bass fishing—and boys, "it won't be long now," as the monkey said after he caught his tail in the electric fan!



Many thanks for the back issues of the ANGLER. The article in the December, 1938 issue covered the subject nicely. I deeply appreciate the ANGLER. There is a feeling of warmth and comradeship in it that just don't seem to exist in other papers. It is worth a dollar a year of anyone's money. May it ever continue to grow.

Yours respectfully,
Wm. E. Comstock,
Flushing, N. Y.

PLANTING AND PLANNING

(Continued from page 9)

Too, it is most essential that careful planning precede the actual planting to avoid improper spacing, poor selection of sites, and other mistakes that eventually become apparent. Because it is often impossible to obtain sufficient quantities of planting stock of certain species, substitution of other species may be necessary, but this should be done with the utmost care. If proper varieties are temporarily unavailable, the planting should be partially or entirely deferred until the next season.

In planning wildlife plantings, food value should be balanced with value as cover, particularly winter cover. Aldo Leopold has enumerated several properties that make plants valuable as winter cover and lists as the first, dense winter foliage or thorns, preferably close to the ground. Next come species easily propagated and therefore easy to establish, particularly those that can be propagated by stem or root cuttings. The third is vigor including the ability to reproduce by sprouts if cut or burned, the ability to spread by means of root sprouts, and the ability to make quick growth. Next comes resistance to grazing, drought, shade and fire. And, finally, the species to be planted should be unobjectionable from the agricultural standpoint.

It is interesting to note that the desirable qualities enumerated by Leopold for wildlife cover plants are almost the identical qualities desirable in erosion control plantings. So, it becomes apparent that a successful wildlife planting will admirably serve the purpose of erosion control.

It is this type of useful "back-yard" project that the Izaak Walton League recommends for local consideration. And the League points out that, while such projects in themselves may be relatively small and insignificant, and while the land involved may be small indeed in relation to the entire area of a county or state, there are other values attached to such undertakings, principally their educational value as small demonstration areas bringing home to our citizens a lesson in good land management and wildlife restoration. Thousands of such small demonstration areas throughout the land might well point the way toward the reclamation as wildlife habitat of countless acres of now idle, barren, eroded and worn-out land from one end of the country to the other.



"My net was torn."
"Won't your wife object?"

POSTWAR CONSERVATION THROUGH A LOOKING GLASS

By OVID BUTLER, *Editor American Forests Magazine*

Reprinted from *The Ohio Conservation Bulletin*

ALICE IN WONDERLAND had some wonderful experiences. So has American conservation during the past ten years. Through federal largesses billions have been spent for conservation and development of our land and water resources. Special new agencies, among them the CCC, NYA, WPA, SCS and the National Resources Planning Board, spent vast sums for so-called conservation work. In addition old line agencies of the government shared in federal financial aid through AAA and other sources to an extent that sometimes challenged their spending power.

Today conservation's excursion into wonderland has come pretty much to an end. So vast and widespread was the work done that no man can bring its results into focus. Much was of great value; much was made-work, planless and built upon the sands. Being so, a summary of dollars spent and projects completed provides no tenable base for conservation to answer the very timely question, "Did the results justify the expenditure?"

What program will conservationists have to offer when the war is over and what factual base will they have to support it. Conservation in its natural objective must serve all the people all the time. It must be a unified effort based upon a program of balanced objectives in which both economic and social interests are factually weighed and coordinated to the common good. Obviously this objective cannot be accomplished by pressure groups whose individual interest usually exaggerates the importance of their pet or professional resource.

At the reconstruction table there will be representatives of varied social and economic groups seeking to write into our peace program a preference place for their special interests or pet ideas. It will take clear, far-seeing and factually informed minds, singled to the over-all welfare of our country, to make that program sound and true to America's future. We must be prepared with facts and with a program of resource perpetuation and development. Project activities must dovetail into over-all reconstruction like essential parts of a great machine.

One of the key problems in post-war transition to an economy of peace is to provide employment for ten to twelve million from the armed forces and twenty to thirty million civilians in war work. Success will rest in large measure on national ability to act without protracted delays and with dependable knowledge of changes which the war will have wrought in our economic and social resources.

If American principles of enterprise are to be maintained, ways must be prepared for development of high levels of employment following the war. The laying of a course must give recognition to the fact that the foundation of agricultural productivity is tillable land and the foundation of industrial productivity is raw material. The main sources of raw materials are the country's natural resources. Knowledge of the condition and extent of these resources is therefore an essential preliminary to the building of a peace, the four corners of which must rest on raw material, private enterprise, full employment and sound public policies.

What has been written forms in broad outline the considerations which have prompted The American Forestry Association to propose and undertake an over-all study of one of the nation's greatest natural resources—the forest. We want to be prepared factually with a down-to-date blue print upon which to chart post-war policies of use and development. The undertaking is a large one. Its execution will depend upon ability to enlist $250,000.00 of private funds required for the work.

Such a survey has timely bearing not only upon forest resources, but all other organic resources inherent in forest lands which embrace some 650,000,000 acres of our surface area. The forests form a pattern upon which conservation as a whole must draw its lines. Our wild lands are the fluid concrete upon which American conservation with its many diverse interests must imprint a common and integrated working plan.

Patently the undertaking would increase in value and standing if all conservation groups join in making it reflect the conditions and needs of all organic resources in this one-third of the nation's area. To this end the Association will welcome the cooperation of all individuals and groups that believe in preparing conservation to meet the changed conditions of the post-war era.

MAIDEN CREEK BASS

Don Holt of Shoemakersville caught a 16½ inch small-mouth bass near Moselem in the Maiden Creek, weighing 3 lbs. 6 oz. with a 9 inch girth. Two weeks later he landed one 18¼ inches long, 10½ inch girth, weighing 4½ lbs. This was also in Maiden Creek below Lenhartsville on a Jitterbug.

Edwin Bossler of Blandon landed a small-mouth bass 19½ inches long with a 12½ inch girth and weighing 5½ lbs. This was caught in the Maiden Creek with a small crazy crawler near Virginsville.

HOOKS 6 POUND BASS

Harry Weiland of Turtle Creek, is believed to have caught the largest small mouth bass in the state of Pennsylvania, this year, according to many fishermen. The bass weighed six pounds and was 22½ inches in length. The black bass was caught in the Rays Town Branch of the Juniata River near Huntingdon.

Mr. Weiland was a former resident of Indiana.—*Indiana Gazette.*

BUY BONDS

FATE

(Continued from page 4)

lanes. Curiously, Bill thought, for unlike most of her kind she did not rise straight up into the air for the usual short preparatory climb before straightening out into flight. Instead she flapped heavily, close to the water and then much to his surprise, dropped to the surface struggling.

She was up again in an instant, but something dragging from her left leg hampered her flight. From where he sat in the boat it looked like a very thin piece of aquatic vegetation; in fact it looked too thin for any kind of a plant. In a flash it dawned on him that it must the long length of line to which was tied his pet plug. Yes, the piece of line that he had forgotten to recover in the excitement of seeing Old Tom. In the meanwhile, the strain of that last jerk as the imprisoned bird came to the end of the line had dislodged the snagged bait.

The duck had cleared the grasses and was still flying low and with some difficulty when eccentric Nature played one of her pranks. Where the plug was ricocheting over the water there was a terrific splash. At the same moment the mallard was yanked from the air and dragged below the surface where she remained for nearly a minute. Bill immediately snapped into action and frantically rowed for the spot where the duck had disappeared.

With a deft movement he reached over the sides and grasped the struggling bird when she reappeared. The savage tugs that shook her outraged frame testified as to the ferocity and size of the fish on the other end of the line. The old man's seasoned body shook with excitement and anticipation.

Swiftly he disengaged the line and dropped the exhausted mallard to the water. The fish was now acting like a piece of chain lightning, taxing all of the fisherman's skill to recover any line at all. The light duck boat was actually moved by its terrific onslaughts.

It was fully fifteen minutes before the exhausted fish was brought alongside. There ten more minutes were consumed in dragging it aboard, for Jones had neither a landing net or a gaff. But after the task was accomplished, Bill almost lost his customary reserve in nearly giving vent to a triumphant whoop. Yes sir, the captive was none other than Old Tom, for there was that telltale scar on the gleaming side. He had caught it, but what the fates had decreed in bringing it about would forever remain a secret of the inscrutable marsh.

The following were some catches of bass made in Maiden Creek.

Don Holt of Shoemakersville employed a River Runt on Wiley's Dam on August 28 to lure an 18 inch bass.

Ray Yanish caught two bass on September 5 and on the following day caught six ranging from 13 to 15 inches.

Fishing in the vicinity of Lenhartsville on September 10 Harry Deck and John Ott each caught one 15 inches in length.

On September 11 Don Holt got another large small-mouth bass on a Heddon River Runt Shore minnow. This fish measured 19¾ inches.—Warden W. E. Wounderly.

Pennsylvania Casting Championship Results

On Sunday, September 19, 1943. The Pittsburgh Casting Club played host to the Pennsylvania State Championship casting tournament, with the fine weather the events got under way at about 10:30 A.M., the first event was Dry Fly acc. there was a tie for first place in this event between Val. Breitenbach and Frank Rutledge, Val. Breitenbach winning the Castoff with a 97% score.

The Wet-Fly acc. event was won by C. W. Ward having nine straight perfect casts missing the tenth target by one demerit giving him a 99% score.

The ⅜ oz. weight acc. event was won by John Loehstoetter with a 96% score with three other casters tailing him with 95% scores.

Nelson Lang with his nice smooth casting took the ⅝ oz. weight acc. with a 99% score.

The 1943 Champions and runners up are as follows:

⅝ oz. Accuracy

Nelson Lang	99%
C. W. Ward	98%
John Loehstoetter	98%
K. Breitenbach	97%

⅜ oz. Accuracy

John Loehstoetter	96%
K. Breitenbach	95%
C. W. Ward	95%
V. Breitenbach	95%
N. Lang	95%

WET-FLY Accuracy

C. W. Ward	99%
K. Breitenbach	96%

DRY-FLY Accuracy

Val. Breitenbach	97%
Frank Rutledge	93%
A. Finemann	92%
K. Breitenbach	91%



Eugene Zambor and his dad trolled with a spinner in Lake Wallenpaupack to take this 2 foot wall-eye and the pickerel.

FRENCH CREEK

'Tis I the creek's a'calling
As it winds it's lazy way
Through the clover scented meadows
At the early break of day.
It's ghostly mists are rising
To meet the first rays of the sun;
And a cardinal's boy-like whistle
Says the day has just begun.
There's a splashing in the eddy
Something stirring up a row,
'Tis I the creek's a'calling
And I've got to answer now!

The grackle's mighty busy
'Mongst the stones along the shore
Hunting up the crawfish
That peeled the night before.
On a snag the kingfisher's waiting
For the mists to clear away,
So he can start in fishing
With the rest of us today.
There's a splashing in the eddy
Just below the old bent tree,
And the southwind totes a message
From the creek a'calling me!

The cat-bird's loud proclaiming
In his hard and sassy way,
It's a shame to be a'sleeping
At the dawning of this day.
The old boat is a'tugging
At its length of rusty chain,
It wants to be a'moving
To the old time pool again.
There's a splashing in the eddy
Something's kicking up a row
'Tis I the creek's a'calling
And I've got to answer now!

Written forty years ago by 'Ox' Hunter, Franklin, Pa.

Title Executive at 92 Credits Fishing Trips

Samuel H. McKee, downtown executive, says at 92 that if it "hadn't been for hunting and fishing every year, I wouldn't be here today."

The white-haired, bright-eyed board chairman of the Union Title Guaranty Company substantiates his claim by not having missed a day at work in his Frick Building Annex office in many years. The only exception has been annual trips to the Canadian woods in search of game.

Looking forward to the fishing trip which he hopes to take in a few weeks, McKee said:

"I decided to give up hunting bear, moose and caribou last year. It was getting a little too strenuous."

Most of McKee's hunting expeditions were made with fellow members of the Buckskin Club, of which only one other member, Gayland C. Artman, is living today. McKee reminisced, with a chuckle:

"It was a wonderful sport even though somebody else always got the bear."

Born in Westmoreland County, September 15, 1851, McKee later moved with his family to what is now the corner of Webster Avenue and Fullerton Street, where his father was in the grocery business.—*Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph.*

BUY BONDS

HALF WORK, HALF TROUT

(Continued from page 3)

and held by a small pin forced through the head. I fished cross-current, making the minnow flash and swirl along the edges of riffles and behind rocks and logs.

I started to fish immediately below the bridge. Here, the water was several feet deep and very fast. The shores were very rocky; and I discovered, after several near mishaps, that so was the stream-bed. Looking below, I beheld magnificent mountain scenery. Mud Run here cut down through a rocky canyon. The slopes above the rock precipice were covered with soft green spruces interspersed with silvery grey birches. The face of the rock wall was ragged and sprayed with ferns of velvet fineness—ferns that molded eternally to the whims of the wind that passed along with the river through the canyon.

The river, reddish-brown from the vegetation that covered the bottom, glided hurriedly but silently, but a roar from below revealed the cataracts which were to come.

Down in that canyon, strife was far away, in another world. There was greenness, coolness, sweetness; gentle nods of the leaves, water playing musically about the stones, a catbird flitting peacefully through the drowsiness. Completely relaxed, I became intent on my fishing.

I fished for some time without incident. And then, abruptly, I saw an orange flash ahead of me, under an overhanging rock, and my line straightened. I leaned forward, feeding a little line—then, sharply, I set the hook.

It was a brownie, that soon became apparent, for he worked for the bottom. His fighting was in strong, sudden spurts—a lunge, a twist, a roll of his body. Then, for a moment, he'd sulk. I could feel him working, but slowly, effortlessly. With a little pressure, he'd renew the bitter struggles.

I landed him in a few minutes—a nice fat twelve-inch brownie.

I rebaited, then resumed my angling. I fished carefully the deep, slower-running pools, where the water was very dark, almost black. There was no sign of a fish. Finally I came to a narrow, where the water piled high in foam between huge moss-covered boulders. I began to fish along the edges of this narrow.

Soon Hallman's voice startled me, "Doing any good?"

As usual, he was smoking his pipe. "I got one nice one."

"I got a couple small ones on flies. I'm so blasted tired! I can still feel those bed springs digging me in the back."

"Not to mention mosquitoes."

We resumed our fishing. Working the side of a rotted log lying in the shallows, I raised a nice brownie, but he missed his strike and refused to return. Hallman coaxed him out with his fly, but he wouldn't hit.

Finally Hallman said, "We better get to work awhile!"

We left the stream about ten-thirty. By the time we reached the station and began to paint, it was past eleven. The sun had come out quite strong.

We didn't paint fast. In fact, I strongly suspect we attacked our jobs in a rather lazy manner. Our lethargic movements must not have impressed our observers. (Ever the painter has observers!) At last the job was finished, and while we washed our hands Hallman said, "No more painting for today. I'm too tired!"

"Yeah, so am I. What a night!" Then, curiously, "What're we going to do?"

"Hit for Hazleton, to paint tomorrow."

"Good idea!"

So off we rumbled in the Dodge. We drove over the mountain roads that curled around shaded ridges and plunged into cool valleys and wound along shallow forest streams. Finally, the dust of twilight drifted in the mountain country; the sun sank in an orgy of red and orange behind the saddle-backed hills; and a coolness, a coolness that came like a soft sprinkling of spring water on a summer's day, touched our skins and filled our lungs.

We drove into a peaceful valley. On the floor of this valley, a stream slid silently but swiftly through a thick growth of rhododendron. It was a marvelous stream; there was something mysterious, fascinating about it.

A few minutes more, and we were putting on our boots, our hopes high for a mess of brook trout.

The stream was very small. I used worms here, standing back from the water and dropping my bait gently to allow it to drift under the rocks or brush. At first, I got no action, and the punkies were terrible. The forest was in absolute calm except for the song of a wood-thrush and a woodpecker hammering away back in the forest. After a time I began to get light but very savage strikes, and soon I had small brookies slapping away on top of the water.

The stream was alive with wild native brook trout, most of them small. What the devils lacked in size, they compensated for in activity and fight. Like a flash a small brookie would dart from beneath a tree stump, and like a flash, if you didn't act and act quickly, your line would be tangled up in the roots.

Hallman was having fun, too, playing with the trout. Probably it was an all-around good time, for the brook trout were having what was possibly an unparalleled feast of worms. At last, near dark, Hallman suggested we travel on to Hazelton.

We had a tough job getting off our boots. We were stiff and sore.

"Gosh! I'm tired!" said Hallman.

"Tired is not the word."

"Well, tomorrow we'll have to work. There's a lot to do in Hazelton." Then, reflectively, "I talked with a guy up there last year who spoke of a little crick just out of town supposed to be good for brookies. We can finish kind of early tomorrow evening—"

Shortly after, we crawled into the car.

"Boy, I *am* tired!"

"That bed last night sure was terrible."

Hallman stepped on the starter. The Dodge motor began to roar.

Our day's work was just about done.

"Gus," said Bill, as he caught up with Gus on the way back to camp, "are all the rest of the boys out of the woods yet?"

"Yes," said Gus.

"All six of them?"

"Yes, all six of them."

"And they're all safe?"

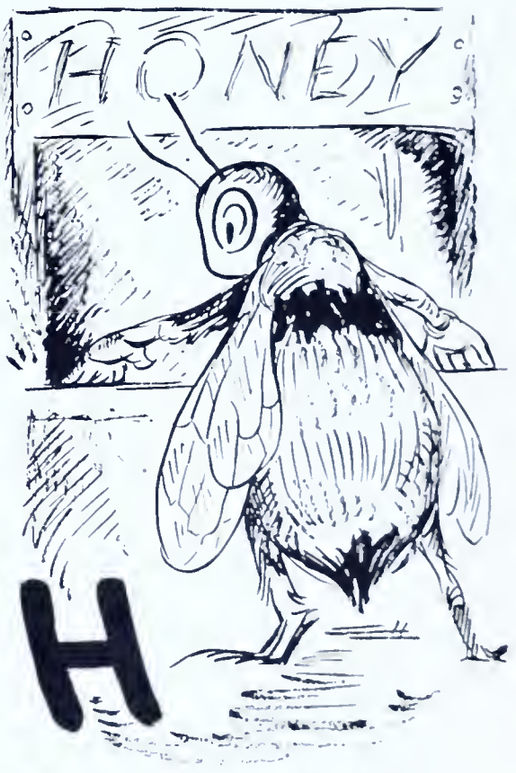
"Yep," answered Gus, "they're all safe."

"Then," said Bill, his chest swelling, "I've shot a deer."



G FOR GRASSHOPPER

O singer of songs, your melody
Was heard by old Pharaoh, and now by me!
You ruin my crops, my efforts deny,
I kill, and by millions you multipy.
Though for years our best minds have heaped abuse,
You go right on oozing tobacco juice;
You're always contrasted with Mistress Ant,
Because you make music, and Anty can't!



H FOR HONEYBEE

You're a cultivated insect
But I cannot say you're tame.
Your ancestors sailed to America
At the time the white man came.
You wisely hoard for winter,
You need much to survive;
For there may be 40,000
Of you in a single hive.
Nectar you take from the flowers
And in a factory funny,
You manufacture by yourself
Both honeycomb and honey.

FAVORITE LURES

(Continued from page 2)

Friends warned him that the darned thing would put a permanent bend in his rod tip; some wise guys poked fun at its ghost-like color; even Jean may have had his doubts when its cheap hook began to be flecked with rust.

But he kept fishing with it until one evening, after it had done its usual stuff, it literally fell apart in his hands. By now the feather wings were but tattered shreds, and the hook was red with rust. The pay-off came when the bug just dropped off the hook. Jean tried to patch up the lure, but it was beyond salvage.

And now my friend swears that he can't find—in a dime store or anywhere else—a lure as good as that old popper.

Bucky Weaver has a favorite pattern of fly which he likes to use with a small spoon on a limber casting rod. He confesses that he made the fly one evening just for want of something better to do. Built on the proportions of a streamer, it has a yellow body and two long wings made of the feathers of a guiena-hen.

My friend never fishes during bass season without spending at least a couple of hours with this lure, and the fun he has with big pickerel borders on the scandalous. I don't know how many sets of new wings he has put on this fly, or whether he has had to renew the body, but I suspect some repairs have been made on it, for one fly simply will not endure forever the punishment of pickerel teeth.

Another fishing companion of mine is sold on a large black bass bug that has done business in a big way in many a stream in Central Pennsylvania. It is just the size to suit his fancy, and its black color, in his opinion, is tops for night fishing.

This chap is an exception, however. He uses half a dozen or so of these bugs every summer, getting a new one every time an old one begins to wear out, and his fishing is consistently good.

This fact, incidentally, brings up another angle of fishing that is closely related to the favoritism shown for a single lure. It is that a man, by study and hard work, can become a specialist in using a certain kind of lure or bait.

There are men, plenty of them, who use nothing but plugs in bass and pickerel fishing. They have made a careful study of every lure in their tackle boxes, and they know exactly how and when and where each one of them should be used. They have acquired the art of deceiving fish by giving a wide variety of action to the lures. As a result, they excel any less painstaking angler in this department.

There are men who are truly experts at trout fishing but who know little or nothing about bass angling because they are not interested. And among these are some who fish dry flies, and nothing else, from the middle of April until the end of July. Like the master plug fishermen, these dry fly specialists have acquired a knowledge of every angle of the sport, have completely mastered their tackle and lures, and are capable of outstanding performances on the trout streams.

Here in Central Pennsylvania is a chap who is esteemed by all who know him as the peer of worm fishermen. Uncounted times he has taken large trout in low, clear water that was the despair of even the dry fly anglers. It may not have rained for weeks, but he can catch trout with night-crawlers when the ordinary angler gives up in disgust. That is his specialty. He loves that kind of fishing, and by stint of work and study he has become a master at it.

There is one obvious danger that the fisherman must avoid either in his devotion to a single lure or in specializing in one certain type of angling. That peril is that he will become so engrossed with his favorite that he will miss out on the pleasure of other types of lures and other methods of angling.

The really good fisherman is one who can handle a wide variety of lures for all purposes and who is able to turn his hand with success to any type of angling that the occasion may demand—and that means all the way from still-fishing for suckers in the Spring to taking trout late in July on a Size 18 fly at the end of a 20-foot, 4X leader.

Every angler should be open-minded—like one of the three of us who did some bass fishing in Wyalusing Creek last summer. It should be said that Wyalusing long has had the reputation of being a No. 1 bait stream, not consistently good with any kind of artificial lures except a fly and spinner. Brooks and I have fished this creek for many years and are well aware of this peculiarity.

Howard did not pay much attention when we mentioned the fact to him. He did not mean to ignore our advice, but he loves fly fishing for trout, and this trip to a good bass stream gave him a vision of a lot of sport with bass flies. He was so intent on his plans that the full meaning of our words did not strike home with him.

We scattered out on the stream, and in the next couple of hours Brooks and I made fine catches of big bass with helgrammites. But when we met at noon the best Howard could report was that a couple of small bass had struck at his flies.

This time Brooks and I took no chances. We backed Howard into a corner—with sandwishes as our weapons—and gave him a lecture on the necessity for being willing to use bait on this stream. We gave him a couple of fat helgrammites and sent him on his way.

The first strike was a revelation to Howard. A broad grin spread over his face as the



A man hates to give up Old Faithful.

bass took the "clipper" and began its run. He hooked it expertly and landed it. It was better than a foot in length.

Howard used helgrammites the rest of the afternoon, and soon he was sneaking up to quiet pools and getting his bait into rocky spots where the bronze-backs seemed to be waiting for him to call. He put his knowledge of trouting to good use in bass angling, you see.

By day's end his success equaled ours.

Howard was a wiser and happier angler because he had laid his old faithfuls aside and tried something new.

GREASED LINE FISHING

(Continued from page 8)

this should be much more sound than casting into it quartering down stream and having the fly swept swiftly out of there and into the heaviest water due to drag caused by line belly.

Such water appears to be the ideal set up for this type of fishing. It has been our experience that most of the fish we hooked while using the standard method took the fly after it made its arc and straightened out below. There is no reason why the greased line cast could not be fished out the same way.

In order to keep the line floating it might be necessary to false cast now and then with it to dry it. The line should float well for several hours after it is carefully greased.

We do not know definitely if greased line wet fly fishing will be practical for the Pennsylvania angler, but by comparison with the standard it certainly looks great even if it is all theory today. It will be interesting to prove this point one way or the other for our own satisfactions.

Autumn Coloring Due To Chemical Change, Not Frost

"Jack Frost can whitewash the autumn woods but he cannot paint them," James A. Kell, Secretary of the Department of Forests and Waters, said.

"Ripening of the leaves is the cause of the change in color of the forest foliage and not the action of frost," he added.

The green coloring-matter of leaves is known as chlorophyll, which is the only substance in the world that can make starch or sugar, both primary products in the economy of all plants as well as of mankind. It is made during the entire growing season.

Frost may hasten the action but does not produce the brilliant colors. With the arrival of autumn and colder weather the normal activities of the leaf are greatly slowed up and the death of the leaf may occur independently of frost. It is then that the remnant of leaf-green decomposes and lifts as a curtain to show the vivid hues beneath. Chemical changes in the mineral substances within the minute leaf cells produce the shades of color.

Leaves fall from the trees because they are worn out and have been drained of all the pulp that was stored in the twig. The leaf has done its work, and the tree lets it go, because with the coming of cooler weather, growth must stop. It is Nature's frugal way to save all the useful green leaf pulp.

Fishing Hooks, Lines and Sinkers

By Myron Huff

Our apologies to those Bellefonte trout. Dick Tyler, of Schwenkville, says they did eat hamburger—and often—that a nearby stand proprietor made himself a good living selling hamburger pats to watchers from the trains.

* * *

John Kutzer, of Palmerton, will be talking all summer about the big brown trout he brought to creel.

The battle lasted 25 minutes. Kutzer's catch weighed 7¾ pounds and measured 26½ inches. It was caught in Buckwa Creek, but John refuses to say whether it fell for the attractions of a minnow, spinner or streamer fly.

* * *

The New Jersey Fish and Game Commission has had many recent complaints from farmers and rural residents over the mysterious influx in their neighborhoods of lost dogs and cats. It is believed meat-rationed city dwellers are turning out the animals to shift for themselves.

* * *

Brown trout are running to size this season, to judge by entries received by the New Jersey Council for the Governor's Fishing Tournament.

The leader among three large specimens of brownies is the 6½ pound beauty landed by John Bosland, of Paterson. Don Groover, of Asbury, Warren County, got one weighing 5⅛ pounds, and Paul Kopak, Maplewood, has entered a brownie scaling 4½ pounds.

Ralph Nottinger, of Succasunna, creeled a rainbow weighing 1½ pounds. Walter E. Boody, of Vineland, has entered a brook trout scaling the same. A yellow perch of 12 ounces was entered by Arthur Smith, of Oakland, and Earl D. Gardiner, of Montclair, has entered a common sunfish weighing 1¼ pounds.

* * *

Pymatuning Lake on the Ohio-Pennsylvania border is open to fishermen throughout the year except that black bass, yellow pike-perch and muskellunge may be taken only between July 1 and November 30.

* * *

Many American sportsmen who have hunted moose or fished for Atlantic salmon along the Miramichi River in New Brunswick, Canada, will be sorry to hear of the passing of Albert E. Logan, long-time conductor of the Fredericton branch train, the colorfully nicknamed "Dungarvon Whooper."

Logan's courtesy was never-failing, his geniality constant as his remarkable memory for faces and names. His kindliness once went so far as to cause him to back his train three miles to pick up a pair of dawdling fishermen who lingered too long over a way-station lunch.

One was Frederick Irland, a Congressional reporter. When the train was missed, they tried to find a car to hire. There wasn't one in the district.

They had resigned themselves to waiting for the next day's "Whooper" and Irland wasn't too happy about it . . . he had a Thanksgiving Day appointment next day in Portland, Me.

Then from up the track, lost among the trees, came a whoop and down upon the station came the Whooper. Logan got off as the train halted.

"'Boo-o-rd!" he called, smiling his broad grin. Logan worked on the principle that the best New Brunswick had to offer was none too good for sportsmen who traveled hundreds of miles for its fishing and hunting.

—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

A WEEK ON MIDDLE CREEK

(Continued from page 6)

have been easy to avoid hooking them firmly Not infrequently the trout hooked itself

It was, however, not so easy to land them. Each trout that was hooked took the utmost advantage of the swift water and made a great fight for freedom. Then, too, the round stones on the bottom offered me little secure footing against the swift stream, but again and again I waded out, hooked my trout, and slowly worked my way back to where Gabe stood ready with the landing net.

The trout were so greedy that when I was standing in the water they rose all about me, sometimes within six feet of me. Often I hooked one on the first cast; never did I need to cast more than three or four times before my reel was singing and my rod bending.

When dusk was falling and the owls on the mountainside were beginning to salute each other I was ready to quit, but Gabe begged me to try once more for a big one that he had seen rise several times in some deep water near the opposite shore.

It was a long, hard wade for a tired angler surfeited with the catching of trout. Nevertheless, I went, and at my second cast the big trout rose and struck. For an instant I thought that I had missed the fish, for there was no tug on the line. Then, so suddenly and fiercely that the rod was almost jerked from my hand, the hooked fish rushed downstream for the deep water of the pool.

It took nearly a quarter of an hour to work back to where Gabe stood, and at the same time to keep some control of the fish, and it took me another quarter hour to bring it near Gabe.

When it was finally in the net Gabe found that it was hooked under the adepose fin near the tail, and that the second fly, broken from the snood, was in the rim of the trout's mouth. It had struck one fly, torn it off, and then been caught with the other fly. It was a sixteen-inch trout, broad and heavy, and I could testify to its fighting qualities. It made the fifteenth trout that Gabe deposited in the live box that evening. The School House Riffle deserved the reputation that Uncle Jim had given it.

We were astir soon after daylight the next morning. There were still a dozen miles between us and the end of our journey. It was an uneventful but still a very pleasant ride.

At 1 o'clock we tied up under the old covered bridge which spanned Middle Creek near our homes.

It was the end of a perfect week.

* * *

The final article in this series will appear next month. It is entitled "The Angler and the Fisherman." It is the story of how an old-time minnow fisherman gave a city sportsman a lesson.

Dear Sir:

Following are the final results of the big trout contest sponsored by the St. Marys Sportsmen's Association. Suffice to say, the contest certainly created a lot of interest among the anglers of this section.

Brook trout, 14 inches—Bernard Salter.

Brown trout, 21⅞ inches—Joseph Meyer.

Rainbow trout, 21¾ inches—Tom Dinsmore.

Prize for the heaviest trout went to Mr. Henry Baumer, who submitted a brown trout weighing 3½ lbs. This brown trout was only ⅛ inch shorter than the contest winning fish landed by Joseph Meyer.

Readers of your fine magazine may be interested in knowing that the brook trout was caught on opening day, while the large brown and rainbow were caught during the middle of May.

Very truly yours,

CLIFFORD SAMICK, *Vice-President,*
St. Marys Sportsmen's Association.

Regional anglers may not be catching their legal limit of fish but they are surely landing some whoppers in nearby lakes this season. Frank F. Schauer of 414 Willow Street, South Scranton, and who operates a store at 701 Cedar Avenue, is pictured above with his prize catch of a long fishing career.

The bass, measuring twenty-four inches and tipping the scale at six pounds, ten ounces, was taken from Johnson's Pond, Luzerne County. Schauer was casting from the shore and using a redhead woodpecker plug when he landed the beauty. The bass snapped Frank's line just at the shoreline and lodged between two rocks. Schauer was not to be denied and after some time he managed to get his hands on the gills of the big fish.

Rudolph Schafer of Birch Street, another veteran fisherman, was with Schauer at the time, and he, too, landed a small mouth bass that weighed four pounds.—*Scranton Times.*

The "Angler" for Christmas

Some of our friends and all the members of our families deserve more than a card for Christmas. The selection of a practical Christmas present, which will be enjoyed and appreciated, often presents a problem. The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is an ideal gift for a fisherman. This is particularly true of a fisherman in the United States Armed Forces and the property owners from whose land we angle.

An appropriate Christmas card advising the recipient of the gift will be mailed from this office shortly before Christmas for those desiring to give the ANGLER as a Christmas gift. The name and address of the donor will be placed on this card.

Twelve times each year a friend can be reminded of your Christmas thought when an issue of the ANGLER arrives in the mail.

The magazine is written about Pennsylvania fishing, by Pennsylvanians, for Pennsylvanians. The staff of contributors is composed of specialists in the respective branches of angling, all of whom qualify as authorities. Some are experts who enjoy a nation-wide reputation. Our goal is to make the magazine as instructive, interesting, and entertaining as possible and to keep the fishermen well advised as to the activity of their Board.

A week never passes that we do not receive enthusiastic letters from readers singing the praises of this publication. Many look upon it as the finest angling magazine available even though it costs less than 5 cents a copy.

BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS
HARRISBURG, PA.

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Enclosed find fifty cents ($.50) for one year's subscription to the "Pennsylvania Angler," which is to be a Christmas present to

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Bass Weighting Over 12 Pounds Caught By Boy

What is believed to be the largest black bass, of the large mouth variety, taken from the Susquehanna River, was caught by Owen Richards, 14, of the Heights, one of the boys at St. Stephen's Camp at Vosburg. It weighed 12 pounds and three ounces and was 27 inches long.

Richards saw the big fish swimming helplessly in circles while he was bathing and succeeded in getting it to shore. The fish had been attacked by an otter or some other animal, which bit out a piece of its back near the dorsal fin.

Edwin Hastings, camp director, physical director of Dewitt Clinton School, New York City, verified the size of the fish, stating that he had personally weighed it shortly after it was taken from the water. Unfortunately, he said it was not fit for human consumption due to the injury it had received, or it would have made a meal for the entire group of boys at the camp.

Wilkes-Barre Leader News.

Boy Catches Twenty Inch Carp In Creek

Stirred by reports that there were large carp in Maple Creek, near the river outlet, Sammie Luscovics, age 11 of Gibson road, reported he caught a 20-inch carp weighing three pounds even in a branch of Pigeon Creek above Cokeburg.—*Charleroi Mail.*

C. E. Carpenter, superintendent of the Central Y.M.C.A., Harrisburg caught a 3¾ lb. 20 inch small-mouth bass in the lower Juniata River. The big bass was taken on a stone catfish, Carpenter's favorite bait.

Joe Starr of Harrisburg landed a fine 19 inch bass while fishing in the Susquehanna at Perdix. The bass took a large stonie.

BIG ALLEGHENY BASS

September bass catches in this section were about on a par with the July catches, not many being taken until the last week in the month when the fish started taking both live bait and artificials better than at any time during the season.

Good catches of wall-eyes are still being taken. Harold Honhart of Warren advises he has taken 14 from the Allegheny with an average weight of four (4) pounds and the largest going to 6¾ pounds.—Warden R. C. Bailey, Youngsville.

CORRECTION

It was stated in a past issue of the ANGLER that the first law of conservation appears in the second chapter and sixth verse of the Book of Deuteronomy. It is located in the 22nd chapter and 6th verse of that book. It states, "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young."

BRRR! ATCHOO!!! FISHING WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME...SOMETIMES I EVEN WISH MY HUSBAND WOULD GET INTERESTED IN A BLONDE INSTEAD!

YOU'RE LUCKY! MY HUSBAND IS INTERESTED IN BOTH FISHING AND BLONDES

BUY WAR BONDS

IT'S A GADGET I INVENTED FOR GUYS WHO CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO GO HUNTING OR FISHING

HOW IS IT FOR FLYING FISH?

NO, NO, SUSIE, DONCHA SEE THAT SIGN?

EEK!

NO SWIMMING

OH MABEL! I HOOKED A 4F!

DON'T THROW IT BACK! IT'S OPEN SEASON ON ANYTHING YOU CAN GET THESE DAYS!

RIGHT HERE'S WHERE GERTIE MADE THE SEASON'S PRIZE CATCH... A SLINKY-FIT GIRDLE!

OH MAMA! THROW IN MY LINE!

I GAVE ART MONEY TO BUY SOMETHING TO WARM US UP!

I'M THIRSTY NOW... WHAT DID HE GET?

FOUR MUFFLERS!

ALL THESE PEOPLE AFTER THE POOR FISH!

I HOPE THEY RATION RABBITS BEFORE NEXT MONTH!

OUCH, CONSARN IT, THEY'VE DONE IT AGIN!

10-'43 -- CARROLL

BUY BONDS



FISH COMMISSION LEADS CAPITOL GROUP IN PURCHASE OF U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

With a percentage of 148.96 of it's gross monthly payroll invested in U. S. War Bonds and Stamps during September, the employees of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission surged out to take the lead over the thirty state departments on Capitol Hill.

With a percentage more than three and one-half times greater than our nearest Department runner-up, we have established a record of which we are mighty proud.

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



MERRY CHRISTMAS

DECEMBER, 1943

TEN CENTS

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★

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EDWARD MARTIN
Governor

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

VOL. XII, No. 12 DECEMBER, 1943

In This Issue:

Flycasting, The Easy Way
By John Alden Knight

The Angler and the Fisherman
By Dr. Charles Lose

An Incomplete Angler
By Jack Butler

Fertilization of Fish Ponds

Fish Like Black Lures
By Dick Fortney

Good All Season Trout Fishing In Hard Fished Waters
By Charles K. Fox

The Ones That Get Away
By Richard Esler

Modern Trouting
By Charles K. Fox

Due to conditions beyond the control of the Fish Commission it has been impossible to maintain a regular publication schedule of the Pennsylvania Angler.

USEFUL WORK . . . RIGHT TO OUR DOORSTEP

From The Izaak Walton League of America

Never has there been greater need for conservation and replenishment of our basic natural resources than in the period immediately following this war. This is a simple, inescapable fact gradually being impressed on the consciousness of the nation. Cities, states and even small communities are making plans for useful after-the-war work. In most instances it is necessary to look no further than our own front yards.

Nearly every community has witnessed the rapid destruction of our basic resource, the soil. Most of this waste of life-giving topsoil has been due to erosion caused by poor agricultural practices. But a surprising amount has originated in the scars left by our highway engineers, raw and bleeding cuts that grow deeper with everly rainfall, carrying an ever increasing load of silt into our streams. Through these two agencies we have seen the greater part of this nation's original vegetation removed and through such removal the loss of suitable wildlife habitat. It is with the re-vegetation of our highway cuts and fills that we shall concern ourselves in this discussion for this offers a field of employment in nearly every section of the country.

Projects of this nature, however, should be intelligently undertaken, as W. R. Van Dersal of the Soil Conservation Service pointed out:

"The same forces that cause soil losses have destroyed wildlife habitats. The removal of the vegetative cover has permitted washing away of topsoil, and this in turn has prevented the return of vegetation and the eonsequent restoration of wildlife. It is only natural, therefore, that re-vegetation should be relied upon to conserve soil, and since the same vegetation can be made to provide more wildlife habitat, it is possible to conserve two resources with one operation. It becomes apparent that soil conservation, if properly managed, can mean wildlife eonservation.

"But to carry out a program of soil and wildlife eonservation vegetation must be utilized intelligently. Where considerable numbers of plants are to be employed, it is essential to know as much as possible about every species of tree, shrub or herb we propose for planting. We should know where and on what soils a species will grow, what degree of drought or moisture it can endure, the nature and extent of its root system, its susceptibility to insects and disease, its aggressiveness, its value to the landowner as a crop producing plant, and its use as food or cover by wildlife."

Indeed, use of proper types of vegetation to heal highway cuts can serve a triple purpose: not only the eventual control of erosion and restoration of extensive wildlife habitat, but most decided beautification of the entire landscape. For the latter reason alone such projects should have a strong appeal to local civic groups.

A noted landscape architect set forth the following basic principles governing the use of trees, shrubs and other vegetation in highway plantings:

"The primary purpose of highway planting is to enhance the peculiar qualities in the views and scenery of the surroundings through which a highway passes so that the development within the highway limits will be properly consistent and appropriate to that which lies over the fence or beyond the highway borders, and will, therefore, present to the motorist the best of the landscape qualities inherent in it.

"The creation of landscape effects on the usually limited highway areas with little or almost no attention to the surroundings is not the correct approach and cannot be considered satisfactory roadside improvement. A systematic study of the native flora along and immediately adjacent to the highway will indicate the most appropriate plant materials to be used, and such an analytical process should develop selective appreciation of natural plantings upon the highways.

"The ecological or natural landscape approach to the highway planting program aims to avoid the typical static, or garden-estate type of plantation design . . . Nature is to be followed as closely as possible with fullest ultilization of native materials or harmonizing types if the landscape development of highways is to proceed . . . It is imperative, therefore, that the landscape technician adopt the broadest ecological viewpoint concerning the planting phases of the landscape development of highways."

Use of shrubs bearing beautiful fruits will automatically provide food for wildlife. Plantings of species particularly effective in erosion control will automatically provide the necessary cover for wildlife. And food and cover are two essentials.

The dangers of luring birds and animals to the edge of highways where the mortality is great can be in great part eliminated by placing the plantings of food and cover back from the roadway. But this is the usual practice, as plantings of any but low-growing shrubs and grasses too close to the roadway become hazards to motorists.

The Izaak Walton League of America advances the suggestion that every community make a survey of its own approaches, its state, county and town highways, and if this survey reveals a series of ugly scars along its highway rights-of-way, urge the transformation of these bare and gullied roadsides to the green and attractive beauty spots which they can become at surprisingly small expense.

FLY CASTING, THE EASY WAY

By JOHN ALDEN KNIGHT

YEAR after year the outdoor magazines have spent a great deal of time and considerable wordage, explaining how and where to catch more and more fish. As the new methods are outlined and developed, we learn that the fly rod plays an increasingly large part in these innovations. Strangely enough, very little—far too little—has been written concerning the correct and effortless handling of this deadliest of all angling equipment.

For some reason or other, the average man—or woman—rarely takes the trouble to find out how to handle a fly rod so that he or she can get the best results from the effort expended. Just for fun, count up the good fly casters among your angling friends and acquaintances; the ones who make a fly rod do for them *exactly* what they want it to do, both in distance and accuracy, regardless of position or cramped quarters. Our guess is that you can count them on the fingers of one hand and have room to spare. This despite the fact that it is easier to cast correctly than it is incorrectly.

The Correct Grip.

Perhaps the best way to approach the problem is to begin at the beginning. Ninety-nine out of any hundred anglers do not hold a fly rod correctly. It is natural to grasp a fly rod as you would pick up a hammer, handle against the palm and held there by the fingers, with the thumb on top—that is, in line with the application of power as you strike the head of a nail. And that may be all right for a hammer. Not being a carpenter, I'm not sure. But it isn't all right for a fly rod.

Years ago the bait casters learned that greater accuracy and ease of casting could be attained by holding the reel at the left side of the rod, handles up, so that free, unhampered use of the wrist could be employed. Why not apply this sound reasoning to the fly rod? When you consider that the average day of dry-fly fishing entails the making of five or six thousand casting motions, surely it is logical to strive to obtain the maximum of comfort and performance from the minimum of effort. The answer lies, primarily, in holding the rod correctly.

As you read this, pick up any object that is handy, such as a pencil or a fountain



The Free Wrist Grip. This is the comfortable and correct grip of the fly caster.

pen, that can serve as an experimental rod grip. Now, open the right hand and place the "rod grip" against the heel of the index finger and the heel of the hand, diagonally across but not touching the palm. Next, place the side of the thumb, near the nail, against the "grip," thus supporting it between the side of the thumb and the side of the second joint of the index finger. Now close the hand so that only the tips of the three remaining fingers serve to lend additional support. A glance at the illustration will show you what is meant by the foregoing.

Now, execute the motions of fly casting, remembering to have the palm of the casting hand *always facing the direction of the cast.* You will find that the wrist will be free enough to permit the complete casting motions without any aid from the forearm. If you hold the hand a bit to the side instead of in front of the body, that makes the casting motion still more comfortable.

Just for comparison, hold the improvised "rod grip" in the "hammer-handle" style, executing the casting motions so that the thumb travels in the plane of motion of the cast. Without moving the forearm, you will be surprised to note how quickly the wrist will lock, impeding further motion. Having done this, go back to the correct grip again and see the difference.

When all is said and done, fly casting is what our high school physics book called "simple harmonic motion." And the same rules apply. To obtain maximum efficiency from applied power, apply it in the direction of the motion it is intended to create. That's only plain common sense. And it fits right into the jig-saw puzzle of fly casting.

The High Back Cast

With this in mind, take your fly rod out on the lawn—or anyplace where there is enough room—and rig it with line and reel. Now, holding it correctly, strip about twenty-five feet of line from the reel and cast it out on the grass in front of you. Holding the rod just below the "ten o'clock" position (see accompanying sketch) with a *gradually accelerated* motion, ending with a flip of the rod tip at "one o'clock," toss the line into the air behind you so that it will extend out more or less straight from the rod tip at an angle of about twenty-five or thirty degrees *above the horizontal.* The best way to make sure that the back cast goes where you want it to go is to turn your head and watch the line as it travels to the rear. For the time being, don't concern yourself with the forward cast. Learn to throw the high back cast until you can do it perfectly every time. If you do this, repeatedly, time after time, until you *know* you can do it without fail, you will learn several valuable things about fly casting.

Timing

First, you will learn the "feel" of your rod as it goes into action, first the middle section, then the tip. Second, you will learn to know at all times the exact position of your line in the air behind you, merely by the "feel" of your rod as you execute the back cast. Last, and by far the most important, you will learn *how long* it takes for your line to straighten itself behind you.



Faulty Back Cast—Too low. A good back cast makes a good forward cast.

In this way, and in this way only, will timing, that 6th sense of fly casting, become almost second nature to your casting hand. Once you have mastered timing, there is nothing to prevent you from becoming a good caster. Until you master it, believe me when I say that you can *never* become a good fly caster. And you can learn timing easily, simply by watching your back cast. As easy as that.

Reasons for the Free-Wrist Grip and the High Back Cast

It might be helpful to take a quick look at the reasons underlying the foregoing instructions, otherwise they may sound somewhat on the dogmatic side. They are not meant to be so.

With the free-wrist grip, I am sure that you will find casting more comfortable and less tiring. In addition, this manner of holding the rod makes throwing the high back cast ever so much easier.

The reason for the high back cast is quite logical. The moment that the line, impelled by the rod tip, begins its journey to the rear, the force of gravity asserts itself and the line begins to fall. Not fast, but it falls just the same. It continues to fall every instant it is in the air behind you. It is

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The high back cast is the correct back cast.

THE ANGLER AND THE FISHERMAN

Uncle Jim, the Minnow Fisherman, Gives Overholt, the City Sportsman, an Angling Lesson

This is the fourth and last in a series of articles made up of excerpts from the book, "The Vanishing Trout," by the late Dr. Charles Lose, conservationist, sportsman, and educator. The scene is Loyalsock Creek, in Central Pennsylvania. Uncle Jim was the father of the author. Overholt was a city visitor to this valley of veteran anglers.

This material from "The Vanishing Trout" is presented with the permission of Col. Henry W. Shoemaker, publisher of the Altoona Tribune.

UNCLE Jim and Overholt met for the first time that evening in the dining room of the little hotel at Barbour's Mills. After supper they met again in the lounging room of the hotel where some one had built a fire in the wood stove. In early May the nights are cool in the Northern Alleghenies, and in the room, made comfortable by the fire, half a score of men, mostly residents of the little mountain hamlet, soon gathered.

Uncle Jim and Overholt were the only fishermen stopping at the hotel at the time, and they were naturally the center of interest. For more than forty years Uncle Jim had made the hotel his stopping place when fishing for trout on that part of the Loyalsock. His coming was always hailed with delight by the men of the place, for he was the teller of many quaint, whimsical stories.

Moreover, he was an expert fisherman with his favorite bait, the spinning minnow, and the native fisherman had great respect for his skill and for his knowledge of the stream and of the trout.

It was Overholt's second visit to the Loyalsock. He was a city sportsman, an angler with the fly, opinionated and loud voiced on all matters pertaining to trout and trout fishing. He was a big man, and in his complete sporting costume he looked the part of the accomplished angler. To Overholt, Uncle Jim, in his well worn outfit of ordinary clothing, was only one of many other fishermen he had met in his time. He was a person, no doubt, with some local reputation as a fisherman, Overholt thought, but not in the same class with himself, who had fished many streams in many parts of the country.

Uncle Jim told no stories that evening. Overholt took the middle of the stage and held it easily. He first exhibited his rod, which he carried in a well constructed case. It was a beautiful, hand-made, split bamboo rod of good length and weight. He put it together and fitted on the reel so that the men could test its spring and balance. Their hearty praise of it gratified his pride.

Then he brought out his fly book and showed them such a collection of flies and leaders as had seldom been seen on the Loyalsock. There were several successful fly fishermen among the men, but to any opinions they ventured to express about the color, size, and general make-up of some of his flies, he gave scant heed. His knowledge of trout flies was supreme, and he tolerated no advice on the subject from local fishermen who often used flies of their own crude construction.

Always, when he had displayed an article of tackle and made everyone understand its superior make, he stated its cost. Rod and reel, line and leaders, flies and fly book, all were the best of their kind and bought at the highest price.

The total cost of his tackle would have bought all of the other fishermen in the room all of the tackle they could have used during the remainder of their lives. Cheap fishing tackle, he told the men in his loud, positive way, was used only by second-rate fishermen.

Uncle Jim did not hear all of the boastful and patronizing talk with which Overholt filled the evening. He sat quiet and apparently attentive, but at times he was listening to the familiar voice of the Loyalsock on the long riffle just above the covered bridge a few rods away.

Again, when the wind was right, he was listening to the babble of Bear Creek as it emptied itself into the main stream a hundred yards below the old bridge. Once he heard a whip-poor-will on the mountainside across the creek start up its loud lament. It was the first one of the season for him, and he strained his ear to hear as much as possible of its shrill call.



Well, Jim drew out the old leather wallet.

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AN INCOMPLETE ANGLER

By JACK BUTLER

IN HIS "Compleat Angler," Isaak Walton tells only of the fish he catches. Nothing is said, if anything, of the ones he doesn't catch or the bad days when they aren't hitting. All the outdoors magazines run stories of successful trout fishermen, with pictures of fifteen or twenty inchers but not much is mentioned about the guys who fish and fish and never get anything. Hence this tale of a novice's attempt at fly casting for trout.

It should have been nipped in the bud. The war should have been crowded off the front pages because of a certain editor of an "Outdoors Calling" column. A good messy murder would always rate an eight column head.

It was his stirring stories of the thrills of fly casting for trout, of standing thigh deep in a tumbling mountain stream, of how the trout would hit your fly and the battle one has to bring the fish to gaff. Pardon us, we mean net. It was the glowing words he wrote of fly and bug tying as a hobby that gave our nearest relative the idea of giving us a Bass bug-tying outfit for a Christmas gift two years ago. That, was only the beginning.

We spent hours at a time for nearly two years and the further we got into it, the more dollars we spent on fur, feathers and steel. We accumulated all the catalogs of materials and books on fly tying that was possible.

We tied all manner of patterns but never went fly fishing. All our fishing life has been on salt water. Surf, bay and deep sea. From the Palm Beach Area up to and along the South Jersey Coast. We have taken many kinds of ocean fish, from the lowly Croaker on up through Whiting, Blues Pompano, King Fish, to a two hundred and fifty pound Shark, but never any fresh water fishing since away back in the bent pin and Sunnies stage.

But early this year, when war time restrictions became apparent, rumors came thick and fast, as to how much shore fishing was going to be permitted, things didn't look so bright. Then, we were subtly induced by those glossy columns to turn our minds towards sweet water fishing.

We caught it bad and with feverish haste, started to tie the patterns of flies and streamers recommended for trout in our part of the state.

Coachmen, plain, Royal and California. Mickey Finns, Light and Dark Cahills, Dark and Light Tigers, March Browns and that terrific killer that is barred on English trout streams, the deadly Alexandria, both as a wet and as a streamer. Four or more sizes of each pattern.

We arranged for a week off from our work. Openingdayitis was in our veins.

Hours were spent in the tackle store. Four of us wasted a heap of a salesman's time and our own. Three trout fishermen and a greenhorn, meaning us. We, needed a complete outfit, rod, line, reel, leaders, etc., etc. After hours of discussion on the merits of each article, we were properly outfitted, even to a LANDING NET. We all left the store after spending a lot more than was necessary and each of us had a couple of gimicks he wouldn't need, ever. But all fishermen are like the even the sea going kind.

There was nothing more to do but to wait for the fateful day, very impatiently. Wednesday, April 15, was very, very slowly approaching.

The day before we were taken out to Darby Creek for instructions and to practice the art of fly casting, never having done so, at all. We made out all right after getting hung up on bushes and tree limbs quite a few times, on the back cast.



Sweet Arrow Lake at Pine Grove yielded an 18 in. 3 lb. big-mouth bass to John J. Foran of Minersville. A night crawler did the trick.

We got the hang of it, good enough anyhow and were raring to go and getting all fluttery inside.

We were to go to bed at the unearthly hour of ten o'clock so as to be able to get up and meet at three A.M., when the gang was to start for the Octoraro Creek. Of course at the last minute we had forgotten to get a few more tippets and wanted a new thermos bottle to take some unsalted ice cold tomato juice along, an excellent thirst quencher our other fishing experience has taught us. Dashing to a nearby shopping center we made our purchases and hurried home to get to bed.

This going to bed so early was a new wrinkle with us but we retired with the determination to get a few hour's good sound sleep so as to be in good shape for the gruelling day ahead of us. At least twenty times between ten and two we came to and looked at the clock. Finally unable to stand the nervous strain any longer we got up, made ourselves a cup of coffee and sat down to wait for Gunnis, who was to stop for us. He never did show up and after giving him a half an hour's grace we drove out to meet the rest of the pack. The rest had already gathered. Bill, Charlie, Willis and Nate. After a few moments we were off.

Understanding that one of the traditions of a fishing trip is to stop for breakfast, we did just that, pausing at an all night diner out on route No. 30. After consuming some stuff, allegedly called food, we proceeded on our way in the dawn's early light and went through Coatesville onto route No. 572 to below Atglen, where we hit the Octoraro and the place we were to fish just as the gun went off at five-thirty. In that early hour of the morning the mist was hanging along the creek bed like a veil and it was pretty darn cold. Rigging up and getting into the water was only a matter of a few minutes. There was trout in them thar waters, for right off the handle, the first cast Bill made, a seven inch rainbow hit a red and white bucktail streamer and was netted after a mighty struggle. All in all it was grand and after the sun finally peeked over the hills the creek was really pretty to look at and it was good to be there.

After fishing a couple of hours, Gunnis, the sixth member, who had overselpt, caught up with us. He found us by driving to the headwaters of the creek up near a town called Gap, in Lancaster County, driving down the creek until he found us, stopping every once in a while to inspect a group of anglers.

A two-hour pause at noon to eat lunch was called and after that the party resumed fishing up the creek for quite a long distance until late in the afternoon. A successful day was had by all, except ourselves, as far as fish taken was concerned. The entire party of six of us took twenty-one trout, rainbows all, of which six were kept and the others returned to the water. Our contribution to the twenty-one was one, well under legal size, four and a quarter inches, to be exact. Two chubs, were also our own fish taken and slid carefully back into the creek. Bright colored Bucktails and feathered streamers worked well. Six were taken on a nicely tied bee and four on a streamer, the body resembling the bee but with a red tail and black bucktail wings.

The following morning found Bill, Gun-

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FERTILIZATION OF FISH PONDS

Prepared in the Division of Fishery Biology

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THE number of ponds constructed on farms throughout the country has increased amazingly during the past three or four years. Although complete figures are not obtainable, these farm fish ponds undoubtedly are numbered by tens of thousands and represent a potential source of a significant quantity of food.

The poundage of fish yielded by an individual pond depends largely upon how much fish food is available in its waters. Most pondfish eat smaller fishes, water insects, and small crustacea; these, in turn, are dependent upon minute water plants for foods. These plants, most of which are of microscopic size, are unable to grow unless certain chemicals, especially nitrogen, phosphorous, and potash are present in the water in sufficient quantities. If the pond receives water that drains a rich and fertile soil, it may contain an adequate supply of these necessary chemicals and yield as much as 200 pounds of fish per acre. Ordinarily, however, it is desirable, or even essential, to improve upon natural conditions by the use of fertilizers, thus insuring favorable conditions for rapid growth. By proper fertilization the productive capacity of ponds may be enormously increased, the gain in fish production ranging from 50 per cent in naturally poorer waters to a threefold increase in ponds draining rich soils.

The general principles of pond fertilization here outlined are applicable to the numerous ponds maintained by State and Federal fish hatcheries, as well as to privately owned and operated farm ponds.

In principle, pond fertilization is similar to the fertilization of land, but the procedure to be followed differs in several details. In land fertilization the soil acts as a storehouse in which the fertilizer is held temporarily until utilized by plants. In ponds, however, the fertilizing elements go into solution in a short time and if not utilized immediately may be carried away and lost.

It must be emphasized that just as various soils need different fertilizers for best results so diverse bodies of water may vary in their requirements. Unfortunately, however, we have little factual information on the particular combination of fertilizers that will give the best results in various types of waters. Consequently, the only safe course is to use a so-called "complete" fertilizer. The process of pond fertilization is complicated by the evidence that not all fish respond equally well to the same fertilizer. Even if fertilizers that contain all of the essential elements in proper proportion are employed, the kind of fertilizer to be used may depend, to some extent at least, on the species and size of fish present.

Organic and Inorganic Fertilizers

Both organic and inorganic fertilizers have been used in ponds with satisfactory results. Of the organic fertilizers, stable manure is probably best known, but has two very serious disadvantages. In the first place, it varies so widely in composition that it is impossible to make definite recommendations regarding the amount to be used. Secondly, unless great care is exercised in its use, serious depletion of the dissolved oxygen in the pond is likely to result, with a consequent loss of fish by asphyxiation. These objections do not apply to dried manures which can be obtained in any quantity desired and have been used with satisfactory results.

Cottonseed, soybean, and peanut meals are probably the most satisfactory organic fertilizers. Formerly, it was recommended that these meals be used alone in fertilizing fish ponds, but recent studies indicate that production can be increased by the addition of inorganic fertilizers such as superphosphate and lime.

The inorganic fertilizers are similar to those applied to field crops. They may be purchased in the form of a complete fertilizer or may be mixed by the user.

Choice of Fertilizer

In the Service's earlier experiments a combination of dried sheep manure and superphosphate was used with excellent results. The most satisfactory mixture consisted of equal parts sheep manure and superphosphate. The superphosphate should contain 16 percent of available phosphoric acid. Later it was found that an equal amount of cottonseed meal, soybean meal, or peanut meal could be substituted for sheep manure with little change in the results. Since the cost of sheep manure, cottonseed meal, soybean meal, and peanut meal is approximately the same, it is largely a matter of personal preference which product is used.

There is increasing evidence that inorganic fertilizers are superior to organic fertilizers. The nutrient elements are more readily dissolved in the water and produce their effects almost at once. Furthermore, the use of inorganic fertilizers apparently offers greater opportunities for the control of the larger submerged vegetation. Experiments at Leetown, W. Va., during the past 3 years have revealed combinations which will prohibit or actually eliminate the growth of *Chara* and Potamogetons by stimulating the growth of forms of algae which smother them out or otherwise prevent them from growing.

Recently Swingle and Smith at the Alabama Agricultural Experiment Station have been conducting extensive experiments with inorganic fertilizers. They originally recommended the following 7-8-2 mixture as giving most satisfactory results:

40 pounds sulphate of ammonia
60 pounds superphosphate (16 percent)
5 pounds muriate of potash
30 pounds basic slag, or
15 pounds finely ground limestone

The basic slag or limestone is added to neutralize the acid formed when the ammonium sulphate is broken down and probably will be unnecessary in waters containing considerable quantities of lime.

More recently Swingle and Smith have recommended a ready-mixed 6-8-4 fertilizer to which 10 pounds of nitrate of soda (in soft waters) or 10 pounds of ammonium sulphate (in hard waters) are to be added to each 100 pounds of the fertilizer. The above amounts are sufficient for one application to an acre of water. With the use of this fertilizer Swingle and Smith reported annual yields up to 400 pounds of fish per acre. This is a remarkably high production and probably cannot be realized under ordinary conditions.

The advisability of adding larger amounts of nitrogen and potash to the inorganic fertilizer combinations, particularly in hard waters, is indicated by recent experiments at Leetown where a 12-5-5 combination set a record production of 262 pounds of fingerling bass per acre and by the recent publications of Swingle and Smith in which nitrogen and potash ratios have been increased.

Amount of Fertilizer Required

The amount of fertilizer required for best results will, of course, depend on local conditions. A pond that is naturally productive will require less fertilizer than one that is relatively unproductive. Furthermore, ponds with considerable overflow will require more fertilizer than those in which there is little loss of water. When using a dry organic or inorganic fertilizer from 500 to 1,000 pounds per acre for the season ordinarily will be sufficient. In ponds notably lacking in fertility larger amounts may be used to advantage, but as a rule this is not necessary and simply results in waste.

Composition and Application of Fertilizer

Tables 1 and 2 list single fertilizers and combinations of fertilizers which should give satisfactory results when used as recommended. At present, it is impossible to make definite recommendations as to which fertilizer to use and the fish-culturist should select the one that seems best suited to his particular needs. Only by experimentation can he determine which will consistently give best results under his conditions.

For convenience in describing methods of application, the fertilizers have been divided into two groups, the *organic* and the *inorganic* fertilizers. In applying these fertilizers to hatchery nursery ponds the applications should be made at more frequent intervals than when fertilizing farm ponds.

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FISH LIKE BLACK LURES

Both Trout and Bass Respond Well, Whether It Be a Size 20 Dry Fly or a Plug That Weighs an Ounce and a Half

By DICK FORTNEY

THE moon was so bright that a newspaper could have been read out there in the middle of the creek where I was standing. Trees and bushes on the far shore stood out in bold relief against the lighted sky, and some of the larger rocks on the bed of the stream could easily be seen.

There were bass in the great, quiet pool in which our little party was angling. We had seen them swirl and rise to the surface just at dusk, after a couple of them had been taken on casting rod lures in the late afternoon.

But in spite of the fact that the three of us had used three different types of lures, it was 10 o'clock and time to start for home, and still not a fish had so much as ruffled the surface.

I had been using Jitterbugs, and under the circumstances the noisy burbling of their progress across the surface of the water should have produced action, but I was fishless like the rest in spite of use of a variety of sizes and colors of the lure.

Purely on an impulse I decided to try once more before quitting. This was a Jitterbug, too, but a bit larger than those I had been fishing before, and it was jet black in color.

I saw it splash gently into the water, and the moon lighted the slight wake that it created as it wobbled from side to side across the stream toward me.

Then it happened.

There was a churning and splashing of the water, the rod whipped down, and the Jitterbug disappeared. A moment or two later I netted one of the nicest bass I ever have caught in this stream.

The incident illustrates the point this article is intended to make—that fishing with black lures of all kinds is good policy.

Ray Bergman comments in one of his books that the black lure is one of the most effective of them all, yet few anglers make a habit of using them. Almost any angler will agree that the last part of this statement is true in his own case.

We anglers think a lot and we read a lot about the delicate problems of creating in our trout flies the true colors of the natural insects they are intended to imitate. Most bass fishermen are convinced that the bronze-backs are especially attracted by

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My friend, disgusted, sat on a big rock.

GOOD ALL SEASON TROUT FISHING IN HARD FISHED WATERS

A Post War Possibility

By CHARLES K. FOX

WHAT will our trout fishing be like after the war? Our guess is that there will be much more activity along this line than ever before. There will be many new anglers. Their numbers may increase even more than they did from 1931 to 1940—and in license sale that was an increase of 133,290. Many of us are also looking forward to the time when we can catch up on our angling.

The war has brought a change of attitude. It can generally be measured by the outlook of Charlie Mensch, one of the members of the Board of the Fish Commission, now serving his Country over seas with the Sea-Bees. One day when he was home on furlough we happened to meet on a stream. He made a statement to this effect. "After the war is over I'm really going to enjoy life and plan accordingly. In the past it has been too much work and not enough play. I am going to make plans which include more hours along the streams." That feeling is probably general and not limited to service men.

We may see an era of a shorter working day and more leisure time. At any rate there will probably be more anglers who spend numerous evenings on trout streams. They will want to be there for the evening fishing—that enchanted last hour or two before dark which is often worth all the remaining of the twenty four put together.

If we are correct in our assumption that there will be greater fishing pressure after the war than ever before then we should think about some plan to bring about better all season trouting. Inveterate trout fisherman would like to look forward from evening to evening to locating some feeding fish and have a reasonably good chance of taking a brace of fine fish.

It requires plenty of trout to furnish good trout fishing. If there are only several trout in a good pool or riffle a fisherman probably won't get any or even see any; if there are lots of fish in this pool or riffle he will probably see some activity and he may catch a few trout. A baseball player can't hit them if he can't see them; a hunter can't shoot them if he doesn't get the shots, and a trout fisherman can't catch them if they are not there in reasonable quantity. Unfortunately, as the season progresses the supply of trout becomes woefully low; so low, in fact, that some fishermen give up entirely. Many a persistent soul is elated when he manages to hook several trout in the course of an evening's fishing late in the season. Unfortunately this is the case in Pennsylvania's hard fished waters just as it is in nearly all hard fished streams.

When the season opens there are trout to take and practically everyone takes some. This mad flurry may not be long lived but on every trout water we ever fished on the opening day it existed at least for several hours.

For years we opened the season on Big Spring near Newville in Cumberland County along with a great army of fishermen. In those days the limit was the ridiculously high amount of 25 per day. Between midnight and about nine in the morning "the slaughter was on." Some fishermen actually caught and killed 25 trout during that time. Everybody took some. It was impossible to take as many trout from 10 A.M. until dark as it was during the opening hours of the day. It was also practically impossible to take as many trout any other day of the season as it was on the opening day in spite of the fact that the stream was much less congested after the first day. The reason was that the supply had diminished in a very short time, in fact in several hours. On April 14th we had a stream teeming with brook trout; on April 16th it was a much depleted stream. By the middle of May the supply was very low.

Those fish that get by the first mad flurry are quickly educated, thank goodness, for those are the fish which must furnish fishing during the ensuing 14 weeks. If the newly stocked trout which survive the first day did not quickly discover that man is their mortal enemy they would be taken out by the end of the first week of fishing. Those that survive learn very quickly that a motion, a shadow, a vibration, a leader and the like are danger signals. The hand of man which fed them for the early part of their lives is no longer a friendly hand. We are considering, of course, the streams near centers of population and not the remote and inaccessible mountain streams.

After fish become adjusted to fishing conditions they are difficult to catch, but not too difficult. If these fish were any easier to take they would all be caught after a short time and there would be no fishing; if they were any harder to catch the fisherman would not be able to get any at all. We are fortunate that the trout are just as they are, no tougher, no easier.

April 15th, 1942 found thousands of anglers on the 35 miles of the Yellow Breeches Creek in Cumberland County, and practically all of them caught trout. The average creel at the end of the first day appeared to be about 7 fish, many took ten. If there were 5,000 fishermen on this stream during the first three days of the season, and if each one took home four trout per day it means that the demand could not be adequately supplied by the State; the cost makes that prohibitive. The best the State can do is to stock 3½ trout per licensed fisherman, and we get little or no natural reproduction in some of our trout waters. As the season progressed the fellows asked, "What is the trouble with the trout fishing?" The correct answer we believe was, "the fishing is poor because there are not enough trout left to make it well worth while."

We believe the average fisherman would rather catch several fish practically every time he goes out than take ten the opening day and hardly any after that. We also believe the average fisherman would rather take one fish weighing one pound or better (13½ inches or up) than half a dozen which just exceed the legal limit.

Now, if the thing is managed properly the condition of having more and bigger fish can exist. It can exist if the fishermen are willing to sacrifice meat for sport. If the fisherman will release all small trout, there will be more sport for him the next time he steps into that stretch. Fortunately the most skilled, who fish a great deal, kill very few. An excellent fisherman from Williamsport tells of a place in which 104 purchased trout were stocked. The result was good fishing. One hundred of these 104 trout were caught, tagged, and returned to the stream. Needless to say good fishing still prevailed. Here was a case where the fisherman caught in one season 96% of the stocked trout.

Too often the attitude is taken that, "if I don't kill this fish the next man who catches him will, therefore, I'll keep him." The way to overcome this contention is to have the same restrictions for everyone in certain sections. It works at Fisherman's Paradise and it will work anywhere else if the property owner cooperates and the Fish Commission stocks. The property owner must permit the expulsion of the violator from his premises and refuse admittance to him thereafter.

It has been the experience of two Cumberland County sportsmen's organizations that such areas were well received and no infringements occurred. Undoubtedly the Fish Commission will encourage such restricted areas and stock them for the sportsmen.

One of these Cumberland County Associations instituted a restricted area on a three quarter of a mile stretch of the Yellow Breeches Creek. Improvement work had been carried on there by the members. The restrictions are, release everything under 10 inches and do not kill more than two a day. The fisherman may catch all he can. He may use any lure or bait he chooses. Trout were stocked there which were secured from the State, and to help the supply the Association purchased some from a private hatchery and stocked these fish



The Berks Co. Chapter of the I. W. L. A. leased Egelman's Reservoir from the City of Reading and have used it for a juvenile fishing pond for some years. Because of the war, fishing had to be discontinued there. The Club decided to drain the pond and redistribute the fish in open fishing water. Mr. M. A. Securda writes: We netted and removed approximately 4000 fish; mostly bass, crappie, and sunfish, with a few catfish, suckers and about 50 frogs. Of the bass about 150 ranged from 15 to 19 inches, and about 200 ranged from 11 to 15 inches. The most remarkable thing about the whole affair was that we did not lose a single fish, and for that we are very appreciative of the fine cooperation we received from Bill Wounderly, our local fish warden, his able assistants, the City of Reading Water Department, and our local members and friends. The operation took about four hours not counting the time it took to drain the reservoir.

sometime after the opening of the season. May stocking along with the pre-season stocking seems to be an ideal system from a fishing standpoint. We must admit that in this day and age trout fishing is an artificial proposition in most of our waters, insofar as our supply of trout is concerned. If anyone is seen breaking these restrictions he can be asked to leave the meadow and told not to return again. However, there has never been any such trouble. During the first year of the experiment there was only one objection voiced and when that individual was advised of the ends which were being accomplished he was 100% for the plan.

Trout from commercial hatcheries at that time cost about 85c per pound. This Association stocked 125 fish most of which weighed one pound; however, some were considerably larger. In this case the Fish Commission loaned the Association a tank truck for the transportation of the fish from the hatchery to the stream and no loss occurred. About 80 or 90 of these fish were caught out. The remainder may have migrated for they were rainbow trout.

On the first day that the fishing was opened, five days after the stocking of these trout, an angler who knew nothing of this stocking activity, fished his way down stream into this area. He managed to hook, play, and land one of the largest stocked trout. He proudly displayed his 21 inch rainbow, the finest trout he ever caught, and remarked, "Well, here is an old stager; this one was not stocked last spring." After he heard of the recent stocking he was not disillusioned for the fish had offered him plenty of pleasure and thrills.

The Game Commission has introduced farm-game hunting projects upon which there are large open hunting areas and small refuges where hunting is prohibited. Game works in and out of the refuges during the season and a certain amount of brood stock survives the hunting season. This is an excellent program but compared to the management of trout streams it is complex. When the gun of the hunter cracks and the game crumples its usefulness as sport is forever past, but when a fish has unsuccessfully made its desperate struggle for freedom and then is lifted from the water, it can be returned without injury to once again furnish sport.

Two fishermen were fishing the Paradise branch of the Broadhead. They were about 50 yards apart. The one fisherman floated his fly beside a rock and a trout sucked it under the surface. The fish was played and landed. Before the angler released the trout his companion asked him if the fish had a white scar on its head. Its captor informed his companion that the fish had, whereupon it was declared that that same fish had been taken from the same spot the previous weekend. Fortunately, for the

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THE ONES THAT GET AWAY

By RICHARD ESLER

THE president of the Angler's Club rapped on the table with his gavel.

"The meeting is adjourned," he announced.

In his neat handwriting the secretary recorded the time of adjournment and closed his notebook. The members hitched their chairs around the big stove, and the air grew thick with pipe smoke and angling stories. As the secretary listened, his notebook fell open, and he found himself writing across the top of the page:

The Ones That Get Away

I. How a Smallmouth Did Not Choose to Run

Oblivious to the Saturday night crowds that pass him on the sidewalk, John stands gazing hungrily into the window of the Tackle Shop. It is filled with a glittering, rainbow-hued array of lures, some designed for fish, others for fishermen. But John's eyes are glued to the center of the window where a wooden box lined with green velvet cradles the various sections of a magnificent flyrod. A sign on the box informs the reader that this $50 flyrod will be awarded to the angler catching the biggest smallmouthed bass on an artificial bait during the month of July.

It is such a rod as John has dreamed about and one which he would give anything to possess. The look in his eyes changes slowly from longing to determination, and he strides purposefully homeward where he gathers together his tackle for Opening Day.

The next morning, as the first sunlight brushes the eastern sky, John stands on the shore of the river, his casting rod in hand. A clinging fog shrouds the water, and the island across the narrow channel is barely discernible. Above John a shallow riffle stems the river from island to shore. Opposite him the river deepens and swirls around the point of the island over great broken shelves of stone. John murmurs the Angler's Prayer and prepares to make his first cast. Near the island two rocks rise above the surface of the river forming a little pocket of water some three feet in width at the very edge of the current.

True in its flight, John's plug spats the water squarely between the stones. For a moment it never moves, but sticks there as if it were clamped in a vise. Then an old battle-scarred smallmouth of fabulous size rears up out of its lair with the plug fixed firmly in its jaws. The power of the fish is tremendous. John battles it for what seems hours in the ghostly light of dawn. In time, the long runs shorten, and the threshing leaps are reduced to mere boils at the surface of the water.

Finally, with visions of that splendid flyrod in the back of his mind, John slips his net under the great fish. He measures and weighs it carefully and glows with delight as the scales drop to 6 pounds and the rule reads 24 inches. That prize flyrod is as good as his.

He holds the bass out at arm's length as the first rays of the morning sun strike through the fog and glisten on the big green-bronze fish. But John doesn't see the bass; he sees a green-lined box and a glistening brown rod. He can almost feel the rod in his hand. He moves his fingers as if to get the feel of it, and when he does, the big bass twists its body convulsively and drops back into the river.

The big one always gets away.

II. Why Mabel the Musky is a Year Older

It is an early summer morning upriver, foggy and cold. On the dock at Ten Mile Island Bill and Boyd are packing for a fishing week-end upstream. Bill, at the wheel of the launch, pulls a clammy slicker around him and glances back at the wharf where Boyd is stowing the last of the duffle and whistling while he works.

"Got everything, Boyd?"

"Everything? Why, you poor dummy, we've got perfect weather and three whole days ahead of us and nothing to do but fish." Boyd gazes happily toward far horizons. "Shove off, skipper, and don't waste a single precious minute getting to camp."

Bill noses the boat out into the channel and swings into midstream. The launch runs northeast up the river between hills that roll smoothly up from the willows along the water to the blueberry patches on the summits. Where the beach broadens into low meadows the lights of a farmhouse show through the thin fog. Some reels in midstream mark a sandbar, and Bill swings the boat close to the right bank. More willows. The raft at Big Creek Outlet lies ahead. As the launch scrapes the log float, Boyd leans out to catch up a bucket of fresh eggs from Hipple's farm. The motor catches quickly again, foam washes over the logs, and boat slices through gray swells into the channel.

"S o l o n g . . . g o o d l u c k . . ." A reedy shout drifts over the water. Beside his springhouse old man Hipple is waving a tin dipper in farewell. The two fishermen watch him until Bill spins the wheel slowly to the left as the river slides between the hills in a long curve. With the throttle at full speed the launch slips along quietly, the water folding away from the bow in long fast ripples.

The fog is lifting. Boyd lies on the deck and watches the sky, now faintly luminous with yellow light. Mile after mile flows smoothly past with the sun growing golden, until just ahead stands a big dead willow and behind it the fishing camp. Bill cuts the motor; water sucks and splutters about the stern as the launch slides to the wharf. When it touches, Boyd leans out and makes the tie.

Suddenly, in the silence that follows, there is a tremendous splashing among the weeds along the shore. Within easy casting distance the water boils as a big fish rushes back and forth, the minnows in its path skipping madly out of the water.

"Great snakes!" exclaims Bill. "Look! It's Mabel!"

"Who?" Boyd's mouth is hanging open in wonder.

"It's Mabel the Musky," whispers Bill. His eyes snap in excitement. "I had hold of the old hellion last year, but she threw the plug. And she's feeding today! Oh boy, oh boy! Hand me my tackle."

Boyd reaches down into the boat's locker, and an expression of mounting dismay spreads over his face. He searches, first carefully, then frantically.

In a dismal voice he says, "I forgot the tackle."

The big one always gets away.

III. How the Brown Bomber Took an Easy One

Ed is after the Brown Bomber again. With all the skill and cunning acquired during years of training he is trying to capture the boss trout of the Branch. Three years ago Ed had discovered the Bomber while fishing the first pool up from the fork. He had hooked a small rainbow on a dry fly. The little fellow's frantic capers had ended abruptly when a huge brown shadow had sliced up from the tail of the pool and vanished into the depths, leaving only an idle fly and a pop-eyed fisherman as evidences of his advent.

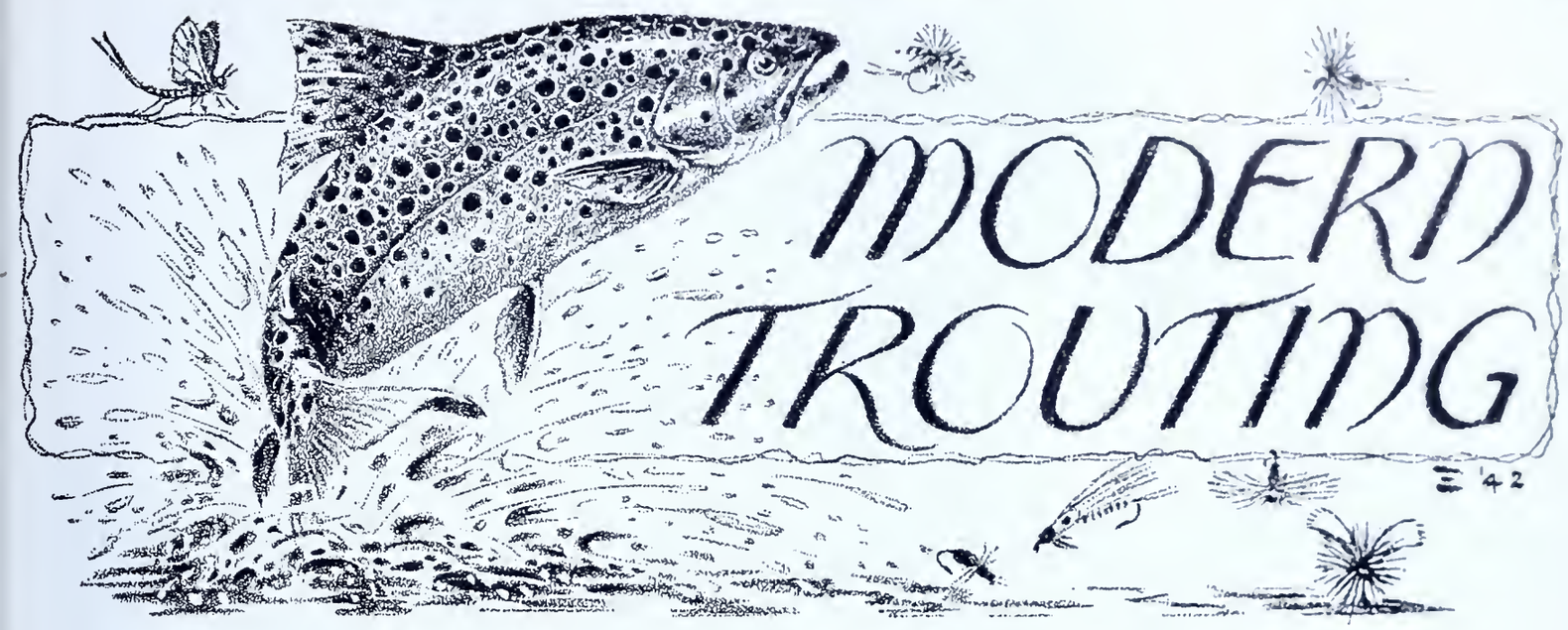
Ed had promptly and thoroughly gone bugs. His dreams were populated with enormous brown trout, and his work was neglected for the elaborate plans which his obsession drove him to make. But the Brown Bomber had remained uncaught. For three years he had eluded every trick of which Ed was master. In older and happier days Ed had been a dry fly man, but all that had been forgotten. Flies, spinners, plugs, minnows, worms, helgrammites, crawfish, salamanders, frogs, crickets, grasshoppers—Ed had dunked them all in the Bomber's pool, but without a single strike. The big trout had been content to roll tauntingly up into the riffle once in a while and wave a wide tail in Ed's face.

The whole business had become a joke at the village. By tacit consent all the local fishermen gave Ed the right-of-way on that particular stretch of water. Big Ed's Pool they call it. Only half of them believe that there is such a big trout in the Branch.

It is one of those clear crisp mornings in late April when Ed appears at the first pool up from the fork. As usual, he wears a perennial smile of anticipation. Carefully he takes from a cellophane envelope a streamer made up with jungle-cock shoulders, impali hair body, and several exotic and incredible-looking feathers. Tied by Crabtail Jim, an old native of the trouting country, it is warranted to be a sure killer.

For two solid hours Ed works the streamer at every conceivable depth, motion, and speed. As the sun rides high and the day slips past, his smile dries up, and revolt floods his usually placid nature. Finally,

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WE NEED A FIELD BOOK

By CHARLES K. FOX

MOST fly fishermen do not possess a workable knowledge of acquatic life which can be applied to angling. Such information is most difficult to secure. When we search the literature of entomology we are faced with a great conglomeration of data from which it is most difficult to pick the real meat. When we turn to angling literature we find very few authors who possess the required knowledge, or who care to touch the subject.

An ideal work along this line should be done by a good dry fly and wet fly fisherman, who is an entomologist, a fly tier and an artist. There are a few such men among us.

In order for the work to be most helpful it should be well illustrated with four-color plates and sketches. My idea of such a book should be one in the form of a loose leaf hand book which could be carried in a pocket and one which possesses plenty of room for field notes. This may be asking for a lot, however, it certainly would be of great assistance and most convenient aside from the pleasure it would afford.

Hatches could be identified with such a field book. Suggestions of possible imitations might be included. Accurate and valuable notes as to the time and place of emergence could be recorded over a long period of time. A record could be kept of the effectiveness or lack of it of certain wet and dry flies to imitate specific naturals, as well as data concerning: rises, temperature, stream condition, weather, catches, etc.

We believe such a work should be divided into separate sections dealing with insect trout food according to order. The important species of each order should be dealt with in detail. It might be plausible to catalogue the species as (a) very common or important and (b) worth while on rare occasions.

First and by far the most important and interesting part of the book would deal with the May Flies, *Ephemerdae*. These are the flies whose wings are upright when at rest. They are in the larva form for one, two or three years, depending upon the species and there is variation in the size, shape and color of the nymphs. There is great size and color range in this order of fly. The emerging dates of various species occur at different times of the season.

Some of the nymphs burrow in the mud, others live under rocks and logs, and still others locate in vegetation and brush. When hatching time arrives they swim to the surface and their cases or shucks crack open. The fly emerges just as a locust comes from its case. The flies often ride on the cases until the wings are sufficiently dry for flight.

This order is short lived. Its only remaining purpose in life after hatching is reproduction. No food is taken by the fly; in fact the mouth is undeveloped to such an extent that the fly could not eat or bite. One of the great appeals of this fly to both trout and fishermen is the fact that it often appears in great swarms. This is not the case, with many other aquatic insects.

The trout are given two opportunities to surface feed on the various May flies. The first is when the flies emerge. At this time the flies are pale in color and slow in flight. To the angling fraternity they are known as "duns." After leaving the water they light on foliage. Here they change in character and undergo development in preparation for their remaining purpose in life.

When they return to the stream to mate and deposit their eggs they are better fliers, stronger and usually darker than they were as duns. The fishermen call them "spinners."

To complicate matters for the fishermen the duns and spinners as well as the males and females vary in color. The males can be distinguished from the females by a pair of small legs or forceps near the tail. Color is most important to the fisherman because this is the easiest method of identification, and this along with size is his best guide to matching the hatch with the artificial.

Hatches of May flies vary in duration and the color phase of hatches vary with the season. Early season flies are predominantly grey. As the season progresses the brown hatches make their appearance and finally late in the season we see yellow flies.

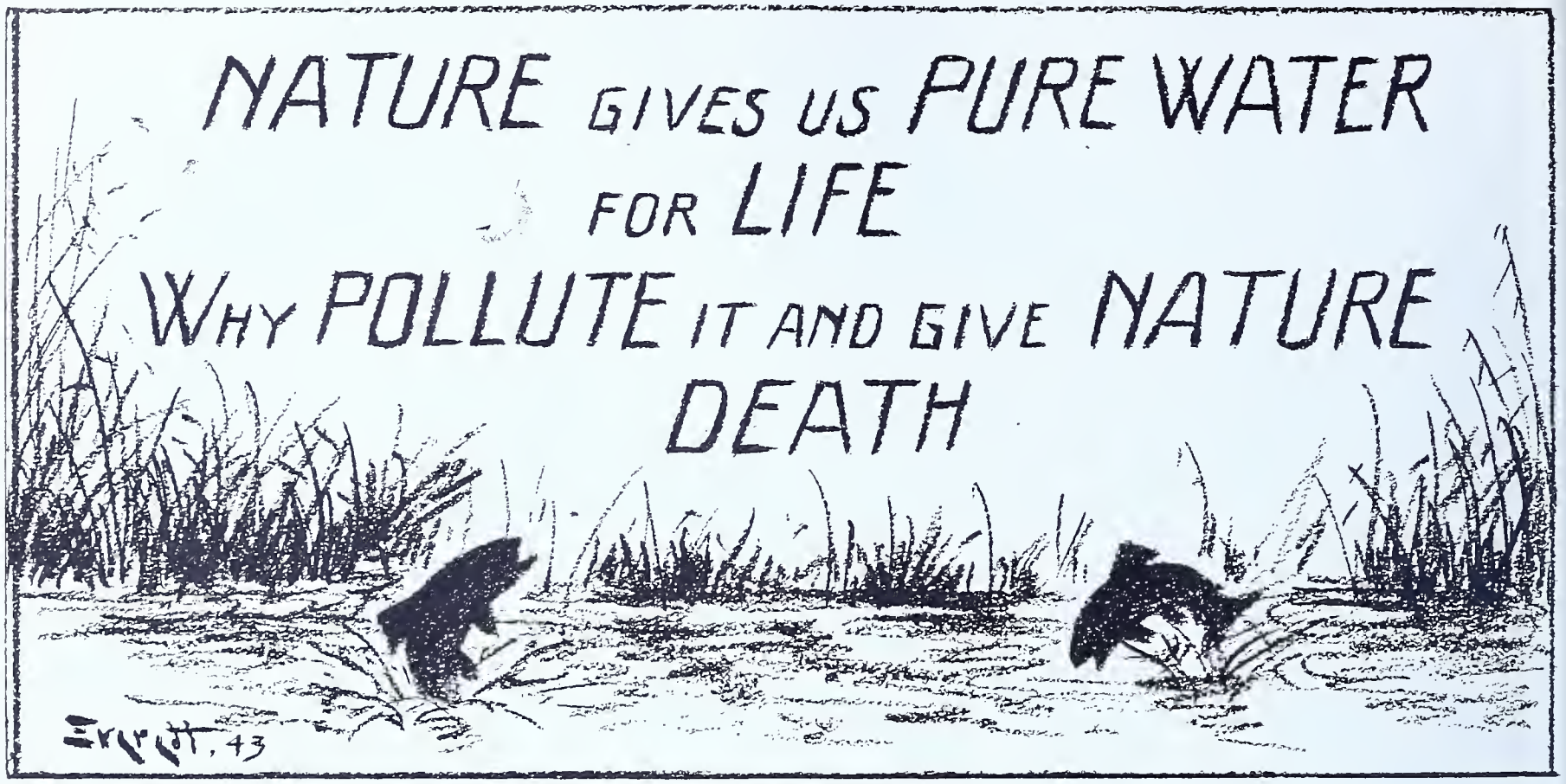
Although May flies are the most important from the fisherman's angle he must consider other orders.

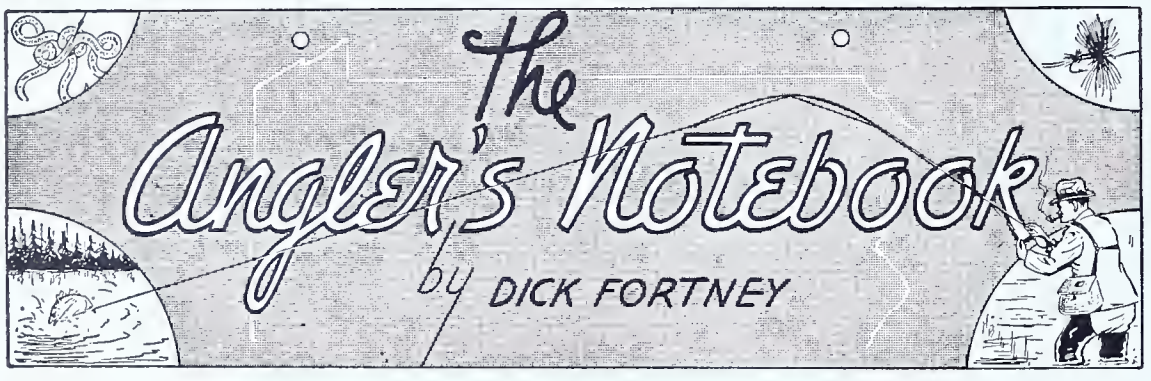
Our book should devote some space to stone flies, the order of which is *Plecoptera*. The nymph of this fly is a long trim fellow but like all the others it has six legs. It is carniverous, feeding on other nymphs. The wings of the fly are flat upon the back when the fly is at rest. The fisherman does not see so much of this fly, because it frequently hatches at night, but that is not always the case. They are most prevalent early in the season. Here wet imitations fit into our picture.

Often the fisherman is faced with midges or with trout that are "jumping at nothing". These important insects are of the order *Diptera*, family *Chironomidae*. This tiny fly presents a problem to the fly fisherman, for they are hard to imitate and trout frequently feed on them ravenously. Hump back nymphs in sizes 18 and 20 or small quill body wet flies in the proper color range along with the smallest of dry flies have their big innings.

The large additions of this order are the crane flies. These are the long legged fellows. The most common are the Orange Crane Fly and the very large Whirling Crane Fly. The larva is a worm often called a "water worm". In the intermediate size in this order we have the common blow fly, the scion of maggots, and the deer fly. Neither of which are of great importance to the angler. Only the female

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HE WAS a slim young kid with a friendly smile and a deeply tanned face, and he perched on a rock in complete silence for a while after he climbed out of a car and walked down to the side of the pool where I was fishing.

"Any luck?" he finally asked.

The insignia on his uniform marked him as a private, first class, in the marine corps. He wore boots but carried no fishing tackle.

"Mister, do you know that this is the most beautiful country in the world?" he asked before I could tell him that the bass seemed to be on a hunger strike despite a perfect autumn morning.

Then from his lips poured the story of his hunger for the woods and creeks of his native countryside.

"There are no mountains like these down in South Carolina," he continued. "There are no red and yellow leaves on the trees. I haven't seen a creek so wide and clean as this since I left home."

He paused to stretch his legs more comfortably on the rocky beach, and I asked him if he had done any angling that morning.

"No, I'm just looking around," he replied. He had a shotgun and fishing tackle in the car, he went on, but he had not yet found time to hunt or fish.

"I saw a beautiful deer down the creek a bit," he said. "I saw a couple of wild ducks too. But, mister, there is too much killing in the world already. I wouldn't have shot those ducks if I had been carrying my gun."

He talked of adventurous days before the war on streams in Central Pennsylvania—of the day he upset his canoe while fishing and lost most of his tackle; of the time a giant pike had struck his plug just as he was lifting it from the water; of the day he almost stepped on a giant water snake lying in the shade.

"I miss the creeks and the mountains most of all," he said. "There's nothing like all this down in the South. I have only a few days leave, but I just had to spend one of them roaming outdoors. Gee, but the old places look familiar."

He stood up, stretched, and started toward his car.

"Will you share my lunch?" I invited.

"I want to go on up the creek and stop a couple more times," he said. "It may be my last trip for the duration, and I want to see as much of it as possible."

I stood for a long while after his car disappeared.

Then suddenly I realized that we who still are civilians have a tremendous responsibility to the men in the armed forces. It's our job, I think, to make sure that there is hunting and fishing for the boys to enjoy when the victory is won.

We have to keep all the creeks and rivers pure and clean and all the valleys beautiful and unspoiled. And we have to regard the fish in the streams and the game in the valleys as a trust.

75 Per Cent Drop In Number Of Visitors At Dam This Season

Gas Rationing Knocks Bottom Out of Business at Pymatuning State Park

Only a quarter as many persons have visited Pymatuning Dam this past season as did last year for fishing and boating, Lewis Pike, who rents boats at Pymatuning State Park, above Jamestown, estimates.

Pike said that the effects of gas rationing and the pleasure driving ban knocked the bottom out of his business and that on holidays this summer "you would have thought the place was dead."

There are 158 boats at the livery he leases from the state near the dam, but he put only a third of them in the water this past season and only a few were rented at any one time—chiefly on Saturdays and Sundays. There are 40 more boats at the livery near Espeyville and 30 near Linesville.

Pike doesn't operate his refreshment concession at the boat house any more and the chief fishermen are residents of the district or men who stop off to fish while on business trips in the vicinity. And he says it's sometimes surprising how many such "business trips" do allow time to fish.

Pike said he will keep boats available until the lake freezes over regardless of the lack of business.—*Sharon Herald.*

The be-monocled German officer eyed the Serbian prisoner: "My man," he exclaimed, "What are you fighting for?"

The Serbian shrugged his shoulders. "Bread, your excellency."

After a brief silence the bedraggled Serbian, glancing over the officer's trim uniform, asked, "And what are you fighting for, your excellency?"

"For honor, gewiss!" The Prussian drew himself up proudly.

"Yes, that's the way it is," sighed the Serbian. "Every man fights for what he doesn't have."

Trout Streams Dry as Powderhorns

Men who travel over this section of Pennsylvania say trout stream beds in many instances are dry as powderhorns right now, and larger streams are at their lowest level since the record drought years of 1931-32.

In streams formerly carrying a strong volume of water there is a mere trickle slipping between the stones from pool to pool.

Streams which empty into polluted waters, where trout have no chance to go during the dry season, will be utterly devoid of these gamey fish next spring.

Oct. 8, 1943.

—*Punxsutawney Spirit.*

Fisherman Traffic Heavy on Perkiomen

The Perkiomen Creek is popular among the fishermen of this section at present when several kinds of fish appear to be plentiful enough to make fishing quite worth while. The morning southbound train goes at the right time to give the anglers a bright and early start and Conductor Warren Gee, of this train, says he is having numerous fishermen, and some fisher women, among his passengers right along. Kratz and Perkiomenville seem to be two favorite spots for fishing although there are other good places along the line as well. Its a harder life than ever for the fish since August 1st. When Warren Latshaw, veteran trackman of the Schwenksville section went on the retired list which gives him hours of leisure time which will no doubt lead him to get after the fish oftener for he is a real fisherman who knows how to get the big ones. On Monday morning some of his railroad friends saw him along the creek near Schwenksville giving the fish a tempting breakfast—with a catch to it.

—*Pennsburg Town & Country.*

Wanted—Stenographer

Office manager (to new office boy): "Has the stenographer told you what to do in the afternoon?"

New boy: "Yes, sir; I'm to wake her up when I see you coming."

A young lady, finding herself stranded in a small town, asked an old man at the station where she might spend the night.

"There ain't no hotel here, but you can sleep with the station agent."

"I'll have you know I'm a lady."

"So is the station agent."

SMILE AWHILE

"They say the cleverest men make the worst husbands."

"Don't you believe it. The cleverest men never become husbands."

Up to the time of this writing 31 states have granted residential fishing and hunting privileges to servicemen. Connecticut gives free licenses to all members of our fishing forces and the solons of Ohio and Pennsylvania are considering similar legislation. New York extends resident privileges for fishing only and Idaho grants free licenses to residents in the armed services.



John Hopkins of Upper Darby (one of the service men to whom the Montgomery County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs is sending subscriptions of the Angler and the Game News), as he reads a copy of the Angler and looks forward, with the rest of us, to the day when he and his "buddies" will have accomplished their great task for humanity and can return in peace to their homes, their families and their favorite sports of hunting and fishing.

GOOD FOR ADULTS, TOO

As a plan that would help to reduce juvenile delinquency, J. L. Carey, president of the Allegheny County Sportsmen's League, proposes that ponds be formed by damming up creeks here and there in the Pittsburgh district.

The ponds would give youngsters opportunities now lacking for swimming, fishing, boating and skating, and so relieve them of the temptation to spend their leisure time in unwholesome ways likely to get them into trouble.

The idea is an old one—and a good one—in a new form. We are glad that Mr. Carey has revived it.

Years ago the Chamber of Commerce became concerned because one concern after another seeking a location for its factories turned down Pittsburgh in spite of its obvious advantages in favor of Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo and other cities.

Inquiry revealed that they preferred our competitors because the later offered facilities for aquatic sports that were lacking here. Their workers, they said, would be more contented and there would be less drunkenness and less absenteeism if they could indulge to their hearts' content in fishing, boating, swimming, and the like.

As a result a Chamber of Commerce committee drew up elaborate plans for an aquatic park on Squaw Run at the point where it empties into the Allegheny River —that is, a short distance above Aspinwall.

It might pay to re-examine the project.

—*Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph.*

To the Members of the Member Clubs of the Montgomery County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs

Do you know someone who is in the ARMED FORCES of OUR COUNTRY and who is a resident of Pennsylvania, but DOES NOT receive the PENNSYLVANIA GAME NEWS or the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER? If so, and if you will send us his *name and present address*, this Federation will send him a complimentary subscription to one or both of the above publications. (You might designate which magazine you believe would be of greater interest to him, in case the number of names sent in makes it impossible for us to send him both.)

At its recent Quarterly Meeting (following impromptu talks by M. J. Golden of Reading, Field Division Supervisor of District "A" under the Pennsylvania Game Commission, and Oscar Becker also of Reading, Chairman of the Southeastern Division of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs), the Montgomery County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs started a fund for the above purpose.

As President Bill Stoneback has previously expressed the wish of all of us, "With help from above, we WILL carry on—we MUST carry on—for those who are to come back!" And, as the above-named guests of this Quarterly Meeting reminded the delegates in attendance, "Until they come back, *words from HOME mean so much" to the "Boys Over There."* . . .What words could be more welcome to "Pennsylvanians At Sea or Abroad" than those contained in the ANGLER or the GAME NEWS—words which describe how "their folks," in addition to preparing places to which their boys can return to WORK, are also taking steps to insure that they will ultimately come back to find RELAXATION and enjoyment of LEISURE HOURS in their favorite sport of hunting or fishing, as well?

(To anyone whose name and address you send us, we will write, telling him it is through you that we learned of his whereabouts and are sending him the magazine or magazines. *Further*, we have been assured by Harrisburg that there will be no "hitch" or hold-up in getting these subscriptions to reach our boys. Still further, if you or your friends wish to send voluntary contributions to this fund, they will be welcome indeed.)

Sincerely,

ELLEN A. DIETRICH (MRS.), *Secretary.*

Dear Mr. Fox:

The sucker fishing was very good in my section last spring, especially on the Delaware River and the Neshaminy Creek. One Sunday looked like old times on the Delaware River. There were ninety-six fishermen between Point Pleasant and Raubsville.

Most of the fishing is done at the mouth of inland streams and there the inland rules apply and many of the fishermen have caught their quota of fifteen. The suckers run very nice in size, up to four pounds a piece.

Very truly yours,

HARRY Z. COLE,
State Fish Warden.

BUY BONDS

SPORTSMEN MEET

Buffalo Valley Sportsmen's Association held its fourth annual banquet in West Glade Run Presbyterian church with 203 in attendance.

Main speaker at the event was J. Fred McKean, of New Kensington, a member of the State Fish Commission.

Others who gave talks were Armstrong County Game Protector R. H. McKissick; Clifford Iman, of Evans City, fish warden for Butler County and part of Armstrong County; J. Allen Barrett, lecturer for the Fish Commission; Rolin Heffelfinger, field division supervisor; and Earl Bishop, of Butler.

Guests were officers of the Armstrong County Sportsmen's League and a number of men in uniform, including Lt. (j. g.) Charles Cooper, of the U. S. Naval Air Force, S 2/C Robert Davenport and Lt. Saxon of the U. S. Army.

District Attorney W. A. Ashe served as toastmaster. Rev. Henry J. Thorhauer, pastor of the West Glade Run Presbyterian church, offered grace, and group singing was led by Frank M. Shubert, with guitar accompaniment by George A. Rhodes.

SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY NEWS

Louis McNeil, Laurel, caught a 4 lb. pickerel, 23 inches long in Laurel Lake, Susquehanna County, on a minnow.

Joseph Chaya of Williamsport caught on July 20 in the Susquehanna River at Mace's Landing near Wyalusing a small mouth bass 19 inches long and weighing 3½ lbs., lure a minnow.

August 4, at Wyalusing in the Susquehanna River a small mouth black bass 20 inches long weighing 3½ pounds was caught by R. W. Kisner of Muncy, Pa. Lure used, Stone Cat.

August 8, at Stevensville in the Wyalusing Creek 6 carp from 14 to 30 inches long that weighed 36 pounds, were caught by Lamar Miller of Berwick. Bait used, dough balls.

August 25, in Lake Montrose a large mouth black bass 19½ inches long that weighed 5 pounds was caught by John DeWees of Montrose. Lure used, plug.

As a general thing the fishing slowed up all over the territory. The lakes were nearly all "working." Better fishing is expected with the coming of cooler weather. —Warden Max Noll, Montrose.

The following resolution was passed at the last meeting of the Board:

"Egelman's Reservoir, located in the City of Reading, Berks County, be set aside as a nursery water and closed to fishing for a period of five years from July 15, 1943."

ALL SEASON TROUT FISHING

(Continued from page 9)

fishing, there is a gentleman's understanding on this section of the stream not to kill any trout under 10 inches in length. The result is that fishing here holds up fairly well for the entire season, and trout have a chance to grow large.

Some fishermen have but little opportunity to get out, whereas others frequently wend their way to a stream. We do not condemn the man who fishes but several times a year for killing a "mess of trout", as it is called, but we do condemn the inveterate angler who persists in killing every legal fish he can catch. A brace of good trout taken fairly should satisfy the latter. After all, a trout around 6 or 7 inches in length makes a pathetic meal. Such a fish is far more valuable alive in a stream than dead in the frying pan.

Several years ago a clash occurred in Cumberland County when some anglers, the evening before the trout season opened, fed quantities of hamburger to trout which were concentrated in the pools of a large limestone spring stream. Their hope was that the trout would gorge themselves to such an extent that they would not all feed during the following day and consequently some would be held over for the fishing later in the season. This action was greatly resented by other fishermen who fish at these places on the opening day of each season then do little fishing after that. If restrictions had been placed on these waters, or on a section of these waters, limiting kills, there would have been more sport catching fish the opening day and more sport catching them during the remainder of the season.

We know of an angler who takes great delight in killing limit catches and he keeps track of the number he kills. He vainly boasted, as he scooped up a trout, "this is number 214 so far for the season for my basket". Such statements are no longer well received, nor do they fall on deaf ears, for today there is a well known label which is tagged on such would-be greats. Human nature being what it is, braggadocio will always exist. It certainly is great to hear tell of fine catches, part of which were returned instead of catches that were killed, and such tales are truthfully told these days. It used to be a common practice for men to catch fish for their friends but fortunately for the fishing more and more fishermen are taking the attitude, let the other fellow get his own if he must eat trout.

The brook trout in small mountain streams cannot grow to a large size because of their environment. The food just is not there to grow large fish. There are records of mountain brook trout only four inches in length which carried eggs. This means they were fish at least two years of age. This discourse on trout conservation applies mainly to larger streams and ponds which contain brown and rainbow trout and not mountain brooks which are inhabited by brook trout. These little mountain streams, because of their clarity, have excellent natural reproduction, whereas the larger muddier streams do not.

Generally speaking the brown trout fits into our picture better than the brooks and rainbows. He is not as spectacular a fighter as the other two, although the difference is slight, but he becomes better established in our larger streams. Furthermore he stays pretty much where he is placed; he is a great fly and minnow fish, and he grows larger than the other two in our streams. In our humble judgment he is the smartest game fish in our waters and along with the carp he is the most wily of all eastern fresh water fish.

The idea of trout going from hatchery to creel in such a short space of time does not make sense to many unless the fish are large or there are too many for the food supply of the streams. Frankly, we have never seen either of these conditions exist with the exception of Fisherman's Paradise on Spring Creek, where artificial feeding is necessary.

We are subject to limitations now in this hectic war torn world. We must no longer cavort about the State to satisfy our angling desires. It is a matter of backyard trouting or practically no fishing at all. Streams near centers of populations are taking a lacing during the war and probably will take an even greater one after the war. For this reason it is more important than ever before that there be careful logical management of certain waters close to towns and cities. There must be restrictions and stockings if there is to be worthwhile all season angling.

In our judgment it would be well worth the effort of Sportsmen's Clubs and individuals to institute restricted areas in strategic places. Experience has demonstrated that all that is necessary is the posting of the restrictions. There are very few who are opposed to it in principle and of the few who oppose these restrictions but a small percentage will break them because of the notoriety which might accompany such an act. Such notoriety would travel the grape vine.

If the prayer of the trout fisherman or even just some of them is to have reasonably good trout fishing throughout the entire season then the answer is restricted killing areas where trout live longer and grow bigger in spite of the fishing. It will be a place which will not attract the meat man, and it will be a place where the high ideals of conservation will be practiced and taught by those who enjoy the fishing there.

Certainly the whole experiment is worthy of consideration. If it works as well in many sections as it has in Cumberland County we believe in time it will become part of the State program to bring about and care for such areas. If we are right in our contention that most of the trout fishermen fish primarily for fun and action rather than for meat then these small restricted areas are bound to become popular.

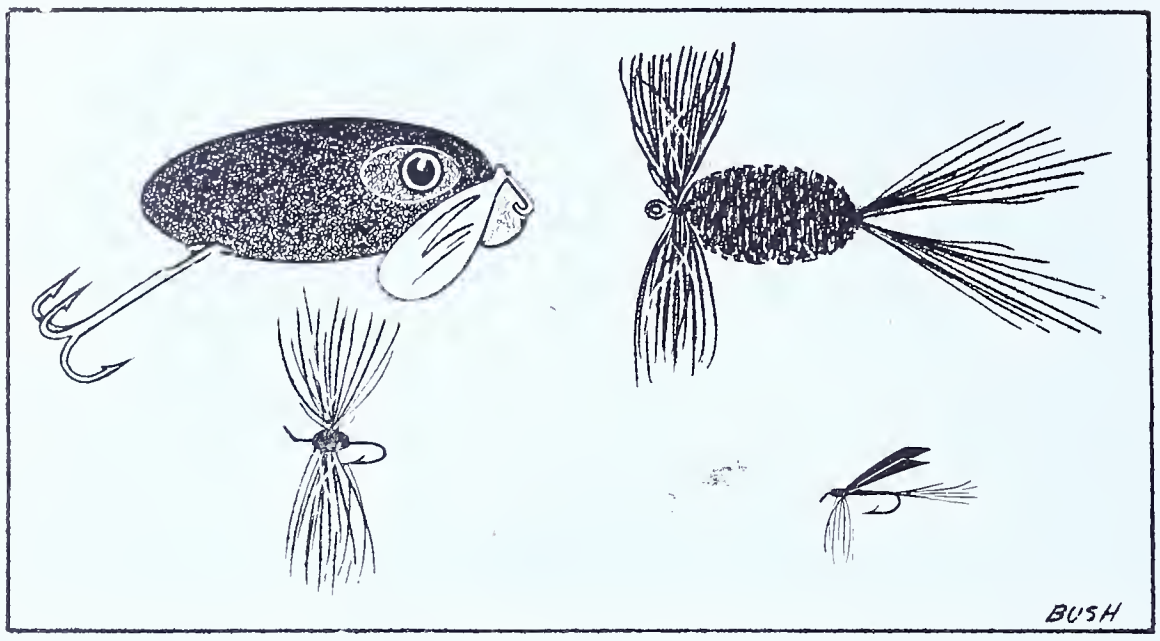
It is our belief that they should only be instigated where their creation is brought about by popular demand, and their logical location is near centers of population where there is great fishing activity, particularly in the evenings after working hours.

After the war there will be many new fishermen and heavy fishing by the old anglers. Citizens are bound to be more conscious of the values of recreation and in the future they will carefully plan and utilize their spare time. It is important that we prepare now for post war conditions. We should have maximum pleasure for Pennsylvania anglers, particularly returning service men.

We cannot expect to have more fish and less fishing, but the condition can exist in spots where there is more fish for more fishing. There are so many fishermen on some waters that we must help nature if there is to be decent angling. After the war there will be more hours spent fishing than ever before. If we fish for fun and action and not for meat and return the small fish the problem is solved.



Harry E. Steffen, of Steelton, accomplished an unusual feat when he caught a 28½ inch wall-eye weighing 6½ pounds while plugging at night with a surface lure. The spot was Hawk Rock on the Susquehanna and the lure was a Jitter Bug.



Good Black Lures: Jitterbug, deer hair bug, spider and Newville midge.

FISH LIKE BLACK LURES

(Continued from page 7)

lures which have red colors on them and by others that glitter and sparkle. When we select casting rod lures we go in for finishes that represent frogs and perch and shiners, among a wide variety of others.

Being human beings, we are inclined to pass lightly over lures that are colored black, probably because such shades as red and green are more attractive to the eyes of a man than is black.

But I believe that a bit of experimenting will convince any angler that there is something especially attractive, for both trout and bass, in a black lure, whether it be a dry fly in Size 20 or a plug that weighs an ounce and a half. I'm not suggesting that the black lure is the sure lure that will take fish when nothing else will, but it is a safe contention that the black lure at times will produce action when nothing else will and that these times may be far more frequent than the average angler suspects.

My friend Brooks would chide me for being so conservative as to make the foregoing statement.

He would take the stand that the only bassbug worth using is one that is jet black, unrelieved by any other color in its makeup.

He feels that way because he has really gone to town the last few summers with black bassbugs. Time and again he has been whooping in delight over striking bass, attracted by his black bugs, when the rest of us have quit fishing in disgust and are just sitting around waiting for him to get his fill of the sport and join us in the homeward trek.

It doesn't make much difference about the size or the shape, just so the bug is black. Nor does he care whether the moon is shining or the night sky is somber with thick clouds, just so the bug is black. He'd rather pay a dollar for a black bug than accept half a dozen gray ones as a gift.

If you point out to him that it may be the way he uses the bugs, instead of their color, he'll tell about the time a 92-year-old farmer suggested that he try his hand for a whopper bass that made its home under the roots of a big tree in a certain pool on Wyalusing Creek.

Brooks waited one evening until the bats came out and the whip-poor-wills began to sing, then opened his one-man campaign for the big fellow. He started out with a gray bug, and when that failed he turned to brown. The rock bass made a big fuss over the brown bug, so he changed to a white one. Next was a green hair frog.

But still the whopper did not appear.

Then in the deep darkness he hauled out a little black bug, attached it to his leader, and resumed his casting.

Suddenly my friend let out a yell that I could hear although I was a good four city blocks away at the other end of the pool.

"I got him!" Brooks bellowed.

I waded out to shore and made my way in his direction through the weeds and underbrush. It was so dark I could not see Brooks, but I had visions of a battle royal being fought out there on the stream.

Instead, when I reached the spot a flashlight winked in my face, and there sat Brooks on a big rock, looking as if he had just lost a fortune.

"I'm a blankety blank boob," he said bitterly. "I didn't make sure of that leader knot. I hooked that big devil on the second cast with the little black bug, and the leader knot pulled out."

He turned the ray of his light on the curled end of synthetic gut to illustrate the point.

"It was the biggest fish I ever felt on a bassbug," my friend went on, "and I muffed my chance."

We learned later that an angler caught the big fellow the following week with a gob of night-crawlers. The bass weighed a little more than four pounds.

That's what started my friend using black bassbugs.

Black lures, as has been said before, are effective for both trout and bass. Particularly in limestone streams tiny black wet flies and delicately hackled black dry flies are good trout lures. The Newville Midge and the Black Ant are excellent examples of the black wet fly; the Black Spider and the Black Gnat of the dry fly. To my eyes, and apparently to those of a fish, the little black lures are better than fair imitations of the abundant insect life in limestone streams.

The black ant, in sizes as small as 18 and 20, is one of the most effective lures used at the Paradise on Spring Creek, where it will consistently hold its own with the streamers of all crazy sizes and patterns that Paradise anglers seem to prefer.

Small black flies and spinners are good aces in the hole for trout fishermen in the big streams.

The black dry fly, incidentally, gives the angler a break in those streams which have a habit of sending off shimmering reflections of blue sky and white clouds that make it difficult to see any floating lure. The black fly makes a distinct pattern on the surface.

Black shows up well and makes even a wet fly easy to follow with the eye in comparatively shallow limestone water.

I can't read the mind of a fish or see through the eyes of a fish, but it does seem to me that under many conditions a lure that is all black in color should be the easiest for the trout or bass to see.

Suppose the day is dark and cloudy. Think how, for example, a blue dun dry fly would look against that background when seen from under the surface of the water. The fly color would blend pretty well into the color of the sky, you say. Correct. But nothing like that would happen with a fly that was jet black.

And if you will give the matter serious thought, you must realize that a black lure certainly is the easiest for the fish to see at night. The angler looks downward, and everything is dark. But the fish looks upward, and except under unusual weather conditions the sky always is lighter than the earth or the water at night.

Can't you just imagine how easy it is for a hungry bass to see a blotch of black lure against the starry sky?

Since it does not seem likely that a bass is able to distinguish between red and green and yellow at night, the angler need consider only the type of lure that will be the easiest for the fish to see. The black lure, then, is the answer to his problem.

We have reached the conclusion, by now, that under certain conditions the black lure works to the advantage of the angler without any adverse reaction on the fish; and that black lures, under certain other conditions, favor the fish without presenting any particular problem for the angler (because it's not possible for the fisherman to see a lure he uses at night, no matter what color it is).

But the best proof of all that the black lure is effective is in the case of the underwater casting lures of this color.

Keep in mind that the plug which travels beneath the surface gets right down in front of the fish it is meant to catch; that it comes into the field of vision of the fish without any cloaking conditions such as riffled surfaces, distorted light rays, and so on.

And the same Brooks who is so devoted to black bassbugs has given me a couple of convincing demonstrations of the effectiveness of the black plug, this time the lure being the River Runt.

Four of us in two boats fished a lake in Northeastern Pennsylvania for a whole morning without a strike—except a tremendous one that Brooks got with his black

River Runt. The fish struck the plug in extremely deep water just offshore, bored down to the bottom, then swirled up to the surface and back down to the bottom again so quickly that Brooks' casting rod struck the side of the boat and his leader, which was brand new and which tested 12 pounds in strength, snapped like a piece of dime store cord.

Brooks felt worse over loss of the plug than over missing the big fish, which we presumed was a large bass, for we were on a camping trip that was to continue three days longer, and there wasn't a store within 60 miles at which he could purchase a replacement.

The incident may, of course, be put down as a freak. Skeptics may argue, and no one could prove them wrong, that Brooks just happened to get his lure to the right spot at the right moment; that he would have had the same results if his River Runt had been green or cream or some other color.

But I'm inclined to believe it was the black color of the lure that did the trick, because I was with Brooks one October day on a winding, mud-bottomed stream in Central Pennsylvania when he proved not once but a good dozen times that a black lure would do the business.

I fished from 9 o'clock in the morning until 3 in the afternoon without hooking a single fish, and this in spite of the fact that on almost every cast either a bass or a pickerel would follow my lure or swirl hungrily at it without touching it. I used the same methods of fishing and the same lures that I had used many times before and have used many times since, so I think I'm being fair when I say that it was the lures, not the way in which they were presented to the fish, that left me empty-handed.

But Brooks, using his favorite black River Runt, caught fish after fish, both pickerel and bass. He just chucked the lure out and cranked it back in, slowly enough so that its wobbling tail frequently bumped against the bottom. Time after time he fished water that I had just left, and where the best my efforts could produce was a swirling bass Brooks would hook and land a bass or pickerel or two.

The big-hearted son-of-a-gun offered to let me use his plug for a while, but I refused. I was learning a lesson and willing to pay the price of it. I got some black plugs of my own at the first opportunity after we got back to town.

And ever since that time, from April fifteenth until late in October, my fishing jacket and tackle box contain good selections of black lures, both wet and dry and for fly and casting rods.

I'm convinced that fish like them!

AN INCOMPLETE ANGLER

(Continued from page 5)

nis and ourselves fishing Chester Creek near Glen Mills. Four rainbows were taken by the other two, nothing by us. The fish were nice, all about eight inches in length, one was kept. It was very warm and the black gnats beginning to get alive and busy. All the streams are in wonderful shape and as we get it, conditions have been perfect.

That same afternoon we fished Ridley Creek above and below the Gradyville Road Bridge. Several good strikes were had but chubs and red fins were the only fish taken except a sixteen or eighteen inch sucker that was caught by Gunnis.

Late the next afternoon we started for the Poconos and arrived at the Log Cabin, in Fernridge, where we were to stay late that evening. Shortly after arriving we went to bed leaving word to be called early; they did, it was early. So much so that it was still semi-dark outside and cold looking but after a husky mountain breakfast, washed down with scads of coffee, we were ready to go.

Sam Lamoreaux took us first to Pond Run, which flows out of Bear Lake, a little north of Thornhurst. We fished it for about three quarters of a mile down stream, towards where it empties into the Lehigh. We fished it very carefully. It is a beautiful little creek. Not stocked for sometime it contains native brook trout and we had a look at one of these handsome fish for the first time. Bill caught the only fish and it was this lone Brookie, a beauty.

It was decidedly cold, in fact a few flakes of snow were in the air. Still quite wintery up there, bare trees and desolate looking. Reaching the Lehigh we moved up stream a bit and fished the river for awhile but other than a few good strikes, no fish. Seeing one angler standing on the bank with an overcoat on that reached to his ankles and fishing with gloves on, we quit.

After lunch, we went over to Trout Creek, a wild, rough, black looking stream. A few half hearted casts were all we made, the line felt like an icicle slipping through our hands and the ice cold water numbed our fingers. Gunnis and Bill tried the stream a little while longer and presently came back into the warmth of the car when they noticed a tendency of their fingers to break off when they tried to straighten them out. It was thirty-eight degrees and much more comfortable back at the Log Cabin, with a huge log fire blazing in the fire-place in the dining room.

The following morning we elected to fish the Tobyhanna. Pulling into an amusement park, with its winter boards still up, off Route 115, we saw several others ahead of us with hope in their chests instead of good sense in their heads. The weather was foul, the wind was roaring and blowing so hard you could hardly open the car door and getting tackle set up was a job.

We waded out into the icy ripples for a short time, making a few casts, expecting any moment to see a portion of an iceberg go by with a polar bear or walrus perched on it and when some one asked "What asylum are you from, Brother?" we gave up. Our legs were benumbed from the knees down to such an extent that it seemed difficult to walk to the car and turn on the heater. Gunnis soon joined us, followed in a few minutes by Bill. We all sat there some time too numbed to remove our boots or take down our tackle.

Back to warmth and glow of the Cabin we reluctantly got ourselves together and drove on home. A two hundred and seventy mile trip and the only fish taken was Bill's lone Brookie.

One more day remained of our week's vacation and that was spent all day fishing Ridley Creek, at Sycamore Mills and all we caught was one fall fish.

Our work is a night shift job and sleeping until noon doesn't allow many daylight hours to fish. We did, however, get in several more short trips, nearby, with the same results, nothing to speak about.

Our luck was a little better with Bass, in the number of fish but all were small, no keeping fish.

It's a heap like Surf fishing in some respects. All the years we have fished the surf we are still waiting for our first striper.

But next year—whoa—! What again? Yes, indeed, we wouldn't miss it for the world. Let's see it's only a few months until April 15th, it'll be on a Thursday next year and we must get ready. Where's our rod, it must be looked after and have a going over to see if it's alright and the line, dress it well, so as to have it in the pink of condition. And our flies must be gone over, there must be some pattern that will take a keeping fish for us. Anyhow none of ours got away.

FISH AND GAME TOPICS

Winners of Trout Division in contest are announced.

Since trout season officially ended, we are going to give you the winners of this division, as announced by Clarence E. Miles, chairman of the "big fish" contest being conducted by the West Chester Fish and Game Association, for which prizes will be awarded after the fishing season comes to an end late in the fall.

The largest brown trout was landed by Michael Saganick, of Landenberg, a 22-inch beauty taken from White Clay Creek.

Merrit Bernard, of Kennett Square, will receive a prize for the biggest rainbow trout entered during the past season. Bernard caught a 15½-inch specimen in White Clay Creek. Walter W. Ross, of West Chester, also landed a 15½-inch rainbow, but since where a tie exists, the weight is a governing factor, Ross is not eligible for a prize. Ross' trout weighed one pound, four ounces, while Bernard's fish tipped the scales at one pound, 12 ounces.

Without any competition whatever, George Glenner, of Price street, West Chester, will take the prize for the largest brook trout (and the only one entered), which he caught in Valley Creek. The "brookie" measured 10 inches in length.

During the season some nice trout were also entered in the contest by Carroll Mattson, of Kennett Square, Frank Simone, of Longwood; Harold Tate and S. W. Johnson, of West Chester, the size and weight of which along with the species, were previously announced in this column.

During the year there were some very fine Muskies taken in my district; Sandy Lake and the Shenango River in the Slackwater Bridge district were good for about thirty which ranged from 25" to 44", the largest being taken in Sandy Lake.

We have more trout left in our trout streams this fall than in any previous year. The reason being that only about 25% of the usual fishermen were found along the streams during the season and personally I would be happy to see 90% of the fish we stock remain in the streams until our boys return home.

WARDEN C. B. WHITE, *New Wilmington.*



The finish of the forward cast. Jack Knight is doing the casting.

FLYCASTING THE EASY WAY

(Continued from page 3)

still falling even after you start the rod forward to apply power to the forward cast. Thus, your line is approximately in line with the rod tip when final power is applied. In this way the forward impulse exerts itself directly in line with the motion of the cast. Maximum efficiency—minimum effort. You see, it makes sense after all.

The Forward Cast

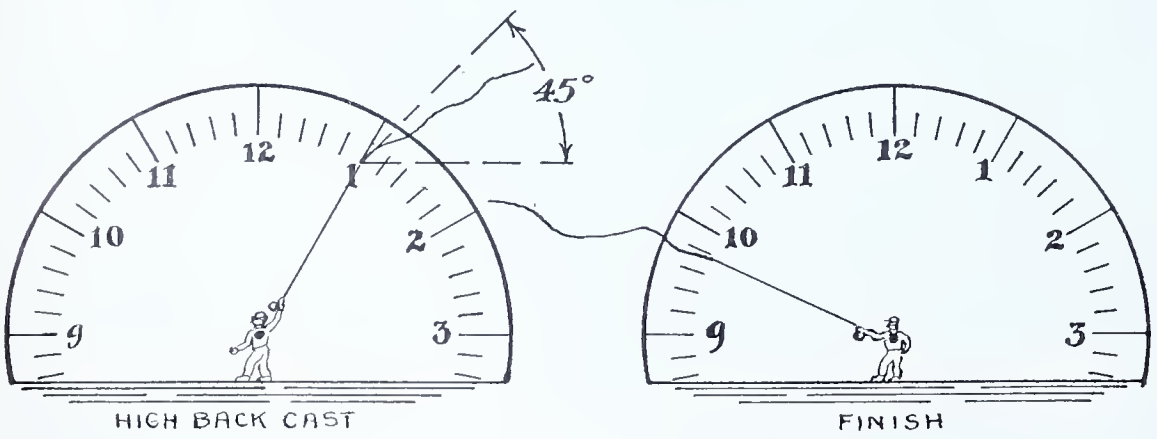
More than that—if you make your back cast correctly, it is practically impossible to throw a bad forward cast. Try it and see if I'm not right. Throw a high back cast and watch it to make sure that it goes where you want it to. Then try to throw a bad forward cast. You will find that it requires a distinct effort on your part to make your forward cast anything but a good one if the back cast has been made the way it should be made. Conversely, it is difficult and often impossible to throw a good forward cast after making a bad back cast.

You will be wise not to concern yourself too much with the forward cast until you have perfected the high back cast. After that the forward cast almost takes care of itself. As with the back cast, *gradually accelerate* the forward motion of the rod, throwing the tip into the finish, and stopping the rod slightly below the "ten o'clock" position. Better results will be had if you aim the cast at a point in the air about two feet above where you wish the fly to fall.

Relax While Casting

In conclusion, let me remind you to relax as much as possible while casting, otherwise fishing becomes hard work instead of pleasure. Hold your casting hand out to the side a bit instead of in front of you and let your casting arm do what it will to find greater comfort and ease. The book-under-the-arm, elbow-to-the-side school of fly casting was outmoded in the horse-and-buggy days. By all means raise your casting arm if you wish and if it helps your casting. But believe me, you won't become a good caster until you master timing. You will master that more quickly if you learn to throw the high back cast correctly. And by using the free-wrist grip, you can perfect yourself in the high back cast quite easily and, while doing so, learn to relax your hand and arm in the process. The jig-saw puzzle of good fly casting fits itself together, one piece dependent upon the other to complete the picture.

Good fishing, and keep your back cast high.



The proper arc of the fly rod during the cast.

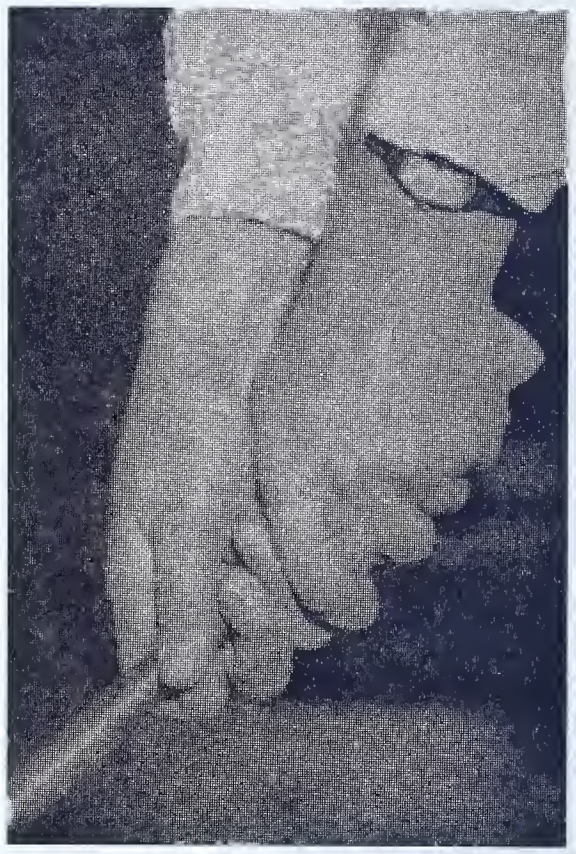


Photo courtesy of Roland Wingate

Note the similarity in the position of the right hand in the Jack Knight free-wrist grip of the fly rod and the Wingate golf grip.

Sportsmen Meet at Littlestown

Fish and Game Association Purchases War Bonds and Makes Plans for Annual Banquet—Aid Kit Project

LITTLESTOWN.—Charles W. Weikert, Jr., president, presided at the meeting of the Littlestown Fish and Game Association in the American Legion home. The organization decided to purchase $225 worth of War Bonds. It also took action to hold its annual rabbit banquet. The date will be decided later. The president appointed a committee composed of W. E. Stites, chairman, E. H. DeGroft, George Cummings, and George Cool, to arrange for the banquet. It was announced that 30 pheasants had been released by the game protector, Leo Bushman. It was stated that some persons are laboring under the impression that members of the association are receiving shells through the organization. The officer pointed out that such is not the case. The association decided to purchase tooth brushes for the next lot of field kits which will be made for the boys and girls who are leaving for the armed forces. This has been the association's project. It was announced that members who feed the game in the game reserves should build their shelters before hunting season opens, as no person is allowed in the reserves after hunting season starts. Following the meeting a social period was enjoyed and refreshments served.

THE ANGLER AND THE FISHERMAN

(Continued from page 4)

Uncle Jim did hear, however, Overholt's statement of the close relationship between poor fishing and cheap fishing tackle, and the remark nettled him just a little. He had also heard Overholt's caustic remarks about bait fishermen. They were not real sportsmen, Overholt had said, and ought not to be allowed to catch such fine game fish as trout.

At the conclusion of Overholt's display of his tackle and himself, he turned to Uncle Jim abruptly and asked:

"Where's your rod?"

"My pole," Uncle Jim answered, "is out alongside of the house on three nails that I drove there twenty years ago. That is my place, and if I find any other man's pole on my nails I take it off."

"Your pole must be a long one," remarked Overholt.

"Yes," replied Uncle Jim, "it is just as long as a panel of board fence, and that is sixteen feet. I don't use any reel on it, and sometimes I find it a little too short, but at such times I wade in deeper."

"It's a good cane pole though," he added, "for I picked it myself out of a bundle of a hundred poles, and I paid half a dollar for it."

"Here," Uncle Jim continued, as he drew from his hip pocket an old leather wallet around which was wound some twenty-five feet of braided silk line, "is the rest of my tackle, and it cost me nearly a dollar." He unwound the line, then opened the wallet and showed inside a half dozen snooded hooks and three short leaders, each of which was supplied with two small brass swivels and a long, thin lead sinker. For emergencies, there were a few extra swivels and some narrow, thin strips of lead.

"I notice you are a bait fisherman," Overholt observed dryly as he noted the contents of the wallet.

Before Uncle Jim could reply Herm Day, resenting Overholt's tone broke in with: "Yes, he's a minnow fisherman, and he can ketch more pounds of trout in the Loyalsock in one day than any other angler that steps into the stream."

With a short laugh, in which there was little attempt to hide his derision, Overholt said: "I think I can show you tomorrow that you are mistaken, my friend."

Just as the sun was topping Chestnut Ridge next morning, Uncle Jim waded into the Loyalsock at the mouth of Ogdonia. In a tin bait box on a strap around his waist were a score of yellowsided minnows which he had just caught in a small seine.

On his left hip was a fish basket of the largest size, and in his hands was the long cane pole with its line, leader, and snooded hook on which was impaled a minnow in such a manner as to cause it to spin rapidly in the swift current. Uncle Jim wore neither rubber boots nor waders, and the first chill of the cold water as he waded in above his knees made him shiver.

But he was supremely happy, for he had a long day and seven miles of stream before him. The creek was a trifle high, and there would be some stiff wading, but the water was clear and the fishing ought to be good. The leaves of the maples on the bank were the size of a squirrel's ear, he noticed, and this was one of his best signs. In the contentment that filled him he forgot Overholt and his comments on bait fishermen and cheap fishing tackle.

Uncle Jim caught his first trout in the swiftest water in the riffle at the head of the Gulf. The trout took the bait with a rush and held on like a bulldog. From its position in the swift water Uncle Jim learned that the trout were well up on the

(Continued on page 22)



Overholt took the center of the stage.

FERTILIZATION OF FISH PONDS

(Continued from page 6)

TABLE 1.—APPLICATION OF ORGANIC FERTILIZER

Kind of fertilizer	Pounds per acre per application	Frequency of applications (nursery ponds)	Approximate number of applications during a season (nursery ponds)	Kind of water
Cottonseed meal	50	Every 7 days for first 7 weeks; 14 days thereafter	14	Soft or moderately hard
Soybean meal	50	do	14	do
Peanut meal	50	do	14	do
Cottonseed meal (2 parts): ..... 16 percent superphosphate (1 part)	50	do	14	do
Cottonseed meal (1 part): ..... 16 percent superphosphate (1 part)	50	do	14	do
Dried sheep manure (1 part): ..... 16 percent superphosphate (1 part)	50	do	14	do
Horse or fresh cow manure	1,000 first application; 500 thereafter	Every three weeks	6	dc

In both cases it is recommended that at least three consecutive fertilizations be made at weekly or 10-day intervals at the beginning of the season. In nursery ponds, fertilization should begin from three weeks to a month before the fry are introduced, while the fertilization of farm ponds should begin when the water temperature begins to rise in the spring. The total amount of fertilizer applied to farm ponds during a season need not be any greater than for nursery ponds.

When using organic fertilizers the water may become turbid from decay of organic matter. If this occurs, fewer applications should be made to avoid depletion of the oxygen content of the water.

With inorganic fertilizers, comparatively heavy applications are made early in the season to stimulate the development of "water bloom" or of filamentous algae. After a water bloom develops, the fertilizer need be added only often enough to maintain the bloom. In some hard waters a bloom may never appear, but certain species of filamentous algae will develop instead. In this event fertilizations should be made less frequently to hold the algae in check and leave some open water in the pond.

These filamentous algae appear to serve the same purpose as water blooms in preventing excessive growth of the larger aquatic plants which apparently rob ponds of much of their capacity to produce fish. Fertilization can be suspended after about 100 to 120 days in nursery ponds and after about September 1 in farm ponds.

Method of Applying Fertilizer

In small ponds up to several acres in area the fertilizer is applied by walking along the bank and broadcasting toward the deeper water. On windy days the materials should be moistened. No attempt need be made to cover the pond completely because wave action will distribute the materials. Caution should be exercised to keep the fertilizer away from the margin of the pond because its application in this area encourages the growth of weeds. The fertilizer should be confined to water from one to five feet in depth. Material falling into deeper water is utilized very slowly by the plankton. In larger ponds the fertilizer is broadcast from boats.

In applying barnyard manure the usual method has been to spread the manure in shallow water along the pond margins. This method, however, has serious disadvantages and better results are usually obtained if the manure is left in piles. Nelson (1941) recommends dumping the manure in the center of the pond in piles totaling about 3 tons per acre. Leslie Bennett at the Fairport (Iowa) station used 2 tons per acre distributed about the ponds in crates 6′x3′x2½′.

If the manure is not to be used at once, it should be stored under cover to prevent leaching. If this is impracticable, leaching may be reduced to a minimum by making the pile decidedly concave on top to hold

TABLE 2.—APPLICATION OF INORGANIC FERTILIZER

Kind and composition of fertilizer	Pounds per acre per application	Frequency of application	Kind of water
Inorganic 12-5-5, per application: 60 lbs. ammonium sulphate (20.57 percent N) 30 lbs. superphosphate (16 percent P_2O_5) 10 lbs. muriate of potash (50 percent K_2O)	100	Every 10 days for first 3 applications; monthly thereafter or as often as necessary.	Hard
Inorganic 8-7-2[1] per application: 40 lbs. ammonium sulphate (20.57 percent N) 60 lbs. Superphosphate (16 percent) 5 lbs. muriate of potash (50 percent K_2O)[2] 15 lbs. finely ground limestone 10 lbs. nitrate of soda (16 percent N)	130	Weekly for first 3 weeks. As often as necessary thereafter.[3]	Soft
Inorganic 9-8-2,[1] per application: 50 lbs. ammonium sulphate (20.57 percent N) 60 lbs. superphosphate (16 percent P_2O_5) 5 lbs. muriate of potash (50 percent K_2O)	115	Weekly for first 3 weeks. As often as necessary thereafter.[3]	Hard

[1] Recommended by Swingle and Smith.

[2] Swingle and Smith do not show potash content of the muriate of potash used in their work. Five pounds of 50 percent K_2O in muriate of potash would yield only 2 percent potash in the combination. Commercial muriate of potash contains from 48-62 per cent K_2O, but is usually offered at 50 percent. Swingle and Smith offer as an alternate to this 100 pounds of 6-8-4 inorganic fertilizer plus 10 pounds of nitrate of soda for use in farm ponds.

[3] Swingle and Smith recommended 3 or 4 applications of inorganic fertilizer at weekly intervals or until a "bloom" appears in the water. At this time the water becomes murky and green or brown due to the growth of the plankton. Later applications should be made when the bottom becomes visible at 12-18 inches (approximately every 4 weeks.) In farm ponds the last application should be made in September.

the water and building up the sides vertically. Loss of nitrogen may be prevented by adding gypsum at the rate of 100 pounds to a ton of manure. This results in the formation of ammonium sulphate, which is non-volatile.

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The month of July was poor so far as bass catches were concerned—very few limit catches and a large number of fishermen failed to score at all. Can't account for it as the water conditions were all that could be desired.

George Schall of West Hickory reported taking one that was 29 inches, weighing a little over eight pounds.

There is a large number of muskies being taken in the vicinity of Tionesta.—R. C. Bailey, Youngsville.



This great muskie was caught by Durant Zusehlag of Greenville from Conneaut Lake, Oct. 21. It measured 53 inches in length, 26 inches in girth and weighed 44 pounds. It was the largest one reported to the Fish Commission in 1943 and one of the largest of all time.

THE ANGLER AND THE FISHERMAN

(Continued from page 19)

riffles, where he liked to find them, and from the vigor with which it struck he determined that the trout were in a mood to bite determinedly.

This judgment was confirmed on the long riffle between the Gulf and the Cold Watch, where he caught two trout, as well as on Lewis's riffle, where he caught three more. Every trout struck the bait fiercely and never let go. Keen biting and good sport were also indicated by the half-filled stomachs of the trout. Uncle Jim always killed and cleaned each trout as soon as he had landed it.

The six trout that Uncle Jim had caught by 10 o'clock averaged a foot in length and a pound in weight. They were lusty fellows, and in the swift riffle they made a hard fight against the long pole and the bait fisherman.

But, as Harm Day had said the evening before, when a trout bit for Uncle Jim, it usually landed in the frying pan.

Overholt was fishing at the head of Potter's Dam when Uncle Jim rounded the bend and began fishing the second of the series of riffles that lay between the Mountain Hole and the head of the dam. When still some distance apart the two men recognized each other, and while both went on fishing industriously they watched sharply each other's movements.

Uncle Jim soon decided that Overholt was an expert with a fly rod. His long line straightened out in fine style, and his flies appeared to alight on the water as softly as if the wind had placed them there. He recovered his line well and had no trouble with his back cast.

He did the work with hand and wrist and kept his elbow close to his side, and this Uncle Jim knew to be good form. Uncle Jim had but one criticism: Overholt was below where the trout were likely to stay at this time of the year. In a big stream like the Loyalsock, Uncle Jim could have told him, the trout are not all over but only in certain places. It was a waste of time to fish where there was small chance of trout staying.

When Uncle Jim was half way down the last riffle and within twenty yards of Overholt, the fly fisherman stopped fishing and began to watch Uncle Jim's work more closely. He quickly came to the conclusion that it was thorough, for Uncle Jim covered every foot of the water, and that the bright, rapidly spinning minnow which Uncle Jim always kept just under the surface must be an attractive lure for trout.

Then a trout rose with a splash, took the minnow, and dropped back to the bottom. Overholt had seen the trout take the minnow, and he wondered why the bait fisherman did not try to hook it.



Chuck Oaks employed a minnow to lure this wonderful 5 lb. 7 oz. 23¾ in. brown trout from Pardoe Run, Mercer County.

But Uncle Jim stood quite still in the edge of the current with the tip of his long pole so high that the line between it and the trout on the bottom was taut. He seemed to be feeling the trout through the pole and the line. Then the fish started to move off and Uncle Jim struck with a quick upward jerk.

After a short but sharp struggle the fish was landed, maybe intentionally, almost at Overholt's feet. He was a broad, heavy trout fifteen inches in length.

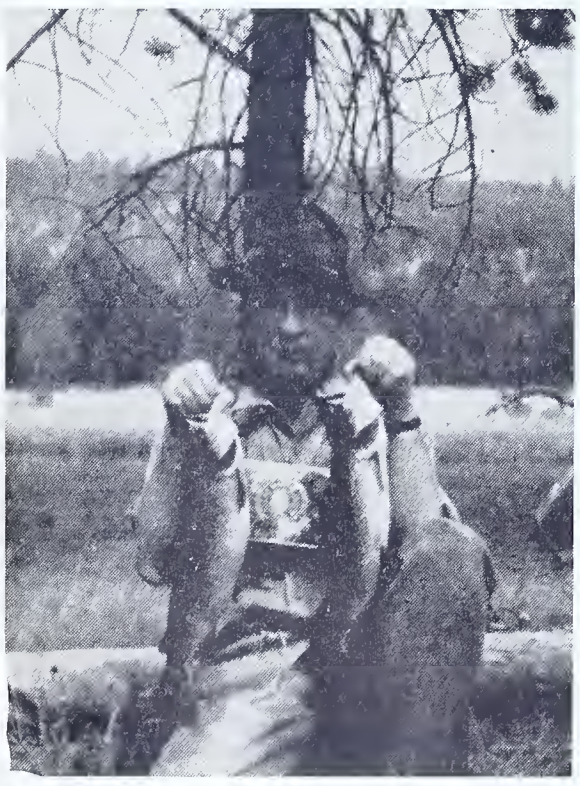
Overholt watched Uncle Jim kill and clean the trout with the dexterity and precision of the practiced hand, then shoulder his pole, and with a "Good luck to you" start on his way down the creek.

He began to wonder about this bait fisherman who lured, hooked, and handled a big trout with such confidence. There had been no uncertainty about the man's methods; he knew what to do and when to do it.

Maybe there was also sport in that kind of fishing. He himself had felt something of a thrill when he saw the trout take the minnow. To be sure, on a small fly and against a light fly rod the trout would have made a longer fight and with more sporting chance to escape.

But wasn't there some satisfaction in the knowledge that when a big trout bit you were likely to land it if you had such skill as this man had shown?

Still, he was only a bait fisherman, and his whole outfit had cost less than two dollars!



Ken Reid, Executive Secretary of the I.W.L.A., says that the big browns of the Fire Hole River, such as those pictured above, take the same lures as our Pennsylvania trout.

CAMPFIRE CORNER

By JACK WELCH

Minnows will not remain in good condition when water temperatures are above 60 degrees, the Ohio Conservation Department finds, unless special aeration is provided. A water temperature of 50 degrees will carry 50 per cent more minnows than the same water at 60 degrees, and at 40 degrees will support 50 per cent more minnows than at 50.

An old timer in the bass fishing game contends that bass take their regular meals between 4 and 8 a. m. and 5 and 9 p. m., and that if one is caught at any other time he's just the exception that proves the rule. He's "agin'" heavy lures, but advises that if you insist on using a weighty surface bait you let it rest on the surface while you count 20 before starting to retrieve it.

More than 94 tons of fat from fur-bearing animals, enough to produce sufficient glycerine to fire 1,880,000 rounds from a 50-caliber airplane cannon, were saved by cooperating trappers, fur dealers and rendering plants last fall as the result of a campaign promoted by the Pennsylvania game commission to help the war effort.

A fishing tackle manufacturer advises the angler not to garb himself in white. "There's absolutely no question but that fish can see the reflection from white clothes much farther than they can from dark ones," he says, "and a fisherman dressed in white, or wearing a white shirt, will get fewer strikes than one in dark clothing. This is particularly true on a calm day."

When a conservation department employee checked the 85 artificial squirrel dens he had set up to test their worth in increasing the fox squirrel crop where den trees are scarce he counted 16 fox squirrel litters. Three other artificial dens were scored on the credit side for sheltering nests of screech and saw-whet owls, considered among the best of self-setting mousetraps.

It takes a fisherman 1 hour and 22 minutes to catch a trout in Oregon. At least that was the figure reached after the first month of a creel study by the Fish and Wildlife Service. The average fishing effort was 3 hours and 40 minutes, and the average catch 2.7 fish. The total weight of the fish checked was 150 pounds 5.75 ounces. I believe the conclusions lean toward the conservative, since I've had much better luck than that in a part of Washington where conditions were similar.

WE NEED A FIELD BOOK

(Continued from page 11)

deer flies annoy us with their biting as is the case with mosquitos.

Caddis and sedges are of the order *Trichoptera.* When at rest the wings of these flies cover the thorax with their triangular shape. The larva are unique in that the worm lives in a case or house made of sticks or stones. Sometimes the trout eat the whole case to get the worm.

This fly in the main is present early in the season and is more active at night, however, now and then they are responsible for good wet and dry fly fishing.

Alder flies, *Megaloptera,* are at times important to the Pennsylvania angler. They are usually seen around concrete abutments and low hanging trees along slow moving streams. They like to deposit their eggs on concrete over water. The egg masses are in those white spots about half an inch in diameter. The larva falls into the water from these.

A member of this order is the Fish Fly, a black and white fly over an inch in length. Sometimes this fly appears in good quantity and what is more they fly about during the hours of daylight.

The wet fly fisherman of the limestone waters is interested in the fresh water shrimp a sub-surface insect which unlike most aquatic insects does not hatch into flies. The mature shrimp is about half an inch in length and other than its size its appearance is similar to the common sea food.

An insect upon which trout feed late in the season is the damsel fly or "little dragon fly". Here again we have an aquatic insect and in this case the nymph is long and trim with big eyes and three tails. At times trout jump wildly to capture these flies as they fly above the surface.

A fisherman's hand book would not be complete without listing a few insects upon which trout feed that are not aquatic. In this catagory are ants, June bugs, Jap bettles, grass-hoppers, crickets, locusts and even moths and millers.

In the case of the ants we have an insect which has wings for a short period during the early summer. They are poor fliers and some land in the water. At other times during the year wingless ants drop into the water. Trout are particularly fond of this acidic dish.

The thought of a trout fisherman's hand book has been advanced because there is no such work available and there is certainly a demand for it from the fly fishing clan. The combination of a pocket size edition containing our desired information and with space for field notes would fill our needs. Such a work would be a great contribution.

"I can't find any of these Russians in 'Who's Who.'"
"Why not try 'Vitch's Vitch'?'

He: "I've never seen such dreamy eyes."
She: "You've never stayed so late before."

"What model is your car?"
"It's not a model. It's a horrible example."

N. A. A. C. C.

1943

NATIONAL FLY AND BAIT CASTING CHAMPIONS AND SCORES

Accuracy

Dry Fly	Harold H. Smedley, Muskegon, Michigan	98
Wet Fly	Roscoe Reamer, Kansas City, Kansas	99
3/8 oz.	William Lovely, St. Louis, Mo.	98
5/8 oz.	Ed. J. Olson, Chicago, Ill.	96

		3 cast average	*Long cast*
Distance Fly	R. G. Miller, Huntington Beach, Calif.	135 2/3	145
Salmon Fly	R. G. Miller, Huntington Beach, Calif.	*180 1/3	185
3/8 oz.	Everett Gribbins, Worcester, Mass.	327	347
1/2 oz.	William Lovely, St. Louis, Mo.	*404 2/3	*422
5/8 oz.	R. G. Miller, Huntington Beach, Calif.	*403 1/3	412

(* New World's record score and long cast record.)

All-Round-Championship Tie

R. G. Miller
Huntington Beach, Cal.
E. E. Cavanaugh
Ft. Dodge, Iowa

Ladies

Dry Fly	Joan Salvato, Paterson, New Jersey	94
Wet Fly	Dorothy Vogel, Paterson, New Jersey	96
3/8 oz.	Mrs. A. McDonald, Chicago, Ill.	96
5/8 oz.	Dorothy Vogel, Paterson, New Jersey	98

Juniors

Dry Fly	George Applegren, Chicago, Ill.	96
Wet Fly	Henry Lesko, Chicago, Ill.	98
3/8 oz.	Charles Sutphin, Indianapolis, Ind.	90
5/8 oz.	Charles Sutphin, Indianapolis, Ind.	92

Skish Bait

Men	Clare Bryan, Chicago, Ill.	72
Ladies	Mrs. Henry McDonald, Chicago, Ill.	54
Juniors	Charles Sutphin, Indianapolis, Ind.	58

Skish Fly

Men	Frank Steel, Chicago, Ill.	106
Ladies	Carol Steel, Chicago, Ill.	95
Juniors	George Applegren, Chicago, Ill.	74

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HARRISBURG, PA.

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Enclosed find fifty cents ($.50) for one year's subscription to the "Pennsylvania Angler," which is to be a Christmas present to

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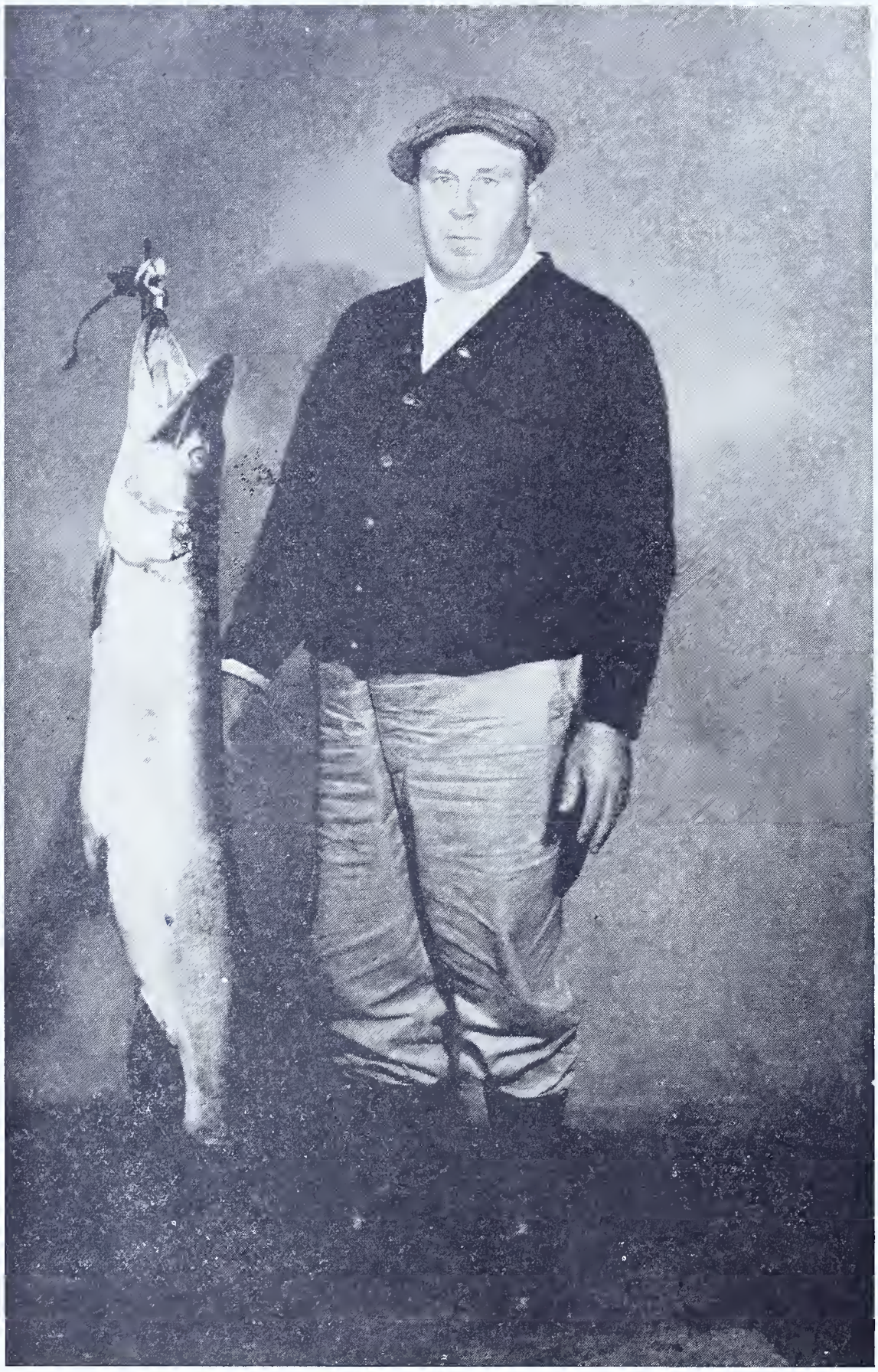
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Fall is the time to catch big muskies. Bill Jackson landed this one at Conneaut Lake on Oct. 23. It weighed 33 lbs. and measured 52 inches in length and 23 inches in girth.

THE ONES THAT GET AWAY

(Continued from page 10)

as if to defy all the rules of good trout-fishing, he splashes noisily through the riffle at the head of the pool, kicks the water with his boot, and shouts, "To heck with you! I'm not wasting another minute on any big freshwater hog. I'm going to ketch me a mess of trout on a dry fly."

Ed snips off his weird streamer. With a gesture of disgust he throws it as far away as he can. It flutters through the air, falling near the bank where the spring freshets have undercut the roots of an old oak. Ed watches the streamer bob down the current, buoyed up by its hair body. As it passes the cut-bank, two huge jaws suck it down, and two and a half feet of spotted body roll against the surface and disappear with the flirt of a broad tail. The Brown Bomber has struck again.

The big one always gets away.

IV. How Sugar Lake Bass Take the Evening Air

As Joe swings his car down the sharp hill onto the lake front, the scene before him clicks perfectly with his memory of past seasons on Sugar Lake. There is the same grey house tilted comfortably against a low hill among giant oaks and maples. There is the same small dock with its oar-box and its fleet of faded red john-boats. There is the tall figure in old hip-boots bailing out one of the flat-bottoms.

There, too, is the same lake covering a mile or so of narrow valley between the hills. The water lies smooth and hot under a July sun. Soon Joe is drifting lazily along the shore-line in a water-logged john-boat, with only an occasional dip of the oars to keep within casting distance of the thick beds of lily-pads and arrowhead. The deep warm peace of a summer afternoon enfolds the lake country. The only sounds in the world are the faint swish of a fly line and the soft spat of a hair bug as it dimples the glazed surface. Three bass emerge from the cool green shade of the lily-pads to sample Joe's offering. All are netted carefully and released.

Then Joe gives himself up to the sonombulent spell of the midsummer sun. He settles comfortably against the stern with a pillow behind his back, pulls his broad hat down over his face, and sleeps, while the boat drifts imperceptibly toward the outlet of Sugar Lake.

When Joe awakens, the sun hangs red behind the ridges. The soft light rubs out the strong lines of the hills and dulls the lake's surface. The boat has drifted almost to the outlet where the shores are overgrown with marsh grass and willows. Except in the clear green channel, lily-pads cover the water, their flowers showing whitely in the pale light of early dusk.

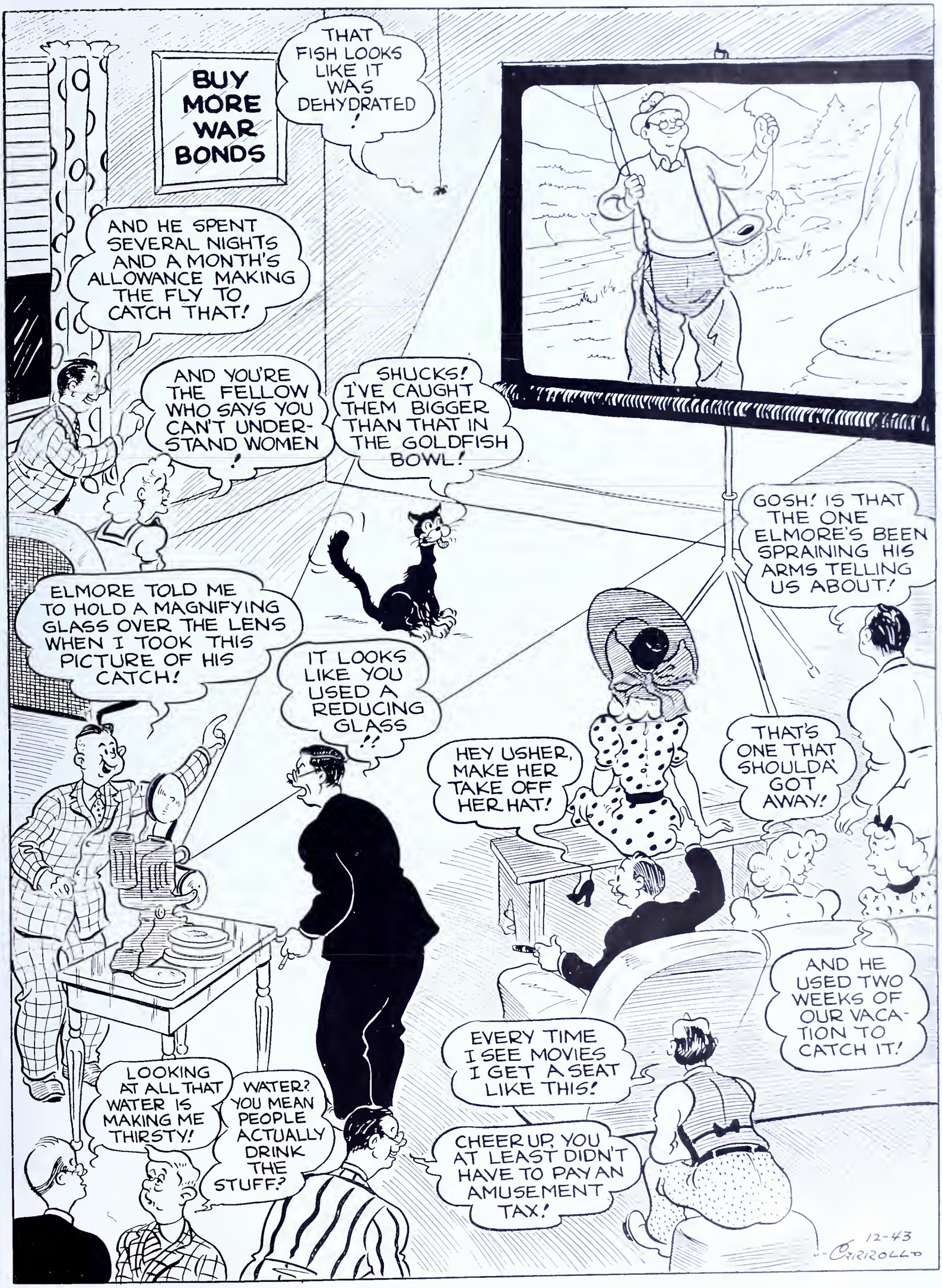
The time is ripe for plugging. So Joe breaks out his casting rod and snaps on a surface lure for plunking. A trial cast places the lure neatly at the edge of a weed bed. At that very moment Joe decides that he needs a jacket as the evening air is growing chill. Leaving his plug bobbing around the lily-pads, he lays his rod upon the seat in front of him and begins to don his jacket.

When Joe's arms are halfway in the sleeves and the jacket halfway up his back, a huge largemouth bass chooses that exact second to explode from the darkening waters, seize the loose plug, and tow it with him to the bottom of the lake. Joe struggles desperately to free his arms, but before he can grab the rod, the old bass clears the lake in a mighty leap. For one heartbreaking second his body, with its big red gills, distended, is lined clearly against the evening air. Then, with one vicious shake, he throws the plug back at the boat and vanishes in a boiling swirl of water.

The big one always gets away.

At the Angler's Club the fire in the big stove burned low. All the fish that got away were measured and weighed, and all the tales were told. The secretary closed his notebook regretfully, rose to his feet, and proposed a vote of confidence for the ones that get away. It was carried unanimously.

BUY BONDS


BUY MORE WAR BONDS
THAT FISH LOOKS LIKE IT WAS DEHYDRATED!
AND HE SPENT SEVERAL NIGHTS AND A MONTH'S ALLOWANCE MAKING THE FLY TO CATCH THAT!
AND YOU'RE THE FELLOW WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND WOMEN!
SHUCKS! I'VE CAUGHT THEM BIGGER THAN THAT IN THE GOLDFISH BOWL!
GOSH! IS THAT THE ONE ELMORE'S BEEN SPRAINING HIS ARMS TELLING US ABOUT!
ELMORE TOLD ME TO HOLD A MAGNIFYING GLASS OVER THE LENS WHEN I TOOK THIS PICTURE OF HIS CATCH!
IT LOOKS LIKE YOU USED A REDUCING GLASS!!
HEY USHER, MAKE HER TAKE OFF HER HAT!
THAT'S ONE THAT SHOULDA' GOT AWAY!
AND HE USED TWO WEEKS OF OUR VACATION TO CATCH IT!
EVERY TIME I SEE MOVIES I GET A SEAT LIKE THIS!
CHEER UP, YOU AT LEAST DIDN'T HAVE TO PAY AN AMUSEMENT TAX!
LOOKING AT ALL THAT WATER IS MAKING ME THIRSTY!
WATER? YOU MEAN PEOPLE ACTUALLY DRINK THE STUFF?
12-43
-CARROLL

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A Fishing Fanatic's Lament

Isn't it strange that year after year
When comes the XMAS season
That those who claim our affection
For one or another reason
Give us such un-relative things
Like shirts or socks or ties
And then prove rather difficult when
We don't register glad surprise.
Why! they even give presents of checks sometimes
Or new-printed bills that crackle
When it seems to me they should know darn well
We'd rather have fishing tackle.

ROBERT F. KEAGLE

☆ ☆ ☆

The Pennsylvania Angler On Behalf of the Fish Commission Extends To You Christmas Greetings

☆ ☆ ☆

May You Have Many Tight Lines In 1944